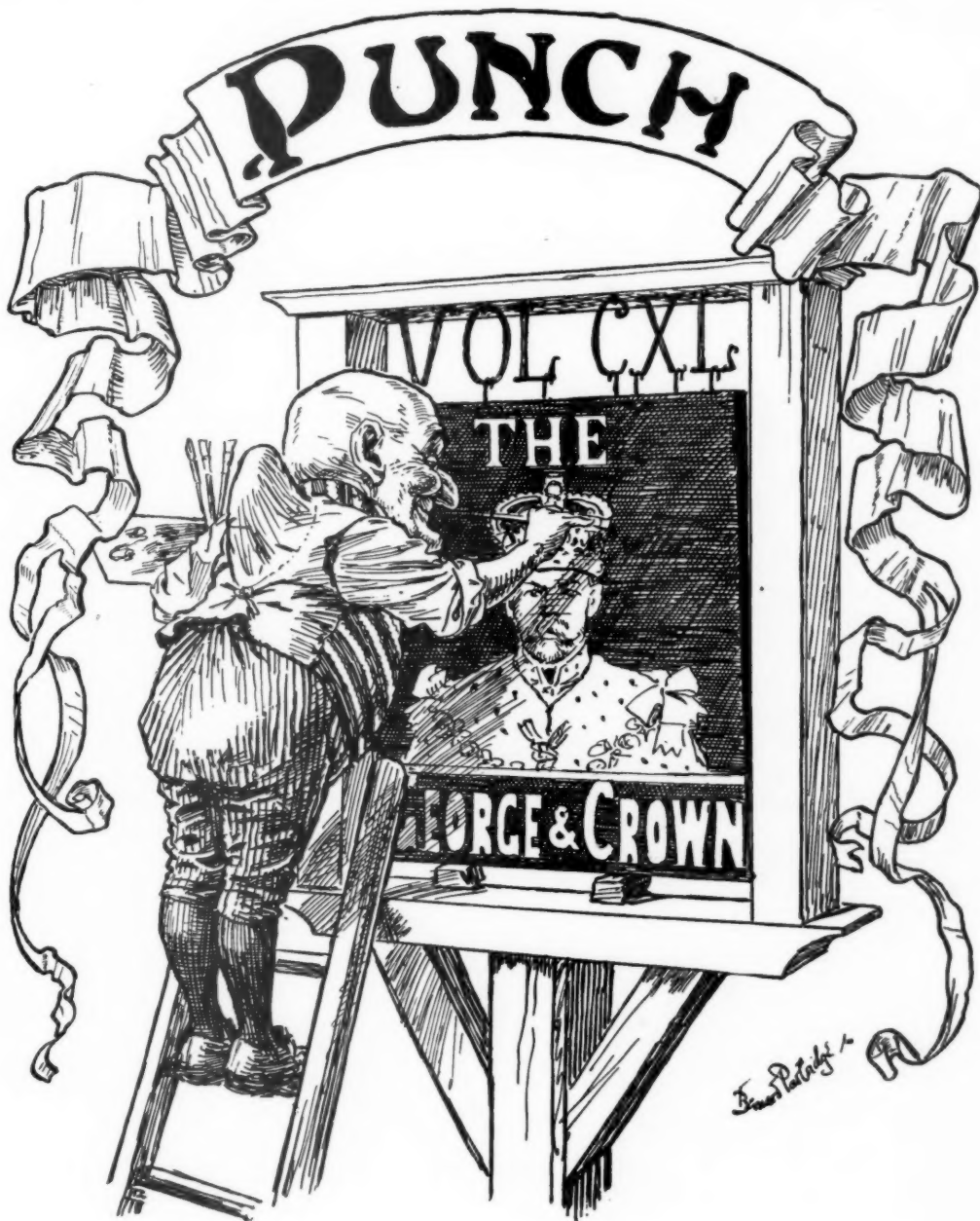


PUNCH

Vol. CXL.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1911.



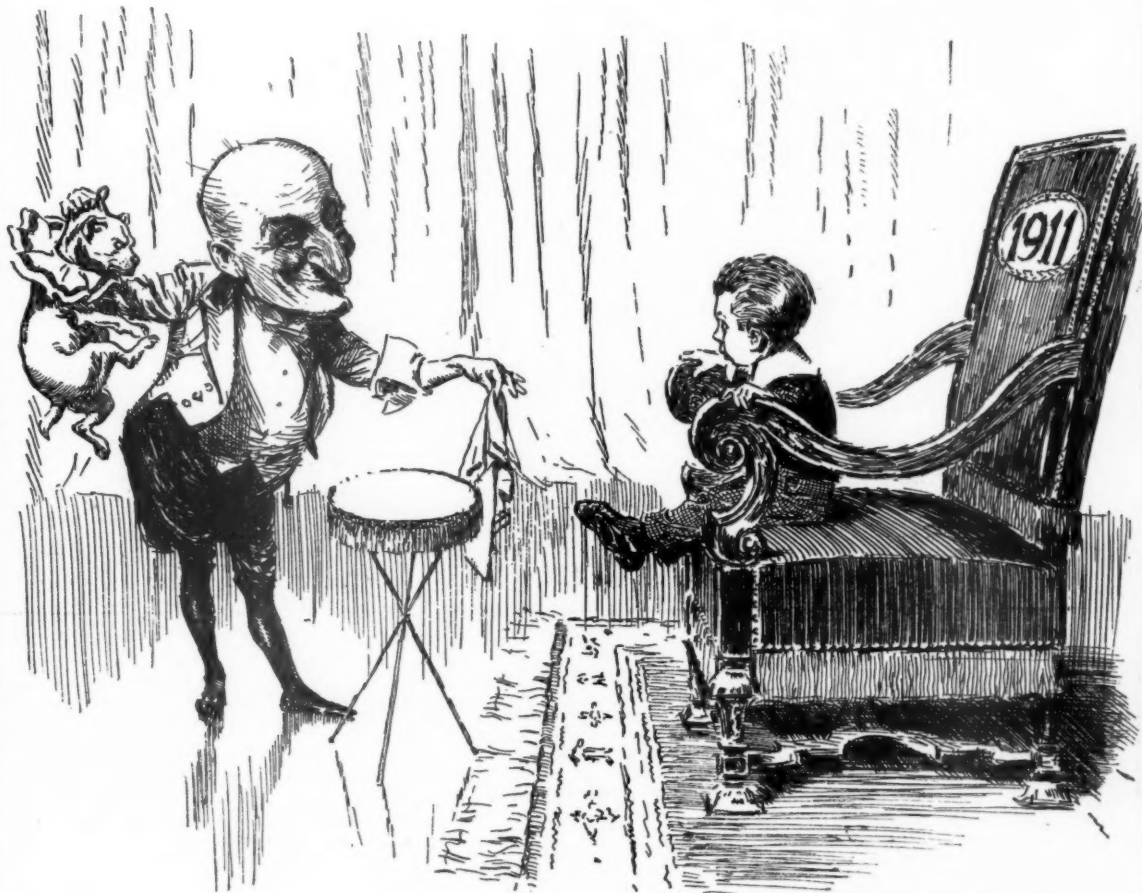
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1911



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CALENDAR



F.H. TOWNSEND 1910

January							February							March							April							May							June							
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Punch's Almanack for 1911.



"COME ON, 'ENERY, IT'S FINE. OFF WIV YER CLO'S."

"YUS, AN' GET 'EM STOLE!"



"OH! WHAT DO I DO NOW?"

"LAND IT, OF COURSE, SILLY!"

"BUT—HAVEN'T I GOT TO PLAY IT OR SOMETHING?"



Novice (who had hoped to inscribe "*Veni, vidi, vici*" in the diary of his three days' deer-stalking). "WELL, MY RECORD CAN BE DESCRIBED AS 'MIST, MIST, MISSED!'"



Despairing Keeper. "CA' THEM OFF! CA' THEM OFF! DIN YE NO MIND NEXT WEEK 'S THE TWALFTH!"
Territorial Colonel (very much "out of bounds"). "EH, MON, BUT YE CANNOT STOP A BATTLE!"



Edna. "MAMMA, WHEN YOU TOLD NURSIE TO CHANGE MY SHOES, DO YOU KNOW WHAT SHE DID?"
Mamma. "No, DARLING." Edna. "WELL SHE DIDN'T."



Doting Mother. "AND WHOM DO YOU LOVE BEST, DADDY OR MUMMY?" Johnny. "DADDY."
Doting Mother. "OH, BUT, JOHNNY, MUMMY HAS ALWAYS BEEN SO KIND TO YOU."
Johnny. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT WE MEN MUST STICK TOGETHER!"



"GENTLE DISPOSITION! WHY, HE WANTS TO BITE THE HEAD OFF EVERY DOG HE MEETS. I'VE BEEN SWINDLED."
 "YOU DIDN'T OUGHT TO KEEP DOGS AT ALL, MISTER. THE ANIMALS YOU OUGHT TO KEEP WIV YOUR TEMPERAMENT IS SILKWORMS!"



Sweet Simplicity. "AND I'LL HAVE A BOTTLE OF THAT DENTIFRINE—(to friend)—I MUST TRY SOME OF THAT. ALL THE ADVERTISEMENTS SPEAK SO WELL OF IT."

THE STRANGER AND THE CAPERCAILZIE.



"I WOKE AT ONCE AND LAID HIM OUT."

He came among us — none knew
whence,
And very few could tell you why —
Reeking of dollars and immense
At buying all there was to buy;
Restored the Castle's ancient state,
Flung right and left a regal bounty,
And was regarded as a great
"Social accession" to the County.

Experts who studied points of style
Assessed his parentage at *nil*;
The man, no doubt, had made his pile
From porkers in Chicago (Ill.);
Though 'neath the best electric lights
Much shining armour flanked the
gallery
To prove his sires were noble knights
Such as occur in Master Malory:



"THE THING THEY CALL A CAPERCAILZIE."

Spoil of the chase, of various brands,
Dumb witness to his deadly aim,
Showed he had coursed through many
lands
Extracting all the biggest game;
On every wall great antlers shone,
Lettered below in rich enamel;
At every step you tripped upon
The hide of some exotic mammal.

And there were legends, tall and
steep:—
"Yon rhino, with the horned snout,
He charged me in my beauty sleep;
I woke at once and laid him out!
That puma's skin—a distant speck,
I saw him fastened like a vice on
A galloping bison's gory neck;
My other barrel dropped the bison!"

Then I: "How relatively trite
Appears my own poor class of
bag—
A hare, or coney (sitting tight)
And now and then a paltry stag;
Nothing outside the common beat:
Nothing but what is slaughtered
daily,
Except—did you, Sir, ever meet
The thing they call a capercaillie?"

A moment's pause the Stranger made,
His brow with furrows overcast,
As one who seeks by memory's aid
To recompose the storied past;
Then, "Sir, I reckon I'd forgot;
But, now I give it my attention,
I well remember how I shot
A sample of the thing you mention.

No head among my trophies here
Recalls the feat. His fall through air
Produced an impact so severe
It spoilt his figure past repair.
I left him. Though I knew the worth
Of these superb elusive creatures,
I knew no stuffing-man on earth
Could reconstruct his speaking fea-
tures.

'Twas in the Rockies. There he stood
Upon the yawning cañon's brink
(Two bears, emerging from a wood,
Left me no leisure time to think);
Full in his heart he took the blow—
No shot has ever made me prouder—
Then fell a thousand feet below,
And had his horns all smashed to
powder!" O. S.





Every child that means to be smart
Should get this Alphabet off by heart.



A is an Actress who rolls at a rink;
Annoyed to be recognised—I don't think.



B is a Butterfly—O what grace!
I love to see them about the place.



C looks best in a hat that's shady.
C is a back-row Chorus-lady.



D is a Débutante, quite alive
To the number of beans that total five.



E is an Earl, whose pride of race
Is plainly shown on his noble face.



F is a Fairy who ought to appear;
So she will, when she's finished her beer.



G is one of those German waiters
Playing the spy as he hands the taters.



H is a Hobbler, H is her Hat,
And she's visiting friends in a top-floor flat.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



I's an Impostor selling a ring;
Also an Idiot buying the thing.



Here we have **J** in all his glory,
J—best type of our Jewness dory.



K is a Knight who has cornered cheese,
Or painted pictures—whichever you please.



L is a Labour Member—see
How he sits on the Terrace and takes his tea.



M is a Mannequin—want of space
Is the reason I couldn't include her face.



N is a Novelist—ghastly side—
And the stripes on his trousers much too wide



O has his stripes made even wider,
But **O** is simply a rank Outsider.



P is a Peeress who'll unbend
To anyone with a pound to spend.



Q is a Quack, and I much regret
That he mocks at medical etiquette.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



R is a Roué, and rather plucky;
He's just addressed a barmaid as "Ducky."



S is a Socialist on the boil,
Sowing his seed in virgin soil.



T is a Tea-shop girl. Ah, well!
It must be a nuisance to answer a bell.



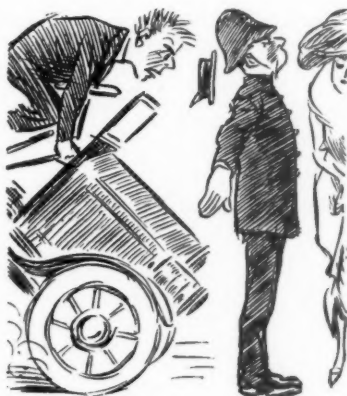
What is the reason why **U**'s annoyed?
U's a professional **U**n-employed.



A Caterpillar, a horrid hairy'un,
Is worrying **V**, who's a Vegetarian.



Dignity, grace, and beauty too—
The modern Waltzer is **W**.



X is **X**, and it must be grand
To stop a motor by raising your Hand.



Y is a Yankee cousin—he
Is all that a husband ought to be.



Z's a Zoologist, tucked in bed—
Rotten—but what can you do with **Z**?

NEW GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS.

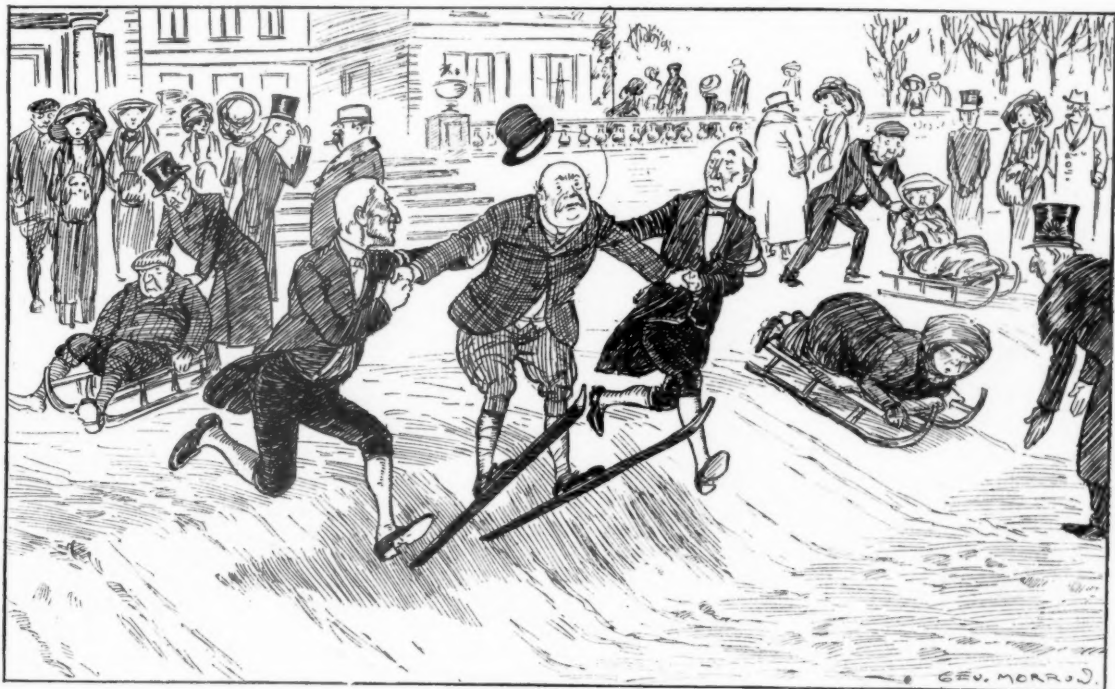


FOR ART CIRCLES. PUTTING THE ARMS ON THE VENUS OF MILO.



FOR COUNTRY HOUSE-PARTIES. "SPOT THE JABBER." THE PLAYER UNDER THE RUG MUST GUESS WHO HOLDS THE FORK.

NEW GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS.



HOME ALPINE SPORTS.



THE OMNIBUS GAME—TO SUIT ALL TASTES.

MINCEMEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

A FEATURE of nearly every juvenile party at this season is Father Christmas, with a cotton-wool beard; and a wonderfully pretty effect is sometimes obtained by setting him alight — like the Christmas pudding.

It is so difficult to know what to give one's wealthy relatives as a Christmas present that it is good to find that an enterprising firm has now produced the very article in the form of "The Millionaire's Pocket Calendar." This is a really magnificent production, measuring three feet by six.

A mistress remonstrated with her new girl for handing her the letters with her fingers. "Always bring in everything on the silver salver," she said. Shortly afterwards she rang for her baby. The stupidity of some servants passes all belief.

Auntie (to little niece who is making faces). "Do you know that when I was young I used to be told that, if I made faces, I should get struck like that for ever." "And did it happen, Auntie?"

A long-haired Scotsman stood silently contemplating a notice in the window of a barber's shop:—

HAIR CUTTING ...	6d.
SHAVE ...	2d.

Then he went in. "I'll just hae my head shaved," he said.

It was a most unfortunate misunder-

standing. The Minor Poet was striving to impress an old lady with his importance. "Yes," he said, "they've put me in *Who's Who*." "Whose Zoo?" she asked.

A German professor claims to have

Another of Life's Little Tragedies. "Very well, then," cried the eldest son, after a heated controversy with his father, "I leave your house, and nothing will ever induce me to set foot in it again!" and the door slammed behind him. Five minutes

later there was a ring at the bell. He had forgotten his umbrella.

A gentleman who signs his letter "The Other Cheek" writes to complain that he has found a certain book on Manners distinctly misleading. The manual in question recommends you, if you accidentally step on any one's feet, to apologise with the words, "So sorry: your feet are so small that I did not notice them." Our correspondent (who is now convalescent) tried this on a policeman a week ago, and it was not taken at all nicely.

The husband who promised his wife a new mantle for a Christmas present, and then gave her a gas mantle, is, in our opinion—we will not mince words—a despicable cur.

It is again stated that the fringe is coming into fashion in the coiffure of ladies. It has been in vogue for some years past among men of a certain class, and, if the ladies are wise, they will

look at these and hesitate.

Housewives are complaining that there is quite an epidemic of bad eggs. Is it not possible that this is due to the increase of egg-laying competitions? The birds are in such a hurry to beat the record that they do not give themselves time to make the things properly.



Professor. "I REALLY THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT MY HAT, FOR THIS MORNING SOME LITTLE BOYS ENQUIRED WHERE I HAD PURCHASED IT, AND DO YOU KNOW, MARION, FOR THE LIFE OF ME I COULDN'T REMEMBER."

found a means of abolishing indigestion. He has discovered that cannibals never suffer from this scourge.

To prevent chilblains and chapped hands a medical journal recommends the wearing of kid gloves lined with wool. To prevent chilblains from appearing on the nose a single finger-stall in these materials is sufficient.

The Princess that Was to be the Prize of Valour.



Now it befell that a certain King had a Daughter who had been long in the Market, and no Takers, and he bethought him that he would let cry a Competition (with no Entrance fee) and so made Proclamation that Whosoever would slay the Dragon which ravaged his Kingdom should for Reward have the Hand of his Daughter in Marriage. Yet by reason of her ill Looks no one was taking any and so he was fain to increase the Recompense saying, In Addition I will reward him to the Hall of my Kingdom.



Thereupon certain Princess and Knights came to make the Adventure but when they viewed the Princess they straightway departed saying, One to Another, Not o! Not me



But now arose a certain Allan, the Third Son of a Swineherd of that City, and he said, Give me a Sword and Buckler and I will even make the Assay.



Therewithal at Daybreak he met the Dragon and slew him and lightly and fiercely cut off his Head.



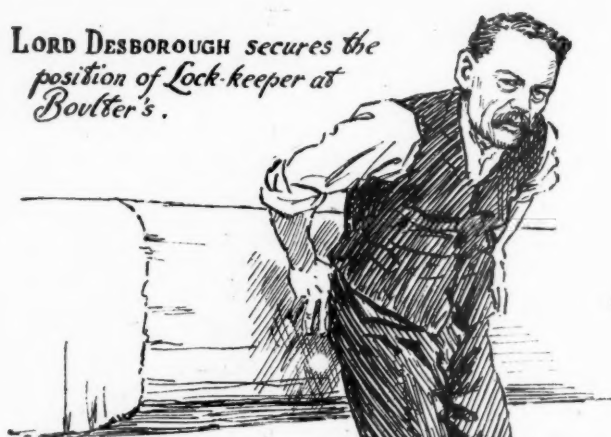
Anon he tied the Head up in his Pocket. Handkerchief, and brought it before the King and laid it down at his feet.

And the King clasped him in his Arms and said, My Son, take her, she is thine.

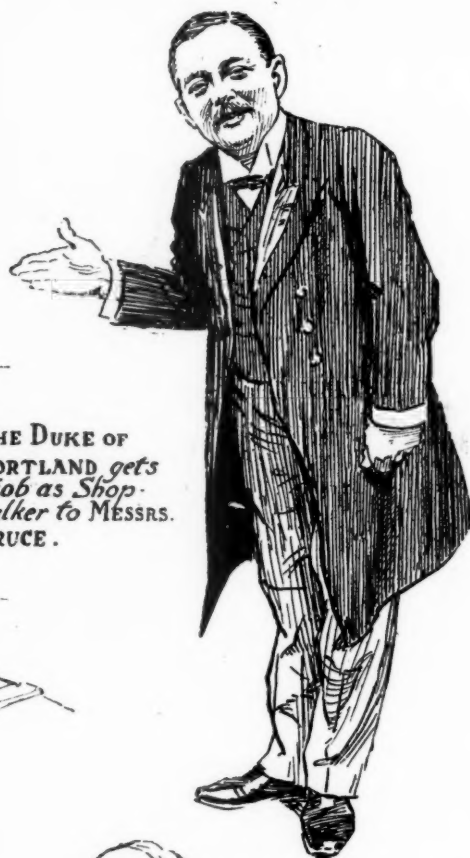
Steady on, said the Swineherd, Not a mo! The Hall of thy Kingdom I will take and that right gladly but as for the Quest that may not be. Now so Sir? said the King. Sir, said he I would have you to wit that I am already Married.



LORD DESBOROUGH secures the position of Lock-keeper at Boulter's.



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND gets a job as Shop-walker to MESSRS. DRUCE.



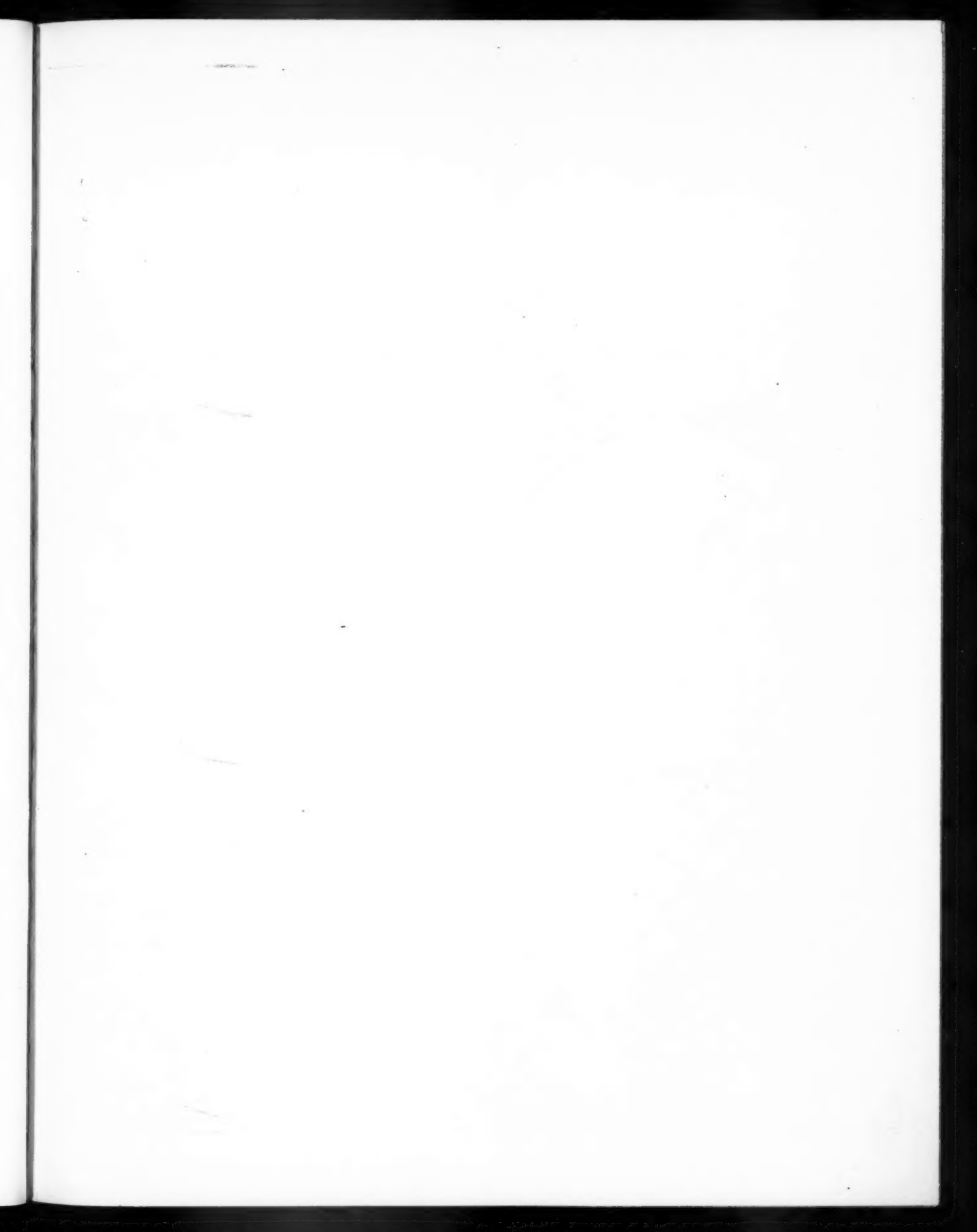
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE tackles the crossing outside his town mansion.



LORD ROSEBERY finds scope for his oratorical talents as a City Toast-master.

MR. PUNCH'S REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.

SOME PRESENT PEERS JUSTIFY THEIR EXISTENCE BY EARNING AN HONEST LIVING.





1. M^r H. G. PÉLISSIER.
2. M^r GEORGE R. SIMS.



3. M^r HALL CAINE.
4. M^r JAMES BRAID.



5. M^r E. SANDOW.
6. M^r ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

MR. PUNCH'S REFORMED

FRESH BLOOD FOR THE



3.

3. M^r GEORGE ROBEY
4. M^r PELHAM F. WARNER



4.



7.

7. M^r RUDYARD KIPLING
8. M^r GEORGE ALEXANDER



8.



11.

11. M^r EDWIN ABBEY
12. M^r W. W. JACOBS



12.



LORD SPENCER
at last realises
a long-cherished
ambition, and becomes
an Agricultural Labourer.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK
turns to account
his well-known
skill in the selling
of Old Masters.



LORD LONSDALE has a succès fou as a
Droll on the Variety Stage.



While LORD
RIBBLESDALE
soars to the higher
flights of the
"legitimate."

Ben & Partridge.

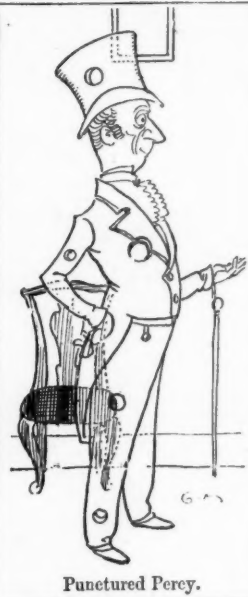
MR. PUNCH'S REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.

SOME PRESENT PEERS JUSTIFY THEIR EXISTENCE BY EARNING AN HONEST LIVING.

THE DISAPPOINTING GHOST.



Gibbering Gilbert.



Punetured Percy.



Geoffrey of the Gloomy Gizzard.



Palsied Pomfret.

A PAGE FROM THE CATALOGUE OF THE STORES (PSYCHICAL DEPARTMENT).

THE list of guests for Christmas at the Towers had been made out, and the invitations sent off. Sir George (who consented to anything that demanded no active assistance from him) had approved the names, and had now retired to the library with *The Times*. But he was not destined to sleep for long. There was a tap at the door, and Lady Bendish came in.

"So sorry, George," she said. "Are you busy?"

"I am, rather," said Sir George, taking *The Times* off his head. "What is it?"

"There's something I wanted to ask you about. Don't you think we might *launch out* a little more this year—so as to have a really good old-fashioned Christmas? You know, we have a good many *young* people coming down this time."

"Well, didn't you say something about a Father Christmas coming round at dinner with presents? What more do young people want—or old ones either?"

"It was writing to the Stores about the beard that put it into my head. Will that be enough? Now what about—it is just my idea—getting a *Ghost* in too?"

"A Ghost?" said Sir George thoughtfully.

"Yes; you know, everybody says that this house *ought* to have a Ghost. I thought if I asked the Stores to send one down, a thoroughly nice one, of course, it would amuse the children,

and make the place look more—more *homey*. In most nice houses, you know, they have a ghost who *always* appears on Christmas Eve and—and disappears, and so on."

"Where would you put him?" asked Sir George, after a pause for reflection.

"Oh, a Ghost can sleep almost *anywhere*. I thought the still-room would be a nice quiet place for him."

"I suppose he'd have meals with us, and so on?"

"Of course not! How silly you are. He wouldn't want meals at all. But he could come into the drawing-room after dinner and show us one or two little tricks with the lights out; and when it's wet we can put up the

shutters in the gallery, and he can amuse us there."

"Well, look here, we can't run to much. Everything's so confoundedly expensive nowadays."

"Thank you, dear. I'll just write to the Stores, and tell them we want something *quite* moderate. But he *must* be a gentleman," she said as she went out.

* * * * *

"We are in receipt of your favour of to-day's date," wrote the head of the Psychical Department at the Stores, "and in reply beg to quote you the following lines all of which we can strongly recommend:—

(1) *Palsied Pomfret*—known in the eighteenth century as the "Pride of Pocklington." Our Mr. Pomfret may be described without hesitation as a perfect gentleman, having succeeded to the Pocklington barony on the sudden and lamented death by poison of his uncle, five cousins, father and seven brothers. Palsied Pomfret has met with much success in country house life, and his amusing way of appearing on the stroke of midnight at the bedroom windows, with a rope round his neck, has brought him many admirers.

(2) *Crimson Leonard*. The "Moody Marquis," as he was called in his prime, may be recommended to those who care for something a little more reserved. Crimson Leonard's wailing in the chimney corners is never forced, and, occur-



"He had to ask eight people to point out the direction before he received a coherent answer."

ring as it does at the most unexpected moments, claims the merit of spontaneity—a quality which is sadly lacking in most of the lower-priced ghosts.

(3) *Jasper the Lily-livered*—whose speciality is disappearances. He reappears again in the most unlikely places, thus causing great fun and amusement to the younger members of the house party.

These are our chief lines, and we are able to do you them on strictly moderate terms, viz., 200 guineas a night, together with first-class fares both ways, and washing. In addition to these we have a cheaper article at 100 guineas, at which price we can offer you any of the following: Geoffrey of the Gloomy Gizzard, Spotted Spencer of the Barge, Punctured Percy, Filloated Ernest or the Boneless Dago, Glibbering Gilbert and Sigismund the Split-eared Stevedore.

In conclusion, we may mention, perhaps, a ridiculously cheap line at ten guineas—Reticent Roger of the Rolling Eye—which we can offer on these special terms solely because we are unable to give any guarantee with him. He has been in stock for some years now without exhibiting any decided individuality; and it must be distinctly understood that he can only be sent down at hirer's risk.

Awaiting your esteemed patronage, we have the honour to be, etc."

"It's absurd," said Sir George; "I shouldn't think of giving more than ten guineas."

"Then we shall have to have Mr.—er—Mr. Roger," said Lady Bendish. "I hope he's a gentleman."

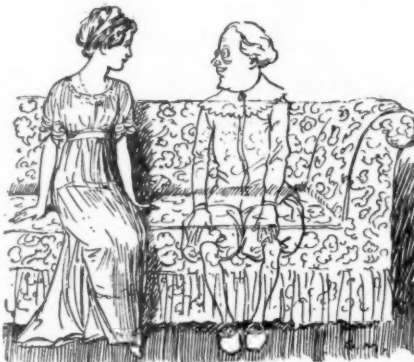
CHAPTER II.

Reticent Roger arrived by the six-twenty on Thursday evening. A trap drove down leisurely to meet him, and covered the three miles back in ten minutes, without him, the horse having been introduced to him a moment too soon. Roger accordingly picked up his bag and set out for the Towers on foot. The country was strange to him, and he had to ask eight people to point out the direction before he received a coherent answer. It was, in fact, instinct which finally led him to his destination.

"Ah, how do you do, Mr.—er—Roger?" said Lady Bendish. "We were just wondering about you. You must make yourself quite at home, please. Everybody says that this is such a quaint old house—just the place for a Gho—for Psychical Research. The house-keeper will show you your room, and see that you have

everything you want. Yes. Then we shall see you in the drawing-room after dinner? How delightful! I am sure you will have many amusing tricks for us."

Reticent Roger bowed low. He was a little puzzled, but he had caught the



Reticent Roger's Entry into Society.

word "dinner" safely. He followed the house-keeper upstairs with dignity and a certain sombre satisfaction.

Once in his room he made a careful toilet for the important occasion of his entry into society. His suit was a little old-fashioned, being cut in the knicker-bocker style, of some faded purple plush material; but it had been a good suit in its century, and Roger had always had the utmost confidence in it.

He arrived in a full drawing-room as the clock was striking eight. Lady Bendish, looking considerably surprised, bustled forward to meet him.



The Great Disappearing Trick.

"But I am afraid you are very early," she said; "we haven't even begun dinner yet . . . Ten o'clock at the earliest . . . So silly of them not to have told you . . . However, let me introduce you to Mrs. Somers—she is so anxious to meet you. Clara, dear, this is Mr.—er—R. Roger of the R.E."

"Madam," said the ghost in a faded voice, bowing deeply to a stout Mosaic lady, "your humble servant."

"Let me see, Anna," said Sir George, "who is Mr. Roger taking in?"

Lady Bendish looked uncomfortable. She drew her husband on one side and talked volubly to him. "Nonsense, nonsense," he said. "Since he's here—Angela, where are you? Mr. Roger, will you take in my daughter?"

Angela was young, pretty and romantic, and possessed of a tact which she did not inherit from her mother. Thus, though the most pressing observation seemed to her to be an expression of surprise that ghosts wanted to eat, she did not make it; instead she asked her table companion if he had been to many dances lately.

"I have not been out for two hundred years come Michaelmas," said Roger in his melancholy way.

"Then you haven't seen *The Dollar Princess*?" said Angela. "It's jolly; I've been three times."

Conversation languished for a moment—it is difficult to know what to say to a person who hasn't seen *The Dollar Princess*—and then she tried again.

"Do you mind if we talk about yourself?" she asked.

"I prefer it," said Roger simply.

"Oh, how lovely! Then tell me all about the old Moated Grange and the beautiful Lady Rosamund, and the duel you fought because wicked Sir Hubert insulted her, and how you saved the King's life and—oh, tell me everything about the lovely old times. How I wish I had lived then!"

"I may not say with truth that I saved his Majesty's life," said Roger complacently. "Yet of a surety I measured him for a hat which went through many high adventures with him."

"Measured him for a hat"—what a funny expression," laughed Angela. "It sounds as if you were a hatter."

"I was a hatter," said Roger. There was a stifled scream from Angela.

"The best in Bristol," he added proudly.

"I s—see," stammered Angela.

It was her first great shock. She had had an idea that everybody who lived two hundred years ago was nobly born—that every ghost was the ghost of some member of a titled family. The idea that there might be such a thing as the ghost of a hatter with social aspirations had never occurred to her.

"Whatever you do, don't tell mother," she said at last. "We don't ever talk about trade here."

So for the rest of dinner she told him about life at The Towers and the fun that they had on Christmas Day, and how Father Christmas (who was Bunton the butler) was coming round with a sack of presents, and nobody knew beforehand what they were going to get, because all the parcels were locked up in father's study. And what would Mr. Roger like? because perhaps if she told father—

Reticent Roger thought he would like a Velocipede. He had heard them well spoken of at the Stores some years ago.

CHAPTER III.

By his tactless appearance downstairs before dinner, Ghost Roger had dropped considerably in his hostess's opinion; his performance after dinner caused him to fall out of Society altogether. Never was a Ghost so disappointing.

"Now then, Mr. Roger," said Lady Bendish, "we are all ready. If you would like the lights out, or anything of that sort, please say so."

The Ghost, who was sitting nervously on the edge of a sofa with Angela, looked at her blankly.

"Don't do anything *too* alarming at first," said Angela with a friendly smile.

"But I don't sing at all," protested Roger.

"How would it be, dear Anna," said Mrs. Somers, "if he disappeared through the ceiling, and came back down the chimney, with his head under his arm? Or some little thing like that. Just for a beginning, I mean; and then work up to something difficult."

"Don't be hustled, Sir," said Lionel Somers. "Take your time."

"I think," said Sir George, "we must leave it entirely to Mr. Roger. No doubt he will think of one or two tricks which will be new to us."

"I want to hear him clank chains," said Mr. Blundell gloomily.

At the word "tricks" the Ghost got up with a pleased little smile.

"I have one small trick," he said, "which I should esteem it a privilege to show you."

"That's right," said Lady Bendish. She turned to her neighbour. "Do you know if it leaves a mark on a carpet when you disappear through it? I shouldn't think so, would you?"

The Ghost rubbed his hands round each other and beamed upon the company. "For this trick," he said, "I shall want a hat and a pack of cards."

He placed the hat on the ground, retired five paces from it, and began solemnly to throw



"In his middle age he had been held to be the best raconteur in Bristol."

the cards in one by one. His aim was poor; half-way through only three had reached their proper destination. The little company watched breathlessly, expecting the *dénouement* at every moment. It was not until some twenty seconds after the last card fell that it

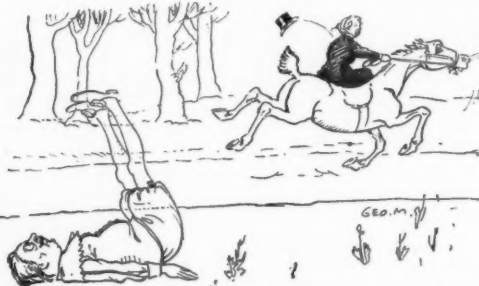


"Taking a steady trot round the sun-dial."

became clear that the trick was complete in itself.

"I'm afraid," said Roger apologetically, "that I am a little out of practice. At my aunt's house at Bristol I once got in no fewer than thirty-seven."

There was a tremendous hush. Then Lady Bendish prepared to speak, and it was obvious that she had something picturesque to say. But Sir George was before her.



"Mrs. Somers . . . met him in the drive doing some kind of Swedish drill."

"One moment, dear," he said. He turned to the Ghost. "Thank you very much. I like that immensely. But—the fact is—most of the—er—Spirits that we—Lady Bendish has met before, have gone in for—have exhibited a certain power of illusion—appearing and disappearing and the like; and we wondered whether perhaps—"

"I have heard tell of them," said Roger with dignity. "There *are* ghosts of the nobility so lost to shame, so entirely without reserve, that they make public spectacles of themselves. For my own part I have always had my pride."

There was another awkward silence. Nobody seemed to know what to say—except Lady Bendish, who murmured to Mrs. Somers, "Then I shall certainly expect to receive the money back." But help was at hand. Miss Mervyn broke in eagerly: "Perhaps Mr. Roger would tell us some stories of those delightfully wicked old times. I am sure he must know a great many."

Roger was not unwilling. In his middle age he had been held to be the best raconteur in Bristol. Many a gentleman of those days bought a hat simply in order to listen to him.

"Well," he said complacently, "I can tell you one rather good one. Quite the latest, as you might say."

Mrs. Somers settled herself comfortably in her chair. "Such a sense of humour they had in those days," she said. "So free and unrestrained. *Honi soit*, you know." And she smiled fatly to herself.

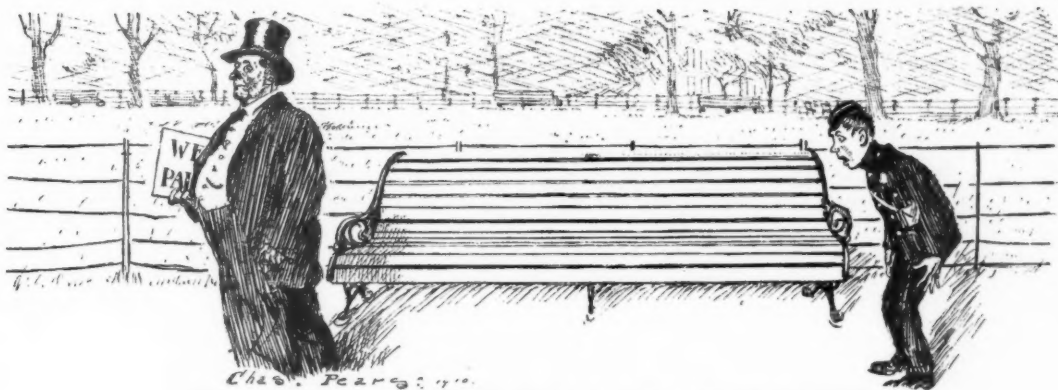
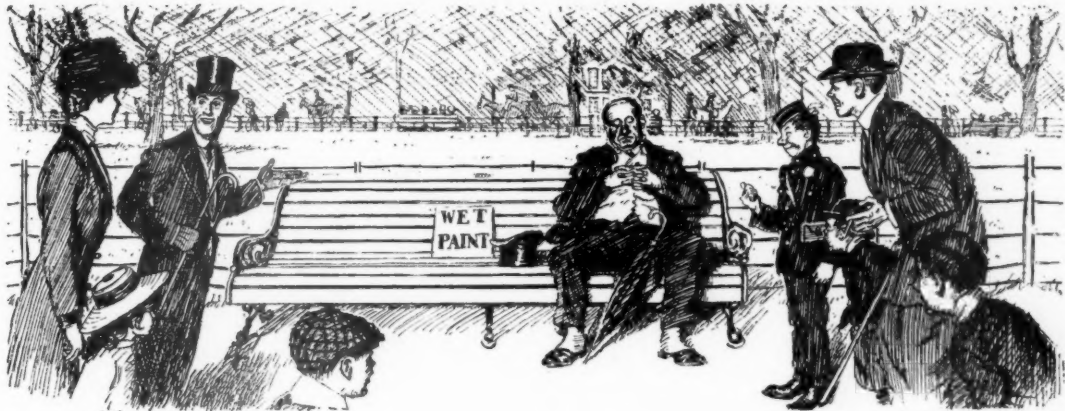
"Of the following events I was an eye-witness," said Roger. "Three men of my acquaintance laid a wager as to who should tell the biggest lie. While they were disputing, a certain dignitary of the Church approached and enquired of them the reason of their quarrel. 'For shame!' he said, when he was made acquainted with the position; 'I have *never* told a lie.' 'Give him the money,' said my three friends with one accord."

Again there was a solemn stillness—broken at last by a long, low whistle from one of the men. Then Lady Bendish forgot her manners altogether. She walked across to Roger. In her rage she almost struck him.

"Get out of my house!" she cried furiously. "You miserable impostor! Go! Not another word—Go!"

The Ghost looked round the room; no friendly face met him but Angela's. Too dazed to think he stumbled to the door...

Outside in the drive, with his bag at his feet, he remembered who he was. The spirit of a



THE MAN WHO WAS NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKED;

OR, THE PORTABLE LABEL FOR THE PREVENTION OF OVERCROWDING.

thousand hatters filled him, and urged him to revenge. Striking a melodramatic attitude he called upon the lightning to shiver the house to fragments, and split all the inmates but one. . . . He waited expectantly.

"No," he said after a pause, "it isn't doing it. I hardly thought it would. Well, there are other ways. Ha!" And he picked up his bag.

CHAPTER IV.

Officially, Ghost Roger was not seen again at The Towers. Miss Mervyn, however, said that she caught sight of him from her bedroom window next evening taking a steady trot round the sun-dial; and Mrs. Somers, returning in the morning from equestrian exercise, was understood to have met him in the drive doing some kind of Swedish drill. That, at any rate, was the reason given for "Samson's" sudden arrival at the stable without his mistress. One way and another it seemed probable that Roger was getting into training for something. . . . And at night he must have been very busy.

* * * *

Dinner on the 25th, enlivened by the presence of the children, went with its usual swing. There was the cracking of the usual jokes, followed by the usual laughter; Miss Mervyn screamed when the crackers were pulled, and Miss Hall blushed and said that she simply *couldn't* read the mottoes, they were too silly. Then Father Christmas came in with pomp, and everybody suddenly became quiet.

"I do hope I get something nice," said Angela excitedly to herself.

Mrs. Somers' presents came out first. One was evidently a book—"To dear Clara with all love from Anna;" the other something more bulky—"With best wishes from George."

"Anna, dear!" she said, "how sweet of you! I believe this is the very book I was telling you I wanted."

Lady Bendish smiled. "George said he would give you something more personal," she added.

Mrs. Somers cut the string, and invited the attention of her neighbour to a book for which she had always longed. That astonished gentleman read the title—*Scalped by Mocahontas*,

or the *Prairie Squaw*. He turned and looked at Mrs. Somers with a new interest, but she was engrossed with the "something more personal" from Sir George. "Now," she said loudly, as she took the layers of paper off, "let us see what dear George has hit upon."

He had, apparently, hit upon a toy pig—fat and with a squeak. . . .

* * * *
Shall the curtain come down here? or shall I skip a scene of fury and strenuous explanation, and tell you of little Betty Bendish's case of razors (one for every day in the week) and Lady Bendish's present from her husband—a small bottle marked POISON? It were better that the curtain should come down, but let it descend on Angela looking with wondering eyes at the diamond necklace which she holds in her hands. It is not the value of the gift which impresses her—for she guesses the truth now, and knows that, having been taken from Mrs. Somers' room, it cost the giver nothing—but the kindly thought. Even a Ghost, she says to herself, has his feelings.

A. A. M.



UNEXPRESSED THOUGHTS.

Tyro (on rather free-jumping hireling). "AND THIS IS WHAT I PAY TWO GUINEAS FOR!"



UNEXPRESSED THOUGHTS.

Sportsman in Ditch. "I CALL THIS ADDING INSULT TO INJURY!"



Porter (as train begins to move). "HERE'S YOUR TICKET, LADY; FOUR AND TUPPENCE IT COST."
Flurried Passenger. "THERE'S FOUR SHILLINGS. KEEP THE TUPPENCE FOR YOURSELF."



Mother. "I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE A SOLDIER, TOO, WHEN YOU GROW UP, BILLY?"
Billy. "HOW MANY HOURS A DAY SHALL I HAVE TO FIGHT?"



IN THE GARB OF PEACE.

CERTAIN GENTLEMEN OF ORDINARILY HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES (IN A POLITICAL SENSE) WHO UNDER THE CHASTENING INFLUENCE OF A "CONFERENCE" HAVE BEEN ENDEAVOURING TO SEEM AT HOME IN THE ABOVE UNWONTED COSTUME.



AH! THAT'S BETTER! BACK TO THEIR WAR-PAINT.

WHEN "CONFERENCES" ARE OVER THE POLITICAL BRUTES SOON RECUR TO THEIR NORMAL HABITS.



COMFORT.

Host (to nervous Guest). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, IF YOU HEAR ANY NOISES IN THE NIGHT, IT'S PROBABLY ONLY THE RATS—AT LEAST, WE ALWAYS TRY TO THINK SO!"

WINGS AND WEATHER.

To those that spend much time, with small success,
In airing theories, more or less absurd,
Of our late Summer's long unpleasantness,
I wish to speak a word.

They have their own peculiar fancies. One
Would have it "cyclic;" others hold it due
To Halley's comet or a spotted sun;
They blame Marconi, too.

Some, with an earthier range, go rather strong
On icebergs from the pole, or tell you flat
It's the Gulf Stream; when anything goes wrong,
They always say it's that.

And so forth. And, for all they have to show
In net results, they might have spared their pains;
But I—I've kept a diary, and I know:—
It's all these aeroplanes.

Let me recall the facts. While yet the Spring
Bordered on Summer, into yon blue skies
Airmen of all shapes took erratic wing
Like whirring dragonflies.

That was too much. At once the Weather Clerk,
Whose sense of humour nothing seems to dim,
Woke up, and started a colossal lark,
Or so it seemed to him.

And, as the airman likes his weather mild,
He promptly loosed from their confining bag
Wind upon wind, while he looked on, and smiled,
Being a merry wag.

Later, again, when came the crowds to see
Great aviation meetings, to the gales
He humorously added, for a spree,
His finest rain, in pails.

Then, having duly worked his merry joke,
When all the crowds had gone, and every line
Had run its last excursion, at a stroke
He made the weather fine.

Such is the truth. 'Twas much the same last year.
And, while his taste in humour goes unchecked,
And men will try to fly, it isn't clear
What else we can expect.

DUM-DUM.



Sporting Tenant. "WHY, PAT, WHAT'S BECOME OF ALL THOSE BIG PLYMOUTH ROCKS I BROUGHT YOU OVER LAST YEAR! I SEE YOU'VE GONE BACK TO THE LITTLE FELLOWS."

Pat. "WELL, SOB, THIM FOWLS WAS TOO TALL ALTOGETHER, AND WHIN THEY STOOD UP UNDER THE BED YOU FELT THEM."



Young Lady. "WELL, MRS. HIGGINEBOTTOM, AND HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON! WON'T YOU HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF CAKE!"

Old Woman (with an eye to the ham sandwiches). "WELL, MUM, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'D RATHER 'AVE A TASTE O' SUMMAT AS HAS DRORED BREATH!"



SOME LOVELY MUSHROOMS

ONE OR TWO FIRCONES
FOR FIRELIGHTERS



Ernest H. Shepard



JUST A FEW FERNS

SOME OF THIS HEAVENLY
SILVER SAND (FOR THE
CARNATIONS, YOU KNOW)



AND



OH, JACK, WHAT PERFECTLY SWEET
LEAF MOULD!



REFINEMENT IN OUR SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENTS.

PIERROTS SINGING BEFORE THE MAYOR AND SONG-CENSORSHIP COMMITTEE OF SHRIMPLETON-ON-SEA.

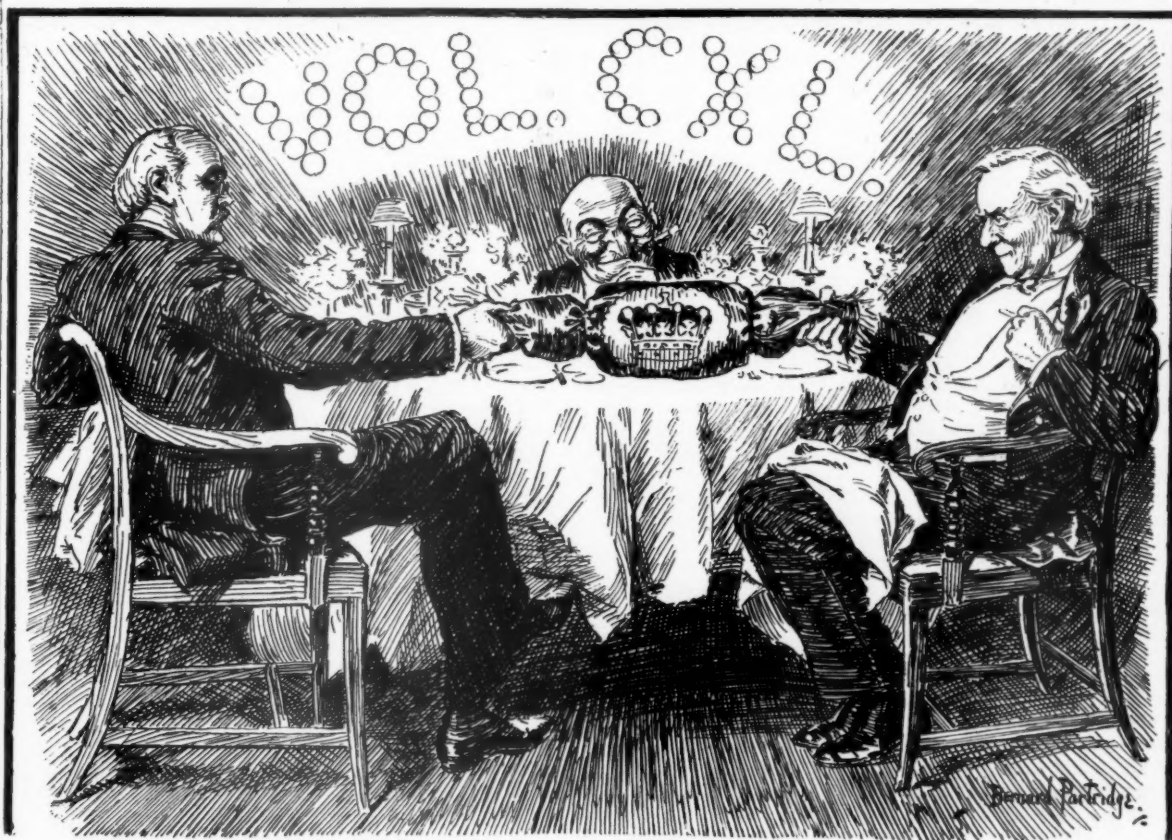


["Nowadays, when the sport attracts such enormous throngs of hard riders in many counties, a joint mastership is the only practical means whereby a man can hunt his own hounds."—*The Times*.]

Joint Master. "HOLD 'EM HARD, OLD MAN! I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU NEXT TIME."



"OUR DANCE, I THINK?"



THE ORATOR TO HIS TUB.

[A Rejected Candidate, after seeking temporary oblivion in the orgies of the season, turns his thoughts to one who did him faithful service in the late campaign.]

DONE are the days when you used to accompany
Me, while I bumped you and banged you about;
Never again shall I hammer and thump any
Barrel whose sides are so solid and stout.
Scattered the hustlers and hecklers—so sly a tribe,
Armed with the frail and ubiquitous egg,
Making the orator skip to his diatribe,
Dancing a two-step on top of his keg.

Dead is the contest, and I, your Diogenes,
Seeking again my legitimate trade,
Gratefully send you, my barrel, to lodge in ease
Up in the tool-house with mattock and spade.
There may you lie like a veteran "warrior
Taking his rest," while I, full of the past,
Wonder if, after the fight, you are sorry or
Glad you have won to a haven at last.

Have you a wish even now to be at it? You 'd
Still wish to hector and fluster and rage,
Mouthing the sesquipedalian platitude,
Pessimist, patriot, prophet, and sage?
Harping again on the wrong and the right of it—
Language and libel and laughter and lies—

Making, as folks say, no end of a night of it,
Spouting unspeakable swank to the skies?

No! I had rather (if one quite so far gone ought
Ever to preach to a comrade in crime)
See you a sort of a voluble Argonaut,
Telling brave tales of an alien clime;
Spinning your yarns to the tool-house habitué—
Lawn-mowers hang on each word that you say!—
Pleased with your lot, while your hearers admit you a
Regular dog of a tub in your day!

But, if it's otherwise, this be your nemesis:—
Oaths I have taken of terrible strength
(Time that I ended! It seems that my MS. is
Running to quite an inordinate length)
Never to rise in forensic apparel and
Roar through the night the eternal refrain;
Never to squat on the top of a barrel and
Never to take to tub-thumping again!

"The Purser told a Press representative that the voyage had been a delightful one. Madame Melba had been unable to take part in the concerts on account of a cold she had contracted. He added that the Cunard Company had given the whole of the crew two days' extra pay in honour of the occasion."—*Manchester Evening News*.

We are sure the Purser could be nicer than that if he tried.

A HOLT FROM THE BLUE.

THE recent Elections, which served to tide *The Daily Mail* over the interval between the two most thrilling events of the century—the CRIPPEN case and Mr. HOLT's trip to Washington—have sunk into their proper insignificance, and the universal topic of conversation during the festivities of Christmas and the New Year has been that stupendous achievement of *The Mail's* representative which marks a new epoch in the History of Travel.

While yet this World-feat, whose memory we shall not willingly allow to die, is fresh on the lips of every lover of England, let us fix in our minds its fascinating details. At noon on December 10 Mr. HOLT, whose greatness was still only in the stage of promise, left Euston. Later in the day he stepped on board the *Mauretania* bound for New York, and never once quitted the leviathan till the passage was completed. Thus early in this historic adventure he proved that he was not the kind of man to relinquish his quest in mid-ocean.

Alighting on earth at Jersey City, he entered a train which carried him to Washington. Here he shook hands with several people, and then returned, with brief stoppages at Baltimore and Philadelphia, shaking hands as he went along. Throughout his triumphant progress he showed the same relentless tenacity of purpose which characterised his nautical effort. Never once did he suffer his car to be side-tracked from its course.

On arriving at New York his quick eye at once took in the characteristic sky-scraper; and next afternoon, after a tedious delay of nearly twenty-four hours, he again embarked on the *Mauretania* amid loud clicks of the camera, having snatched from the Western hemisphere that Record for Hustle of which the possession had hitherto been the envy and admiration of the Globe. A new fillip was thus given to the failing life-blood of the Old World.

Meanwhile let us not forget the part played in this moving drama by the *Mauretania* herself, for, after all, she was the instrument, however humble, without which the achievement of Mr. HOLT might never have been realised. While our hero had been sitting in trains and shaking hands and taking notes of local phenomena, the leviathan had not been idle. She had actually turned round within a day and a half—a performance for which five days is the customary minimum allowance.

On the homeward voyage—executed

in one piece without a break—Mr. HOLT was the cynosure of half-a-dozen different decks. Even Americans admitted that he had proved himself the equal of PEARY in daring and endurance, while in point of pace he had easily eclipsed the Polar veteran.

Landing at Fishguard, Mr. HOLT proceeded to London by a non-stopping train, and reached *The Daily Mail* office at 3.39 A.M. on December 23, having completed some 7,000 miles in 12 days 15 hours 39 minutes, at an average speed equal to, if not surpassing, that of the best suburban trains on the South-Eastern Railway.

Mr. HOLT shows singularly few signs of the awful strain which he must have undergone, especially during the ten days at sea, where he had to face the terrible rigours of modern life on a floating Ritz. His three-quarter-figure photograph covered some twenty-three square inches in *The Daily Mail* two days after his unparalleled exertions in the United States, but after his return he occupied the same space, in the same paper, with his mere head and shoulders. His face is now a household joy in a million happy British homes; and his tremendous feat is the object of veneration among five times as many people as are served by any penny London morning paper.

From the meagre seven columns which Mr. HOLT was allowed in *The Daily Mail* for the story of his impressions as an explorer, one tries to visualise his personality. For a man who had proved himself possessed of such adamant resolution, the glimpses of his character which may be culled from his articles seem strangely elusive. But it was easy to recognise the modesty which came unspoiled out of a triumph that might well have turned the head of a smaller hero. It is true that some of his statements (as, for instance: "I broke the record between New York and Washington; I broke the record between Fishguard and Paddington") might appear to be tinged by egoism; but, after all, to have distributed the credit among the minor performers—obscure engine-drivers, stokers, traffic-managers, etc.—would have been the merest pedantry and affectation.

To illustrate his impression of the *Mauretania's* outward voyage, I notice that he quotes these lines:—

"When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the Equinox."

The word "Equinox" throws a fresh light upon the blind courage of this intrepid passenger. If he really supposed that mid-December is the usual period for the Equinoctial gales this

reveals an elemental inexperience of the natural laws governing our planet which adds, if possible, a new touch of bravado to the astounding contempt of danger displayed in this maritime achievement.

If England occupies to-day a higher place in the estimation of all true Americans than she has held since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, she owes it to her HOLT. He has made History, as History can never have been made before.

O. S.

GHOSTS OF PAPER.

SHOULD you go down Ludgate Hill,
As I'm sure you sometimes will,
When the dark comes soft and new,
Smudged and smooth and powder-blue,
And the lights on either hand
Run away to reach the Strand;
And the winter rains that stream
Make the pavements glance and gleam;
There you'll see the wet roofs rise
Packed against the lamp-lit skies,
And at once you shall look down
Into an enchanted town.
Jewelled Fleet Street, golden gay,
Sloughs the drab of work-a-day,
Conjuring before you then
All her ghosts of ink and pen,
Striking from her magic mint
Places you have loved in print,
From the fairy towns and streets
Raised by Djinn and fierce Afreet,
To the columned brass that shone
On the gates of Babylon;
You shall wander, mazed, amid
Pylon, palm, and pyramid;
You shall see, where taxis throng,
River lamps of old Hong Kong;
See the ramparts standing tall
Of the wondrous Tartar Wall;
See, despite of rain and wind,
Marble towns of rosy Ind,
And the domes and palaces
Crowning Tripolis and Fez;
While, where buses churn and splash,
There's the ripple of a sash,
Silken maid and paper fan
And the peach-bloom of Japan;
But, the finest thing of all,
You shall ride a charger tall
Into huddled towns that haunt
Picture-books of old Romaunt,
Where go squire and knight and saint,
Heavy limned in golden paint;
You shall ride above the crowd
On a courser pacing proud,
In fit panoply and meet
Through be-cobbled square and street,
Where with bays and gestures bland
Little brown-faced angels stand!

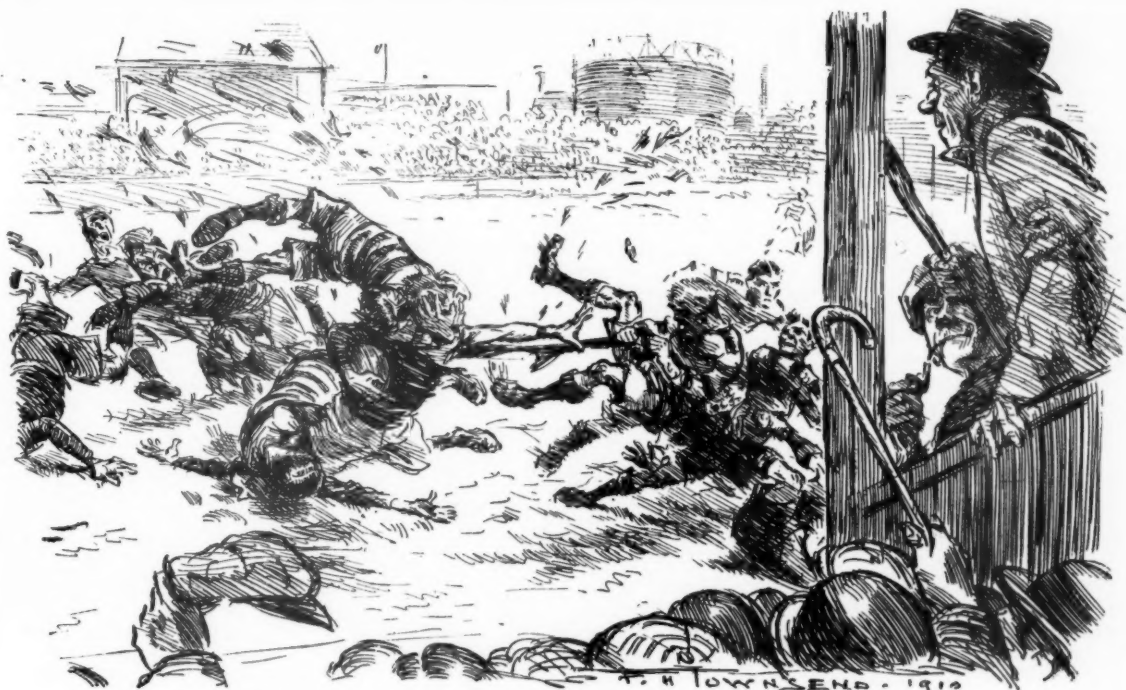
* * * * *

These are some of things you'll view
When the night is blurred and blue,
If you look down Ludgate Hill,
As I'm sure you often will!



TOWARDS THE RAPPROCHEMENT.

CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY (*in India, writing home*). "DEAR PAPA, I AM DOING MYSELF PROUD. THESE ENGLISH AREN'T HALF BAD FELLOWS WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW THEM."



Londoner (to Pat, seeing a Rugby game for the first time). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, PAT?"

Pat. "BEGORRA, IT'D BE A JEWEL OF A GAME IF THEY ONLY HAD SHITKES!"

OUR SEASONABLE SYMPOSIUM.

WHEN there is nothing much happening the complete editor does his best to get his paper written (free) by illustrious persons. There is never less doing than in Christmas and New Year weeks, hence the following columns of negligible matter. We have sent a circular to a number of well-known men and women requesting their answer to the question, "Are Christmas presents and New Year gifts worth all the trouble of thanking people for them?" A selection of replies will be found below.

Mr. ASQUITH writes: "A Christmas present of a majority of 126 is worth any trouble."

Mr. BIRRELL writes: "Your question leads to another. What should one say when, instead of receiving a present at Christmas, one has one's property abstracted? Here there is doubtless considerable choice of expressions. Personally, I am very glad to see 1911 and get out of a year which assisted me to a strained leg and the companionship of such attentive cross-Channel thieves."

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD writes: "I am too busy with my new *Cornhill* serial, *The Case of Richard Meynell*, to be able to accede to your request."

"Mrs. MEYNELL writes: "I would reply at once were I not so immersed in my critical study of ARTEMUS WARD and his English kith and kin."

Mr. A. C. BENSON writes: "The query is a deep one leading to profound meditation. In some—I am glad to say rare—moments of pessimism I might be disposed to answer in the negative. This is when I find my Christmas breakfast-table covered with votive offerings from my myriad readers while I am suffering from writer's cramp with complications. It is then that, if I were not so bitterly opposed to capital punishment, I might be tempted to exclaim, 'Hang it!' But happily my better nature triumphs; and my mature opinion is that presents are worth while."

Mr. ROGER FRY writes: "To my analytical mind it all depends on what kind of Christmas presents or New Year's gifts one receives. If, for example, it is a canvas by a straightforward painter who has brought to bear on his faithful delineations of nature all the knowledge of his greatest predecessors, I shall say certainly not. It is not worth a thank you. But, on the other hand, for a naked Tahitian woman by GAUGUIN, sprawling and ungainly, and cruder than a gingerbread figure, or a frameful of MATISSE's

palette scrapings, how could one's gratitude find adequate expression?"

Mr. JOHN SMITH writes: "In my opinion Christmas presents and New Year gifts are not worth the trouble of saying thank you for. At least, that is what I have decided after attempting to write different replies to the three persons who have given me paper knives (of which I had a dozen before). Next year I shall distribute a printed form stating that it was 'exactly what I wanted.'"

"PATERFAMILIAS" writes: "I have not enough gratitude in my body for the manager of *The Times* for his Christmas gift of the classified index once more. I did not know where I was during the week or so that he stopped it."

"In the birth-throes of the present General Election there is a brood of possibilities whose momentum no man can measure."

This is the beginning of a leader in *The Camberwell Borough Advertiser*, headed WHAT NEXT? We are longing for some more.

"Mr. Nugent Monck was easily recognisable as Satan," says *The Eastern Daily Press* in its account of the Norwich Mystery Play.

"The Devil a Monck would be."

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to "*The Times House of Commons*," we understand that our contemporary would like it to be known that it is not responsible for the composition of that body, which it considers faulty in many respects.

M. JEAN LONGUET, in his account in *L'Humanité* of his conversation with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, stated that the interview was readily granted by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on the understanding that a distinction should be made between what he said "*en 'gentleman'*" and what was said for publication. An unfortunate distinction, not infrequently made by some of our more combative politicians.

M. LONGUET now tells us that all the statements which he attributed to the CHANCELLOR were sent before publication to one of Mr. GEORGE's political friends, who returned them after revising and making certain modifications. Who, we wonder, was this friend? Was it Mr. REDMOND? Or was it Mr. KEIR HARDIE? Anyhow, it is most interesting to know that the CHANCELLOR has a manager.

The Yarmouth Town Council has been discussing the prodigious appetite of the sea-gulls, whose numbers are constantly increasing, to the great detriment of the fisheries. No fewer than three times a Bill has been passed by the House of Lords to deal with this question, but, unhappily, the fate of the measure has always been the same—to be talked out in the House of Commons. Really it is time that the Lower House was abolished.

And why, we would ask, should a Liberal Government be so fond of gulls?

THE HOME SECRETARY having refused to sanction a by-law prohibiting roller-skating on the footpaths in Stoke Newington, nervous pedestrians, it is thought, will now be compelled to take to aeroplanes.

What to do with our Barons? BARON ALBRECHT VON KNOBELSDORFF BRENKENHOFF has been appointed

official instructor of wrestling and self-defence to the City Police.

We hear that, as a result of the recent trial of Captain TRENCH and Lieutenant BRANDON, the local scenery of the Frisian islands is, with characteristic German thoroughness, to be entirely altered so that any information which may have leaked out may be rendered useless. Mountains, we hear, are to be erected at once (on the lines of the Mid-Surrey Golf Club's new Alpine bunkers), and the "church-

appearance in pantomime as a Dodo he has forsaken the boards.

It looks as if Mr. PÉLISSIER is to have a rival in the potted play business. The title of Mr. PINERO's forthcoming comedy is *Preserving Mr. Panmure*.

A novel feature of the Palladium, the new music-hall, is a box-to-box telephone service, which will enable members of the audience recognising friends on the opposite side of the house to ring them up during the performance. This, it is thought, will be far less objectionable than shouting across the theatre, a proceeding to which many highly strung artistes have an almost insuperable objection.

By-the-by these classical names for music-halls seem to be growing in favour. We now have a Palladium and a Coliseum, and it is even rumoured that we are to have an Amusement.

At a time when all thoughtful persons are of the opinion that a vulgar display of jewellery is a thing to be discouraged, it seems regrettable that a lady, on arriving in New York the other day, should have been fined £1,000 for concealing a pearl necklace in the brim of her hat.

"GUIDE TO PARENTS" is the heading of an advertisement paragraph in *The Daily Mail*. This should certainly supply a want. So many persons make a mistake in the choice of parents.

Wide-awake people are already beginning to cater for the airmen. The most perfect map of the moon ever made has been completed by Mr. WALTER GOODACRE, F.R.A.S., after seven years' work.

An advertisement announces "THE PRICE OF HOME RULE. By L. COPE CORNFORD. 6d. net." So the price to be paid is not so terrible, after all!

According to the Hayward's Heath correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle*: "A huge ball of fire passed over this district last evening, being followed shortly afterwards by shooting stars." This is interesting as showing that the



Lady. "CAN'T YOU FIND WORK?"

Tramp. "YESSUM; BUT EVERYONE WANTS A REFERENCE FROM MY LAST EMPLOYER."

Lady. "AND CAN'T YOU GET ONE?"

Tramp. "NO, MUM. YER SEE, HE'S BEEN DEAD TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS."

tower" which was mentioned in the course of the evidence is to be converted into a windmill.

The Home Office authorities have instructed the governors of prisons to relax certain restrictions and to allow prisoners more liberty than hitherto. This is wise. We are convinced that the strictness of the regulations has kept many people from entering these institutions in the past.

The Observer tells us that *The Piper* is "produced by Mr. E. F. BENSON, who himself takes the title rôle." This is wrong. Since Mr. E. F. BENSON'S



SEASONABLE CAUTION.

IF YOU HAVE BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO PULL A FEW CRACKERS WITH THE LITTLE ONES, REMOVE ALL TRACES OF THEM BEFORE YOU START ON A VIOLENT DISCUSSION OF THE VETO.

apparition was evidently regarded in the heavens as a dangerous body.

A remarkable scene in Rotten Row was described in a police-court the other day. Between twenty and thirty horses were bitten by a bulldog. "When the dog was eventually captured," we are told, "he showed no sign of bad temper." How characteristic of dear doggie's good nature.

Eighteen door-keys, a Yale-key, a chisel, a screw-driver, a needle-and-thread, and a piece of soap were found in the pockets of a man arrested for loitering in Hastings last week. The police incline to the theory that he is a burglar.

Dr. EMIL BUNZL, of Vienna, states that yawning is of the greatest possible value to health, and the writer of these notes hopes to be yet acclaimed as a public benefactor.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether Englishwomen will adopt the "harem skirt." Yet it ought to go well with the "scarem hat."

"When women fly," says a contemporary, "some such garment will have to be adopted." And then the men will fly too.

The fact that a French artist should only have been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for murdering his wife is being much commented on, but we are informed that the reports published in our papers are not quite correct. The judge, in addition, gave the murderer a talking-to, and told him quite plainly that in future he must not give way to these petty displays of temper.

MY ALMANAC.

(A Threat to the New Year.)
Nineteen hundred and eleven!
Year with hope and promise gay,
Multiple of three and seven,
Rhyming perfectly with heaven,
List my lay.

Lo, while all the woodlands briery
Still no trace of colour grant
(Save where hips are gleaming fiery),
I've been sent a sort of diary
By my aunt.

This I shall not fill with racy
Oozings from the midnight lamp,
Sentimental odes to Gracie,
Essays of the Mr. A. C.
BENSON stamp.

No, another plan I'll follow,
Rather shall this pious tome
Check the failures of Apollo,
Once supposed to gild the hollow
Sapphire dome.

Every day the god's unpleasant,
I shall write this epigram
In my aunt's delightful present—
Just a single effervescent,
Heartfelt "Hang!"

Nineteen-hundred and eleven!
Thus, when worn and wan with
snow,
Multiple of three and seven,
Rhyming perfectly with heaven,
Out you go,

All the noons when Phœbe slumbered,
All the hours when earth beneath
Lay with mist and mire encumbered,
I shall hurl, precisely numbered,
In your teeth. EVON.

THE YEAR'S PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH you are still dating your letters "1910," the fact remains that we have slipped once again into a New Year. The change occurred (so remorseless is the flight of time) on the stroke of midnight last Saturday, at a moment when you were round the wassail-bowl, and was duly noted by our lynx-eyed Press. I propose now, if you are awake, to discuss with you the coming events, as far as they can be forecasted, of 1911.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Most of the advertisements of the year 1911 will be inspired by Cambridge University. For this reason a Chair of Literature has recently been endowed at the famous seat of learning, the first appointment to it being that of Mr. HOOPER. Mr. HOOPER's style is, if anything, more mellow even than it was in 1903, and it is expected that with the present year his intellectual powers will reach the extreme height of their expression. His great Scholarship scheme will be announced by the University during 1911. But you should order your set *now*.

BUDGETS.

There will be one of these.

CORONATIONS.

There will be one of these, too. The actual affair will take less than a day, but for weeks and weeks beforehand you will have to read Coronation odes and Coronation articles. You may as well begin at once. Mr. *Punch's* historical pamphlet, containing an account of the coronation of every sovereign from Harold Hardshanks to the present May-Queen of Cricklewood, will be out to-morrow.

DRAMA.

Many notable additions to dramatic literature will be made in 1911. Several entirely new plays will be performed, whose plots hinge upon the fact that the sinister Mrs. Dufay is attempting to blackmail John Sterne by means of a packet of letters which he had written to her in a moment of mistaken enthusiasm. Luckily John gets a telegram to say that she has died suddenly on her way to Dover. In the world of musical comedy the rich and beautiful Angela will change places with her maid, thereby evading several unwelcome proposals.

ELECTIONS.

There will be *none* of these. This is a promise. If by any extraordinary chance there should be one, come to

the office and ask for your money back. You won't get it, but we shall be glad to see you. Note the missionary-box on the left-hand side of the door as you pass out.

FRENCH.

A lot of French will be spoken in 1911. *Hors (concours and d'œuvre), entre nous, jeu d'esprit, Jupiter Pluvius, eureka and ben trovato* will be among the most popular remarks of the day. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, or something like that, will be the 1911 catch-phrase at the music-halls.

GEORGE (LLOYD).

I had hoped to get through without referring to this, but I feel that it would be wrong to pretend that there will be no mention of him in the 1911 papers. His name is *bound* to crop up. Look out for it and see if you can spot it before your friend does.

HIATUS.

There is going to be a hiatus now, until we get to L. It is obvious that I cannot mention all the wonderful things which are going to take place in the New Year, and in any case there's no prospect of anything very exciting in the I or J line happening in 1911.

KORONATION.

This is another way of spelling Coronation. I only just want to remind you that this is the year for it.

LORDS (OLD).

It will be a memorable year for the House of Lords. The great battle of 1911 will take its place in the history books of the future with Hastings and Waterloo. The broken square of Newtons, the final rally of the De La Warr Die-hards, the mad charge of the Death-or-Glory Middletons to the war-cry, "A Saye and Sele!"—these will be subjects for the battle pictures of to-morrow.

LORDS (NEW).

But first there will have to be lots and lots and lots of these—perhaps.

MARQUESSSES.

Even two or three brace of these. They might just possibly ask you or me! It is a solemn thought.

NOEL.

It seems too bad to remind you that we shall be hearing all about this gentleman again before the year is over. He will turn up in 1911 all right, depend upon it. This won't exactly be a notable feature of the year, but there will be a good deal of talk about it later on.

PARENTHESIS.

(I ought to have said before that Coronations are *de rigueur* this year.)

REBELLIONS.

The date of the Rebellion in Ulster has not definitely been settled yet; but due notice will be sent to all the papers in time for the early sporting editions.

STORY (SENSATIONAL, OF WEST END CLUB).

With any luck there will be about three of these during the year—one from Soho, and one from Hammer-smith, and one from Notting Hill.

TUBES.

Tubes will enter upon an entirely new era. In future no smoking will be allowed in the lifts, and the attendants will see to it that everybody is standing clear of the gates. The lift will then descend, and you will be in time to see the tail lights of one of those jolly little trains.

WEATHER.

There will be much too much of this in 1911. *Much* too much. However, we may get a fine Sunday towards the end of July or August.

X. Y. Z. (or rather, N.B.).

It has been decided that there shall be a Coronation this year. Don't go getting the date wrong—1911.

A. A. M.

THE LAST ILLUSION.

[Lines written in dejection and December darkness.]

WITH what excruciating mental aches
We learnt our early faiths were all untrue;

How deep the iron entered when we knew
That England's Darling never singed the cakes!

That stout St. PATRICK set about no snakes!

That never was apple split by TELL in two!

That no *Bill Adams* charged at Waterloo!

That all are fancies, fictions, fibs and fakes!

E'en with such grief my soul is torn to-day;

For lo, descending with my kin and kith

To breakfast, suddenly, methought, Sol shone,

Until I realised the gas was on!

And so my last illusion passed away.
The Sun is but another Solar myth!



First Loaf. "WOT I LIKES ABAHT STARTIN' A NOO YEAR IS THAT ALL THE DISTURBIN' RUSH O' CHRISTMAS IS HOVER!"

Second Loaf. "AH, SAME 'ERE. AN' WIV THREE 'UND'ED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS AHEAD ON YER THERE AIN'T NO CALL TO 'URRY OVER NUFFINK!"

RESOLUTION AND RETRIBUTION.

PETER was playing sulkily with an engine that had only three wheels; Margaret threw aside the book she had just finished reading for the third time and yawned; Norman searched half-heartedly for the nib of his new fountain pen which he last remembered seeing in the coal-scuttle two days before; and Joan—Joan, bless her heart!—was the only happily engaged one of the lot, for she had discovered a garment on the chief of the new dolls which could do with an extra button, and she was busy attempting to thread a bodkin.

"D'you suppose father never tells a lie?" asked Peter, defiantly.

"Of course he tells 'em," said Norman, bluntly. "Ask Uncle Bob if he doesn't."

"Norman!" exclaimed Margaret, shocked. "Remember that Joan is here, even if you feel anxious to make a cruel attack on your own father."

"What about the attack he made on me, then?" asked Peter. "Just because I said it wasn't me that fired the air-

gun through granny's portrait, he jaws me for half-an-hour about making good resolutions for the New Year, and then stops my mince-pies."

"Peter," sang Joan, "can I have your mince-pies what you're not allowed to eat?"

"Peter's quite right," said Norman.

"Father gave me ten minutes of it this morning because I was late for breakfast, and he was only early himself because his bedroom clock was fast."

"Norman, how dare you say such things?"

"Well, it's the truth, and he's told Peter to speak the truth, so there can't be much wrong in me speaking the truth too."

"If I hadn't made a resolution to be kind and gentle to my brothers and sister I should be very angry with you two," said Margaret quietly.

"New Year's Day ought not to come so near Christmas," said Norman, detaching another wheel from Peter's engine. "They let you have a pretty fair time at Christmas, and then when all your presents have got lost or broken and you feel you want cheering

up they worry you about turning over a new leaf and all that. And then the old ladies who come to tea grin at you and say, 'Happy New Year, my dear!' *Happy New Year!* They've got a funny idea of happiness."

"They know what you appear to forget, that true happiness comes from being good," said Margaret.

"Well, Father wasn't particularly good to me," said Peter, "so he ought to be jolly miserable, and I shan't much mind if—"

Margaret sprang at Peter and shook him furiously. "You dare say that about Father!" she cried breathlessly. Joan came to aid her, but happily it was a bodkin and not a needle that she brought with her. Norman laughed and murmured, "Kind and gentle!"

"I don't care if I have broken it," said Margaret.

"In addition to having a water supply second to none Tillicoultry dairymen can congratulate themselves upon upholding the prestige of the place so far as the milk is concerned.

The Devon Valley Tribune.
We don't remember having seen it put with such shining candour before.



Aunt. "I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ABOUT THE YOUNGEST BOY AT YOUR SCHOOL, AREN'T YOU, TOMMY?"
Tommy. "GOOD GRACIOUS, NO! WHY, SOME OF OUR CHAPS COME IN FRAMS."

THE LAST CHANCE.

[A hint to the young Hopeful on how to get the present he wants.]

THE most urgent duty of all young people at this happy season of giving is (of course) to keep their relatives up to the scratch. It may be that most of your uncles and aunts have already remembered you this Christmas or New Year; but there are sure to be one or two black sheep amongst them. These may still retrieve their position before the holidays are over if a little tact is exercised in reminding them of their faults. Let us suppose that Uncle John and Aunt Jane, one on each side of the family, are the culprits. Let us also suppose (which is less likely) that they don't know each other's address or for some reason are not on speaking terms. Take two nice clean sheets of note-paper, an ink-pot and a pen, and carefully holding the last-named so that the top end, if produced, would rest on the right shoulder, make a copy of the following model epistles:—

DEAR UNCLE JOHN,—Thank you most awfully for the toy aeroplane you so kindly sent me this Christmas. I

don't think there's anything I wanted so much, unless it was *Treasure Island*. I hope your gout is much better.

Your aff. nephew, N. (or M.).

DEAREST AUNT JANE,—Thank you very, very much for *Treasure Island*. It was good of you to send it me. You could not have thought of anything I should like so much, except, perhaps, a toy aeroplane. I hope Tabitha is keeping well. Believe me,

Your very loving nephew,
N. (or M.).

Now address two envelopes, one to Uncle John and the other to Aunt Jane, and put Uncle John's letter in Aunt Jane's envelope, and *vice versa*. If after this you don't get *Treasure Island* and a toy aeroplane before the holidays are over, I'm afraid that Uncle John and Aunt Jane are both past redemption, and no further notice need be taken of them. Anyhow, you will have done your best, and no child can be expected to do more.

The Search for Beauty.

"A thin face will look ever so much plumper and prettier if pulled out as widely as possible at the sides."—*Evening News*.

Plumper, certainly, but not prettier.

THE LITTLE FAT BOY.

AN ECHO OF CHRISTMAS.

THE soup came in, and the soup was good. The little boy gobbled as fast as he could, And I frowned reproach, as an uncle should.

Followed the fish with its sauce of pink; Did the boy say "Yes" to it?—I don't think!

Is sherry a thing that a child should drink?

In came the turkey sausage-flanked, Deeply breasted and stoutly shanked. The boy came twice. Why are boys not spanked?

Beef if you wanted it—*That* boy did! Wanted it twice, the untanned kid! I caught his eye and he drooped one lid.

In came the pudding, a blaze of blue. Wider the eyes of the fat boy grew. They piled his plate, and he went right through.

Oranges next. He disposed of three; Smuggled a fourth to his shameless knee; Reached for an apple, and grinned at me.

After dinner his steps I tracked. His waistcoat buttons were all intact; And the tale I've told is a simple fact.



CORONATION YEAR.

THE NEW YEAR (to HIS MAJESTY). "AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!"

THE RENDEZVOUS.

I took a dislike to Peter Gurney for the following, amongst other, reasons. He bought a gate-leg table on which I had cast the purchasing eye, and married the lady upon whom I had set my heart. Speaking generally, he is a grasping fellow, but his last and worst effort has been to take the set of residential chambers in the Temple which I particularly wanted. Its official number is 5, Inner Court, fourth floor, North.

I dislike Perkins because he is a new porter in the Temple, and Temple porters ought not to be new; because he wears a gold band on his top hat, and top hats look much nicer without gold bands; and because he never touches his hat to me when I pass, and porters' top hats, even when made of gold, are meant to be touched.

My dislikes were not so marked as to prevent my calling on Peter Gurney in his new rooms in the Temple on the second night of his occupation. But my dislike for him became so marked at the end of the visit that I left prepared to do my worst by him. I felt that he might have kept his householder's pride for someone else under the circumstances. He should have said, "These rooms are not so good as they seem. There are drains;" or, "These rooms are not so good as they seem. There are no drains." He did no such kindly act. He pointed me out all sorts of additional and unsuspected advantages, and, having had his gloat, he put me out of his front door in a frame of mind bordering on the homicidal. The mere sight of Perkins at the Temple gate after that was enough to make me loathe him for ever. The Temple gates are locked from ten at night till six in the morning, and to-night it was Perkins' melancholy duty to sit by this gate and attend it during those hours. Even that thought, however, did not appease my hatred of him.

"Do you wish to go out, Sir?" he said foolishly, starting to unfasten the bolts.

"Oh, no," said I, "that is the last thing I want;" but the sarcasm was lost on him.

"Then what do you want, Sir?" he said.

"I want," I said, "I want . . ." and I paused to conceive the most unlikely thing I could want. Instead, I hit on an idea.

"No," I continued, less ironically, "I do not want to go out. In fact, I live in here. When I have lived here a little longer you will know me better. My name is Peter Gurney, and I live



CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.—II.

MR. SANDOW IN THE THROES OF LIGHT VERSE—WHICH WE UNDERSTAND HE VARIES WITH A LITTLE NEEDLEWORK OR DELICATE EMBROIDERY.

at 5, Inner Court, fourth floor, North. Now, I want to catch a very early train in the morning, but doubt if I shall wake up in time. My servant does not come in the morning till seven-thirty, and my train leaves King's Cross at six-fifteen. If I am left to myself I shall wake up at three o'clock, four o'clock, and eight o'clock. When I want to be awake is, of course, at five. You, I understand, will be whereabouts till 6 A.M. to-morrow. Will you come and knock loudly on my door at five? Five o'clock sharp; and loudly, mind."

"Yes, Sir," answered Perkins, the porter, "five o'clock sharp, Sir."

"Thank you," I said, "I will rely on you. Here is a shilling for yourself." But I paused in the act. Why should I give him the shilling? Why should not Peter Gurney? "Look here—I won't give it you now. You may forget, and, even if you don't, the mere fact of your knocking on my door

doesn't guarantee my getting up, does it? Let us leave it like this; you come and knock at my door—Peter Gurney, remember, 5, Inner Court—knock loudly at my door at five, and go on knocking till he—I come to the door and give you the shilling."

Then I made my way out of the Temple by another gate, pleasantly warm within at the thought of the meeting between Peter Gurney and Perkins at five o'clock, five o'clock sharp, on a cold and frosty morning.

Two extracts from one issue of *The Daily Chronicle*:

"A holiday crowd of between 2,000 and 3,000 people witnessed the meet of Blankney hounds at the South Park, Lincoln, yesterday."

"Unusual scenes were witnessed yesterday at Lincoln, when the Blankney hounds met in the city. Fully 10,000 people assembled."

Funny that the Blankney should be so much more popular.

SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

THE EDITOR AND HIS GOLFING EXPERT.

DEAR MR. BILTON,—You have now discussed in the 6,000 odd articles you have written for us every conceivable normal phase of golf, and I am beginning to notice a certain tendency to ring the changes in your otherwise excellent papers. I wonder whether you could see your way to discuss the pastime under any novel, abnormal, or even imaginary conditions. I have consulted the editor of our Sporting Supplement, and with his approval send you the following suggestions:—

Golf in the Arctic Regions.

Golf in the Jungle.

Golf in Mars.

Golf as a ground for Divorce.

The Hobble Skirt as a Golfing Handicap.

Golf on Horseback.

Post-Impressionist Golf.

Please remember that the more you strike the literary note the better. Do not be afraid of a touch of preciosity or even a Greek quotation. It may attract the unathletic reader and lead to an interesting correspondence. And do not scruple to refer to NIETZSCHE, BERNARD SHAW, DEBUSSY, STRAUSS, ANATOLE FRANCE, VAN GOGH, YEATS, FOGAZZARO, HENRY JAMES, or MADAME ACKTÉ, if you can drag them in somehow. Yours faithfully,

ADRIAN FLAIR.

DEAR MR. FLAIR,—Many thanks for your letter and the helpful suggestions for widening the range of my articles. I am afraid that my Greek is rather rocky, and I confess that I had never heard of some of the people you mention. NIETZSCHE, for instance, and VAN GOGH are not to be found in *Who's Who*. But I have a sister who is very keen on art and music and the classics, and she has helped me with the enclosed article, which I submit as a sort of trial trip over the new course. I need hardly say that the whole thing is entirely imaginary, but that is what you said you wanted.

Yours very truly, BERNARD BILTON.

JUNGLE GOLF.

It is one of the peculiar merits of golf that it can be played not only at all seasons but under all atmospheric and climatic conditions. The ideal golfer should always be capable of rising superior to circumstances and asserting himself *νῆπι μ' ἴπον*, as HOMER says. Still there is a limit to human endurance, and the fate of a young Scots enthusiast, who insisted on

practising mashie shots in a blizzard in Montana, should serve as a warning. As the great NAPOLEON said, *il faut se borner*. Jungle golf, however, though one of the most arduous and exacting forms of the game, is distinctly within the range of possibility. It was NIETZSCHE who observed in his famous work, *Der Fall Wagner*, "*il faut méditerraniser la musique*." So the modern golfer feels the insistent need, with a view to effecting a *rapprochement* between East and West, of orientalising the Royal and Antient game.

Danger, which lends spice to all true sport, is the very essence of jungle golf, which bears much the same relation to the suburban variety as a picture by VAN GOGH does to a canvas of VAN

through the jungle, a fact which reduces the clubs required to two—a niblick and a putter. But if fewer clubs are used the number of balls needed is legion. The Maharajah of GUTTIALA once lost 238 in a famous match with the Begum of JELlicore, but won by 3 up and 2 to play in 25,427 strokes. The game only lasted three weeks. Each player employed 300 caddies; of these 72 perished from snake bites and 79 were carried off by man-eating tigers.

It is an open question whether players of jungle golf should be allowed to carry firearms. Here local rules differ. In Bhopal, where the course was laid out by Mr. VALENTINE CHIROL with a view to allaying Indian unrest, Mauser pistols are habitually carried. At Udaipur, on the other hand, the players use an ingenious form of niblick, the shaft of which contains an air-gun.

From the foregoing remarks it will be seen that the jungle-golfer cannot count on getting a long drive from the tee. There are many reasons to account for their lack of length, but it is best to treat the matter philosophically and, instead of bemoaning your own shortcomings, try to obtain consolation by watching others who suffer from a similar affliction. Besides, as KEATS says, there is always "a budding morrow in midnight."

DEAR MR. BILTON,—The article is, in the main, so excellent that I am sure you will not think me captious if I criticise one or two minor points. About the inmates of the jungle—are the birds you mention quite correct? You might verify your list before the article appears. Then the phrase, "simian population," strikes me as a little Telegraphese. I confess to a slight disappointment that you have not introduced any reference to the "whole tone scale." You see the proprietor is a great admirer of DEBUSSY, so I think it would be politic to gratify him in this respect. I return the proof for you to make these corrections and additions. Yours faithfully,

ADRIAN FLAIR.

P.S.—You might add to the list of suggestions "Golf in Lunatic Asylums" and "Golf in the Grand Sahara, or The Riddle of the Sands."

In its advice upon the making of Christmas cake *Tit-Bits* says:

"Pinch mixed spice."

* Optional."

In matters of conscience we shall certainly not be dictated to.



THE GOLF MANIA SPREADING.

BEERS. Here is not the enervating languor of "silken Samarcand," but a constant strife with the deadliest forces of elemental Nature. Contact with the *Thanatophidia*, the swift onslaught of the greater *Felidae*, await the player at every turn. As ANDREW KIRKALDY remarked in a luminous phrase, "it's juist one long suicide." Then there is the physical strain of barging through the jungle, amid the terrifying shrieks of macaws, parrakeets, cockatoos, and other fearsome wild fowl, the derisive hoots of the simian population, and the trumpeting of rogue elephants. But the fascination of the pastime is proportioned to its perils, and the jungle golfer comes of the same strain as the aeroplanist and the football referee.

To come to particulars, it may be well to explain that the holes are located in clearings, but they are all approached



Mistress (hearing a crash): "WELL, COOK, WHAT IS IT NOW? TWO BASINS BROKEN!"

Cook. "YES'M. MARY BROKE THAT ONE, AND THIS 'ERE ONE JUST CAME TO PIECES IN MY 'AND."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PIPER."

If anybody goes to the St. James's Theatre in the hope of seeing Mr. BENSON handling an army of Hamelin rats, he will be sadly disappointed. This striking episode is all over before the curtain rises. Thus shorn of its most intriguing feature there is not enough of the legend to go round, and it has to be drawn out thin with a perfunctory love-interest. This is provided by *Michael*, a sword-swallower in the strolling company of *The Piper*. Here again something is taken for granted, for he never swallowed anything like a sword while I was looking. But he and the Burgomeister's daughter fall in love at sight and she is condemned to a nunnery at Rüdesheim, partly to teach her not to respond to the *beaux yeux* of the first sword-swallower she meets, and partly in penance for the sins of Hamelin. *Michael*, extremely anxious to get her into his arms, persuades *The Piper* to spirit her away from the prospect of perpetual virginity.

The forest scene, through which passes the procession of

townsfolk conducting her to her incarceration (we can all understand why they wanted to go to Rüdesheim, where the hock comes from), reminded one a little of the scene of the monks' progress in *Tannhäuser*, only here Mr. BENSON, in the title rôle, is trying to conjure Venus out of a nunnery into the Hørselberg. So well does he do his

proxy-wooing that *Michael*, in the part of a dummy spectator, grows suspicious of the process and silently protests. He can swallow swords (as alleged), but this is rather more than he can comfortably stomach. However, all comes right in the end.

The little lame boy (prettily played by Miss HETTY KENTON) is not, as in the legend, left out of the hollow of the hill, and the loss of him provides Miss MARION TERRY with a chance, as the mother, of pleading with *The Piper* for his restoration. A tedious argument leaves him stubborn, but he yields at last, moved by the figure of the "lonely man" on the wayside calvary.

The author, JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, writing in blank verse (a fact that I only discovered well on in the Third Act) has embroidered the old wind-myth with many pleasant touches of poetic sentiment. Thus *The Piper* is not just a professional vermin-killer; he goes through the world, like BROWNING'S *Herakles*, putting wrongs right, letting caged things out of their prisons; and that is why, rather than from motives of revenge for the loss of



Mr. F. R. BENSON (*The Piper*). "Go to a nunnery? No, you shan't. You are meant for the joys of life and love!"

Miss VIOLET FAREBROTHER (*Barbara*). "Ah!"

Mr. ERIC MAXON (*Michael, the Sword-Eater*). "I say, old chap, don't forget that this is really my show, and not yours."

his guilders, he pipes the children away from their narrow confinement among the sordid burghers of Hamelin; and not to their destruction, but to a life of fun and freedom in the caverns of the enchanted hillside.

So long as the children were on the scene the play was full of natural charm and delightful movement; but in their absence there was a deal of dull stuffing. Mr. BENSON, who managed his large family very cleverly, was not himself quite the Pied Piper of one's imagination. Possibly the absence of all disguise from his head and face spoiled the illusion. And I missed, except at rare moments, the note of sincerity. He just threw off his lines with the ease of an actor who does this sort of thing every day of his life, and will be ready to-morrow to play you any part in reason with equal fluency and detachment. I need hardly say that he indulged in some nice athletic interludes, picking up children and treating them like dumb-bells whenever it occurred to him. O. S.

"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

I should like my opening words to be, "Mr. COLLINS has surpassed himself," because that seems to be the beginning and ending of Drury Lane criticism, but, alas! I have no authority to write those words. Wait till next year and I will see what I can do for you. But this year (I blush to think that some sophisticated young gentleman of ten may read these lines) I have to start with a confession—I went to *Jack and the Beanstalk* in STEAD-like innocence, having seen many pantomimes, but never a Drury Lane one before. (And I have always missed the Lord Mayor's show too: one can't explain these things—they just happen.) So poor Mr. COLLINS may have surpassed himself in every scene, and yet I cannot mention it! What else, you wonder, is there to say?

I think I shall imitate *Robinson Crusoe* (another pantomime character), and make a list of the good and the bad, as it seemed to me.

Pro. The idea of excusing in advance all improbabilities of plot by showing the pantomime as the dream of a Boy Scout was very good.

Con. But it was a pity to leave out so much of the excellent story of Jack and the Beanstalk.

Pro. The staging was wonderful—

particularly in "The Giant's Garden." The ballets also were beautiful, but—

Con. I had too much of them. (Do children like it?)

Pro. Mr. GEORGE GRAVES as *Mrs. Halleybut* was a perpetual joy. He is a real actor and a real humorist.

Con. MESSRS. HARRY RANDALL and GEORGE BARRETT, as *Prince Spinach* and *Rupert Halleybut*, bored me beyond expression. I have never seen anything so unfunny (and I have listened to most of the red-nosed music-hall stars) as their long burglary scene in the Second Act.

Pro. There was one good song.



"PAINTING THE LILY."

Mr. GEORGE GRAVES *Mrs. Halleybut.*
Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST *Priscilla, the Cow.*

Con. But only one. ("We don't want a girl from Tooting Bee; she washes her face and forgets her neck. . . . We don't want a girl as thin as a lath; she slips down the plug when she's having a bath," and other songs had not even the merit of catchy tunes.)

Pro. Mr. BARRY LUPINO (who did some wonderful acrobatic feats, including that of jumping through the window of a taxi-cab), Miss JULIA JAMES (a lovely principal girl), Miss MAUDIE THORNTON (a jolly maid), and Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST (the cow, *Priscilla*) contributed greatly to my enjoyment.

Con. The bunches of children in the choruses didn't. Children on the stage are either delightful or detestable. In any case it is unkind to ask them to sing.

The truth is, I am afraid, that Mr. GRAVES spoils the pantomime for me. It was when I was waiting for him that I grew bored with other people; it was when nearly three hours had gone and we were still at the First Act ballet, that I longed impatiently for *Mrs. Halleybut* to come back before I had to fly out for food. Perhaps if Mr. GRAVES had not been there I might have been amused even by *Prince Spinach*. I suppose stranger things have happened.

But I must go to *Jack and the Beanstalk* again. It begins at 7.30 and ends at 1 or so, and I think I have solved the problem of the meal. Mr. GRAVES does not come on till 8.30, so that an early dinner might be managed; but one would miss a little of Mr. LUPINO. Supper after the pantomime is over is impossible. My discovery is this—that the last three scenes of the First Act can be missed at a second visit; they are beautiful, but they need only be seen once. I shall slip out at 9.15 and get back by 10.30. At 11 o'clock I shall be in the right mood to revel in "The Giant's Garden." That was delightful last night; it will be even more delightful when Mr. GRAVES has had time to think of some more funny things. M.

From a notice in a cracker:

"Light the thick end, and hold steadily in the hand until part is burnt away, when the Fireworks will begin."

You get the effect of this better when somebody else is doing it.

"Capt. C. F. Meek gave an exposition of his paper on 'The Spermatogenesis of *Stenobothrus viridulus*, with Special Reference to the Heterotropic Chromosome as a Sex Determinant in Grasshoppers.'" *Athenaeum.*

Thank heaven it has been done at last—and by an Englishman!

From a poem in *Le Progrès* (Cairo):
"If this extent of space, O friend,
Doth but contain our tombs, not more;
Then where are tombs gone, should we count
From days of Ad—those days of yore?"
The censorship in Cairo must be pretty strict, to judge from the slurring of the "dam" in Adam.

"The — Company Limited have received the honour of a Royal Warrant of Appointment as Soap Manufacturers to His Majesty King Edward V."—*Advt.* in "The Stirling Journal."
"Manufacturers to Edward the Black Prince" would be a much more telling title for a Soap Company.

OUR LIFT.

I LIVE in a flat. The hall-porter lets me go up and down in the lift all by myself.

It isn't one of those electric things where you simply press a button marked "fourth floor," and it stops of its own accord. They're not much fun.

Ours is one of the old hydraulic sort, where you pull a rope down to start it and pull it up to stop it. It is no child's play.

One day last week I came out of my flat in my immaculate morning coat and silk hat, opened the cage door and pulled the rope. I suppose I ought to have looked down first, but I have acquired a sort of reckless daring in dealing with the lift. Familiarity breeds contempt, as you know.

The lift rose with intense speed. Inside was the surprise of a lifetime. A frightfully pretty girl in an enchanting hobble skirt was sitting on the floor. I recognised her as an inmate of a lower flat.

I have the usual *savoir faire* of the man-about-town. I raised the silk hat.

"I beg your pardon. Were you using the lift?"

"Yes, but I've finished with it," she said. "As soon as I can get up I'll get out."

"Stay where you are," was my gallant reply. "I am coming to the rescue."

I was as good as my word. I entered the lift and placed her on her feet.

"Trust yourself to me," I said, closing the barrier. "The intrepid aeronauts prepared to descend."

"I think I'll walk down," she said. "I never aviate with strangers. Besides, you drive too fast. I thought I was going through the top of the building just now."

"Nonsense," I said. "You cannot walk down. The charwoman is at work. Communication is cut off. Have no fear."

I manipulated the rope.

Accidents will happen. It was not my fault that the lift stuck midway between two floors.

I worked the rope violently and switched the light off as they do in the Tubes when the train sticks. But nothing came of it.

We were in complete darkness, cut off from the world without an introduction.

"What happens now?" she said.

"Keep quite calm," I said. "First we will have some light on the scene." I switched it on again.

"We must face the situation," I said. "For all we know we may



COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.

Obliging Shopman (to Lady who has purchased a pound of butter). "SHALL I SEND IT FOR YOU, MADAM?"

Lady. "NO, THANK YOU. IT WON'T BE TOO HEAVY FOR ME."

Obliging Shopman. "OH, NO, MADAM. I'LL MAKE IT AS LIGHT AS I POSSIBLY CAN."

spend the rest of our lives here together. We have not been introduced. Let us waive formalities."

We waived them for two hours.

* * * * *
Yes. For two whole hours we were suspended in mid-air.

I smoked the inevitable cigarettes of the phlegmatic aviator, and talked to her in a natural and reassuring manner.

Eventually somebody did something somewhere, and we made a graceful descent. The crowd of welcomers included the girl's mother and several aunts and people.

The porter released us with an offensive grin.

True to my habitual modesty I did not thrust myself into the public eye.

I stood in the back of the lift while she landed.

"My dear child," said her mother, "how often have I told you not to play with the lift?"

"I didn't break it," said the ridiculous girl. "Let me introduce Mr.——"

But I was disappearing again quite quickly. Only my immaculate boots and very immaculate spats were still in view.

I don't know what the etiquette is. One must be guided by instinct at such a moment. I waved one foot.

Madame DONALDA, the famous *prima donna*, is no relation to the editor of *The Daily Chronicle*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN this age of travel everyone of us must know somebody who is familiar with, or at least interested in, Japan. Personally, my own previous experience of the country did not extend beyond the confines of Shepherd's Bush, but this has by no means lessened my enjoyment of Lady LAWSON's fascinating book, *Highways and Homes of Japan* (FISHER UNWIN), which seems to me indeed a model for works of its kind. The author, for one thing, obviously knows her subject, and has enjoyed what appear to have been exceptional opportunities for studying the home life of the people about whom she writes. She has, moreover, the journalistic eye for picturesque and essential detail, a style that manages to convey information without boredom, and a perfect genius for photography. The illustrations which her camera has provided are altogether charming, more especially several delightful snapshots of Japanese kiddies at play; and a thing about these pictures that struck me with a shock of gratified astonishment was that in every case they are inserted so as to coincide with that portion of the text which they illustrate. Would that of all similar volumes one could say the same.

Undoubtedly the best way of solving the domestic servant difficulty is to write a charming book about the vagaries of the species as ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL has done. It is a subject, too, which gives the writer a great advantage over the ordinary novelist who pillories his friends and relations; for I don't suppose that the cooks, helps, and charwomen who succeeded one another in *Our House* (FISHER UNWIN) are ever likely to read it and recognise their identities; though, I should imagine, it would make them that wild if they did. Mrs. PENNELL's experiences were perhaps rather more lively than the average mistress need expect to undergo, but that was because her "generals" were recruited from what she insists on calling "The Quarter," that is to say, Soho. It is all the more to her credit that, if she failed to find many "perfect treasures," she unearthed vast quantities of the gold of humour at every attempt; and, when I mention that amongst the constant visitors at *Our House* were WHISTLER, R. A. M. STEVENSON and HENLEY, it will be quite clear that it was not for lack of interesting friends in the drawing-room that she has chosen to make capital out of the kitchen. Of all the characters (though that is rather a tactless word) who figure in these pages I think I like *Trimmer* best: *Trimmer* of whom Mrs. PENNELL writes, "I am convinced that if I had said, '*Trimmer*, there is a lion roaring at the door,' she would have answered, 'That's all right, Mum! thank you, Mum!' and rushed to say that we were not at home to him." Readers in search of good situations are strongly recommended to try *Our House*.

Fortuna Chance (CONSTABLE) is a novel of some length,

concerned, but not over concerned, with the life of a lady of that name. She so far forgot the traditions of her ancient family as to marry a Nobody of Nowhere, a mere lawyer, and to bear him a son of the name of *Roland*. The ancient family disowned her, Mr. Nobody deserted her and became, as mere lawyers will, a great judge, while *Roland*, being deprived of a father's philosophy and guidance, never put his nose out of his door without getting it into somebody else's trouble. In the earlier eighteenth century there was rather a lot of vicarious trouble lying about for enterprising young gentlemen of Jacobite professions, and *Roland* ends in the dock, charged with treason and a murder committed by his rival in love. If you have any acquaintance with other novels which touch upon the law, I need not tell you who was the judge that sat upon his case nor in what an irregular manner the trial was conducted. Rather it must be shown with what effect Mr. JAMES PRIOR tells his story. One feels that he has spent all his pains upon his selection of words and left his narrative to look after itself, and yet, in spite of him, it is the narrative that pleases and the elaborate language that tends to irritate. But on the whole I may say that I quite enjoyed the book, and hope that you will have the patience to do the same.



The woman. "EXCUSE ME, MY LORD, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO CHOOSE BETWEEN PARTING—(firmly)—WITH THIS TABLE OR WITH ME. IT EMPHASISES THE PHYSICAL DEFECTS OF MY LOWER LIMBS!"

An American in France, artist by calling but sportsman for the most part, suddenly made up his mind to buy an abandoned house, which once belonged to the estate of the *Murquis of Les*, and to live (how his gay Parisian friends laughed at the idea!) in that lost hole of a village of *sacres vagabonds*, *Pont du Sable*. *Tanrade*, however, was there—*Tanrade*, the great, big composer, *Tanrade*, the great big child. *Alice de Bréville*, the lithe, the exquisite, was near

to be loved, and *Monsieur le Curé* tended his weather-beaten flock and shot the good wild duck with impartial zeal. *Suzette*, more a little daughter than a servant, achieved the rarest *soufflés*, and *The Essence of Selfishness* was a cat. They lived for adventures, now romance, now a mere escapade, more often a delightful nothing, once a stirring incident of melodrama. In the background were the dogs and the guns, the tragedies of poverty, the comedies of officialdom, the relentless sea and the gay Bohemian life. Whether Mr. BERKELEY SMITH is (as he pretends to be) that same American, or whether no such person ever existed, I care not one little blow. I care not whether so excellent a lot of rogues were in fact created by heaven or invented in fiction by an author (incredible in either case); I only know that I never want to read a book lighter, prettier, merrier, daintier, more touching or engaging than *A Village of Vagabonds* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON).

"To clean a picture frame which has had silver leaf on it instead of gold leaf, take half a dozen medium sized English onions and boil them in their skins in about a pint and a half of water. Wash and polish them with soft rags."—*Evening News*.

The writer is getting away from the point. We don't want to know how to clean onions.

CHARIVARIA.

It has only just occurred to us—now that we are in 1911. MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX'S *Great War of 1910* never came off. Very annoying for him.

With reference to the Portuguese unrest it is gratifying to read that numerous requests have been received for the despatch of British flags to be hoisted as a protection in the event of any disorders. The German factories, we hear, have been working overtime to cope with the demand.

A painting commemorating a joke made by the KAISER during manœuvres has just been hung in the mess of a convalescent home for officers in the TAUNUS. HIS MAJESTY, in tasting some of the men's pea-soup, burnt his tongue, at which he cried, "Ow, William! Now you have burnt your snout again properly!" It is said that, with a view to encouraging art, HIS MAJESTY intends to make a joke every year in future.

Six hundred of the late King of SIAM's widows attended his funeral. We still think that, although not so spectacularly effective, our simple, unostentatious old custom of restricting the number to one has points in its favour.

Much has been heard—quite recently of threepenny-bits in plum puddings. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has now hit upon a novelty. He is thinking of issuing stamps in rolls.

The waitresses in a certain café in Boston, U.S.A., have been forbidden to say anything more than "Good morning, Sir," to male patrons (and this only when they are addressed first), because so many of the girls marry customers, and the staff is always changing. The surprise may well be imagined of the young gentleman who says, "Will you marry me, fair maiden?" and gets the reply, "Good morning, Sir" (especially if it should happen in the evening).

It is rumoured that, to signalise the

granting of a knighthood to himself, Sir JOSEPH LYONS intends shortly to raise Sir Watkin Pudding, which figures occasionally on the menus of his restaurants, to the peerage.

Our newest Music Hall is evidently to be conducted on severely decorous lines. "On Monday," we read, "Madame Edyth Walker commences her engagement at the Palladium, when she will sing songs *in costume*." The italics are ours, the idea the Palladium's.

The sunshine statistics for the past year make melancholy reading. Yet

should have thought of taking the little orphan to the Gnu Gallery Restaurant.

M. LOUIS LAPICQUE asserts, in a communication to the Academy of Science, of Paris, that large eyes indicate a big brain. Unfortunately, in several cases known to us, they are the only indication.

The Feminist movement would appear to be making giant strides in the provinces to judge by a card which has reached us from the David Lewis Northern Hospital stating that "The Lord and Lady Mayoress have kindly consented to visit the Hospital," etc.

A dear old lady writes to us apprehensively about a notice she has seen, headed "Election Petition." "Surely," she says, "they can't be petitioning for another General Election!"

The French Academy of Science has refused to immortalise Madame CURIE. In coming to this decision the members consider they are acting in self-defence. Immortelles, they say, would be a sign of death.

The *Daily Mirror* publishes a photograph, entitled: "President Fallières (with a beard) driving from the Elysée." Is not our contemporary aware that they are inseparable companions?



OUT OF THEIR RECKONING.

Pilot. "WHERE ARE WE?"

Mechanician (who is taking fog soundings). "PICCADILLY, I RECKON!"

can one really blame the sun for coming out so seldom, seeing what wretched weather we had?

Meanwhile we hear that the official excuse for the poor beginning of the present year is that there is a certain amount of bad weather over from last year which must be worked off.

Two black Orpington hens exhibited at the Philadelphia Poultry Show were valued at £2,400 and £2,000 respectively. Their eggs are worth £5 a-piece, and the miserly creatures are said to be hoarding them up.

The infant gnu which was recently born in the Zoological Gardens has lost its mother and has been refusing food. It seems incredible that no one

Official permission has been given to the London Scottish to have a march in Scotland this year. We understand that they have secured the services of an interpreter.

"Two mid-ocean games of chess have, by the aid of wireless telegraphy, been played between the steamships *Briton* and *Medic*."—*Daily Mail*.

"Mate!" telegraphed the *Briton*, and the game had to be stopped while they looked for the first officer of the *Medic*.

"The general growth of the town is indicated by the fact that twice within a dozen years the authorities are contemplating further enlarging the post-office."—*Western Morning News*.

But they mustn't be in too great a hurry. One more contemplation and then in 1922 the great work can be put in hand.

A LADIES' REFERENDUM.

[A bachelor, on becoming engaged, invites the approval of his women friends.]

LADIES, your verdict! By your leave I wish you
To fill this form (enclosed), wherein is set
A question on a very vital issue
Touching the case of fair young Henriette
(The party, Mr. ED.,
Whom I particularly want to wed).

Briefly, for I rely on your inscrutable
Instinct for seeing through your sex and kind,
Is she—I put it to you—quite a suitable
Companion for the subtler sort of mind?
Is she, or is she not,
Qualified for the post—to share my lot?

You know my taste, in virtues as in clarets;
Well, will she make a satisfactory bride?
Is she pure gold, or only fifteen carats,
Sound to the core, or simply fair outside,
This Henriette (or Harry)
Whom I particularly want to marry?

Ladies, you well deserve this referendum,
For, when I chose, I had your charms in view;
Could I have seen that she contrived to blend 'em,
Had they not struck my notice first in you?
Her gifts your own recall,
And, wedding her, I seem to wed you all!

Kindly confirm my choice and you enhance her,
If possible, in my profound esteem;
But if, upon the other hand, your answer
Should throw discouragement on love's young dream,
Then hold me not to blame
If I proceed to wed her just the same.

For it is you (not she) are on your trial;
This is a test case meant to prove your worth;
And, if the bulk of you pronounces denial
That she is far the nicest thing on earth,
Such verdict will denote
That you are still unfit to have the Vote. O. S.

MANNERS FROM OREGON.

PORTLAND, the metropolis of Oregon, was founded in 1844, and became a city in 1851. Though it stands about 100 miles from the ocean it is a prosperous port. It has churches, schools, sawmills, canneries, breweries—in short all the complex apparatus of an advanced civilisation. In spite of these manifold blessings Portland has never been sufficiently famous. This defect I propose to remedy.

There is, it appears, in Portland a newspaper named *The Oregonian*, a mouth-filling and splendid title; and *The Oregonian* sometimes devotes such leisure as it can spare from the pursuit of politics, literature, and general news to matters even more closely pertaining to the conduct of life. Recently it published an article on the etiquette of the table, by PRUDENCE STANDISH—Miss PRUDENCE STANDISH as I may, I think, presume her to be.

It is an engrossing but a desperately difficult subject, surrounded with pitfalls of varying depth and danger. How shall an aspirant attain to perfect correctness and ease so that those who see him (or her) sitting at table may say, "Lo, there is one on whom at least twopence was expended

in early youth. He is quite sure about his napkin; he knows what to do with his knife and fork; the management of his bread and the lifting of his tankard of stout are equally child's play to him. Why can't we be like him?" You will be like him, I answer, if only you will read PRUDENCE's article.

In the *Book of Snobs* (chapter I) we are asked to believe that Englishmen of rank and distinction must not make use of their knives in order to convey peas, those mercurial and elusive vegetables, to the mouth, but that foreigners of rank may do this without reproach. "I have seen," says the author, "the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long may the knife carry food to those lips, the reddest and loveliest in the world!" On this vexed question PRUDENCE remains almost silent. Even Lady GROVE, our own British classic, says nothing about it.

Listen, however, to PRUDENCE on napkins: "When everybody is seated at table—not before—the napkin is taken up from the plate across which it lies, and opened out across the knees. However beautiful a gown or splendid a gentleman's evening get-up, it is the height of bad taste to pin the napkin up to the bodice or tuck one end into the waistcoat. One shake—the two hands held to the right of the sitter—unfolds it sufficiently, and without more ado it is laid upon the lap. After the meal, when dining with friends the napkin may be folded and laid by the plate."

I daresay all this is quite sound—though, I fancy, some high authorities forbid the folding of the napkin when a meal is over. They consider that it argues a mean regard for economy, an intention, in fact, to use the napkin on some subsequent occasion, and they prefer the reckless daredevil custom of leaving the napkin in a chaotic condition on the floor. My own special trouble with napkins, however, arises from their being sometimes built up in the shape of boats or mitres, in which state they often contain a roll of bread hidden in their recesses. It's ten to one with me that the bread rolls out of the napkin on to the floor, and if I and the other guests used the method of PRUDENCE—"the two hands held to the right of the sitter"—there might be quite a dangerous fusillade of rolls. To give or to receive a roll in the eye would be but a poor beginning to a party. As to the tucking or pinning of napkins, I agree with PRUDENCE. Not even thick soup and a heavy moustache will excuse a man who callously tucks one end into the waistcoat. Let him lean his head forward or sacrifice the waistcoat. Finally, "the guest may lay down his or her eating implements at any time, but the napkin is not taken from the lap until the hostess removes hers." This is a counsel of perfection. My experience is that when napkins are highly starched and glazed they remove themselves over and over again. Nothing breaks the ice better than to bring your head into a collision with a lady's as you both stoop to recover her fallen napkin.

I pass now to some matters on which our own barbarous customs appear to differ slightly from those of Portland: "The knives and soup-spoon are at the right of the plate, and the various forks used at the left." So far, I think, we agree, but "the smaller knife will be used for the

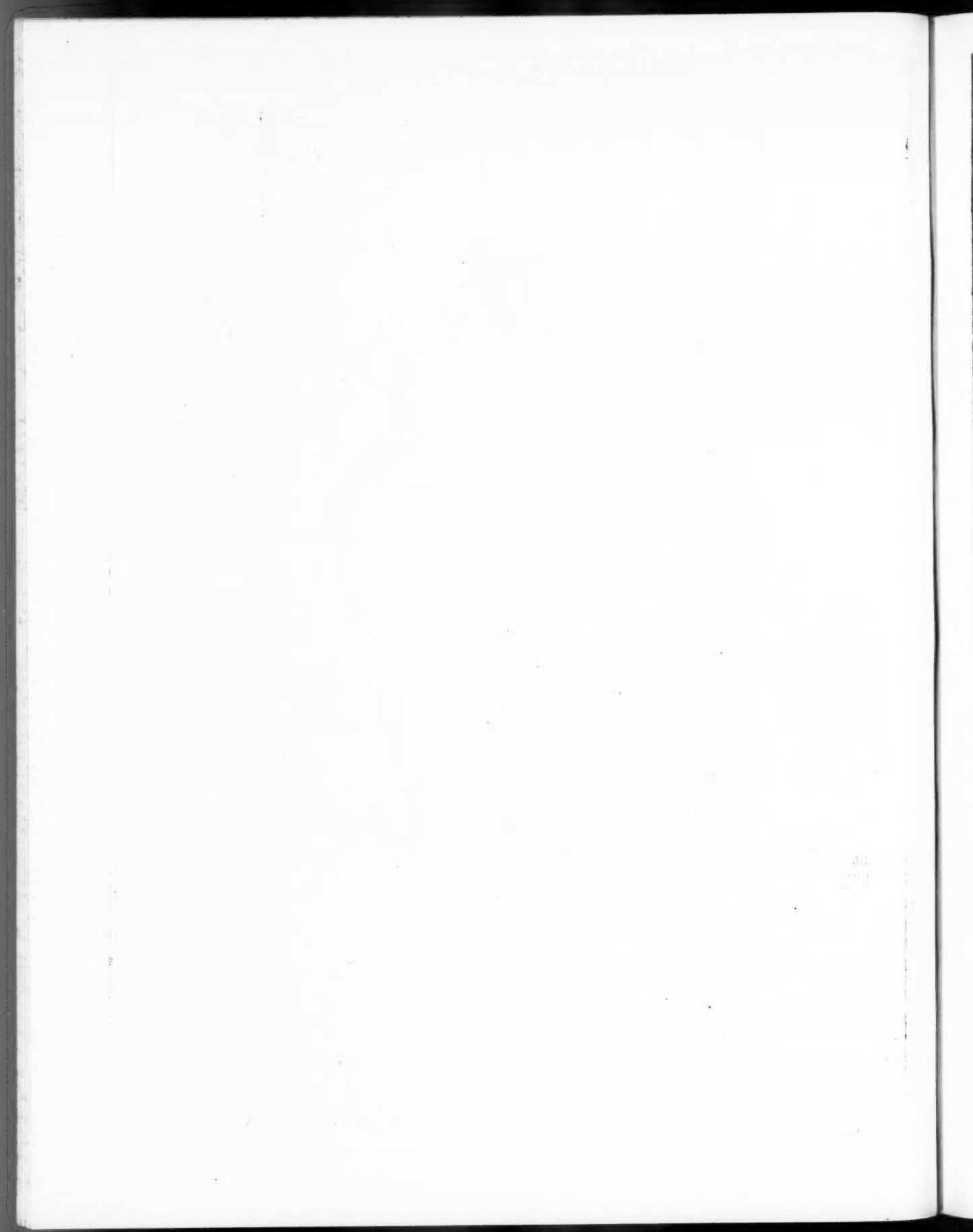


THE BLIND SIDE.

GERMAN OFFICER. "GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO FORTIFY YOUR SEA-FRONT. VERY DANGEROUS PEOPLE, THESE ENGLISH."

DUTCHMAN. "BUT IT WILL COST MUCH."

GERMAN OFFICER. "AH, BUT SEE WHAT YOU SAVE ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER, WHERE THERE'S NOBODY BUT US!"





Sporting Farmer. "COME ALONG, SAM, YOU AIN'T FRIGHTENED BY A DROP O' WATER! THEY 'RE RUNNING LIKE BLAZES!"
Sam. "GO ON, LAD, GO ON! I BE LOOKIN' FOR A POND THAT USED TO BE IN THIS FIELD. MAYBE YOU 'LL FIND UN."

entrée and the larger for the roast; the two forks for these courses are generally the same size. The knife is held in the right hand and is used exclusively—here PRUDENCE hints at the Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter—"for cutting food, and *after this*" (my italics) "the fork is shifted to the right hand for eating." First chop your food, then fork it, is a good motto. "But save for such very small vegetables as peas and beans, or for rice, the fork is not used spoon-wise, but rather to lift conveniently shaped pieces with the ends of the prongs. It is not thought elegant to mash up food with the fork before eating, or to turn the fork over and pile up the other side with food, as some persons do; and though these things seem fairly trifling, they count in the summing up of perfect table deportment." Here again we agree.

Let me give a few priceless maxims:—

- (1) "One must not say, 'I don't like' a thing when it is offered, but simply, 'No, thank you,' if it is not desired."
- (2) "Salt must not be put on the table-cloth for radishes or celery, but on the side of the plate."
- (3) "The host carves, the hostess serves the soup (if there is a tureen), and gives the signal for beginning the meal by taking up her soup-spoon." (But what happens where the hostess, under dietary regulations, takes no soup? Does she still wave her otiose soup-spoon?)
- (4) "Oysters, clams, and terrapins are also fork foods, and it is thought a break in good manners to eat any of these things with a knife." (But what shall we say about

kromesies or patties? I have known a chicken-patty stand out against the most powerful fork.)

(5) "Where a hostess has a very stylishly dressed table, and there is a guest" (myself, for instance) "who is likely to be green in the employment of the right utensils, it is considerate and well bred of her to give the cue by taking up the proper implement for the course, as the great variety of forks and spoons now used on a smart table is sometimes embarrassing." (But if her chicken-patty is softer and more amenable than mine, and she takes up a fork for it, must I abstain from using a knife for my obstinate one? I simply refuse to forfeit my chance of the patty. I shall commit "a break" and use my knife.)

(6) And last. "Boiled eggs, for a polite effect, are eaten directly from the shell, and the home habit of breaking them in a glass should not be encouraged."

PRUDENCE does not tell us how they deal with asparagus in Portland. It is a fearful problem. Perhaps the hostess waves her hand for a signal and then everybody falls to with fingers in the primitive British fashion which gains in convenience all that it loses in elegance. Possibly PRUDENCE will continue to instruct us. In the meantime I bid her a grateful farewell.

Foresight in the Suburbs.

"Order your Christmas numbers at the bookstall, Railway Station, High-st., Putney."—*Evening Times* (Jan. 3rd).

SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

II.

THE EDITOR AND HIS MUSICAL CRITIC.

DEAR MR. KITE,—Although your contributions to our columns have hitherto lain in the sphere of sport and pastime, the retirement of our musical critic, Mr. Blandy, has decided me to offer you his post for the following reasons. The appeal of music is no longer confined to persons who lead sedentary or artistic lives. Musicians, whether amateurs or professionals, are increasingly addicted to outdoor exercises—golf, motoring, cricket, &c. Secondly, women, who form the great majority of the concert-going public, are nowadays habitually trained in muscular and athletic pursuits. Hence the need for treating music in a manner which will meet the altered conditions. Of course I do not want you absolutely to disregard the technical side of the art, but I have no doubt that you can pick this up as you go along. I should like you to attend the next Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall and submit a trial article on these lines.

Yours faithfully,
G. KENNEDY
BROWN.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—This is rather a tall order, but I have done my best, and hope that my article will prove satisfactory.

Yours very truly, ANGUS KITE.

QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The inclusion in Saturday's programme of Sir Alexander Bulger's new symphonic concerto for violin, with Herr Kreisler as soloist, naturally drew a huge audience to the Queen's Hall. Indeed the gallery was so tightly packed as to suggest an old-fashioned Rugby scrum of the "seventies" rather than the looser formation adopted by up-to-date exponents of the national game.

Sir Alexander Bulger's concerto is laid out in four movements. A brief prologue, in which there are some beautiful brassy shots for the trombone, leads without a check into the opening

Allegro. The first subject, which is of a rather flip-flap character, is given out by the solo instrument and is then passed from one group of instruments to another with a STROOP-like precision. Some interesting "essipodes," as Mr. Dan Everard would call them, then follow before the second subject, marked *nobilmente* in the score, emerges in all its luscious grandeur. After the customary *reprise* comes the working-out section in the form of a free fantasia, and the peroration is at once jubilant and majestic. The slow movement in 6-8 time is, strange to say, entirely melodic in character with occasional explosions in the percussion department, but the *Presto*, a *moto perpetuo*, has all the exhilaration of a toboggan

halved the match amid tumultuous applause.

Of the other items in the programme, which comprised the *Siegfried* Idyll, TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "1812" overture, and the *Vorspiel* of the *Meistersinger*, it is not necessary to speak, but a few words are due to the solo vocalist, Madame Vinolia de Sapiolo, who made a very favourable impression on this her first appearance before a Metropolitan audience. Madame de Sapiolo is a robust soprano, of the type of a Cornish forward, who attacks her high notes with the intrepidity of an aviator. Her voice is no *voix blanche*; it strikes her hearers pink at every shot. In *Ocean, thou mighty monster*, she never once fozzled an approach or got into

the rough, but plugged away through the green with the undeviating straightness of JOHN HENRY at his best. Later on she displayed her *bravura* in an air by Alabieff, in which she sprinted all over the gamut with the utmost agility. Her shake is no flabby wobble suggestive of the agitation of a shape of jelly, but a genuine seismic perturbation of the vocal chords, and it fairly knocked the audience.

DEAR MR. KITE,
—Capital! This is exactly what I wanted. I am par-

ticularly pleased that you have used the words "grim," "pathetic," and "happening," which are absolutely indispensable just at present.

Yours faithfully,
G. KENNEDY BROWN.

The *Ladies Home Journal*, describing some charades, says:

"The Princes in the Tower, the landing of the Normans, and King Henry haunted by his eight wives were given, the latter being very difficult to guess."

No wonder; we ourselves can only give six of them.

"CHESTER V. TRANMERE.

Half Time: Crewe, 1; Nantwich, 0.

Result: Burnell's Ironworks, 1; Saltney, 0."

Sunday Chronicle.

There is nothing like a thoroughly sporting game, with the result in doubt up to the last minute.



PROVISION FOR THE FUTURE.

Governess. "EAT UP YOUR FOOD, YOU UNGRATEFUL CHILD. THE DAY WILL COME WHEN YOU WILL WISH THAT YOU HAD SUCH A NICE RICE PUDDING TO EAT."

Little Girl. "WILL IT, MISS PEARSALL? PERHAPS I'D BETTER KEEP IT TILL THEN."

trip down the Cresta run. The *Final* is at once grimly pathetic and capriciously humoursome. It is full of unexpected happenings, abrupt modulations, unearthly squawks from the wood wind and stifled groans from muted horns. But its beauty is incontestable, and the solo instrument dominates the whole with a weird pertinacity. Herr Kreisler, who adopts a stance which is curiously reminiscent of ROWLAND JONES, was in fine form throughout, and in the cadenza in the first movement made some lovely lofty shots into *altissimo*. The fantastic *Presto* is marked by some transitions which come off the pitch with the delusiveness of a googlie, but they were all negotiated with consummate ease by the gifted executant, who raced neck and neck with the band down the home stretch and



Chas. Pearson, 1910.

Detective. "Now, Mrs. SMITH, we think we have at last found your husband for you. It is possible that he may be disguised, so will you look carefully at each of these men and say whether you can recognise Mr. SMITH?"
One of the Eight (in a whisper). "BLIMY, BILL, I 'OPE THE OLD DEAR DON'T MAKE A BLOOMER AN' PICK ME!"

A FEUILLETON EXAMINATION.

[With acknowledgments to the Editor of *The Cornhill* and his new scheme of examination papers on various authors.]

1. "This is so sudden," said Amelia." State roughly, in years, how long Amelia had been working up to this dénouement.

2. "Adolphus had drunk deep of the tree of knowledge." Show, from his subsequent career, the dangers of this vegetarian diet.

3. "'You lie,' hissed Jasper." Explain fully how Jasper accomplished this, laying careful stress on the absence of sibilants in his remark.

4. "His whole history was written on his face." From what you know of the handwriting of authors, would you consider that Vera was justified in saying that she "could read him like a book"?

5. Give some account of Count Ferrari's chameleon-like qualities, citing the occasions when his bronzed features turned—(a) green with envy; (b) purple with rage; (c) blue with fear; (d) red with shame; (e) grey with horror.

6. "Marjorie would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea." How did she retrieve them? Is any light thrown upon the process of their recovery by the statement that "her dog would look up into her face as if he too understood."

7. Sketch the probable change in the course of events, if—

(i.) The Count had been detected in the act of concealing a sardonic smile beneath his moustache.

(ii.) Lady Dalston's face had been square instead of a perfect oval.

8. "You hound, you have deceived me." Write a letter purporting to have come from a member of the Belvoir

Kennel, deploring this aspersion on his race. Calculate the heightening or lessening, as the case may be, of the dramatic effect had Vera said, "You tomtit" (or, alternatively, "You yak"), you have deceived me."

9. Give some account of the first-aid remedies you would have applied to Jasper when he—

- (a) Dug his teeth into his lips until the blood came.
- (b) Broke out into a bath of cold perspiration.
- (c) Was withered by a look from Belinda.
- (d) Fell from the turret to the moat with a sickening thud.

IN MEMORIAM.

Samuel Henry Butcher.

BORN, 1850. DIED, DECEMBER 29, 1910.

DOWERED with the glamour of his native isle
 That fired his tongue and lit his ardent gaze,
 That lent enchantment to his radiant smile,
 And grace to all his ways,

He spread the light of Hellas, holding high
 The torch of learning with a front serene,
 A living witness of the powers that lie
 Within the golden mean.

And whether in the groves of Academe,
 Or where contending factions strive and strain
 In the mid-current of life's turbid stream,
 His honour knew no stain.

Heedless of self, he played a knightly part,
 Bowing to none but Duty's stern decrees.
Nil peccavisti unquam, noble heart,
Nisi quod mortuus es.

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

"Is that you, uncle?" said a voice from the nursery, as I hung my coat up in the hall. "I've only got my skin on, but you can come up."

However, she was sitting up in bed with her nightgown on when I found her.

"I was having my bath when you came," she explained. "Have you come all the way from London?"

"All the way."

"Then will you tell me a story?"

"I can't; I'm going to have my dinner. I only came up to say Good-night."

Margery leant forward and whispered coaxingly, "Will you just tell me about Beauty and the Beast?"

"But I've told you that such heaps of times. And it's much too long for to-night."

"Tell me *half* of it. As much as *that*." She held her hands about nine inches apart.

"That's too much."

"As much as *that*." The hands came a little nearer together.

"Oh! Well, I'll tell you up to where the Beast died."

"*Fought* he died," she corrected eagerly.

"Yes. Well——"

"How much will that be? As much as I said?"

I nodded. The preliminary business settled, she gave a little sigh of happiness, put her arms round her knees, and waited breathlessly for the story she had heard twenty times before.

"Once upon a time there was a man who had three daughters. And one day——"

"What was the man's name?"

"Margery," I said reproachfully, annoyed at the interruption, "you know I *never* tell you the man's name."

"Tell me now."

"Orlando," I said after a moment's thought.

"I told Daddy it was Thomas," said Margery casually.

"Well, as a matter of fact he had two names, Orlando *and* Thomas."

"Why did he have two names?"

"In case he lost one. Well, one day this man, who was very poor, heard that a lot of money was waiting for him in a ship which had come over the sea to a town some miles off. So he——"

"Was it waiting at Weymouth?"

"Somewhere like that."

"I spex it must have been Weymouth, because there's lots of sea there."

"Yes, I'm sure it was. Well, he thought he'd go to Weymouth and get the money."

"How much monies was it?"

"Oh, lots and lots."

"As much as five pennies?"

"Yes, about that. Well, he said Good-bye to his daughters, and asked them what they'd like him to bring back for a present. And the first asked for some lovely jewels and diamonds and——"

"Like Mummy's locket—is *that* jewels?"

"That sort of idea. Well, she wanted a lot of things like that. And the second wanted some beautiful clothes."

"What sort of clothes?"

"Oh, frocks and—well, frocks and all sorts of—er, frocks."

"Did she want any lovely new stockings?"

"Yes, she wanted three pairs of those."

"And did she want any lovely——"

"Yes," I said hastily, "she wanted lots of those, too. Lots of *everything*."

Margery gave a little sob of happiness. "Go on telling me," she said under her breath.

"Well, the third daughter was called Beauty. And she thought to herself, 'Poor Father won't have any money left at all, if we all go on like this!' So she didn't ask for anything very expensive, like her selfish sisters, she only asked for a rose. A simple red rose."

Margery moved uneasily.

"I hope," she said wistfully, "this bit isn't going to be about—you know. It never did before."

"About what?"

"Good little girls and bad little girls, and fings like that."

"My darling, no, of course not. I told it wrong. Beauty asked for a rose because she loved roses so. And it was a very particular kind of red rose that she wanted—a sort that they simply *couldn't* get to grow in their own garden because of the soil."

"Go on telling me," said Margery, with a deep sigh of content.

"Well, he started off to Weymouth."

"What day did he start?"

"It was Monday. And when——"

"Oh, well, anyhow, I told Daddy it was Tuesday."

"Tuesday—now let me think. Yes, I believe you're right. Because on Monday he went to a meeting of the Vegetable Gardeners, and proposed the health of the Chairman. Yes, well he started off on Tuesday, and when he got there he found that there was no money for him at all!"

"I spex somebody had taken it," said Margery breathlessly.

"Well, it had all gone *somehow*."

"Perhaps somebody had swallowed it," said Margery, a little carried away by the subject. "By mistake."

"Anyhow, it was gone. And he had to come home again without any money. He hadn't gone far——"

"How far?" asked Margery. "As far as *that*?" and she measured nine inches in the air.

"About forty-four miles—when he came to a beautiful garden."

"Was it a really lovely big garden? Bigger than ours?"

"Oh, much bigger."

"Bigger than yours?"

"I haven't got a garden."

Margery looked at me wonderingly. She opened her mouth to speak, and then stopped and rested her head upon her hands and thought out this new situation. At last, her face flushed with happiness, she announced her decision.

"Go on telling me about Beauty and the Beast now," she said breathlessly, "and then tell me why you haven't got a garden."

My average time for Beauty and the Beast is ten minutes, and, if we stop at the place when the Beast thought he was dead, six minutes twenty-five seconds. But, with the aid of seemingly innocent questions, a determined character can make even the craftiest uncle spin the story out to half-an-hour.

"Next time," said Margery, when we had reached the appointed place and she was being tucked up in bed, "will you tell me *all* the story?"

Was there the shadow of a smile in her eyes? I don't know. But I'm sure it will be wisest next time to promise her the whole thing. We must make that point clear at the very start, and then we shall get along.

A. A. M.

OUGH.

JACQUES loves the English tongue, although

He finds the spelling tough,
And when he does not really knough
He does a little blough,
And spells the termination sough—
Making the queerest stough.

For when he tries himself to plough
His way with trouble through
The words he jotted down but nough,
He finds it will not dough;
He gazes stupid as a cough,
And fails to find a clough.

When back across the Channel's trough
He sails, as pale as dough,
He fears his countrymen will scough
To see his spelling gough
Even in French a little ough,
And hardly *comme il fough*.

THE FEMALE ECONOMIST.



THE SHADBY FOOTSTOL.



REMNANT DAY: 4 A.M.



IN THE QUEUE: 5 A.M.



THE BATTLE OF THE REMNANTS



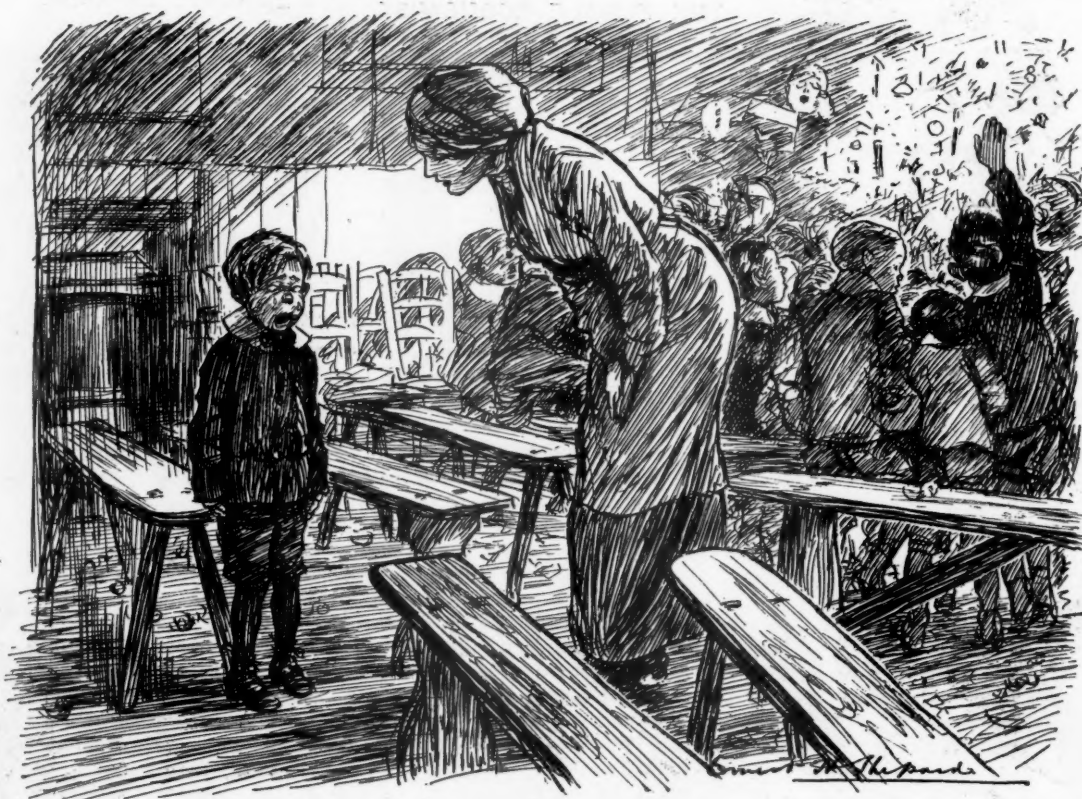
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THREE WEEKS LATER.
THE FIRST WALK OF THE CONVALESCENT.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

"WILLIE, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THE OTHER CHILDREN?"

"MOTHER SAID I WASN'T TO GO NEAR THE CANDLES, 'CAUSE I'VE GOT A CELLULOID COLLAR ON!"

A HOME FROM HOME.

THE Anarchist who dwells abroad is not a happy man;
Unfeeling Governments refuse protection to his clan;
I simply shudder when I think how hard his lot would be
If England gave no welcome to the foreign refugee!

When other nations cease to view with nonchalant aplomb
His automatic pistol and his effervescent bomb,
When, harassed by a cruel foe, he has to take to flight,
It's "Oh to be in England!" (with a ton of dynamite!)

When Hamburg grows too sensitive at loss of life and limb;
When Paris firmly intimates she has no use for him;
When even Barcelona gets a little bit too hot,
Who is it shakes him by the hand? It's England, is it not?

Though other countries turn him out and pulverise his dens,
We couldn't be so impolite to foreign citizens!
Our port authorities don't pry about and make a fuss,
But straightway take him to their hearts and hail him one of us!

I know some nervous Londoners display a deal of fear
And shake their heads and talk about the Coronation Year;

How can they be so foolish as to think they'll be attacked?
They're safe as any policeman while we have our Aliens' Act!

O England, to yourself be true; remember you are free!
You can't belie the name you've got for hospitality.
The British Burglar cannot be too mercilessly curbed;
But leave the Alien Criminal—he mustn't be disturbed!

Overland Route for Ships.

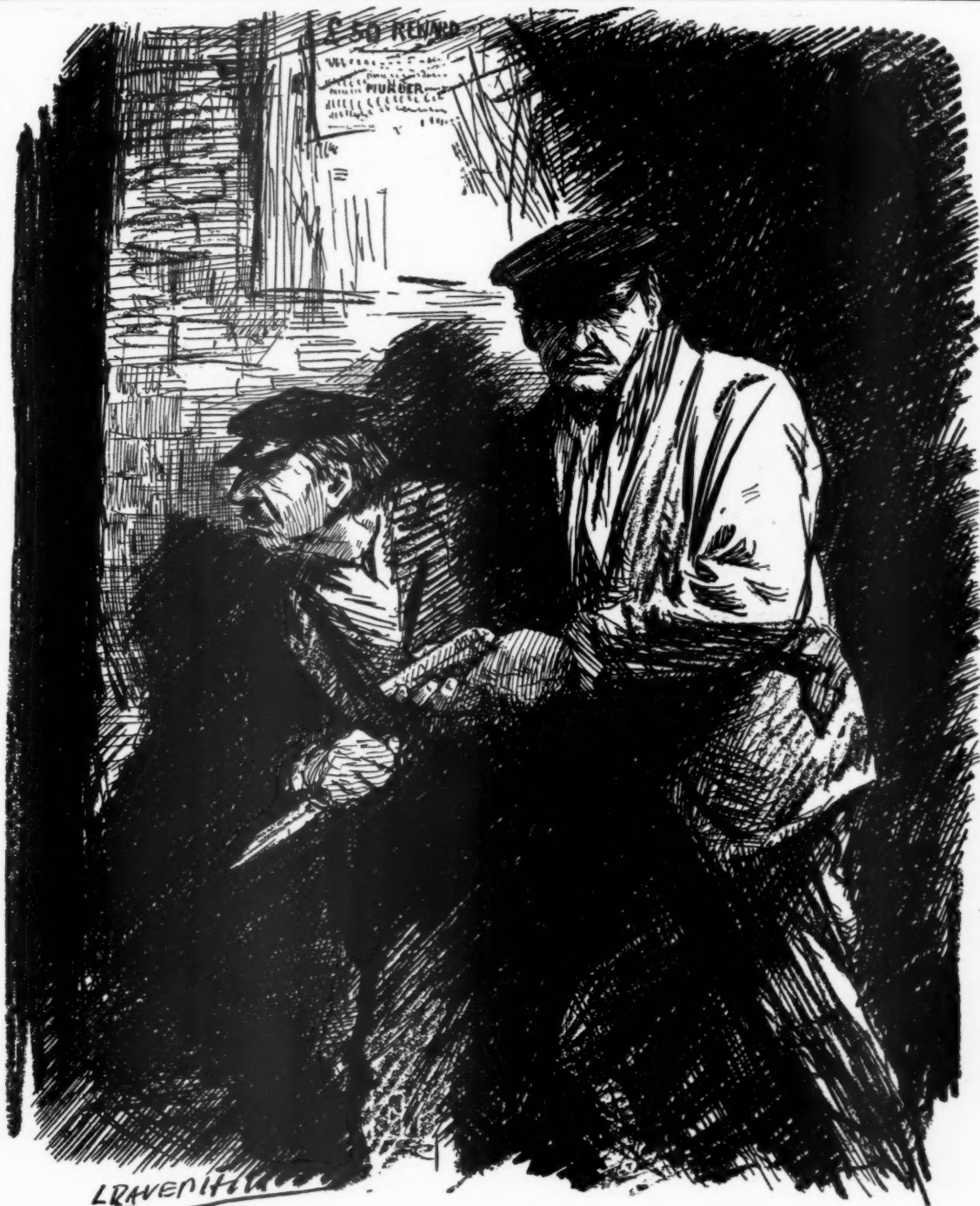
"BOMBAY.—The English Mail Steamer was signalled this morning at 5.20 and is expected to arrive at the General Post Office, Calcutta, by special train to-morrow night."—"Empire" (Calcutta).

The *Daily Express* has thrown a strong flashlight on the Clapham Common mystery. "The double 'S' brand," it says, "may represent the Polish word 'Szpion,' which means 'Sps or Traitor.'"

"'Country' asks how to bleach a faded print dress. The directions given to 'Our Wee Mary' (Coburg) should be followed. . . . 'Our Wee Mary' (Coburg) asks how to remove longstanding rust stains from steel fire-irons."—*Melbourne Argus*.

In following the directions which are given, the great thing is to remember what it is you're trying to do. Otherwise you only bleach the tongs.

"Who were the two men who fired from 100, Sidney St.? It is generally accepted that one at least of them was Fritz Svarra."—*Daily Chronicle*. Or two at most?



THE BITTER CRY OF THE UNDESIRABLE.

FIRST CRIMINAL ALIEN. "THIS COUNTRY WON'T BE QUITE SO SNUG AN ASYLUM FOR US ONE OF THESE DAYS. THEY'LL STOP US CARRYING ARMS FOR SELF-DEFENCE."

SECOND CRIMINAL ALIEN. "YES, AND DEPORT US ON SUSPICION BEFORE WE'VE KILLED ANYBODY."

MR. PUNCH'S MEDICAL NOTES.

[A correspondent of the *Lancet* says:—"Smoking just before meals is to be deprecated, because the pungency of the pyroigneous products contained in tobacco smoke renders the buccal mucosa insensitive to alimentary stimulation—in fact, their effect is to dull or abolish the clfacto-gustatory reflex, thus depriving us of what Pawlaw calls Appetite juice."]

Mr. Punch also offers a few similar homely tips on domestic hygiene:—

(1) Chocolate Creams before meals are apt to produce ante-post-prandial bursitis, collateral with sub-acute lesions of meticulous patronymics. The potency of the saccho-therapeutics causes definite lollypoposis, and renders the sufferer (particularly in advanced infancy or supra-nipperhood) unamenable to the pathodigesto - epicurean excitation of cold mutton.

These strictures do not apply to Turkish Delight (Golumptious Orientalis), which, in carefully graduated minims, as prescribed by a Physician, has considerable value as an anti-squallutic. Pawlaw also commends its forcible administration to patients of advancing years in cases of choleric exacerbation.

(2) Nothing, Pawlaw states, is so menacing to national hygiene as the decadence of the Bath Bun. He obtained four hundred bath buns from as many bakers, and subjected them to five years' research. He found only 2 per cent. of the buns approximated to standard as fixed by the Treaty of Berlin. Most of the buns under spectrum analysis showed achromatic eccentricity; 50 per cent. refused to vibrate to the violet reaction; Röntgen rays disclosed foreign bodies within six out of ten, and ninety-four showed evidence of tilted stratification and igneous petrification. Two hundred buns showed no recovery from an application of undilute sulphuric acid, and eighty-one displayed symptoms of febrile spleen with intermittent arthritic conjunctivitis. Monocular examination of bacterial cultures revealed

four billion polyperpherea per cubic millennium. Nine buns displayed incipient rabies; sixty-three senile dementia; eighteen acute delusional hysteria; and no fewer than half of them chronic sclerosis of tissue and dangerous deficiency of currants. At the expiration of five years the whole of the buns lacked gusto-olfactory dynamics of nutrition. Pawlaw therefore discourages the use of bath buns as a staple human diet but permits moderate indulgence in them by lady typists and polar bears in captivity.

(3) Many people are victims of the



SANGFROID.

[In the practical examination of Majors for promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel great importance is attached to coolness of demeanour upon receipt of information.]

Excited Staff-Officer (reading urgent message from Headquarters). "YOUR MAIN ATTACK HAS FAILED, YOUR CAVALRY HAS BEEN ANNIHILATED, TWO BATTERIES HAVE BEEN CAPTURED, AND THE ENEMY HAVE CUT YOUR COMMUNICATIONS!"

"Fed-up" and weary Candidate. "OH! THEY HAVE, HAVE THEY? WELL, JUST HOLD MY MAP WHILE I BLOW MY NOSE."

distressing complaint which Pawlaw indicates as "Dormitoryitis Hibernalis." The chief symptom is a desire to resume slumber when aroused at 7 A.M. on Winter mornings. If the disease is suspected it should be promptly treated by the abrupt denudation of the cutaneous tissues of the patient and the immediate application of not more than five gallons of hydro-perishitis (common water lowered to a temperature of 33° Fahrenheit). If the disease is present there will be immediate reflex action of the moto-muscular centres, together with effusion of vocal profanitis. Severe and chronic cases may be cured by a compress of ice or the application of a hyper-caloric, preferably the ignited end of a match.

Pawlaw deprecates fuses as being too drastic.

DARING RESCUE IN THE CITY.

It happened in Princes Street, which is one of the busiest thoroughfares in the City. But for a minute—just as there comes a lull in the conversation at the most garrulous dinner-party—the street was free from traffic. At that moment there appeared, seemingly from nowhere, a miniature carriage, drawn by a tiny horse, driven by a diminutive driver. Everyone stopped to gaze at the apparition in amazement. One had to rub one's eyes to make sure that one was not dreaming of fairyland. But there could be no doubt as to the reality of the thing. There it was moving gravely down the street. The daring of it! The amazing pluck of it!

Suddenly, in the distance, one hears the dread clanging of a fire-bell; and, in a moment, round the corner dashes a fire-engine—surely the most thrilling sight to be seen in this city of ours. But the frail little carriage—what of that? The driver seems not to hear. He must be deaf. The carriage proceeds demurely on its way. Will no one help? The spectators appear to be paralysed by the horror of

the situation. No one moves. Then, when disaster seems inevitable, a rough man, a wastrel, one would have said, his clothes quite ragged, with nothing heroic in his face, rushes forward and effects a gallant rescue.

One would have expected a storm of cheering. But no.

"How much?" asks a stolid bystander. "A bob, Guvnor."

The mechanical toy changed hands.

Our Amazons.

"Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, all sizes 10½d. to 2s. 9d. per yard."—From a Devon Draper's List.

Sweated Labour.

From a Provincial paper:—

"Sparrows are paid for on production at the rate of 3d. a dozen; rats 6d. a dozen; keepers and rat catchers 3d. a dozen."



A SUBTLE BEAUTY.

"YOUNG HALLORAN SEEMS TO HAVE A GREAT ADMIRATION FOR YOUR DAUGHTER, MRS. MCCARTHY."

"SURE 'T WAS THE SAME WID ME WHEN I WAS A GERRI, MISS. AH, MANNY'S THE BRAVE YOUNG HEART WAS BROKE BY MY FACE!"

THE NEW SCHOOL OF WAR.

"Quo fas et gloria ducunt."

It was the second month of the siege. For weeks great masses of troops, England's best, had been poured into Blackwall by road, rail and river, till the pavements within a four-mile radius were hot with their bivouac fires and the traffic was obstructed over all East London. Every garrison town of the South and Midlands was stripped of its defending force, having sacrificed itself to the country's instant need. The flower of the nation's manhood was concentrated on Blackwall.

Here, in the Theatre of War, permanent gun-positions were established on the roofs of every brewery. The noise of the bombardment and the accidental pulverising of a few private dwellings had been made the subject of letters to the Press by certain testy residents on whose tender nerves the roar of the twenty-four horse and field

batteries, and the heavy armaments of the Channel Squadron in the river had begun to tell.

Cheap excursion trains and steamers brought sightseers from all parts of the kingdom, and behind the infantry lines the specially-erected steel towers and flip-flaps, which gave a splendid view of the besieged attic, were crowded to suffocation.

At the end of the sixth week every available man, child and regimental goat in the Army, Reserves, Territorials, and Boy Scouts had been requisitioned; the river was stuffed full of Navy, and an appeal for help had been sent to the Colonies.

Then came the day when the evening papers broke out in crimson and orange stripes and their staffs foamed at the mouth. The besieged criminal was reported to have escaped. The next morning there was a view-halloa from an aeroplane over Clapham Common, and the Blues, the 1st Life Guards, and four Regiments of Cavalry of the Line

charged from Clapham Junction, joining hands on both flanks with the entire alphabet of R.H.A. batteries, whose nimble guns at the gallop searched the bush of the Common with well-directed fire.

What happened to the criminal nobody knows. He was never heard of again. But the voice of the Boy in the Street, who happened to be a Scout, was heard to express a preference for the good old days when *Sleuth-Hound Dick* captured his miscreants in his own quiet way, and soldiers were kept for fighting.

"A writer remarks in a controversy that the Church will never get the best men for clergy till the services are rearranged under the guidance of the conviction that it will not suffice to banish from creeds, prayers, psalms, and lessons, only every sentence respecting which all that can be hoped is that, if adequately explained, it will do no harm, but also every sentence which is not importantly true."—*Advocate of India*. It is all very well saying things like that, but the trouble is to do something.

AT THE PLAY.

"IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"

No bachelor should attempt to solve this riddle, but, if you asked me a similar question about the play that propounds it, I could hazard a shrewdish guess. Of course, with a British audience, it is not in mortal playwrights to command failure, but the German authors of this so-called "light comedy" have at least gone a good way towards deserving it. The play has an excellent idea to start with. The discovery of a technical flaw in their marriage ceremonies at a certain church sets free a variety of couples, and it is a question how many of them will take advantage of their liberty. The men are at first unanimous for freedom; and the women combine to reduce them to submission. Here are the makings of yet another *Lysistrata*; but the frank coarseness proper to ARISTOPHANES becomes mere vulgarity when modified to meet the requirements of Teuton provincialism. These things, once again, are managed better in France.

There were some pleasant, if obvious, touches of half-serious comedy between one pair of separatists (played sympathetically by Mr. CHARLES BRYANT and Miss EDYTH LATIMER), but much of the rest was rather second-rate fun, like the stuff you get in a musical comedy, only without the music.

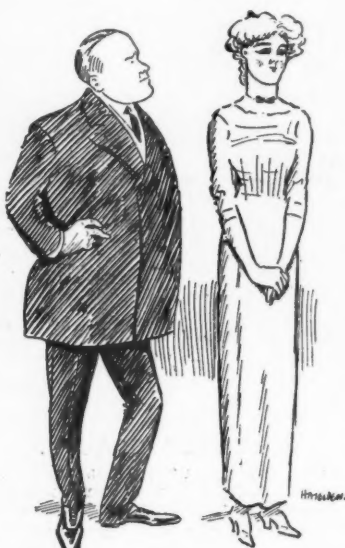
What humour there was arose for the most part out of fairly commonplace situations, and seldom belonged to the dialogue as such. Surely it is late, at this time of day, to repeat the hallowed wheeze—"Is life worth living? That depends on the liver"; or the ancient scintillation about the route to a man's heart lying through his stomach.

Mr. CHARLES BRYANT was an attractive figure, and I freely forgive him his palpable imitation of the vocal methods of the lessee of the Criterion. I wonder if Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, looking down from his box with grave, veteran air at the stage that has been the scene for him of so many triumphs, recognised the echo of his own voice. Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS was wasted upon her surroundings; and if Miss ROSINA FILIPPI as a mother-in-law found herself in the picture the credit is due to the accommodating qualities of her art. Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS, always very much at his ease, seemed to take more interest than usual in his part, treating it less like a passable private joke between himself and the other actors. He was quite good in his scenes with the one unmarried girl of the piece, played by Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX, who had her happy moments,

though she did what she could to handicap herself with her photographic smile. Mr. DENTON was usefully employed to bring down the first two curtains; and Mr. PAUL ARTHUR was well in his element, and we had better leave it at that.

There was one gentleman, rather amateurish, who played the part of a moral prig, and was described as a lecturer on BROWNING. This must be an original inspiration on the part of Herr LEO DITRICHSTEIN, the adapter, and I recommend him next time to choose some more likely poet for the encouragement of milk-and-water orthodoxy.

As for the scene, I never quite made out where we were. It was always the



A SOLID PROPOSITION.

Lulu Wheeler ... Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX.
Paul Barton ... Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

same room of a private house known as Rosedale, in the provinces, with a staircase leading out of it into vague regions beyond. People kept going up and down it, no one knew whither or whence. Everybody seemed to come and stay in the house whenever it occurred to them, and I shall never understand how this very middle-class establishment contrived to shelter at any one time such an astonishing collection of married supers.

I hope I have not been too captious, but on the second night in a sparsely-populated house I found myself located in a stall of Row H, where you crouch with your knees adjacent to the back of the pew in front, and have to keep dodging about for a glimpse of the stage. And this does not make for geniality.

O. S.

OBSERVATIONS ON SKI-ING.

THEY call us the Suicides' Club, and Meyer, the one German in our hotel, distractedly hovers about the American Bar buttonholing people and trying to induce them to expound the etymology of the name. Until he came to Wengen a week ago, Meyer flattered himself that he understood English. Now he perceives that the tongue possesses pitfalls whereof his Berlitz professor left him unwarned. Why is the beginners' ski-ing class universally known as the Suicides' Club? Why should the easiest ski-ing slope in Helvetia be characterised as the Death Trap? And why is Meyer, when he seeks enlightenment on these palpable confusions of thought—why, oh why, is he a Nut?

Meyer, who fondly imagined that he had conquered the chief entanglement of our language when he learnt to say "awfully," is rather resentful. His sojourn at Wengen will, however, not be barren of profit, for he will be able to return to Potsdam and baffle his friends (who only know "awfully" and "old fellow") with the latest correct Anglicisms. As thus: "You are, old fellow, awfully a Nut." Or; "When I in the Berner Oberland was, I joined the Suicide-Club of Ski-Laufen and at the Death Trap to run learned."

As for the Death Trap, it is (as Meyer has ventured to point out) perhaps the only undulation in Switzerland where the ski-ing novice could not break his neck even if he tried. That is why (no, Meyer cannot see it!) the Suicides' Club have chosen it as their meeting-place. Here we stagger up, up, up, and here we reel down, down, down; and here, when we have pirouetted on to our noses, we announce that we have practically executed a Telemark. Here, also, the slackers sit in a row on a fence with their Kodaks and hoot at us.

The ski is a wanton and freakish implement of human progress. When you are lurching along the level on skis they are boards strapped to your boots. When you totter down a hill the skis are boards to which your boots are strapped. It is a delicate distinction. I have tried several pairs of skis. They were all proficient at ski-ing; but I was not. As I told Meyer (who gives you quite a good cigar if you will talk English with him), what I wanted was a pair of skis which had to begin at the beginning—skis which had to learn. These skis knew how to ski already, and they ski-ed energetically whenever I should have preferred to remain in a dignified repose. They could do Christiania Turns, they could

brake and herring-bone. And they did all these before I could stand upright. Sometimes they started doing them the minute I took them out of their shed and laid them down on the snow preparatory to buckling them on. One of my skis performed a magnificent run down to the hairdresser's last Sunday while I was looking for my ski-pole in the hotel porch. I couldn't have ski-ed down to the hairdresser's to save my life, much less to show off before the lunchers in the verandah. "Vat is it—to 'show off'?" asked Meyer. "Oh, to put on side, you know; to swank. Yes, I don't mind if I do have another of your cigars. They're very sound—top hole, in fact." "Vat is it—'top hole'?" "Top hole? Oh, that's the place where the bit comes from that you cut off at the end."

It is disgustingly bad manners of these skis to be so uppish. Skates don't behave like that. You never saw a Mount Charles, left by itself on the edge of the rink, hop off on to a rocker. And when you have put on your skates they don't start cutting threes and things. They wait for you to tell them that your ankles are feeling in the mood this morning for a little inside-edge. These skis take the bit between their toes without the slightest sympathy for their rider. When I have floundered to the top of the Death Trap I say, "Now I'll pause to get my breath and to look at the cloud-shadows on the Jungfrau." Not a bit of it! My skis have no soul for cloud-shadows. They respond, "Nonsense; we'll jab the old fellow who is lying on his back in that drift down there." In ten seconds, sure enough, they have jabbed him. And I, who have followed, protesting indignantly, am blamed! In vain I point back up the slope, where my track is marked by (1) my dropped eye-glasses, (2) my cap, (3) my tobacco-pouch, (4) my pipe, (5) its dottle, and (6) a spot of my gore. The jabbed gentleman is unconvinced. My aim has been too unerring. No mere tyro, he insists, could have achieved such a fine shot. And, in truth, no mere tyro *has*. My skis have been at it for years.

I am persuaded that the construction of skis should receive the attention of some humane reformer. Instead of being so preposterously polished underneath they should have hob-nails. The Hob-Nailed Ski—that is my idea. In process of time friction would wear down the nails; and when the neophyte had mastered the art his skis would be smooth enough for anything. On the up-hill journey the hob-nailed ski would be perfection. With the present absurd slithery skis you can



Broker (to wealthy but stingy Client). "GLAD YOU DID SO WELL WITH THOSE SHARES I TOLD YOU TO BUY."

Client. "WHY, I LOST A POT OF MONEY OVER THEM."

Broker. "WHAT! YOU BOUGHT AT TWO AND SOLD AT SEVEN, DIDN'T YOU?"

Client. "AY! BUT THEY WENT UP TO TEN AFTER!"

never prophesy, when you take a step, whether it is going to be forward or backward. And on the downhill trip the hob-nailed skis' rate of progress would afford you leisure to enjoy the beauties of the scenery and to laugh at the beginners tumbling.

But they are very conservative here at Wengen. Meyer is the only man who appreciates my hob-nail notion—and he is unable to try it because he is suffering from sciatica, complicated by a stiff neck, after attempting to participate in an English-style figure round an orange on the rink. ("My skate he did swank into the top hole, and I did put on side. I lie on the sofa therefore. A cigar you will soundly smoke with me, yes?") And the secretary of the Suicides' Club wouldn't hear of my skis. He said they would spoil the snow. *Spoil the snow!* He cannot have seen the place where my non-hob-nail skis showed me yesterday how a long jump should be done.

"BEADLES. — The meet of Major Allott's beadies on Saturday was at Keddington Osiars." — *Hull Times*.

What we really want to see is a meet of churchwardens.

"We cannot learn too soon or too well that in ourselves is lodged whatever force is needed to send us along the path of a successful life; that close behind us is the work which our hands are to do." — *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

This rather takes the edge off the motto, "When once you've put your hand to the plough, don't look back." You almost *must*, if it's behind you.

"Owing to the General Election, Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson are postponing the publication of Mr. Bram Stoker's new work, 'Famous Impostors.'" — *The Bookseller*.

We beg to observe, in our best cynical vein, that it was a pity to miss such an appropriate moment.

From a catalogue: "THE REPEATER: During the Sale we shall offer, as usual, this well-known Skirt."

It must go off this year.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WALTER SICHEL's discovery of *The Glenberrie Journals* (CONSTABLE) was not quite so happy a find as that of *The Creevey Papers*. Their period is pretty much the same as that through which CREEVEY lived, plotted, and wrote his diary. All unconscious of rivalry as a chronicler Lord GLENBERVIE had an instinctive dislike of CREEVEY, whom he refers to as "the *accusateur officieux* who tried to obtain eminence (unsuccessful attempt!) by personalities in the absence of the parties concerned." Lord GLENBERVIE, having a wide acquaintance among public men, had not the gift his contemporary was endowed with of making his surroundings interesting. He was, to tell the truth, a dull man. The sentence quoted gives some indications of his literary style. His journal, written chiefly at the uncongenial hour between six and seven in the morning, is through many pages as dreary as if the work he was engaged upon was the posting up of the family laundry-book. Still here and there we catch a pleasant glimpse of how people lived in the good old days. Such an one is presented in the story told by Lord MALMESBURY how in the year 1774 the Duc de BIRON came from Versailles to Berlin on a secret commission, and Lord MALMESBURY lodged him in his house for a twelve-month, "during which he thought he was outwitting his host, who found easy means of reading all his despatches and taking copies of such parts as he chose." Lord GLENBERVIE makes no comment on this domestic arrangement, which seems to have been up to date. Mr. SICHEL makes provoking references to spicy passages omitted lest they should make the book too lively. His own style occasionally suffers, probably from sympathy with the diarist he edits. Cataloguing GLENBERVIE's distinguished friends, he says, "he was the intimate of Lord Sheffield, through whom he was thrown with Gibbon." Whether the two were thrown by a single *tour de force* or one after the other, and what became of the riven peer, are details not disclosed.

Once upon a time—but it must have been before Mr. ROOSEVELT had added so largely to the list of the world's extinct mammals—a sporting English millionaire went off to get a little big-game shooting on Afric's burning shore. And while he was away a letter offering him the mastership of the Mullenboden hounds fell into the hands of his young cousin and namesake, *Derrick Bourke Herring*. Now *Derrick*, junior, was rather hard up, and instead of sending the letter back, in which case Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS couldn't have written her book—*Two Impostors and Tinker* (HUTCHINSON)—he was persuaded by his charming sister to pretend that he was the millionaire. So for nearly a whole season he hunted the Mullenboden

hounds, while beside him sported on the green of the Irish hunting-field his little sister *Josephine*, disguised as his first whip by breeches and boots and the wearing of the pink. At this point I confess that I very nearly went home. I couldn't see even Miss VESTA TILLEY carrying out this part of the imposture with success. However, I knew that Irish bullfinches are often not so stiff as they look. So I crammed my hat over my eyes and scrambled over somehow, and was rewarded by a rattling run after the two *Herrings*, with some very pretty love-making thrown in when we all came home tired from hunting. And if you have a taste for sport and Irish ways and scenery and pleasant people and a happy ending I advise you to follow my example. I ought to add that *Tinker* was the fifth part of the only other pack besides the Mullenboden which *Derrick* had ever hunted, and that he saved *Josephine* from drowning when she met with the inevitable accident by which her sex was at last revealed.



"I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU SHOULD REMEMBER ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS."

"WHY NOT? SAME FACE, ISN'T IT?"

awful name of *Hamchester*? To invite anyone to call himself an "Old Ham," or even an "Old Chesterton," is surely to court refusal. "Hamcestrian" is also unthinkable.

I'm pleased with H. J. SMITH the way
He wields the novel-maker's pen;
I like the style of HARRY J.
(Although sententious now and then);
His theme, a strong one ringing true,
I like; I also like the twang,
The metaphors, to me quite new,
Of HARRY JAMES'S Yankee slang.

In books that hail from over-sea
I look, to justify the trip,
For something of a high degree
In all the points of authorship;
In none of these does HARRY fail;
But one thing which I haven't found
Is why on earth he calls the tale
(From CONSTABLE) *Enchanted Ground*.

Since reading *Master and Maid* (MURRAY) I feel that I missed something during my schooldays, for when I was dining with my house-master no charming girl ever burst upon us and took possession of him, me and the place. But then my house-master was married, while *Anthony Beran* was only thirty-seven and a bachelor, and if *Lallie Clonmell* had arrived (and I wish she had) there would not have been the complications with which Mrs. ALLEN HARKER has amused me. *Lallie* was not exactly pretty, but she was Irish and had a "way," and her arrival was rather awkward. How awkward it was, please allow Mrs. HARKER to tell you. There is not an incident in her story which might not conceivably have happened, and she has been supremely successful in reproducing the atmosphere of a public school. But why, I wonder, did she choose the

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that another dockyard is to be constructed on the East Coast. This, we suppose, is part of the admirable policy of laying down two Kiels to one.

The formation of the Leeds and District Liberal Clubs' Brewery Co., Ltd., is announced, and some interesting advertisements may now be expected. For instance, "Haldane Stout is the best."

With reference to a recent remark of ours about an agitation for the abolition of the Lower House a correspondent draws our attention to the fact that there is already a Commons Preservation Society in existence.

There is some probability, it is said, that the Turkish Government may make the study of German obligatory in all schools in the Ottoman Empire. We believe it is a fact that only those who have heard German spoken with a Turkish accent have any idea of the musical possibilities of the language.

We are pleased to read in *The Times* that the late Mr. GARDSTEIN has been repudiated by all respectable Anarchists in this country.

To those newspapers which are expressing the view that too much fuss has been made about the Sidney Street affair we would say: Why quarrel with your bread-and-butter?

A barometer, and not a baronetcy, as was stated by a careless contemporary, has been awarded to a brave skipper who made a rescue off the Mull of Galloway last month. It was a stupid mistake. Baronetcies are not given for doing things.

The Daily Mail, speaking of a certain costume, says, "The coat can be turned inside out with marvellous celerity, and its appearance is so absolutely changed by the transformation that to believe the garments one and the same model is really difficult." We can readily believe this. We tried the process with our own coat the other day.

Everyone goes in for business nowadays. M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION declares that the recent earthquakes are due to the globe contracting.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, speaking at the L.C.C. Teachers' Conference, advised stage lessons for children, on the ground that, if one acts the part of a noble character, one becomes noble. This may explain much in regard to some of those actresses who take the parts of ladies with a past.

Our decadent age! Where is it going to stop? A circular concerning the forthcoming Fancy Dress Ball of the Chelsea Arts Club says:—"Costume must be worn." So far, excellent. But wait:—"Venetian Capes

a certain English railway company striking his breast and saying, "Thank Heaven, this could not happen on our line!"

On the 11th inst., Lord ROBERT CECIL moved a resolution in favour of the Upper Chamber in the Hampstead Parliament. Though Lord ROBERT is not a Peer, this episode lends colour to the rumour published by us some time ago to the effect that London's model Parliaments might be induced to offer a limited number of seats to Peers in the event of their eviction from the other place.

It is stated that the burglars who recently broke into 49, Old Bond Street, wore gloves. But then one would expect Bond Street burglars to be dressy.

From an advt. of an hotel for sale:

"There is accommodation for nearly 70 visitors, all in excellent repair and thoroughly well furnished."

The business of the new management will be to keep up this high standard of vicarious catering.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

MY DEAR GIRL,—I shall never, I hope, make such an ass of myself as to attempt to instruct you in any point of behaviour or even suggest that you have a fault, but I do wish you would listen a little more closely sometimes when I am speaking. I know I am a dull fellow, and such things as I have to say to you are not profoundly interesting, but it does mean so much to me to be heard, and you are now and then so fearfully short with me. Don't

be angry, will you? We have known each other too long for that, haven't we? It must be—how long?—five years since you were first bored by my remarks. No wonder, then, that you are getting less and less patient with me and oftener and oftener ask me to say it again. There must, I think, be something wrong about my voice. If so, I am truly sorry. I will go to a vocalist, or whatever you call them. This will perhaps save you from going to an aurist, which I should never dream of asking you to do. But meanwhile, when I succeed in attracting your notice, you will try a little harder to attend, won't you?

Your friend, —

To the Girl at the Telephone Exchange.



THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN DELINQUENT.

and Turkish Caps will be considered sufficient."

A Paris contemporary informs us that among the anniversaries which could be celebrated this month is that of the "quadrature du mouchoir de poche." It is to be hoped that much publicity will be given to this event, with the result that one of the most useful inventions of all times will be brought to the notice of those persons who are at present ignorant of it.

A French gentleman has been awarded £2 damages against a railway company because a train by which he intended to travel started out of the station two minutes too early. One can picture the Managing Director of

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

[In a leader, entitled "Imagination and Fact," *The Daily Chronicle* remarks that "anybody who looks at all closely at the Tory papers must be struck by some curious things just now;" and, having developed this general observation with comments upon certain feats of political fancy, issues the following authoritative statement: "Thus are imagination and facts at strife. When it comes to the test of the division lobbies the facts will win."]

NURSED on opinion of the looser kind,
Fed up with foolish talk and vacant tracts,
How oft it eases my Platonic mind
To think on regions where they know the Facts;
To feel that somewhere on Olympian heights,
Within a zone of perfect calm located,
Mocking Imagination's mortal flights,
Stands the abode of Truth Unmitigated.

So in our little world of party feuds,
Where daedal Fancy takes her chartered fling,
And everyone portentously intrudes
His own perversion of the Actual Thing,
How well it is, when politicians urge
Each man his private fiction like a hobby,
To pause serenely till the Facts emerge
From the infallible Division-Lobby.

While some will tell you how the recent poll
Condemned a rotten Peerage to the axe,
And some, who claim to read the People's soul,
Say that it turned upon the tummy-tax;—
While thus Conjecture rides the vast inane
Wafted by various Fancy-made propellers,
I trust to Truth to make the matter plain
When she conveys the verdict through her "tellers."

None else can say just what the Public meant;
None but the speaking Truth can tell us why
With such precise exactitude they sent
The two great Parties back to make a tie;
Look to the Lobby, when the bells ring out!
Though Falsehoods meanwhile flourish for a wee bit,
ELIBANK is her prophet; he don't doubt
Magna est Veritas et pravelebit.

O. S.

The New Coinage.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have before now hurt the sacred feelings of some of your Scots clients by wrongly referring to the inhabitants of Great Britain as "the English." It may please you therefore to have your attention called to a letter in a Radical journal of Jan. 12, where the writer pleads against the use of a dead language on our new coins. "Is not the English language," he asks, "more widely spoken, and has it not a greater literature than any other"? (I should not dare to answer the second riddle, but as for the first I am very nearly sure that the English language is more widely spoken than Latin or any other dead language.) "Latin," he continues, "is all right in its proper place, but when it obtrudes itself on our modern English coinage it becomes an absurd anomaly." I italicize the word "English," because the letter is signed "DEI GRA. HIELAN' LADDIE." It almost looks as if the writer might be a Scot. What do you think?

Yours cannily, A MON AN' A BRITHER.

"The first photograph is that of a fourteen pound pike taken in a backyard from the top of a step-ladder."—*Country Life*.

Why go to Norway to fish? Buy a step-ladder and fish in your own backyard.

THE GOOSE.

SCENE—The dining-room at luncheon time. He and She are there with four children (three girls ranging in age from seven to eleven, and a boy of three and a half). Also a Mademoiselle. They have just taken their seats and the meal is about to begin. A youthful footman is hovering about. He. Halloa! Why's the goose in front of me? Where's Parkins?

She. I told you all about it, but I suppose you didn't listen. Parkins has gone to London to see his daughter married, and you've got to carve the goose.

He. Oh, come, I say! That's rather a stiff job, isn't it? A goose is such a rum bird to carve.

She. My dear Charles, you've always told me you were a sort of heavy-weight championship carver.

He. So I am at legs of mutton and chickens and hams. I simply can't be beaten at hams; but a goose!

She. Well, if you won't I must.

He. Never.

She. Hurry up, then. We're all starving.

He. If I must, I must, so here goes. (To the little boy) John, tell your mother not to allow you to choke yourself with the spoon. Here's for a peerage or Westminster Abbey. (He plunges the fork into the bird's breast and sets to work with the knife.) This is easier than I thought. There! I've cut you two of the daintiest slices I've ever seen.

She. Don't forget the stuffing.

He. Good heavens! Stuffing! Which end is it?

She. Don't be absurd, Charles.

He. Can nobody tell a gentleman where a goose keeps its stuffing? I suppose I must chance it. (He does.) Wrong, of course. What a mercy there's only one other end. (He gets at the stuffing and inserts a spoon.) Here's stuffing for the million. It's more exciting than digging for diamonds. My, what a bird this is for stuffing! I must say it's extremely creditable to you and cook to choose a bird like that. You might have picked a goose without any stuffing at all, and where should we have been then? [He continues carving the breast.]

The Eldest Girl (to the Second). Dad's making a joke now.

Second Girl. No, he isn't. That wasn't a joke. Dad meant that.

Third Girl. Never mind, Dad. I like your jokes.

He. Thank you, Betsy. You've got a kind heart.

She. Do get on a little faster, dear. You're keeping the children waiting, and we shall never finish luncheon at this rate.

He. That's a nice thing to say to a man when he's doing his best. I'm all among the legs and wings now, so I mustn't be hurried. This looks like a wing, but where's its joint? (He begins to perform feats of strength with the carving-knife.) I take back everything I said in praise of this blessed bird. It hasn't got a joint anywhere. (More feats.) If I—don't—get—through—something—directly—you—can—count—me—out. I'll—

[At this point the goose, having been incautiously elevated, drops back into the dish with a splash.]

The children yell with joy.

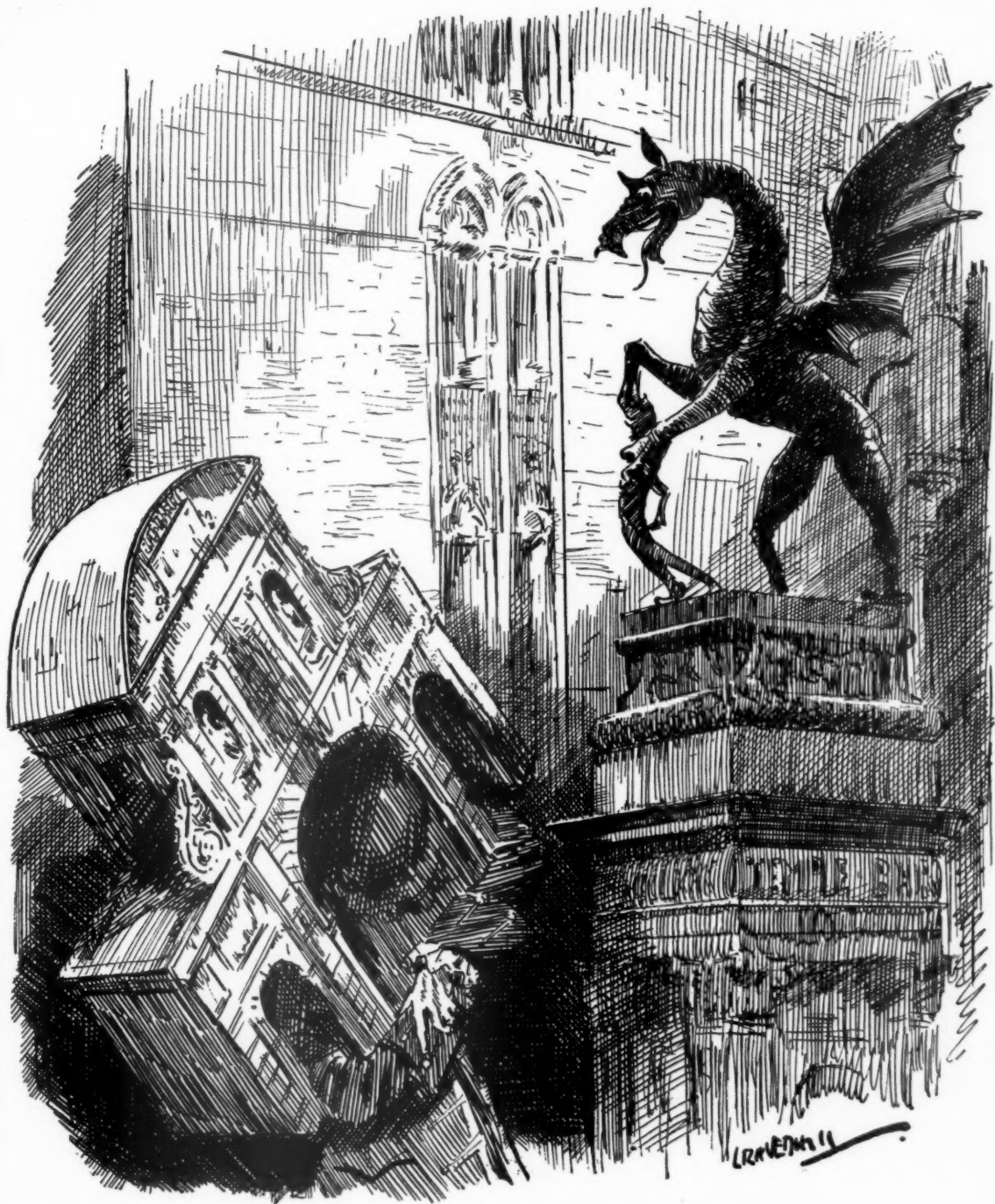
Third Girl. You've splashed Madamazelle in the face.

He. Mille pardons, Mademoiselle. La sauce—

Mademoiselle. Ce n'est rien, Monsieur. Vous avez visé juste, même trop juste. Je l'ai reçue dans la bouche.

The three Girls (more or less together). Dad's splashed Madamazelle. Dad's spoiled the table-cloth. There's a big splash on the silver cup. Doesn't it make your face look funny in the cup? There's a splash on my hand, &c., &c.

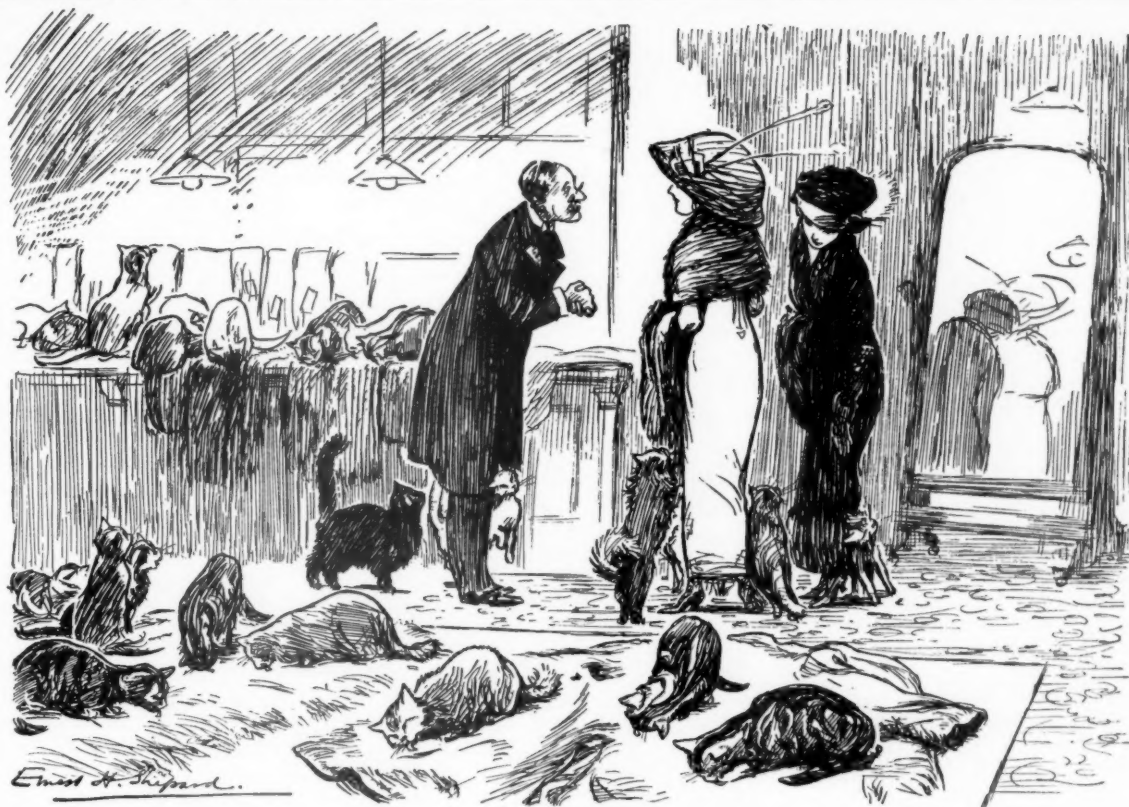
He (in a voice of thunder). Silence, ungrateful children. You ought to be thankful you've got any gravy to be



THE EXILE SUPPLANTED;

OR, THE ENOCH ARDEN OF FLEET STREET.

[There has been a rumour, generally discredited, that Temple Bar may be re-established in London, though not on its old site.]



WHY NOT?

THE FELINE FUR-CLEANING ASSOCIATION. FURS CLEANED BY AN ENTIRELY NEW AND NATURAL PROCESS.

splashed with. If I hear another word there shall be no apple tart.

Third Girl. Oh, Dad, you mustn't. I like your carving, Dad.

She. You have just touched the clean table-cloth, haven't you, dear?

He. Yes, just the tiniest little pet of a spot.

Second Girl (reproachfully). Oh, Dad! I've counted twenty-six and I haven't finished yet.

[At last he completes his carving and sinks back into his chair exhausted.]

He. I hope Parkins hasn't got any more daughters.

She. Hear, hear!

AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that Public Opinion is being so very much exercised as to the wisdom of allowing foreign undesirables to use our tight little island as a refuge, don't you think, Sir, that this would be an admirable opportunity to get something done with regard to that most undesirable of all aliens, our Weather?

As far as I can make out, Sir, we have no weather of our own—at least, if we have, it never gets a chance to show itself, being quite overshadowed by these abominable foreign importations. Whenever I look at the weather reports I find something like this: "The Scandinavian cyclonic disturbance is advancing rapidly in the direction of the British Isles, while the Icelandic depression is already encroaching on our northern shores," or "The deep cyclonic

system which is at present centring in the southern part of these islands has travelled over from Siberia, and may be expected to increase in severity for some days."

Now why should we put up with these foreign miscreants any longer? Why should our island be the popular resort of every meteorological desperado in two continents? Their own countries won't stand them, that's evident. And there is good reason to suppose that they never display their full malevolence until they reach us. Other places have their little climatic trials, I admit; but though the behaviour of these disturbances and depressions is bad enough over there to merit their immediate expulsion by the clear-headed foreigner they reserve their most fiendish outrages for British soil. We offer them a refuge and they repay us with the blackest treachery.

No, Sir, the strictest regulations must be drawn up to prevent this abuse of hospitality. Let every doubtful depression and disturbance that fails to guarantee a reasonable modicum of sunshine *per diem* be resolutely deported back to the country of origin. What we want is Protection; we must refuse to be the climatic dumping-ground of Europe. For I am old-fashioned enough to believe, Sir, that, given a clear field, we ourselves could manufacture here in England all the weather that is required for home consumption. Whatever the results of our first unskilled attempts, they couldn't very well be any worse than these imported specimens. With "British Weather for British Consumers and Down with Foreign Depressions" as our battle-cry,

Yours, etc., PATRIOT.

THREATENED BILLIARD DEADLOCK.

GRAY'S BREAKS LEAD TO TROUBLE.
AUSTRALIAN FURY.

THE spectacle of the classic and superb DIGGLE (who has recently beaten STEVENSON by several thousand points) being kept in his seat for two whole sessions (*défense de rire*) while GEORGE GRAY, the Australian marvel of eighteen, was compiling more records off the red, at last brought matters to a head, and the Billiards Control Association are now hard at work trying at the same time to come to a conclusion with regard to the stroke, to appease DIGGLE and to pacify the warlike sons of an outraged Commonwealth.

But, first, what is the stroke? Well, it is quite simple. It is merely going in off the red into one or other of the middle pockets and then doing it again and again until you do it oftener than any one else and your father kisses you to a pulp. We can all make the stroke, but it has never occurred to us—not even to our professionals—to go in for so much of it. One or two, and then the ordinary amateur—you or I—turns to other and more attractive fields of action, to the cannon, to the white loser, to the failure to score, and even to the miss-cue. Our game is varied; the boy GRAY's is monotonous. Clever he may be, but tedious and tiresome. And think of DIGGLE seated there with his chin on his knees for four long hours; and people in the hall, who had paid to see him too! Something, of course, had to be done. Billiards was threatened; our best professionals made to look foolish.

It is not the first time the authorities have had to act. There was a stroke once called the push. Where is it now? To be found in its perfection one must seek the giddy haunts of bagatelle. There was a stroke called the spot. A little man named PEALL used to make it. His head just appeared above the table, but he could make the stroke for ever, and since this shot, too, injured the game as a whole it had to go. Then came the anchor, and that also had to go, but not before REECE had made nearly a quarter of a million points from it at the top end in the watches of many nights, while the reporters slept in

balk and elsewhere on the table. And, lastly, a run of direct nursery cannons (which you and I can do so beautifully) was limited to twenty-five.

With such a record behind them the Billiard authorities naturally would not have shrunk for a moment from tackling young GEORGE GRAY and the red losers, had it not been for one thing. GEORGE GRAY is an Australian; and, they asked themselves, is it wise to excite Australian anger? One knows those Antipodeans—how keen they are, how proud of their sportsmanship. Would it be a sensible act to clip this



First Cuddie (to second ditto). "WOULDN'T OOST 'IM MUCH, NOT IF 'E WAS PLAYIN' WIV NEW-LAID EGGS."

young kangaroo's wings? Would any of the Billiards Control gentlemen be safe? Think of the boomerang, how deadly! *The Sydney Bulletin*, how lethal! The cassowary champagne, how flaming!

Deciding, therefore, that it was best to feel the pulse of Antipodean opinion before taking too decisive action, a number of cablegrams to prominent Australians and Australophiles, with answers prepaid up to a reasonable amount (considering Australian eloquence), were sent out by the Association. The replies are subjoined:—

Clem Hill.

GRAY must not be touched. He is one of our glories. My only regret is that he is right-handed.

The Hon. W. R. Deakin.

If anything were done to depreciate or discourage the natural and acquired genius of the wonderful boy, GEORGE GRAY, of whom the Daughter-Country is so rightly proud, I can assure England that no good would follow. Painter-cutting would inevitably result.

The Editor, "The Sydney Bulletin."

Nothing can save England, if GRAY's stroke is barred or tampered with, from a wholesale revolt amongst the marsupial population of Australia. It is enough to make a dingo despair.

Madame Melba.

I trust that the poor boy will be allowed to go on as he is. We all delight in his *bravura*.

Mr. Victor Trumper.

My view is that 214 off the leather with SINCLAIR and LLEWELLYN bowling is better than any number off the red ivory. All the same, should seriously resent any interference with GRAY.

Madame Ada Crossley.

I regard the proposal of the Billiards Control as an act of treason against the Southern Cross. I shall never be able to sing "*Robin Gray*" without a painful consciousness that the first word ought to be spelled with two b's.

Lord Dudley.

I am prepared to withdraw my resignation if by so doing I can in any way support my friend GEORGE GRAY against this attempt to impair his supremacy.

Mr. Richard Jebb.

This is worse than the Referendum. *Morning Post* staff absolutely solid in denouncing contemplated action as worthy of Lord Robert le Diable.

"The Australian's magnificent effort terminated by failure, after losing the red and his own ball, to screw into the top pocket."—*Daily Mail*.

With only his opponent's ball to play with he ought to have had no difficulty in getting it into any pocket.

"Quite an epidemic of burglary and house-breaking appears to be raging in London, no fewer than four cases coming before the magistrates in various courts."—*Royal Cornwall Gazette*.

Really it's hardly safe to sleep at nights. One house in every half million!



RISING TO THE OCCASION.

Ritualistic Vicar's Wife (to New Cook). "AND YOU ARE A HIGH-CHURCH WOMAN, I HOPE?"

New Cook. "OH, YES, MUM, HIGH CHURCH, AND AS THE CHURCH GETS HIGHER I GET HIGHER."

ORDO EQUESTRIS.

[A new method of settling the unfortunate differences between Peers and Commons.]

I AM not one of those whose swords
Are pointed to assail the Veto,
Nor yet do I defend the Lords
Against the Socialist mosquito;
I rather strum the tuneful chords
Of harmony, and foot the boards
Of state-craft with a free toe.

For when these civic feuds are rife
And men with raucous tones or fruity
Have made a burden of my life
(We bards were meant to live for Beauty),
To cut the Gordian knot of strife
With reason's penetrating knife
Would seem to be my duty.

They say—I get these newsy whiffs
From friends who talk above their toddy—
That ASQUITH, tired of verbal tiffs,
With half a thousand peers of shoddy
Will fight the Upper Chamber's sniffs,
A move that absolutely biffs
That legislative body.

Well, I'm no single Chamber chap;
The Constitution's woven tissues
In such a case I trow would snap,
The use of Power be turned to *mis-use*;

But when *two* Councils have a scrap,
One needs a *third* to join the gap
And judge their jarring issues.

Nor idly thus you'll understand
With peaceful voice my Muse has twittered;
A House of Knights is what I've planned
To heal the rage of hearts embittered—
Men of a sound commercial brand,
Mayors and the like, with whom our land
Is positively littered.

These are the nation's very soul,
And ought by rights to rule her courses,
Whom not the favour of the poll
Nor accident of birth endorses,
But bacon, beer, and boots and coal;
So to our help, O Knighthood, roll
Up with your champing horses.

EVOR.

"Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, is spending a few days at the Isle of Mull, on the East Coast of Scotland."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

Apparently the Isle of Mull is also spending a few days on the East Coast of Scotland.

"All the bridesmaids," says the *Liverpool Courier*, "wore gold jewelled breeches." We are not surprised to read that "the wedding attracted a great deal of attention."

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

The difficulty of finding suitable one-Act plays for country house theatricals has often been commented upon. The real trouble, however, is not that there is a scarcity of such plays, but that there are too many of them. But while there are many plays there are not more than half-a-dozen types, and it is felt that if the choice of the amateur impresario were restricted to single examples of these plays he would, without losing anything of artistic value, be a considerable gainer in the matter of time. We propose, therefore, to indicate, once and for all, the types at his disposal.

I.—"FAIR MISTRESS DOROTHY."

[Penalty for performing this play, one guinea. Second offence, twenty-one days.]

The scene is an apartment in the mansion of Sir Thomas Farthingale. There is no need to describe the furniture in it, as rehearsals will show what is wanted. A picture or two of previous Sir Thomas's might be seen on the walls, if you have an artistic friend who could arrange this; but it is a mistake to hang up your own ancestors, as some of your guests may recognise them, and thus pierce beneath the vraisemblance of the scene.

The period is that of Cromwell—sixteen something.

The costumes are, as far as possible, of the same period.

Mistress Dorothy Farthingale is seated in the middle of the stage, reading a letter and occasionally sighing.

Enter My Lord Carey.

Carey. Mistress Dorothy alone! Truly Fortune smiles upon me.

Dorothy (hiding the letter quickly). An she smiles, my lord, I needs must frown.

Carey (used to this sort of thing and no longer put off by it). Nay, give me but one smile, sweet mistress. (She sighs heavily.) You sigh! Is't for me?

Dorothy (feeling that the sooner he and the audience understand the situation the better). I sigh for another, my lord, who is absent.

Carey (annoyed). Zounds, and zounds again! A pest upon the fellow! (He strides up and down the room, keeping out of the way of his sword as much as possible.) Would that I might pink the pesky knave!

Dorothy (turning upon him a look of hate). Would that you might have the chance, my lord, so it were in fair fighting. Methinks Roger's sword-arm will not have lost its cunning in the wars.

Carey. A traitor to fight against his King!

Dorothy. He fights for what he thinks is right. (She takes out his letter and kisses it.)

Carey (observing the action). You have a letter from him!

Dorothy (hastily concealing it, and turning pale). How know you that?

Carey. Give it to me! (She shrieks and rises.) By heavens, madam, I will have it!

[He struggles with her and seizes it.]

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. Odds life, my lord, what means this?

Carey (straightening himself). It means, Sir Thomas, that you harbour a rebel within your walls. Master Roger Dale, traitor, corresponds secretly with your daughter.

[Who, I forgot to say, has swooned.]

Sir Thomas (sternly). Give me the letter. Ay, 'tis Roger's hand, I know it well. (He reads the letter, which is full of thoughtful metaphors, aloud to the audience. Suddenly his eyebrows go up to express surprise. He seizes Lord Carey by the arm.) Ha! Listen! "To-morrow, when the sun is upon the western window of the gallery, I will be with thee." The villain!

Carey (who does not know the house very well). When is that?

Sir Thomas. Why, 'tis now, for I have but recently passed through the gallery and did mark the sun.

Carey (fiercely). In the name of the King, Sir Thomas, I call upon you to arrest this traitor.

Sir Thomas (sighing). I loved the boy well, yet—

[He shrugs his shoulders expressively and goes out with Lord Carey to collect sufficient force for the arrest.]

Enter Roger by secret door R.

Roger. My love!

Dorothy (opening her eyes). Roger!

Roger. At last!

[For the moment they talk in short sentences like this. Then Dorothy puts her hand to her brow as if she is remembering something horrible.]

Dorothy. Roger! Now I remember! It is not safe for you to stay!

Roger (very brave). Am I a puling child to be afraid?

Dorothy. My Lord Carey is here. He has read your letter.

Roger. The black-livered dog! Would I had him at my sword's point to teach him manners.

[He puts his hand to his heart and staggers into a chair.]

Dorothy. Oh, you are wounded!

Roger. Faugh, 'tis but a scratch. Am I a puling—

[He faints. She binds up his ankle.]

Enter Lord Carey with two soldiers.

Carey. Arrest this traitor! (Roger is led away by the soldiers.)

Dorothy (stretching out her hands to him). Roger! (She sinks into a chair.)

Carey (choosing quite the wrong moment for a proposal). Dorothy, I love you! Think no more of this traitor, for he will surely hang. 'Tis your father's wish that you and I should wed.

Dorothy (refusing him). Go, lest I call in the grooms to whip you.

Carey. By heaven—(thinking better of it) I go to fetch your father.

[Exit.]

Enter Roger by secret door L.

Dorothy. Roger! You have escaped!

Roger. Knowest not the secret passage from the wine cellar, where we so often played as children? 'Twas in that same cellar the thick-skulled knaves immured me.

Dorothy. Roger, you must fly! Wilt wear a cloak of mine to elude our enemies?

Roger (missing the point rather). Nay, if I die, let me die like a man, not like a puling girl. Yet, sweetheart—

Enter Lord Carey.

Carey (forgetting himself in his confusion). Odds my zounds, dod sink me! What murrain is this?

Roger (seizing Sir Thomas's sword, which had been accidentally left behind on the table, as I ought to have said before, and advancing threateningly). It means, my lord, that a villain's time has come. Wilt say a prayer?

[They fight, and Carey is disarmed before they can hurt each other.]

Carey (dying game). Strike, Master Dale!

Roger. Nay, I cannot kill in cold blood.

[He throws down his sword. Lord Carey exhibits considerable emotion at this, and decides to turn over an entirely new leaf.]

Enter two soldiers.

Carey. Arrest that man! (Roger is seized again.) Mistress Dorothy, it is for you to say what shall be done with the prisoner.

Dorothy (standing up if she was sitting down, and sitting down if she was standing up). Ah, give him to me, my lord!

Carey (joining the hands of Roger and Dorothy). I trust to you, sweet mistress, to see that the prisoner does not escape again.

[Dorothy and Roger embrace each other, if they can do it without causing a scandal in the neighbourhood, and the curtain goes down.]

A. A. M.



I.—TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF SHOOTING-PARTY GROUP.

II.—DESIGN FOR SOMETHING FRESH.



FIRST AIDS TO HORSEMANSHIP.

SCENE—A Training Stable. Boy just returned with exhausted horse.

Head Lad. "I'LL LEARN YER TO LET THAT 'ORSE BOLT WITH YER, YOU YOUNG RAT!"

Boy. "O-OH, PLEASE, I COULDN'T 'ELP IT, I COULDN'T 'ELP IT!"

Head Lad. "'ELP IT—O' COURSE YOU COULDN'T 'ELP IT. IF I THOUGHT YOU COULD 'AVE 'ELPED IT, I'D KILL YER!"

THE SIMPLE SHEPHERD.

A WINSTON-AND-LLOYD GEORGIC.

— An aged man,
Still hearty and still hale,
A simple swain from out the West,
What should he know of gaol?

He had a rustic woodland air,
He plied his humble art
On uplands where the hinds prepare
Sheep for the mutton mart.

He loved his flock, he knew them all,
Nor lost them, like Bo-Peep,
And to his side by name could call
Each individual sheep.

One day, when after work he stood
Beside an old church door,
He found a little box of wood,
'Twas labelled, "For the Poor."

Within the box, as he could see,
A silver florin lay,
"The Poor," he cried; "nay, that
means me,"
And took the coin away.

And so because, o'ercome by ale,
He took what wasn't his'n,

For thirteen years, so ran the tale,
They shut him up in prison.

Far from the sheep he loved so well,
Companioned by despair,
They left him in a narrow cell
With nought but prison fare.

At last two gentlemen came by
Of credit and renown,
Seeking a good election-cry,
From famous London town.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And many a time and oft
Their tears had flowed in rivulets,
For, oh, their hearts were soft.

A soldier's coat the one had worn,
A lawyer's robe the other,
And now, in loyal friendship sworn,
They joined to help their brother.

The soldier sighed; "Foul shame," he
cried;
"And yet I think," said he,
"This tale of woe may serve to
show
Our famous clemency."

"I grieve to see," the lawyer wept,
"This poor old shepherd's vile end;
I fear this scandal can't be kept
From my good friends at Mile End."

For months and months they thought
it o'er,
To be or not to be;
Then opened wide the prison door
And set the Shepherd free.

In Wales a nice retreat was found
Where he might come and go,
Though ere he left it he was bound
To let his patrons know.

On Saturday his toil began,
On Sunday where was he?
Ask it of those who made the plan,
The plan to set him free.

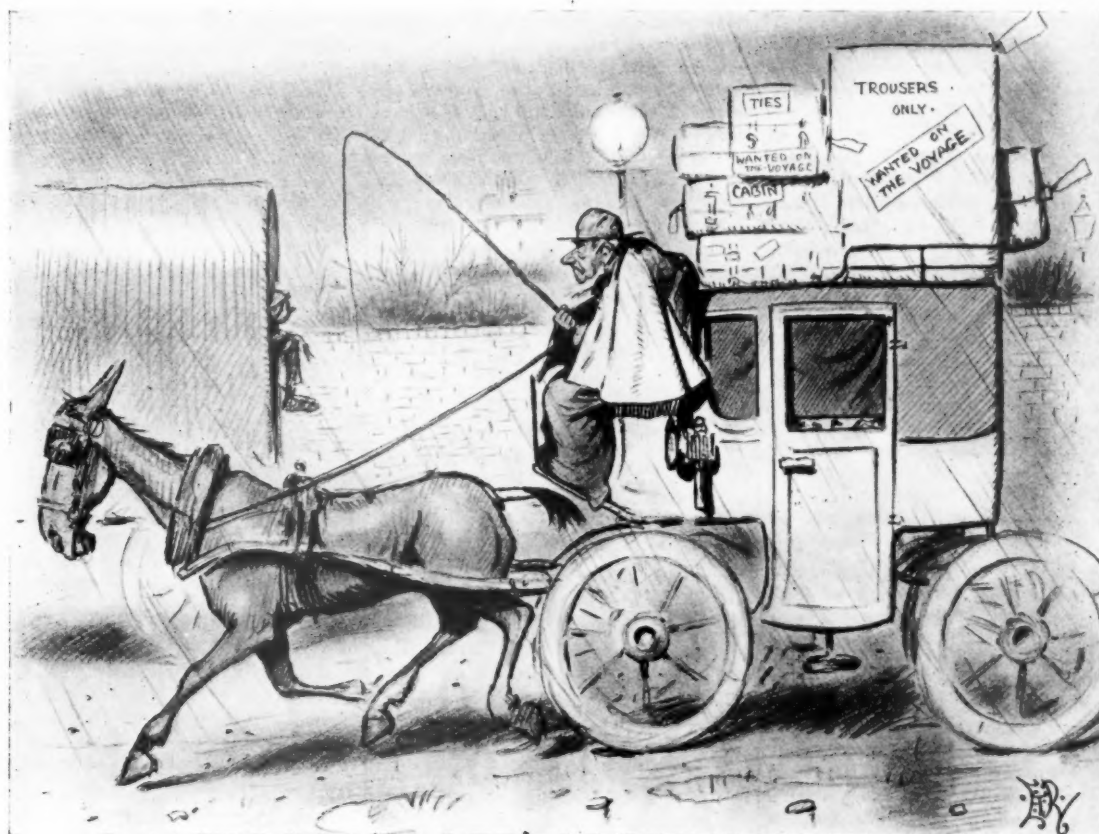
Where did that gentle shepherd go,
And how shall end our tale?
I rather trow that we shall know
When he comes back to gaol.

For there 'tis plain we'll see again
This man from Dartmoor (Devon),
Whose toll of years was thirty-eight
Of prison-service to the State,
The rest but twenty-seven.



AFTER THE POTSDAM OVERTURE.

FRANCE } (in unison). "I FEAR NO { FOE } IN SHINING ARMOUR!"
RUSSIA }



CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.—IV.

OWING TO THE INOFPORUNE BREAKDOWN OF HIS PRIVATE MOTOR-CAR, THE ABOVE UNOBTRUSIVE VEHICLE (THE ONLY KIND AVAILABLE AT THE TIME) CONTAINS, BEHIND CAREFULLY DRAWN BLINDS, AN ACTOR-MANAGER EN ROUTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES. MEMBERS OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS AND CINEMATOGRAF FRATERNITY WHO WERE TO HAVE IMMORTALISED HIM AS HE MOUNTED HIS CAR, HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO PROCEED TO THE STATION AND THERE TAKE HIM IN HIS GOING-AWAY TROUSERS WITH ONE FOOT ON THE STEP OF A RESERVED SALOON.

TO THE PAVILION CLOCK.

AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.

AROUND the ropes the tumult swayed
On rows of myriad feet,
The stands were packed with those that paid
A shilling for a seat,
And faces blue and faces red,
And wild eyes starting from the head,
Confessed some little heat.

And now from every side arose
Full many a voice to prime
Their friends to newer zeal, their foes
To play the game (or gime),
While sounding threats, extremely free,
To scrag the whistling referee
Assailed the thick sublime.

And I, too, though of sober mood,
Letting my zeal outrun
Discretion, bellowed, howled and boomed,

And carried on like fun ;
Till suddenly, thou thing of Awe,
I lifted up my gaze, and saw
Thy face, majestic One.

From thy high gable near the roof
Thou gazed'st on the show
Supremely, icily aloof
From them that raged below ;
While they, with puny fires, waxed hot,
Time's very flight concerned thee not,
Thou didst not even go.

Alone above that purpled crowd
Thy face was all unflushed,
Where every other voice was loud,
Thine, thine alone, was hushed.
There, while the world beneath thee
raved,
Thou wert the one thing well-behaved ;
I really felt quite crushed.

And, gazing on thine awful face,
Upon my spirit came

A numbing sense of dull disgrace,
A sudden chill of shame ;
The moments passed unheeded by,
The sport concerned me not, though I
Had money on the game.

In vain I strove to keep my glance
Fixed on that paltry fray ;
Thy grave unsmiling countenance
Seemed somehow to convey
A mute contempt, a settled scorn
Too righteous to be tamely borne—
I had to go away.

O Clock, O cold and self-serene,
Bitter it was to see
How low that unbecoming scene
Appeared to one like Thee ;
And sad—O grave and lucid brow—
To think that we were Britons, Thou
Wast made in Germany.

DUM-DUM.

WAS JULIUS CÆSAR EVER IN LONDON?

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to settle this vexed question once and for all. A few years ago there was, in the neighbourhood of Herne Hill—and it may still be there if a criminal disregard for historic monuments has not allowed it to fall into decay—a neat and attractive erection bearing the inscription, JULIUS CÆSAR SUMMER HOUSE, and some reference to rustic work which, being extraneous, I have now forgotten. GARRICK, we know, had a villa at Hampton, POPE a grotto at Twickenham, BRUCE a castle at Tottenham, HADRIAN a villa in Northumbria, and so on. The interesting relic in South London not only establishes the fact of CÆSAR'S presence, but indicates that in the early days of the Roman occupation it was customary to have a period of summer here in our metropolis.

Yours faithfully,

HISTORICUS.

SIR,—JULIUS CÆSAR never visited London. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE lived on the spot 300 years nearer his time, so that he was in a better position to form an accurate judgment. Yet SHAKSPEARE makes no reference to the alleged incident, and he was a writer of great distinction, and generally accurate with regard to historical detail.

MR. BERNARD SHAW, who also at one time resided on the spot, has written a play on the same subject. MR. SHAW is fully capable of making up his history as he goes along, and the fact that he never invented this myth shows that he did not think it worth inventing.

The public and the press have—as usual—got the thing wrong. In the present case they have probably confused some hazy recollection of Sir JULIUS CÆSAR'S tomb in the City with something, inaccurately related, which they have recently misread about the Cato Street conspiracy.

Yours truly, ADELPHIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—Possibly the solution of this burning question is to be found, not so much by examining local evidence as in the conscientious study of the conditions which existed in the palmy era of Rome's ascendancy. In this connection there is no more agreeable way of acquiring the necessary information than in the perusal of sound literature, dealing—frequently in the palatable guise of wholesome fiction—with the period concerned. Here I am reminded of a little work which was received very favourably by the press (*The Clackfeldy Herald* said, I think, "Painstaking . . . and displays . . . signs of . . . ability.") It is called,

if I remember the title rightly, "*Thumbs Down! or, Ave, Cæsar!*" The author has evidently made the epoch the subject of close study and much thought, and—being entirely disinterested—I can warmly recommend the volume (it flashes across my mind that it is published at 6/-, with the usual discount) to those who are fond of dwelling on the times that have passed away for aye.

Yours most sincerely,

V. CRUMMLES.

DEAR SIR,—Whether JULIUS CÆSAR actually visited London or not, the



BETTY HAS GROWN TIRED OF TEDDY BEARS, SO NOW HER GOVERNESS IS QUITE IN THE FASHION.

weight of evidence is overwhelming that the Phœnicians landed in Cornwall (aptly termed the Riviera of England) at a much earlier date. The reason is not far to seek. Here, at St. Blazes, while the climate is invigorating, the mean annual—

[You may send the *Illustrated Booklet* if you insist, but this letter must now cease.—Ed.]

"Elegance is, again, a different quality, and a woman may dress with 'chie,' but may not really attain elegance, while, on the other hand, there are some women who have 'chie' and yet who lack the very subtle gift of elegance."—*Evening News*.

The chances of missing elegance seem rather numerous.

STUDY FOR A POPULAR BALLAD.

Won't you come, my dearest girlie,
At the hour of dawning day,
When the dewdrops bright and pearly
Mirror back the Milky Way!
When the owl is gently hooting
On the oleander tree,
And the nightingale is fluting
Tira lira, tra la lee?
Oh, put on your daintiest kirtle
Ere the turtle dove turns turtle
And the magic of the myrtle
Turns to ashes at our feet;
Come and listen to my pleading,
For 'tis you that I am needing,
And my tender heart is bleeding
For your love that is so sweet.

Wake and hurry with your toilet,
Little bonnie girlie mine,
Ere the petals of the violet*
Wither in the noonday shine.
Lo! the world its best apparel
Has ecstatically donned,
And the song-birds raise their carol
In your honour, Hildegonde;
And the kindly cows are mooing
As the cud they're gently chewing,
And the cuckoos are cuckooing
And the merry lambkins bleat.
Come and listen to my pleading,
For 'tis you that I am needing,
And my tender heart is bleeding
For your love that is so sweet.

*Pronounce "voilet."

THE NOVEL OF THE SEASON.

It was Jones who began it by saying excitedly, "Of course you've read *Pink Poppies*, the book of the publishing season, that everybody's going crazy over?" I said, "No; do tell me about it," and Jones gave me a résumé of the plot, which, as he said, was a remarkably fine one, and described the characters, all (it seemed) wonderfully interesting, and yet exactly like the people one meets in everyday life; but there was a something more about the book, an atmosphere which had to be experienced to be believed, which it was impossible for him to attempt to communicate. I yawned and said I would read it.

The lady whom I took in to dinner the same evening almost immediately opened fire with, "Of course you've read *Pink Poppies*? What do you feel about it?" And I (I hope I may be forgiven) told a pink lie, and answered, "Isn't it splendid?" adding hurriedly, "but I would rather know what you think of it." So I got a second account of *Pink Poppies*, in which the characters (and even the plot) seemed rather different but none



NOW THAT PET DOGS ARE A RECOGNISED PART OF THE NATION'S LIFE, IT IS SURELY HIGH TIME THAT RESTAURANTS SHOULD MAKE SPECIAL PROVISION FOR THIS INFLUENTIAL SECTION OF THE PUBLIC.

the less beautiful and stimulating. Human nature, after all, is full of these inconsistencies, and it was now that it began to dawn on me what a wonderful book *Pink Poppies* must be. Later on in the drawing-room I managed to obtain a third synopsis from another lady (some of the characters seemed to have altered their names in the meantime, but that, too, has been known to occur in real life), and I began to find myself taking strangely individual views about the heroine, and differing from the ordinary opinion about the great emotional crisis of her life.

After that I read eagerly all the newspaper reviews of *Pink Poppies*, and they all agreed in praising it, though all for quite different reasons; other people also insisted on discussing *Pink Poppies* with me and growing enthusiastic about it until gradually out of the mist of warring motives and changing events there grew up in my mind a clear and beautiful memory: *Pink Poppies* became a part of my life, and I could more readily have borne the death of either of my great-uncles than the loss of the new friends I found in its pages. I became an

authority on *Pink Poppies*, and was celebrated as one who knew its hero more intimately and appreciated his mental struggles better than anybody else. I began to see the world through pink spectacles, and whenever I met Jones I would thank him effusively for being the first to introduce me to the book.

I have not yet read *Pink Poppies*, and I shall never bring myself to do so now, for I feel sure I should be horribly disillusioned.

A LOVE-SONG.

(Out of Season.)

Her name is merely Sarah Cooke;
She's not so bad a wench;
She knits and sews and even knows
A smattering of French;
And, what is more, her father's on
The local petty bench.

Her wit is of the nature which
Not frequently expands,
But, when it rips, produces quips
Which no one understands;
She has, as all her friends admit,
A useful pair of hands.

Her teeth remind observant folk
Rather of gold than pearls;
Her hair is sound and hedged around
With artificial curls;
Her eyes (a greyish-greenish-brown)
Are much as other girls'.

Her singing voice is strong and large,
She has a powerful throat;
Her hats suggest the cheaply dressed,
Her boots suggest the vote;
And she is undefeated by
The longest *table d'hôte*.

Her waist is of the size that most
Suggests security;
Her competence is not immense;
Her age is forty-three;
I cannot say what makes me think
She is the girl for me.

From the Secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum:

"Sir,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter received yesterday which will receive attention."

This is one of those letters which cannot be dictated off-hand, demanding as they do the leisure of the study for their composition.

WHEN WE ALL HAD A THOUSAND A YEAR!

I CAN'T say for certain, but I suppose the sportsman who happened to be Prime Minister at the time must have been a bit on the Socialist side. Anyhow, he'd brought in a Bill for providing every grown-up male and female with a thousand a year for life. If anyone had more than that already, the State would collar the surplus—but nobody was to have less.

Which was fair enough all round. For, as he put it, a thousand a year was as much as the richest required for all but purely artificial luxuries, while on such an income the poorest would be enabled to lead a cultured existence in hygienic surroundings.

Where all these incomes were to come from I have forgotten now, but I know that the financial side of the scheme, as he explained it, was as simple as shelling peas. But of course the Nation had to be consulted first, and so the Bill was referred to a Poll of the People. The People seemed quite to take to the idea—the Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Possibly the fact that the number of voters with an income approaching a thousand a year was comparatively insignificant helped to make it popular. I myself was a clerk in one of the Government offices, and my own income, from all sources, just reached six hundred. But, although a bachelor and with no very expensive tastes, I found I generally exceeded it. An extra four hundred a year would leave me quite a comfortable margin. So of course I voted for the Bill.

As soon as it became Law my first step was to send in my resignation to my Chief. I didn't see any sense in going on drudging from ten to five when I should be getting more than three times my salary for doing nothing. And a lot of other fellows felt the same. All the shopkeepers, for instance, retired promptly. What with Competition and Bad Seasons and incessant General Elections, they said, it had been as much as they could do to make anything like a thousand a year. Now that that income was assured to them under any circumstances, it simply wasn't good enough to remain in business, especially if the profits were to go to the State! The streets were an extraordinary sight, with every tradesman in such a hurry to clear that he was positively forcing his stock on anyone whom he could get to carry it away for nothing. I remember that, in the course of a short stroll through some of our chief thoroughfares, I found myself burdened with a patent carpet-cleaner, an earthenware filter, a cut crystal chandelier, a calf's head, and a tray of glass eyes, none of which I really required, but the people were so pressing that it would have been downright rude to refuse.

Most of these articles I managed to shed as I went along, but I was not allowed to return empty-handed. There must have been some which I hadn't the moral courage to deposit on anyone's doorstep, or I could hardly have arrived at my rooms with a hair-dresser's dummy under one arm and a large gilded cow from a model dairy under the other. And when I got in I had an unpleasant surprise. My landlady informed me that she would be obliged by my finding other rooms as soon as possible. "The girl," whose father had been employed as a road-sweeper by a District Council, had departed to live at home in ease and affluence, and Mrs. Simecox did not feel equal to cooking for and waiting on me single-handed. Besides, as her husband's and son's joint incomes would, with her own, now amount to three thousand a year, it was clearly beneath their dignity to let lodgings.

I tried to get rooms elsewhere, but without success. I couldn't see a single fanlight that exhibited a placard with "Apartments." I suppose it was only what I might have expected. But what I own I *hadn't* been prepared for was the unanimity with which all classes were giving up their previous occupations. Even professional criminals decided that honesty on a thousand a year was infinitely preferable to small and precarious gains with the risk of imprisonment. And a good thing they did, too, because every constable in the force had chucked his job already. But so had the Railway Servants, and the Postmen, and, in short, all the sort of people one had come to depend on. It was most inconvenient to the Public, of course, and beastly selfish and inconsiderate into the bargain—but there was no arguing with the beggars! They'd only worked because they were obliged to, they said; now they were independent, and would see the Public blown before they'd do another stroke!

Still, we might have got along without them, somehow. What really upset us was the discovery that all the Butchers and Bakers and Provision Dealers generally had closed their shutters and set up as country gentlemen in suburban villas, as they could now well afford to do. As we had to have food, the Prime Minister ordered them all to come back at once and sell it to us. This they politely declined to do, unless they were permitted to pocket all the profits on their trading. Which, of course, would have knocked the bottom out of the Prime Minister's financial arrangements, so he wouldn't and couldn't give way on the point. At least, not until there were riots and some pressure was put on him; then he explained that the Government had never intended to discourage individual enterprise. So in a very short time business was going on as briskly as ever. Only, somehow or other, everything seemed to cost ever so much more than it used to. It is true that wages were higher—a fellow who has a thousand a year already has to be paid pretty handsomely before he'll take on any job—but I fancy prices must have gone up higher still. Whether the Government had got into arrears with the incomes, or whether even a thousand a year was no longer enough for the barest necessities is more than I can tell you. All I *do* know is that things had come to such a pass with me that I was just in the act of debating with myself whether I should go into the Workhouse or try to get taken on at the Docks as a "casual" for a paltry guinea an hour, when—well, as a matter of fact, I woke up. . . .

It had only been a dream, and I daresay no more sensible than my dreams ever are. Even when I'm awake my Political Economy is a trifle weak—when I'm asleep I expect it's absolutely rotten! As likely as not a Bill for giving everyone a thousand a year would work out quite differently. It *might* be a brilliant success. I mean, you must wait till it has actually been tried. And we mayn't have to wait so *very* long either.

F. A.

"The eagle-owl now preserved in the Natural History Department of the British Museum is a case in point. This particular bird, according to a naturalist writing lately in the *Scotsman*, had spent no less than seventy-two years of his life in captivity. If this is true, then I may fittingly conclude this article by wishing an owl's life to my readers."—*Country Life*.

Always happy—never at a loss!

"The observer should be facing the northern horizon at about eight p.m., with the east on his right and the west on his left."

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

Even then he will be all wrong unless he gets the south firmly behind him.



UNAPPRECIATED TALENT.

Sportsman (without enthusiasm, watching recent purchase). "BRILLIANT HUNTER, FAST, JUMP ANYTHING, STAY FOR EVER."

SNAPSHOT LITERATURE.

SPEAKING on the importance of economising odd moments of time, Mr. W. E. HARVEY, M.P. for Rochdale, the other day stated that he had read nearly the whole of Shakspeare whilst shaving and putting on his collar. Earnest frequenters of Paternoster Row and other students of English literature will accordingly be gratified to learn that the idea is being developed for their benefit. We are promised, during the forthcoming publishing season, a "Dressing-table Gibbon" in 6,500 half-page leaflets, crown octavo, long primer type, printed only on one side and tied together by the top left-hand corner, so as to be hung on the corner of the looking-glass. The operator, therefore, will not need to squint very badly while directing his razor with one eye and improving his classical knowledge with the other. This edition should last him nearly eighteen years, using a leaflet each day.

We hear also of the "Wash-stand Waverley Novels," divided into 10,958 sections on celluloid tablets, impervious

to soapsuds and not liable to damage by water. This is calculated to supply the studious time-economiser with masterpiece instalments for thirty years exactly (counting leap-years), while he is, or should be, busy at the same time with his ablutions and teeth-cleaning.

Another highly improving production is the "Coat-rack Milton," to be issued with a single line on each page, and capable of being fastened upright on the wall of a vestibule or front hall. The diligent bank-clerk or the intellectual shop-walker, it is estimated, will just have time to master a single line of *Paradise Lost* as he seizes his hat and dives into his great-coat previous to rushing forth to catch the train. A line a day will see his lifetime out.

"The Tube-lift Tennyson Poster" offers culture to those soaring (or descending) souls who would otherwise be wasting the daily ten seconds of their journey up from, or down to, the depths of the earth. There is also the "Strip-Kipling Ticket," providing six verses, one for each secular day of the week.

TO A TERRIER.

CRIB, on your grave beneath the chest-nut boughs

To-day no fragrance falls nor summer air,
Only a master's love who laid you there

Perchance may warm the earth 'neath which you drowse

In dreams from which no dinner gong may rouse,

Unwakeable, though close the rat may dare,

Deaf, though the rabbit thump in playful scare,

Silent, though twenty tabbies pay their vows.

And yet mayhap, some night when shadows pass,

And from the fir the brown owl hoots on high,

That should one whistle 'neath a favouring star

Your small white shade shall patter o'er the grass,

Questing for him you loved o' days gone by,

Ere Death the Dog-Thief carried you afar!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

GOLDWIN SMITH, whose *Reminiscences* (MACMILLAN) have been skilfully edited by Mr. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, was a Superior Person, even to a fuller extent than HORSMAN reached, or a more modern instance has attained. Looking around him, commenting on men and matters, he found little that was good. His memory of the Duke of WELLINGTON is limited to the veteran's appearance in connection with the Oxford Commission appointed by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, when "he seemed to proclaim his inauguration by making false quantities in reading his Latin speech and wearing his Academical cap wrong side before." LOWELL he dismisses in a word. Of EMERSON he writes: "I heard him read his own poetry aloud, but it remained as obscure to me as before." I note these characteristics without prejudice, rather in despite of grateful acknowledgment of rare personal compliment. GOLDWIN SMITH quotes with approval two little japes, long since passed into currency, which, in the exuberance of youth, I fastened, one upon DISRAELI, the other upon ROBERT LOWE. With many other authorities he accepts as a matter-of-fact a parentage of which those eminent persons were innocent. He is at his best in his early reminiscences, where the intellectual austerity of the man is mellowed by the memories of boyhood. Other interesting passages are found in the chapter devoted to the American Civil War. Outside academic circles GOLDWIN SMITH is perhaps best known as "the Oxford Professor" introduced by DISRAELI into *Lothair* as "a social parasite." This gratuitous attack deeply wounded GOLDWIN SMITH. "Your expressions," he wrote to DISRAELI, "can touch no man's honour. They are the stingless insults of a coward." All the same the sting remained to the end. In his *Reminiscences* he finds it as difficult to keep out reference to his old enemy as did Mr. Dick to avoid allusion to the head of KING CHARLES THE FIRST when drafting his memorial. In spite of, perhaps because of, certain foibles on the part of the diarist the book is full of interest.

Heretics (and even infidels) may gather some faint gleams of encouragement from Father BENSON's latest book; for, though the heroine of *None Other Gods* (HUTCHINSON), if indeed I may call her by so flattering a name, jilted her fiancé with a shamelessness only to be expected from a girl brought up in the Protestant faith, there is a Cambridge friend of the hero's (of no very definite religious views) who is really quite a decent fellow; there is an atheistic doctor in Yorkshire whose devotion to toxins is recognised as not wholly discreditable, and a young clergyman down at the Eton Mission who seems to be doing his best according to his very inferior lights. *None Other Gods* is the story of an undergraduate who suddenly feels that

he has a "call," and leaving his university in the guise of a tramp enters upon an Odyssey of complete worldly failure and spiritual triumph. In case I have seemed somewhat querulous I had better state that the author held my interest chained from beginning to end, and that, although the book is in certain ways carelessly written, and I was always a little sceptical about the necessity for *Frank Gueseley's* complete renunciation of his normal destiny, there is no doubt that Father BENSON has a peculiarly vivid power of pictorial presentment; and I am glad that he admits (at least in the case of the Yorkshire doctor) the possibility of earnest devotion outside the pale of his own Church; otherwise I should have challenged him to impute Laodicean tendencies to a Grand Lama, let us say, or a howling Dervish in his next novel.

Some time back, I put Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH in a place very high up on my list of women who write good novels, and her latest story,



THIS IS MR. TOOTING BECK, AND HE HAS NOT GOT A COLD. HE HAS JUST BOUGHT A PEDALLO PIANO-PLAYER, AND HAS READ IN THE PAPER THAT PADEREWSKI, BEFORE PLAYING, IMMERSES HIS HANDS IN HOT WATER IN ORDER TO MAKE HIS FINGERS MORE NERVOUSLY SENSITIVE.

Spell Land (BELL AND SONS), contains nothing to make me change this opinion. Indeed it has so far strengthened it that, if I were to state exactly the position which I believe this author will take among the great masters of English fiction, you might accuse me of exaggeration. Not, however, that I would have you suppose her books are pleasant to read. Far from it. Personally, they produce upon me the most uncomfortable effect; and in this regard *Spell Land* was, if anything, worse than its predecessors. Like them, it left me mentally bruised from contact with its sombre and masterful strength. *Spell Land* is the name of the Sussex farm where lived the three Shepherd brothers, yeomen, of whom Claude, the youngest, is the protagonist of the tale. It tells of his upbringing, of his relations with *Emily*, whom he loves, and *Oliver*, his rival; and

of the ruinous end in which this love overwhelms them. The truth of it all is wonderful. At least, this is always my own feeling for Miss KAYE-SMITH's work. Never for one moment does one feel that the persons of whom she writes are characters in a story; all of them are tremendously, even a little frighteningly, alive. It is this which produces that impression of solidity in her telling of the simplest episodes. If only sometimes she would laugh a little. After all, one laughs quite often in real life; and the fact that it takes no count of this seems to me the one flaw in work of extraordinary quality.

The Great Squinters' Strike.

"The three men laughed; then stopped suddenly as the eyes of each met those of the other across the table."—*"Daily Mail"* Feuilleton.

Fashionable Intelligence.

"The Shields district was to-day visited by a buzzard."—*The Globe*.

"The brigade was called and distinguished the flames."—*Evening Times*.
It is something to recognize the fire when you see it.



NICETIES OF CASTE.

Mrs. Opkins, of Brixton (sensitive about the dignity of the Dress Circle). "We've got LAMBETH BE'IND US, I SHOULD THINK."

TO A VANISHED VILLAIN.

[*"We don't have villains now—not in a serial story (Laughter)."—From the evidence of a lady story-writer in a recent law-suit.*]

Is nothing here for tears? Shall none be dropped
For one on whose career is written "*Fuit*,"
Who, in our homely mother-tongue, has "*popped*?"
Yes, I myself will do it.

I mourn you as I never did lament
Your colleagues whom the hand of Death has beckoned—
The goatee-bearded Transatlantic gent
Who always "*guessed*" and "*reckoned*;"

The penniless hero, wrongfully accused
Of murdering a Hebrew moneylender
(Being, of course, conveniently confused
With you, the real offender);

The aged Peer, immaculately bred,
Who made his daughter's spirits sink to zero
When he declared he'd rather see her dead
Than married to the hero;

The heroine, whose heart was torn in two
Between the claims of love and filial duty;—
These I could spare; but, when it comes to you,
I murmur, "*Et tu, Brute?*"

For they, proceeding in their well-worn groove,
Could give me not the slightest titillation;

It bored me hugely when their every move
Came up to expectation.

But *you* would baffle all along the line;
You were the mystery; and what it all meant
Each day we were unable to divine
Until the next instalment.

Now you would strike your fellows pink and dumb
By throwing out some awful innuendo;
Now 'twas a bomb; with you there, things would hum
In one prolonged *crescendo*.

Oh, that "*sardonic smile*," that "*livid glance*,"
That "*snarl of hate*," that "*neatly waxed imperial*!"
Yours was the very spirit of romance—
In fact, you *were* the serial.

Well, now that you are dead, and I bereaved,
I care not who usurps your place hereafter . . .
But I could wish the news had been received
Without that ribald "*(Laughter)*."

"A reservoir holding eighty thousand gallons of water was created. It was 144 miles in length—long enough to stretch from London to Nottingham, and still leave enough water over to make a second Windermere."—*Evening News*.

The water must have got very thin by about the 130th mile.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MILKY WAY."—By the Military Secrets Act it is forbidden to shoot cows with a kodak on the Island of Guernsey, but you are at perfect liberty to pot lobsters on Sark.

"HEDONIST."—We regret extremely that we are not in a position to answer *The Daily Chronicle's* poignant question, "Can any one give the address of the place where you get mignonette sauce for oysters?" But orchids can be got anywhere, and we always wear one of these simple flowers in our hair when eating the best Natives.

"PATRIOT."—We sympathise with your disapproval of Esperanto. If, as Bishop WELLDON anticipates, English is to be the universal language, then it is the first duty of every true Englishman to help forward that great consummation by speaking nothing but his native tongue. Every French word you speak in France, every German word you speak in Germany, helps to retard the forward movement and undo the splendid work achieved by centuries of devoted insularity.

"HISTORICUS."—Mr. *Punch's* little joke, "Advice to persons about to marry: Don't," was not lifted from CHARLES READE. It appeared in *Punch* in 1845, fourteen years before CHARLES READE reproduced it in his French play. When the historical critic wants to determine which of two events followed the other, it is always a good plan to ascertain their respective dates. One date is never really quite enough. That was the trouble with the gentleman in *The Academy* who said he was certain that *Punch* plagiarised from CHARLES READE.

"DISTRICT PASSENGER."—We have answered your complaint before. On its platforms the District Railway provides you with nougat shops and tobacco emporia; you can't expect them to supply time-tables too!

"MIDDLE EAST."—You are right in supposing that Taurus, the name of the mountain range which is likely to prove the only real obstacle to the German Baghdad Railway, is the Latin for Bull. But it has no connection with John Bull. That's the annoying thing.

"DOM MIGUELITE."—We are not a bookie, and we cannot say how far the odds against the Portuguese Pretender have increased since his published interview with *The Daily Mail*. Have you tried Lloyds?

"A LOVER OF HOSPITALITY."—We understand you to say that, owing to a favourable testimonial from a member of the present Government, you were acquitted when last charged with

burglary, and you ask whether an action for damages would lie against this Minister on the ground that he had caused you to be deprived of the State's hospitality to which you had grown accustomed. This is a question for counsel, but we warn you against forming too sanguine a deduction from the result of the recent Society slander case. In regard to the second part of your letter, you may absolutely trust to our discretion, just the same as if you had reposed your confidence in the ear of Lord SPENCER.

"BRITON."—Yes, you're all right. Another First Sea Lord has spoken, and the "Navy Scare" has once more been "Exploded" (see *Radical Press*). So you can go to sleep again. O. S.

POSTAL INTELLIGENCE.

THOMAS has been trying for about a week to post an important letter for his stay-at-home mother. Every morning she begs him to remember not to forget it, and every evening he confesses with tears in his eyes that he has forgotten to remember it. On Saturday morning she talked to him seriously about it, and he promised that, if he could guarantee nothing, all that human skill and determination could do should be done. Accordingly I was called in to help.

In the late afternoon we found ourselves, quite by chance, in one of our leading post-offices. "They tell me," said I, "that there is a miniature of the late King here which is well worth seeing." So we approached the counter, and were greeted with that old-world courtesy which one only finds in the busier post-offices.

"How d'you do?" said Thomas to the lady behind the counter.

"Nicely, thank you," she answered.

"Much doing in the postal order trade?"

"No-o," she drawled, leaning her arms on the counter and gazing dreamily into space. "People have not much money nowadays, or if they have they don't send it to their relatives. However, we must not get depressed, for the post-cards are still stout. But I beg your pardon; I dare say you want to buy something. I must not keep you here talking. What can I show you?"

"Have you any stamps?" said I.

"Stamps? We have them in stock size, or we can, if you insist, make them to measure. About what price did you want to give?"

"Money is no object," declared Thomas; "it is a question of colour.

I want something that will not clash with this envelope."

The letter was produced.

"I suggest, if I may," and she smiled with deference at us, "that nothing goes so well with white as a nice shade of pink. We have just the thing you want." She produced a book and opened it at the pink page.

"Very nice indeed," said Thomas politely, "but these are just a wee bit common, are they not? What about the rarer tints?"

Begging the lady's pardon, he leant across the counter and turned over the pages of the book.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with sudden rapture, "this chocolate and blue is the very thing! Striking and original; bold and very nearly *outré*. We will take one of those."

She protested that the price was no less than ninepence, but, as Thomas explained, ninepence is only ninepence, and we did not object to the letter going nine times as fast.

"Shall we send it down for you?" she asked, tearing one out and preparing to wrap it up.

"No thanks, I think I will post it," said Thomas, licking its back.

"It is a fast colour," she added, "and is guaranteed not to shrink in the wash. Good day."

Had we taken her hint and gone then we might have met with more success in our original venture, but Thomas declared that it was only polite to stay and chat a little. When at last we made our way to Thomas's home, his mother greeted us with a question which, he says, is becoming rather hackneyed.

"Did you post my letter?"

Thomas felt automatically in his pocket and produced the familiar envelope.

"Not quite," he said. "But," he added with pride, "we very nearly did."

"Dr. Lawrence, M.A., D.C.L., will give 12 lectures on 'The Making of Modern England on Friday evening.'—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

The superstitious will say that this accounts for the motor-omnibus and the hobble-skirt.

From a catalogue of conjuring tricks:—

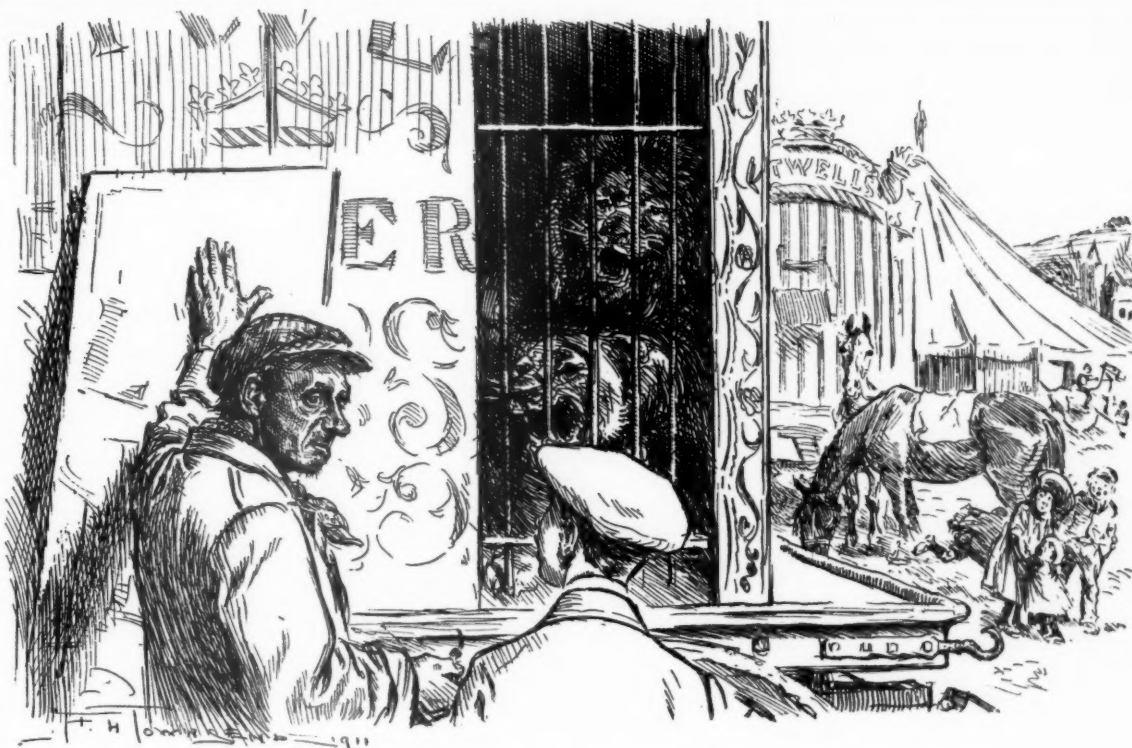
"Two green handkerchiefs are tied together by the corners, the conjuror simply strokes them with his empty hand, when they are seen to change to green. Anyone can do it."

We seldom believe these statements about the easiness of a trick, but we do this time.



THE NEW HAROUN AL RASCHID.

A DREAM OF BAGHDAD, MADE IN GERMANY.



Lion-Keeper. "'WOT 'UD 'APPEN IF THEY WAS TO GET LOOSE?' WHY, I'D GET THE SACK SHARP!"

TO ONE IN SORROW.

(A TRAGEDY OF MY EVENING PAPER.)

With what I can of tears and token
Of sympathetic rue,
I take the lyre, O poor heart-broken
Scribe of the Fleet, for you;
Vainly in hours like these mere words are spoken,
But let me whimper—do.

For this: that halfway down that column
Of "fashionable" pars
Wherein you paint the rich, extol 'em,
And talk about their cars
(Giving to Brown and Smith a sense of solemn
Communion with the stars),

I found this awful item (darker
Grew every face when told;
One strong stern man, a billiard-marker,
Refused to be consoled):
That you were "grieved to hear that Lady Larker
Had somehow caught a cold."

All round, upon the hard macadam
There poured a ton of rain;
Though I was sure, dear Sir (or Madam),
Despite your dolorous vein
You did not know the invalid from Adam,
I wept and weep again.

But still, if Lady Larker muffles
Her neck up pretty tight,

And gets no end of game and truffles,
Perhaps some future night
"The patient" (we shall hear) "has ceased her snuffles;
The land once more is bright." EVOE.

HOW TO LIVE FOR EVER.

THE AUTHORS' REPUTATION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

AUTHORS who are apprehensive that in the course of one short year the work on which they have spent untold effort will be forgotten are advised to communicate with the above.

The Company guarantees not only that your name will be known and mentioned next year, they undertake that it shall be on men's lips as long as there are lips on men.

How, you naturally ask, does this wonderful agency effect the boon it offers? LISTEN!!!

On payment of a small capital sum (£100 only) the client makes certain of the following services:—

(1) For one whole week, every year, upon our own special hoardings scattered throughout London and the provinces we post your portrait with the inscription beneath it:—

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

(2) Once a year, in some paper published in London or, if you are an eminent provincial, in your own locality, we make you the subject of a biographical sketch, under the heading:—"NAMES WE WOULD NOT WILLINGLY LET DIE."

(3) We erect a bust of you in our own freehold Pantheon (or Valhalla) overlooking populous thoroughfare, admission 6d., free to genuine students Wednesdays.

(4) We decorate your bust on the anniversary of your birthday with a laurel wreath or forget-me-nots, according to your taste.

FAME AWAITS YOU! WRITE TO-DAY.

WAS CLEMENT SHORTER EVER IN ST. HELENA?

(From "The Daily Chronicle" of 2011.)

THE mystery long attaching to a certain event in the life of the famous *littérateur* and editor has been, if anything, deepened by an interview with Mr. Pieter Van Houten Cronjé, the descendant of the famous Boer General. Mr. Cronjé, who is an absolute image of his illustrious forbear, save that he is so peaceable by nature as to be not only a vegetarian but to refuse to play bagatelle with anything but composition balls (on account of the pain given him by the thought of the elephant in the dentist's chair), now lives in hushed retirement on Balham Common, where he was yesterday visited by one of the representatives of *The Daily Chronicle*.

"Why I sent for you," he said, "is because, on going through my ancestor's papers the other day, I found a letter with some bearing on the great controversy. Writing from St. Helena during the Boer War, while a prisoner there, my great-grandfather says, 'We are all well, but very tired of our captivity. But it will be better soon, as then [here a tear in the paper] shorter.'"

"That tear," said Mr. Cronjé, showing me the paper yellow with age, "comes at a very critical point. The sentence might read thus: 'But it will be better soon as the nights are beginning to get shorter'—that is to say, the days are beginning to get longer and they can be out of doors more. Or, on the other hand, suppose it ran, 'But it will be better soon as the next boat is bringing Shorter.' This would mean that the weary hours were to be cheered by the brilliant conversation of the London lion straight from the clubs and coteries of the capital. Even allowing for the size of the 's' in 'shorter,'" added Mr. Cronjé, "I am disposed to favour the latter theory and consider this letter a proof that the English *SAINT-BEUVE* really did visit St. Helena."

Mr. Cronjé's contribution to the matter, it is agreed by all those who are following it, is of importance. Indeed so valuable did we deem it that we sent out a proof of the interview to all the leading *savants*, asking for their views. Among the replies which have reached us are the following:—

Mr. Heinemann Primrose Gosse: "Should like to think my great-grandfather's old friend visited St. Helena,

but cannot consider evidence yet complete."

Sir Jowett Nicoll, Bart.: "The discoverer of CHARLOTTE BRONTË and NAPOLEON did so much so well that I have no doubt he also did St. Helena."

Mr. Pimpernel Pemberton: "During a recent visit to St. Helena I was struck by the extraordinary interest shown by the inhabitants not only in the romances of my great-grandfather, MAX, but also in the calm philosophical discursions of Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL. These, with *Jane Eyre*, are the favourite reading of the islanders, and since my great-grandfather was the pet novelist and NICOLL the most acceptable homilist of the great critic I think we may draw a very natural inference. In other words, I feel sure that CLEMENT SHORTER did visit St. Helena. If not, so much the worse for St. Helena. And also, if not, where did St. Helena

scholars of European fame have put it beyond doubt that C. K. S. were the initials with which this encyclopædic commentator always signed his hebdomadal thunder. Very well, then. Over the famous signature I found this sentence:—'I am proud to say that it is my steady privilege to add to my library the admirable books published by my old friend, JOHN LONG. Would that he published more!'

"Now to the casual eye this is merely a friendly reference to a publisher, one of many in the great critic's weekly letter. But to the eye of a deep student of the controversy it is something more. Note the 26th and 27th words in the sentence. What are they? 'Long' and 'would.' Put them together and say them quickly—*Longwood*. What was Longwood? The famous house where NAPOLEON, CLEMENT SHORTER's hero, passed the last years of his life. Surely this is very significant."

For want of space we are forced to exclude the next eight pages of Mr. BURNS's letter, in which he amasses arguments to prove that CLEMENT SHORTER undoubtedly did visit St. Helena; but we may quote a table of dates which he gives by way of fortifying his position:—

TABLE OF DATES.

Born . . .	circa 1861
Learned to read . . .	1861
Began to form library	1863
Civil Servant, Somerset House . . .	1877-1890
Founded <i>The Sketch</i> . . .	1893
Discovered CHARLOTTE BRONTË	1894
May have enlisted in Boer Army . . .	1899
Probably captured by Lord ROBERTS at Paardeberg . . .	1900
Sent to St. Helena . . .	1900
Became Editor of <i>The Sphere</i> . . .	1900
Discovered NAPOLEON . . .	1908

Upon Professor Meredith Clodd Mr. BURNS's theory fell like a thunder-bolt. "Very, very interesting. Profoundly interesting," was all that he could say for some time. "But we must not trust too much to cryptogrammatic evidence," he subsequently remarked to representatives of the Central News and Press Association. "Although Mr. BURNS's discovery goes to support my fondest hopes, I shall not place undue reliance upon it. No, I shall not. It will not appreciably influence the conclusions at which I have arrived in my monograph on the whole matter to be published in the autumn."

Perhaps the question may now be left until that epoch-making work is issued.

Nº 118/08341

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Pay to the order of
Mr. J. H. Blykin
£100/00/00

IN KIND.

IT IS SAID THAT A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD HIS PORTRAIT PAINTED BY A POST-IMPRESSIONIST PAID FOR IT WITH A POST-IMPRESSIONIST CHEQUE.

get its very individual literary taste from?"

We have also received a letter from Mr. Will Keir Burns, a great-grandson of a poet-statesman-pugilist of the early years of the last century, remembered now chiefly by his defeat of JOHNSON in Australia, his public improvisations of Scotch love-songs in Trafalgar Square, and his admirable schemes for providing every unemployed man in London with a Court-dress. His descendant, named after two of his great-grandfather's closest allies, seems to have made a life-long study of the great SHORTER problem, and he is of opinion that the distinguished censor and controller of taste was in St. Helena once, if only for a few moments—but long enough, of course, to master its literature and history.

"Looking through an old file of *The Sphere*," writes Mr. BURNS, "I came upon this sentence in the 'Literary Letter' signed C. K. S. But first I would state that the researches of Trübner, Erlich, Von Glehn, Saccofanti and other

YIDDISH FOR POLITICIANS;

OR, THE NEW LIMEHOUSE.

The Morning Post, in an article upon Yiddish, shows that the language is a patois, not difficult to understand for anyone with a knowledge of German and English, if Roman characters are substituted for Hebrew. Our contemporary proves this by the following advertisement quoted from the *Teglicher Yiddish Express* :—

"Fers. Wir kuifen dsshob stoks fun fers for spot kesh," which is, being interpreted, "Furs. We buy job stocks of furs for spot cash."

With so many naturalised voters in the East End it would be good strategy for opportunist Ministers to give an occasional speech in Yiddish. Some of the words seem to lend themselves very happily to the Limehouse method.

We offer a sample :—

"Shentlemens All. Vy for am ich hier kommen. Hein? Vot for? Ich am kommen zu dell der Druth! Ve monobolize Druth and Rightjoostneth in our Barty—der Dories and Beers monobolize Gabidal and Greedt! But ich give it zis dime der Beers in der Nek!

Zis is der day of der Boor Man—der Boor Man hath ihmself arouthed—der Boor Man hath thaid, 'Ich vill dermandt der right not zu vork—der right zu make der Gabidalist pay für das vork ich dond do.'

Ach! Shentlemens, ich am a Boor Man also—ich underthand zeir thorrows, bekorth ich habe thorrows meinthelf—ich also dond get all the moneth ich vont. Ach ich am zo boor! Mein only proberdy ist Rightjoostneth. Mein only gabidal is love für mein Goundry—Vales! (Vales is goot—looken zie, Shentlemens—Vales ist also a chothen People!)

Ya! der People ith arouthed! All der Gread People vot thay, 'Dies landt ith ourth—our Vaders vos robt of it—our Vaders vot vos von it py naduralization and der thweating of thub-tenants!'

Der People will trive dose dirdty plackard Beers zu Gehenna!

Shentlemens, ich habe proken a Beer's brod and tranken hith wein—ich habe daken hith hosbidity, zo ich kann dell you! Vy! who kann dell better?

Shentlemens—zey are all plackards—der Beers mit balasses und Fünf Tousand Pounds a year! Vot gann a man do mit zo much? Der ist only von man in Englandt vot is verth it!

Ich dell you now zomesing of diese Beers' prutality.

Von of diese Beers Kinder nod long since was shump in der river and bull outd a girl vot vos trowning! Looken



"I SAY, OLD MAN, YOU 'VE NEVER RETURNED THAT UMBRELLA I LENT YOU LAST WEEK."
"HANG IT ALL, OLD MAN, BE REASONABLE—IT'S BEEN RAINING EVER SINCE."

zie, Shentlemens, die Boor may not trown now vidout a Beer's bermis-sion! Himmel! Zey thay, 'Get off der earth,' und now zey thay, 'Get outd of der wasser.' Vere can der Boor Man go? It vos vorse zan die mittel ages!

Beers dond live in Limehouth! Ach nein! Zey live in balasses mit modor gars—und zey have goff, und bummels in der South of Franth! Ich dell you der Beers ave all der moneth—nopoddy elth! Looken zie, Shentlemens! Not der boor gompany bromoters—nod der boor chocolad makers—not der boor boliticians!

Effery rich man ist ein Beer! Zo arouthe you and thmash zem—und der Navy—und der dam foolith badriodism. All Englandt ith arouthed—all Great Englandt vot vos love odder gountries

best—all der real John Pull, vot vos vin Vaterloo!

ADVERTISEMENT.—Koronetz. Wir sellen Fünf hundert dsshob stoks koronetz for spot kesh."

"The chiffon frock worn by Mrs. — was of the shade of blue seen sometimes in the heavens on a still clear night when the moon is in the last quarter."—*Sheffield Independent*.

It must not be supposed that a paragraph of this kind is admitted into the columns of the press without the closest scrutiny. The reporter in the ordinary way would forward a piece of the chiffon to the editor, who would wait for a still clear night (the moon, of course, being in the last quarter) to give himself a chance of confirming the statement before he passed it for press.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

II.—"A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING."

The scene is a drawing-room (in which the men are allowed to smoke—or a smoking-room in which the women are allowed to draw—it doesn't much matter) in the house of somebody or other in the country. George Turnbull and his old College friend, Henry Peterson, are confiding in each other, as old friends will, over their whiskies and cigars. It is about three o'clock in the afternoon. George (dreamily, helping himself to a stiff soda). Henry, do you remember that evening at Christ Church College, five years ago, when we opened our hearts to each other . . .

Henry (lighting a cigar and hiding it in a fern-pot). That moonlight evening on the Backs, George, when I had failed in my Matriculation examination?

George. Yes; and we promised that when either of us fell in love the other should be the first to hear of it? (Rising solemnly.) Henry, the moment has come. (With shining eyes.) I am in love.

Henry (jumping up and grasping him by both hands). George! My dear old George! (In a voice broken with emotion) Bless you, George!

[He pats him thoughtfully on the back three times, nods his head twice, gives him a final grip of the hand, and returns to his chair.

George (more moved by this than he cares to show). Thank you, Henry. (Hoarsely.) You're a good fellow.

Henry (airily, with a typically British desire to conceal his emotion). Who is the lucky little lady?

George (taking out a picture postcard of the British Museum and kissing it passionately). Isobel Barley!

[If Henry is not careful he will probably give a start of surprise here, with the idea of suggesting to the audience that he (1) knows something about the lady's past, or (2) is in love with her himself. He is, however, thinking of a different play. We shall come to that one in a week or two.

Henry (in a slightly dashing manner). Little Isobel? Lucky dog!

George. I wish I could think so. (Sighs.) But I have yet to approach her, and she may be another's. (Fiercely) Heavens, Henry, if she should be another's!

Enter Isobel.

Isobel (brightly). So I've run you to earth at last. Now what have you got to say for yourselves?

Henry (like a man). By Jove! (looking at his watch)—I had no idea—is it really—poor old Joe—waiting—

[Dashes out tactfully in a state of incoherence.

George (rising and leading Isobel to the front of the stage). Miss Barley, now that we are alone I have something I want to say to you.

Isobel (looking at her watch). Well, you must be quick. Because I'm engaged—

[George drops her hand and staggers away from her.

Isobel. Why, what's the matter?

George (to the audience, in a voice expressing the very depths of emotion). Engaged! She is engaged! I am too late!

[He sinks into a chair and covers his face with his hands.

Isobel (surprised). Mr. Turnbull! What has happened?

George (waving her away with one hand). Go! Leave me! I can bear this best alone. (Exit Isobel.) Merciful heavens, she is plighted to another!

Enter Henry.

Henry (eagerly). Well, old man?

George (raising a face white with misery—that is to say, if he has remembered to put the French chalk in the palms of his hands). Henry, I am too late! She is another's!

Henry (in surprise). Whose?

George (with dignity). I did not ask her. It is nothing to me. Good-bye, Henry. Be kind to her.

Henry. Why, where are you going?

George (firmly). To the Rocky Mountains. I shall shoot some bears. Grizzly ones. It may be that thus I shall forget my grief.

Henry (after a pause). Perhaps you are right, George. What shall I tell—Her?

George. Tell her—nothing. But should anything (feeling casually in his pockets) happen to me—if (going over them again quickly) I do not come back, then (searching them all, including the waistcoat ones, in desperate haste), give her—give her—give her (triumphantly bringing his handkerchief out of the last pocket) this, and say that my last thought was of her. Good-bye, my old friend. Good-bye.

[Exit to Rocky Mountains.

Enter Isobel.

Isobel. Why, where's Mr. Turnbull?

Henry (sadly). He's gone.

Isobel. Gone? Where?

Henry. To the Rocky Mountains. To shoot bears. (Feeling that some further explanation is needed.) Grizzly ones, you know.

Isobel. But he was here a moment ago.

Henry. Yes, he's only just gone.

Isobel. Why didn't he say good-bye? (Eagerly.) But perhaps he left a message for me? (Henry shakes his head.) Nothing? (Henry bows silently and leaves the room.) Oh! (She gives a cry and throws herself on the sofa.) And I loved him! George, George, why didn't you speak?

[Enter George hurriedly. He is fully dressed for a shooting expedition in the Rocky Mountains, and carries a rifle under his arm.

George (to the audience). I have just come back for my pocket-handkerchief. I must have dropped it in here somewhere. (He begins to search for it, and in the ordinary course of things comes upon Isobel on the sofa. He puts his rifle down carefully on a table, with the muzzle pointing at the prompter rather than at the audience, and staggers back.) Merciful heavens! Isobel! Dead! (He falls on his knees beside the sofa.) My love, speak to me!

Isobel (softly). George!

George. She is alive! Isobel!

Isobel. Don't go, George!

George. My dear, I love you! But when I heard that you were another's, honour compelled me—

Isobel (sitting up quickly). What do you mean by another's?

George. You said you were engaged!

Isobel (suddenly realizing how the dreadful misunderstanding arose which nearly wrecked two lives). But I only meant I was engaged to play tennis with Lady Carbrook!

George. What a fool I have been! (He hurries on before the audience can assent.) Then, Isobel, you will be mine?

Isobel. Yes, George. And you won't go and shoot nasty bears, will you, dear? Not even grizzly ones?

George (taking her in his arms). Never, darling. That was only (turning to the audience with the air of one who is making his best point) A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

Naval Supremacy.

"Lady Curzon-Howe will perform the ceremony of laying the first plate of the King George V. at Portsmouth."

"TO-DAY'S DIARY.—Laying of the King George V. at Portsmouth. —*Daily Express*."

If any other nation can do it more quickly than that we shall be surprised.

"ENGLISHMAN'S ADVENTURE
TIED UP TO A TREE
BY SPECIAL WIRE."

Daily Telegraph.

Not barbed wire, we trust.



Schoolmistress. "AND AM I TO GIVE THE CHILD RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION?"

Mother. "I DON'T CARE WOT YER DO SO LONG AS YER DON'T BASH 'ER ABAHT THE 'EAD."

OUR DEBT TO MR. DOTT.

[A lettersigned P. McOMISH DOTT appears in *The Outlook* of January 14th expressing the fear that England is falling into senile decay.]

THOUGH a man of simple nature, living in a humdrum way,
To the spell of nomenclature I have always fall'n a prey;
Names with me are an obsession, thickening the thinnest
plot,

But my tastiest possession is the last, McOMISH DOTT.

Latterly, while curio-hunting, I acquired some splendid loot,
Bracketing Sir PERCY BUNTING with his friend Sir JESSE
BOOT,

Now in even fuller measure there has fallen to my lot
New and valuable treasure labelled P. McOMISH DOTT.

I've collected Mustard, Smellie, Hog with but a single "g,"
Jubb, Earwaker and Whalebelly, Worple, Montecuccoli,
Gollop, Polyblank and Szlumper, Didham, Bultitude and
Sprot,

But I give my vote—a plumper—unto P. McOMISH DOTT.

LOWTHER BRIDGER's lucubrations long have ceased to give
me joy,

KIPLING COMMON's coruscations my fastidious palate cloy;
But a rapture fine and frantic, such as centred in Shalott,
Lurks within the rich, romantic name of P. McOMISH DOTT.

Somewhere in the Boreal regions first his sanguine star
arose,

Where the Macs abound in legions, alternating with the O's;
There he tossed the caber daily, there the golden eagle shot,
There the giant capercailzie fell to P. McOMISH DOTT.

Fed on mountain dew in Jura, and eschewing Saxon swipes,
Soon he mastered the *bravura* of the devastating pipes;

Or amid the glens and corries traced the stag's elusive slot,
Far from dull suburban "swarries," sturdy P. McOMISH
DOTT.

Then he swept the board at college, gathering in his mental
net

Every earthly form of knowledge from CONFUCIUS to
DEBRETT;

Till—for so the gossips tell us—Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT
Grew inordinately jealous of his friend McOMISH DOTT.

Next in retrospective vision southward I behold him fare,
England, rent by indecision, nobly striving to repair;
Hand-in-hand with GILBERT PARKER stopping ev'ry fiscal
rot,

Hand-in-hand with ELLIS BARKER—happy P. McOMISH
DOTT!

Last of all we see him, scorning our misgivings to assuage,
As he trumpets forth his warning in *The Outlook's* central
page,

Telling us that by to-morrow England will have gone to
pot,

Less in anger than in sorrow—noble P. McOMISH DOTT.

P.S.

Query:—Is the P for Peter, Parsifal or Peregrine?

Any of them suits my metre, but to Parsifal I lean;

Still, I think I like him better in the form *The Out-
look's* got,

Prefaced by a single letter—simply P. McOMISH DOTT.

"Old Age Prevented.—Eat orange flower honey."—*Advt. in "Daily
Mail."*

Can this be yet another example of commercial candour?



He. "VERY INTERESTING THESE MORRIS-DANCES. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANY BEFORE?"
 She. "NO. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO MORRIS WAS."

THE SECOND WHIP EXPLAINS.

Oh, gatherin' 'ounds is a job I like
 W'en the winter day draws in,
 W'en shadows are lyin' by every dyke
 And creepin' out o' the whin;
 W'en 'Armony's missin', an' Houtcast
 too.

An' the master 'e says to me—
 "Jim, you go back to that gorse we
 drew,
 For it's there them beggars 'll be!"

Oh, gatherin' 'ounds is the job I love,
 W'en the dark comes down on the
 thorn,
 An' the moon is 'ung in the sky above
 Like a glitterin' 'untin' 'orn;
 W'en I ride the banks like a glidin'
 ghost

An' the dips like a witch o' fear—
 This is the job wot I loves the most
 In the darkest days o' the year.

Though it's me that knows that the
 cunnin' old rags

Will be 'alfway 'ome by now,
 O' course if you're sent for a 'ound
 wot lags
 You must do as you're ordered 'ow;

An' it's allus the custom, so I've found,
 With a pack worth callin' a pack,
 That a whip goes back for the missin'
 'ound,

An' it's mostly me goes back!

Though I know the beggars is runnin'
 the road

On a breast-'igh scent o' soup,
 Will I use my brains? No, I'll be
 blowed

If I'd ever so 'umble stoop.
 If they think that a fox-'ound don't
 'ave wits,

Let 'em think so, then, I say;
 Some folk must gather up sense by bits
 As a fed 'oss gathers 'is 'ay!

No, I don't 'alf mind keepin' long late
 hours,

For it's all in the day for me,
 An' I know there's a glass to be 'ad at
 The Towers,

An' there's Oakwood Farm for tea,
 With a pail o' gruel all mixed, I
 guess,

An' a stall that the old 'oss knows,
 An' a seat by the kitchen fire wi' Bess,
 W'en the cook an' the 'ousemaid
 goes!

An' that's wy I ride so cheery back
 W'en the master says to me,
 "Jim"—wi' 'is keen heye over the
 pack—

"I am two 'ounds short, or three!"
 An' that's wy I'm Houtcast's honly
 friend,

An' 'Armony's lifelong pal,
 Because if they kept wi' the pack to
 the end,

Well, 'ow would I see my gal?

From *The Queen* of Jan. 14th:—

"A new story from the pen of Mrs. Molesworth can never fail to be welcome, and especially at this season, with Christmas presents looming in the near future."

Have we got to have it all over again? Help!

"The painter, whose art is of a well-curbed and moderate modernity, has, however, no very strong artistic personality: you would not stand before one of his pictures and say 'That is a Leech!'"—*Daily Telegraph*.

We know one painter before whose pictures you would not stand and say "That is a Cow." At least not with any certainty.



THE PREAMBULATOR.

[The Preamble to the Parliament Bill is threatened with strong opposition from the Labour Party.]



CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.—V.

AN AFFECTING AND ENTIRELY FANCY PICTURE OF MR. SELFIDGE ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND.

[In case any human being should come along he does the best he can with his frontage, but materials are scanty, and unfortunately he is far from the track of passing vessels.]

THE LAST COCK-PHEASANT.

SPLENDOUR, whom lately on your glowing flight

Athwart the chill and cheerless winter-skies

I marked and welcomed with a futile right,

And then a futile left, and strained my eyes

To see you so magnificently large,

Sinking to rest beyond the fir-wood's marge—

Not mine, not mine the fault: despise me not

In that I missed you; for the sun was down,

And the dim light was all against the shot;

And I had booked a bet of half-a-crown.

My deadly fire is apt to be upset

By many causes—always by a bet.

Or had I overdone it with the sloes,

Snared by their home-pic'ed brand of ardent gin

Designed to warm a shivering sportsman's toes

And light a fire his reckless head within?

Or did my silly loader put me off

With aimless chatter in regard to golf?

You too, I think, displayed a lack of nerve;

You did not quite—now did you?—play the game;

For when you saw me you were seen to swerve,

Doubtless in order to disturb my aim.

No, no, you must not ask me to forgive

A swerve because you basely planned to live.

At any rate I missed you, and you went,

The last day's absolutely final bird,

Scathless, and left me very ill content;

And someone (was it I?) pronounced a word,

A word which rather forcible than nice is,

A little word which does not rhyme with Isis.

Farewell! I may behold you once again

When next November's gales have stripped the leaf.

Then, while your upward flight you grandly strain,

May I be there to add you to my sheaf;

And may they praise your tallness, saying "This

Was such a bird as men are proud to miss!" Tis.

"Reading of the girls who are coming with 'The Slim Princess' show, we notice that one of them, Henrietta Pansoffer, is described as weighing 186 pounds. Nevertheless, we intend to stop right here and not attempt to clav-mo-el a witticism out of Henrietta's other name and its relation to her weight."—*American Paper*.
Pansoffer . . . Pansoffer . . . Pansoffer . . . No, we've missed it.

CHARIVARIA.

TURKEY has been complaining that she was not consulted by Germany about the *pourparlers* at Potsdam. Turkey has yet to learn that good little allies should be seen and not heard.

* *

The Triple Entente is a League of Peace, declares *The Spectator*. The worst of Peace is that it is apt to cease as soon as War begins.

* *

Prominent Nonconformist leaders have been discussing the advisability of a conference to consider the decline in membership among the Free Churches. It seems curious that the use of the pulpit as a political hustings has failed to attract.

* *

"It is rather difficult," says *The Agricultural Economist*, "to account for the prejudice which exists against goats." Is it possible that the influence of Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is at last making itself felt?

* *

"LOVE LETTERS TO A WIFE FOUND IN A SAFE" is the startling heading of a paragraph in *The Daily Mail*. While we like to see a man take care of his wife, to place her in a safe is surely carrying caution too far.

* *

Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE's latest book, *The Common-Sense Collector*, should supply a want. So few people know how to collect Common-Sense.

* *

Another prison reform, it is said, is now engaging the attention of the kind-hearted authorities. It is the institution of a White Maria—a vehicle which will fetch prisoners at the end of their term, and set them down at their own doors.

* *

And yet another experiment, we hear, is to be "Week End Convicts." So that the sentence of imprisonment may not interfere with their ordinary occupations prisoners will be allowed to work off the sentence by instalments, and, to save them trouble, the Black Maria will call for them at their own residences.

* *

A Liberal governor of the High Wycombe Royal Grammar School has

protested against the following sentence being given out for translation from English into Latin:—"The safety of the Empire is only assured by the House of Lords being preserved." In our opinion the disservice was to the Unionists. Every healthy boy acquires a hearty distaste for the stuff of his Latin prose.

* *

The latest American invention to be placed upon the market is an electric mouse-trap, which may be connected with the usual lighting installation. We understand that at present mice look upon it merely as "an amusing toy."

the next court than what was happening in his own. One day he heard an outburst of laughter in the next court, and a jealous frown appeared on his face—until it suddenly struck him that it must have been *his* joke that had missed his audience and reached the adjoining room.

* *

The announcement that Turkish baths are to be built by the Southend Town Council has, we hear, caused great satisfaction among Anglophils in Constantinople, and is being used as a counterblast to the attacks on British diplomacy in connection with the Baghdad Railway.

WINTER SPORT FOR TAX-PAYERS.

AMONG the indoor games which help to brighten the short winter days for me there is none that I enjoy more than my annual bout with the income-tax fellow. I suppose I must admit that he had the best of it three years ago, when he discovered that I had won some thousands of guineas in a Lamerick Competition—I had really forgotten it—but I smote him hip and thigh in 1908-9; and last winter it was a draw. It just petered out. We both got tired.

This time he has delighted me exceedingly by a fine energetic display of that misdirected ingenuity which is one of his most charming attributes. I do love to see him follow up a clue to the bitter end. Where he fails is in choosing his ground at the outset. I really do try to be honest about my

income tax. That is one of my little fads. But I am convinced that by now, so well do I understand the workings of his mind, I could, if I cared to, batten upon vast sources of wealth without their ever reaching the light of day in the columns of his little blue papers. On the other hand, if ever I happen to pick up a windfall of no intrinsic value whatever, such as a tip in a restaurant when I have been mistaken for a waiter, or a prize for a guinea-pig at a local agricultural show, he is bound to track me down and take his toll of it.

This time he got going earlier than usual, in the month of October. I had published a book, about a year ago, upon my special subject of the treat-



Visitor. "HULLO, OLD MAN, WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?"
Lodger. "POKER PATIENCE, I CALL IT."

Now that the University of Cambridge has taken over *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, further developments of the commercial spirit may be looked for, and we shall not be surprised any day to see a poster appear in the streets:—

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

WANTED

BRIGHT LADS.

* *

The latest fashion in jewellery, we are told, is paste. One advantage of this, we imagine, is that such jewellery is easier to stick to.

* *

An interesting tale is being told of Mr. Justice DARLING, who complained recently at the Old Bailey that he could hear better what was going on in



Visitor. "I'VE JUST COME FROM THE DOCTOR'S FUNERAL, BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANY OF YOU THERE."

Hostess. "NO—MY HUSBAND DIDN'T CARE TO GO, AS FUNERALS ALWAYS UPSET HIM."

Visitor. "OH, WELL, IF YOU NEVER GO TO OTHER PEOPLE'S FUNERALS I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN EXPECT THEM TO COME TO YOURS."

ment of window-boxes. It was called *The Garden on the Sill*, and was brought out at 3s. 6d. by Messrs. Williams and Anstruther. The season opened when a blue paper arrived demanding a statement of royalties received. I replied that I was both surprised and gratified to learn that my opponent had heard of my little book. (It was gratifying, you know, for I fancy it had been forgotten months before by the whole of the gardening public.) And I sent him an order form. He simply wrote reiterating his demand. Then I told him that since he pressed the point I must admit that I was perhaps a little sensitive about the outcome of my book. I was quite satisfied with its success as literature, and I was sure he would agree with me that mere monetary return was not to be accepted as the only test of its value. He replied very briefly, "Please furnish the address of Messrs. Williams and Anstruther." That I declined to do. I pointed out that it was not quite playing the game; that they

might have some reason (one never knew) for not wishing to make their address known. I did not care to take the responsibility. I felt it would be more satisfactory if he would write to them direct for it. This he must have done, for his next communication was a demand for payment of tax at 9d. in the pound on the amount of royalties received. The royalties were eighteen shillings, so it worked out at eightpence.

I now began seriously to defend myself. I told him (1) that this sum of eighteen shillings had already been entered in my first return under the heading, "Promiscuous profits from sundry sources," also (2) that even if he could thus isolate it for special treatment, it was a question of the average profits accruing to me during the last three years from publication of books. That made it about 2½d. Did he think it worth collecting? I also asked him, in a postscript, to send me a packet of those jolly little yellow envelopes of his marked "Official

Paid," where the stamp ought to go, so that I might be in a position to carry on the correspondence on equal terms. He had sent me one or two of these before, but never in sufficient quantities.

In his reply, which was ingenious but inconclusive, he made no reference at all to my demand for envelopes; and this really became the crux of the situation. For the contest came automatically to an end yesterday when I wrote and pointed out that I had now expended on stamps the whole amount of the tax claimed. I therefore regarded the incident as closed. The Government had got my money. It only remained for him to see that the sum in question was transferred from the Post Office to the Inland Revenue Department.

But still the thing is hardly fair. His letters cost him nothing, while I am all the time incurring heavy expenses in note-paper. I must have the packet of envelopes next time. Otherwise I shan't play.

"THE ONCOMERS."

I CONFESS that I felt a little nervous when I found myself the other afternoon in the Oncomers' line of charge, though I understand that this Society with the menacing name is established for the harmless purpose of giving provincial actors an opportunity of appealing to Metropolitan tastes. The lights of The Little Theatre had gone out and from the Egyptian darkness of the stage an unseen chest threw off one of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX's *Poems of Pleasure* in the approved elocutionary manner that emphasizes every word and the gaps between. For a moment I thought I should have to be an Offgoer. But it was soon over, and two figures did a praiseworthy step-dance indicative of the origin of the Opal. It appears that the Opal is the direct result of wedlock between a Sunbeam and a Moonbeam.

Then there was a great interval, during which a lady came on (or oncame?) through the curtain and sang, with perfect British decorum, one of *Carmen's* most full-blooded songs, and a pianist played and played in a corner by the door till I thought nothing else was ever going to happen. At last a gong sounded and I sat up; but it was only the dressing-gong; and there was more delay before the dinner-gong sounded and we got to work on the piece of resistance. Its name was *The Trap*, and it was rather a pleasant Light Comedy, by ALICE CLAYTON GREENE, about a husband who disguised himself as a burglar and held up his wife and her lover. A nice play for private theatricals, and really quite as good as some things that find their way on to the London boards. And it gave good chances to Mr. PHILIP CLAYTON GREENE as the husband, to Mr. WYNNE WEAVER as a butler, to Miss NELL DU MAURIER as a French maid, and to Miss NANCY YORK as a precocious and oncoming young thing. Miss DAISY ATHERTON played well, but was hampered by a lover who was rather sticky in a thankless part. Miss ANTON LANG spoke as if she were really saying good things; but this was a misapprehension.

The little play had its *longueurs*, but they were as nothing compared with those of the intervals. The performance held the interest of an audience not too intelligent (if one may judge from the fact that a good many of them never found out till the end that the husband and the burglar were one); but it was their patience in the intervals that more than anything else impressed me with the prehensile quality of the entertainment. O. S.

SOUR GRAPES.

["I would like to see the poets elevated to a place beside Mrs. Beeton."—*Mr. Dixon Scott.*]

LET those who will aspire to fill
The shelves of calf and vellum
Where poets wait to titillate
The cultured cerebellum;
Ay, let them crave a binding brave
With lots of gaudy gilt on
To stand there shut, unread, uncut,
With SHAKESPEARE, BURNS and
MILTON.

Not mine to bore young brats with lore
Of what analysis is,
Nor may my verse become the curse
Of little pig-tailed misses,
Discoursed upon by learned don
And dry-as-dust professor—
The spot my muse would rather choose
Is on the kitchen dresser.

What joy were mine if Mary Jine,
When menus overweighed her,
Would turn from dreams of tarts and
creams
To trifles I purveyed her!
Each time that need arose to feed
Her sacred fire 'twould fall so
That while her pot was thus kept hot
She'd keep mine boiling also.

Yes, down below I fain would go
To set the kitchen sobbing:
There may my heart have power to start
The cook's great heart a-throbbing.
There isles of grease shall never cease
Appearing on my pages,
And I'll have flung my lot among
The sage, if not the sages.

TOWSER.

I MET him on a July Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park. Several dogs were amusing themselves bringing chips of wood out of the Serpentine for the visitors to throw in. And this fellow appeared to be stage-managing the show. A rough Scotch Terrier *cum* Dandie Dinmont, with matted towlsed silver-grey hair and a gaily waving tail. He disdained to touch the chips himself. He gave instructions to the other fellows. Swimming out after every piece as it was thrown in, he circled round it and swore until it had been seized upon and removed by the nearest unemployed dog. Sometimes he would make a dash for the shore, look round for a nice new summery frock, and shake himself dry in its immediate neighbourhood. The resulting screams and giggles, alarms and excursions, always made him roll on the floor in fits of laughter; then into the water again he'd leap with a shout of, "Now then, you fellows, get those chips out,

will you!" Really a jolly dog to meet on a dull day.

At last a sudden shower scattered the visitors and all the dogs, except my stage manager. When the poor beggar realised this unexpected desertion he gazed at the world in amazed silence for a moment or two. Then he gave a contemptuous bark expressive of his private opinion of dogs and humans afraid of rain, and set himself to collect all the chips still floating in the water. These he piled carefully in a heap on the sand, looked invitingly at the nearest group of people under the dripping trees, and barked in eager anticipation of joys to be repeated . . . Pause . . . Another intimation to the world that it might come and amuse itself with his sticks. . . . Then, as the truth dawned upon him, with slow-descending, disappointed tail, he sat down and wept!

In the guise of a Good Samaritan I introduced myself. After a little persuasion he decided he *would* be comforted. Never had heard of Rachel, but thought she must have been rather silly to keep on it that way when chocolate creams. . . . By the way, was Rachel offered the same kind of creams? I explained that I did not know very much about the lady, and gradually drew him on to talk about himself.

He was an outcast, he told me. Never had a father, and could only dimly remember his mother. Never been in constant employment. No, hadn't applied to the Labour Exchanges; had no faith in them. Picked up a living as best he could as a Butcher's-Boot-Dodger. And came to Hyde Park whenever he could spare the time. The grass was lovely to roll on, but the water was a treat beyond words. Admitted that getting people to throw sticks into the Serpentine was not what could be called a high form of intellectual recreation for a dog with his organising capacity, but urged that as a pastime he enjoyed it, and with his limited leisure hours he had to be content with what offered in that way. No, did not know anything about rabbits. Believed he had heard other fellows tell tales of adventures with things with a name like that, but didn't credit 'em. Knew more about cats than he cared to tell to a stranger—but rabbits, no. Was too knowing a Londoner to be caught with such chaff. Knew very well there were no such things as those outside Christmas Trees.

It was a mean thing to do, I know, but a dog that has never chased rabbits and calmly calls you a liar (as



Huntsman (galloping to a h. loah). "WHERE'S THE FOX GONE?"
 Boy. "WE BE'UNT A-HOLIERIN' NO FOX. WE BE CHEERIN' CAUSE COUSIN MAGGIE'S WON A PUZZLE IN FIRESIDE SNIPS."

gently as his native London politeness and remembrance of recent chocolates will allow) when you insist that rabbits are real living entities and not myths or idle visions of a dog's dream, well, that sort of animal puts you on your mettle, don't you know. I resolved that he should eat his words—and also his rabbits if he cared. *I stole the brute!* I tempted him with chocolate creams, and he followed me to Euston, where I took a ticket to Scotland for him.

Towser and I went to an hotel on the East coast at a place where rabbits are at a discount, and next morning I took him along the cliffs to be initiated. He exhibited a mild interest in the new variety of scents to be found, tracked a few smells on the footpaths to little holes in the ground, wondered a good deal at the big stretch of water—into which he tried to jump from the top of a cliff 200 feet high—but, on the whole, looked unutterably bored, until Brer Rabbit appeared. Then he sat down and laughed. I hissed him at the game, but my friend sat and grinned up at me. "It's a good joke, guv'nor," he said, "but you don't get over me with a Teddy-bear. I know them things." Brer Rabbit hopped off a

bit. Towser stood up and stared. Brer Rabbit turned towards us. Towser put his tail between his legs and bolted for home!

Next day he waited to see if Brer Rabbit would really attack him before he moved. As nothing happened he made friendly overtures, which Brer Rabbit resented and ran away from. Then came the great awakening. There were hundreds of these things about, and every one of them was afraid of him—of him, Towser—and they disappeared like taxicabs before you could make up your mind which to catch. This *was* something like, this *was* the land of real adventure, *this*—oh, Joy!!! . . . I lost him that day. He returned to the hotel at night a physical wreck. Chasing hundreds of disappearing scents without a working plan in his head must be hard work for an inexperienced dog. But the joy of battle was in his eye. And next morning I discovered that he had learned to associate the scents on the paths with the disappearing fluffs, and both with the holes in the ground. He had apparently been working at the problem overnight, for without the slightest hesitation he made straight for a rabbit-hole as soon as we reached the cliffs,

and, in his efforts to get the prize, jammed himself so far and so tightly in that I had to dig him out. He did not stop to thank me, but, full of the joy of life, with short, sharp, eager yelps, ran from hole to hole shouting for the denizens to come forth and give a fellow a chance. . . .

Later in the day I heard my friend whining pitifully. On going in search of him I found Towser pawing gently a little rabbit he had done to death, turning it over and over, and trying to lick it back to life again. He looked up at me mournfully. "He's stopped playing with me, guv'nor," he said; "there's something gone wrong with him." And he licked it again caressingly and whined.

The Dublin Evening Mail's advice to those about to repair tablecloths:—

"Lay the tablecloth quite flat, with the hole uppermost."

But why not keep the hole undermost? Then nobody would notice it.

The judges for the Oxford Circuit are Mr. Justice BRAY and Mr. Justice BANKES. "Ye Banks and Bracs."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It does not often happen that I am disappointed in a HEINEMANN novel, but I confess that, till about half-way through, I thought *Young Life* was going to prove one of the exceptions. Even after the interest had quickened, I cannot say that the reading of it gave me all the enjoyment I had begun by anticipating, though I freely admit that Miss JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON has written a clever and original book. What plot it contains is of the slightest, the interest being provided by a character-study of a girl, *Hester Stanton*, the orphaned ward of *Stephen Garfield*, whose "young life" it is that, coming into the placid existence of a number of middle-aged persons, leavens it with most mischievous results to their peace of mind. At least, this is the scheme of the tale as I understood it; but the fact is that Miss HERBERTSON's style is so bafflingly elusive that much of her intention may well have escaped me. Of course, in the end *Hester* marries *Garfield*—wards and guardians are the matrimonial certainties of fiction—but before this is settled, we have the episode, far the best thing in the book, to my mind, of *Mary Levenson*, the rather priggish matron, and the musician, *Dalziel*. Even here, however, Miss HERBERTSON tends to overburden a clever idea with adverbial description; throughout one feels that (in the words of the poet) it is "not what he said, but the way that he said it" which is her chief concern. And too much of this makes inevitably for weariness. When Miss HERBERTSON has mastered a more restrained and simpler medium, her real intuitive skill will have the chance that it deserves.



STUDY IN EXPRESSION AT AN AMATEUR DRESS REHEARSAL.
GENTLEMAN WITH A ONE LINE PART WAITS FOR HIS CUE.

The days of good Queen BESS we see,
And those of traitor STUART MARY
(Or sainted M. and wanton B.—
You take your choice; opinions vary)—
These stirring times we find displayed,
If not exactly at their greatest,
Still, entertainingly portrayed
In *Pam the Fiddler*, SUTCLIFFE's latest.

"Not at their greatest." That implies
That for his tale our author uses
No Spanish galleon's high emprise,
No circumnavigating cruises;
Only some fiery bickering
With those who deemed it heaven's order
That they should oust Queen BESS and bring
Queen MARY from across the Border.

It's nought against the tale, of course,
That it should deal with minor matters;
This theme is fresh and those perforce
Are very nearly worn to tatters;

Moreover (history apart)
Intrigue and love and thrilling foray
Are blended with seductive art
Throughout the book (produced by LAURIE).

The Mountain of Gold (MILLS AND BOON) ends where it began, but is quite enjoyable in the part between. Miss E. S. STEVENS was, I imagine, divided between an inclination to discourse upon the religious, philosophical, social and political controversies of the Near East, and a desire to write a sex-problem novel. *Mrs. Greville* and *Robert Underwood*, whom she sends to Mount Carmel, are both typical of the enterprising European, but handicapped, the one by an absentee husband, the other by a pair of crutches. Jointly and severally they undergo a sequence of incidents, receive a number of impressions, and impart their views to each other in able, if unusual, dialogue. The incidents are well told and of considerable interest; the impressions are striking and subtly impressed; there is much clever characterisation, and on the whole our author has put together a good book. She may call it a "novel" if she likes (almost anything written comes under that elastic

term, even if illustrated, as this is, with photographs); but if she does I shall not call it a good novel. The dramatic touch is wanting, and the reader is not at any moment excited, curious, or even intrigued to know how it all ends. The truth is that it never does end, as it really never began, but while it lasts it is entertaining and suggestive and certainly worth reading.

The scene of F. WARRE CORNISH's *Darwell Stories* (CONSTABLE) is laid in the country which belongs "by

geography to the Midlands, by character to the Northern Counties—a land of grave aspect," and so it is perhaps natural that the heroes and heroines of these tales should not be especially exciting people. Apart from one dramatic and unexpected calamity the author has avoided sensational incident, and although I feel that the analysis of character is thoroughly sound, I feel also that it is rather dull—like, if I may say so, the analysis of a bowler who is thinking more of maidens than of wickets. Still, I have been able to derive some placid enjoyment from this book, for if it does not reveal striking powers of imagination it is, at any rate, full of conscientious workmanship.

"Airmen are extremely fond of mascots. From the death-rate amongst them, we should fancy it was not only foolish but a dangerous superstition."—*Sheffield Guardian*.

Let this pass, though one would have thought that if it was foolish there was nothing in it, and so it could not be very dangerous: but when the writer goes on to say:—

"It is curious the superstitions of sausages should flourish in a century of science,"

we confess that he is taking us right out of our depth.

"Rat-killing has been stopped at Hadleigh, Suffolk, for want of sufficient rats."—*Halstead Gazette*.

Of all unsporting animals commend us to the rats of Hadleigh.

CHARIVARIA.

"It is expected that the wedding of Lord CHELSEA and Miss MARIE COXON will take place before the Coronation." This will be a relief to the Coronation Committee, who had feared that the events might clash.

"*Liberal Opinion*" has been mulcted in Liberal damages, and yet it is not pleased.

The question whether Ulster is arming or not is still being discussed by some of our newspapers. All we can say is that an ulster without arms would be a fairly useless article.

"Mr. ZEE, the new Chinese Attaché, has arrived in London." It is, we believe, an open secret that he may be elected an honorary member of the Society of Somersetshire Men.

In regard to the Flushing fortification project the official view of the German Foreign Office is stated to be that, as a Sovereign Power, Holland has the right to do as she pleases in her own territory. It will be a rare joke if Holland takes advantage of this permission.

We have before alluded to the way in which the candour of some newspaper placards stultifies the reticence of others. There is always at least one blackleg among them. We were anxious, the other day, to know the issue of a certain slander case. We saw "RESULT" on a contents bill, and put our hand in our pocket. Then we remarked another bill:—

"RESULT
DAMAGES."

We still hesitated—until a third placard caught our eye:—

"RESULT
HEAVY DAMAGES."

This was all we wanted to know, and we retained our coin.

"The sardines which left the coast of Brittany," a telegram tells us, "have

been found in large numbers off the coast of Morocco." One day, perhaps, the thrilling story of this escapade will be told in full, showing how, tired of the constant attacks made on them, the little fish one night, under cover of darkness, when the Bretons were sleeping, stole away, swam silently without a stop to the Mediterranean, there lived for some time a life of ease and luxury within touch of the African

GALTON was the inventor of the system of identification by finger-prints. It is good to know that what was considered by a certain section of HIS MAJESTY'S subjects to be an ugly blemish on an otherwise useful career has now been removed.

A Local Government Board enquiry has been held at Wolverhampton to decide what shall be done with the South

Staffordshire Smallpox Hospital, which was erected six years ago at a cost of £18,000, and has not had a single patient. It is thought that a strong appeal to local patriotism will be recommended, calling upon public-spirited residents to acquire the requisite disease within a stated period.

A stag which was uncared for preparatory to a run with Lord ROTHSCHILD'S Stag-hounds, the other day, near Leighton Buzzard, got on the railway line and was killed by an express train almost at once. Now that the superiority of express trains over stag-hounds has been demonstrated, it is thought that the former will be exclusively employed in the future by wealthy hunting-men.

From *The Daily Mail* Fashion Page:—

"NOVELTY OF THE
WEEK.

*Charms for Coronation
Year Bridesmaids.*"

The insinuation that the bridesmaids of this year are lacking in charms has caused no little pain in some quarters.

An oculist, interviewed by *The Mirror*, has been recommending one to roll one's eyes round and round as a means of strengthening the vision. The only difficulty, we imagine, is taking the eye out and putting it back again, but no doubt this only requires a little practice.

Aviation in this country has received a serious set-back. Damages were awarded last week to a gentleman who was injured at the Star and Garter Hotel, Kew Bridge, by a flying cork.



The Critic. "MY DEAR, JUST FANCY HAVING YOUR PORTRAIT PAINTED IN YOUR CAR. WHY, A MOTOR-CAR GOES OUT OF FASHION IN A SINGLE YEAR!"

Riviera, ultimately to be discovered and harried once more.

Mlle. MARTHE STEINHEIL, it is reported from Paris, has taken the veil, and become a Carmelite nun. This has caused a considerable amount of quiet gratification at Carmelite House, where it is taken as a compliment to the admirable way in which the sensational case was reported in *The Daily Mail*.

It is denied that the late Sir FRANCIS

THOUGHTS ON THE COMING CENSUS.

[Due April 2, 1911.]

ARAMINTA, ere the statistician
Comes to take his census-toll,
And, behaving like the Inquisition,
Bids you bare your secret soul,
Let me now, two months before the day, seize
Such a chance to air my gift for gag;
Let me write at once *Eheu fugaces!*
Ere the pens begin to wag
Of my rivals busy working off the old Horatian tag.

Envious Time, that often likes to print a
Crow's-foot on the ageing cheek,
Favours your façade, my Araminta,
Leaves it superfinely sleek;
Yes, the years for you have been soft-handed,
Still—for moments fly (this must be so)—
You are not the same young thing, so candid,
Who, but just ten springs ago,
Lightly told the fact-collector every word he wished
to know.

Twenty-one you were and un-selfconscious,
As became the prime of youth,
Never nursed a doubt, like PILATE (PONTIUS),
On the attributes of Truth;
But with riper years I shouldn't wonder
If, in drawing up this next report,
On the point of age you made a blunder
Of a not unusual sort;
No, it wouldn't greatly shock me if you got the total
short.

I have noticed, when they reach the stages
Where conjecture serves for guide,
Women, if they err about their ages,
Err upon the *minus* side;
Thus, when April rounds the decade's circuit
And you do the little sum that 's set
(10 + 21), I think you 'll work it
Out at 27, net;
27 is the answer which I seem to see you get.

And with every ten years, as they flow on,
You will add a lessening few
To your summers—five and four and so on,
Sticking fast at forty-two;
There in future, permanently dated,
You 'll defy the periodic quest,
Till in due course by the gods translated
To the Islands of the Blest,
Where the decades cease from troubling and the
queries are at rest. O. S.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S POST-BAG.

["—", the photographer, of —, having purchased an
aeroplane, is desirous of placing same at the disposal of budding airmen,
who may be photographed on it. Passenger flights can also be arranged."
—*Morning Post*.

THE following correspondence is anticipated as an out-
come of the above advertisement:—

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON begs to inform Mr. —
that he will be very glad to sit for his portrait, if a suitably
caparisoned elephant, with competent mahout, can be in
attendance next Friday afternoon at 2.30 p.m. Lord
CURZON OF KEDLESTON has little doubt that the enterprise

shown by Mr. — in consulting the taste of his aero-
nautic *clientèle* will enable him to provide a proper *mise-en-
scène* on the present occasion. In case there is any
difficulty, however, LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON suggests
that Mr. — should approach the authorities at the
Zoological Gardens, stating the purpose for which the
elephant will be required.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the HOME SECRETARY
to inform you that if you can furnish convincing guarantees
that the men who will take part in your realistic group,
"Winston the Conqueror," are genuine and desperate
anarchists, he will be very glad to give you a sitting next
Monday morning.

Faithfully yours,

E. H. MARSH.

Home Office.

DEAR SIR,—I am anxious to celebrate the impending
twenty-fifth anniversary of the appearance of my monu-
mental monograph on the Mammoth and the Flood. With
a view to placing on record this interesting event in a
suitably pictorial manner, my friend, the Editor of *The
Times*—to whose journal I have contributed more than
10,000 columns of correspondence—has suggested that I
should be photographed with him and a specimen of the
gigantic but unhappily extinct quadruped mentioned above.
I should be glad if you could arrange to procure either a
skeleton or a good "reconstitution" of one of the mummies
discovered in the frozen tundras of Northern Siberia [Here
a column and a half of interesting matter dealing with
the Flood, Mr. Cobden and other cognate subjects is un-
avoidably omitted] and let us know on what day and at
what hour it would suit you for myself and the Editor of
The Times to attend. I propose to appear in costume
suitable to the geographical *habitat* of the *Elephas primi-
genius*, i.e. a long walrus-hide coat with stereognathous
leggings and sandals of mercerized mink. The Editor of
The Times will *probably* appear as a hunter or trapper
with a kinkajou cape, a waistcoat of striped bandicoot,
and Turkish trousers of padded wolverene, with tigerskin
spats and Boston rubbers.

Faithfully yours, H. H. HOWORTH.

Mastodon Mansions.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you make a speciality of realistic
surroundings, I beg to call your attention to the fact that
I am prepared to let you have, at most reasonable terms,
first-rate massive family vault, never used owing to bank-
ruptcy of the gentleman who ordered it. Would make a
superb background to full-length portrait of Mr. ALGERNON
ASHTON.

Yours faithfully, MORTLE BROS.

Euston Road.

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX presents his compliments to
Mr. — and regrets that he is unable to avail himself of
Mr. —'s offer. His position renders it undesirable that
he should be photographed in the entourage of any but a
reigning or *de facto* sovereign.

DEAR SIR,—As I have been pressed by a great many of
my readers to prefix my portrait to my next volume of
poems, "The Ecstasy of Effusion," I should be obliged if
you could let me know whether you possess amongst your
scenic outfit such a thing as a genuine college window, at
which you could pose me in a suitably introspective
attitude. Believe me to be,

Faithfully yours, A. C. BENSON.

Magdalene College, Cambridge.

DEAR SIR,—Please expect me at 10 sharp to-morrow,
with my fiancé. Yours winningly, ZENA DARE.



A PROUD PARENT.

NEPTUNE. "SHIP AHoy! WHAT SHIP'S THAT?"

FATHER THAMES. "THUNDERER. LITTLE THING OF MY OWN."

[H.M.S. *Thunderer*, the first Dreadnaught built on the Thames, is to be launched from the Thames Ironworks on February 1.]

THE BUTLER SCANDALISES.

[Being a specimen of the new Society journalism for American consumption. See "Householder's" recent letter to *The Times*.]

DEAR MADAM,—I take up my pen to give you another batch of good gossip for our lively cousins on the other side of the Great Pond to repeat to each other through their nasal organs over their pie and gum, which are, I understand, their national provender, washed down with cocktails and iced water. To one who, like myself, prefers his meals beefy and regular, it is a problem how the Americans live at all; but however short their lives may be they tip merrily and brightly while they last. Which reminds me, dear Madam, that I have not yet received any remuneration for my last letter. Times under the present Government being so hard, I must request a speedy remittance.

My principal item of news comes from a scrupulously untainted source—no less a person than Sir Elihu Crusher's own valet having given it to me. Sir Elihu, it seems, recently opened a new branch at Chelmsford, and who do you think was the first customer? Lady Wirridge's French maid, for a shilling's-worth of rat poison. When I tell you that Lord Wirridge has since been very ill and that the French maid has disappeared, you will no doubt draw such conclusions as America requires.

You know, of course, that LORD GEORGE SANGER gave up the circus business some few years since. I have it on the best authority that his Lordship cannot feel comfortable at night or get good repose without a Teddy bear on the counterpane at the foot of the bed. His Lordship has recently been visited by Sir JOSEPH LYONS, and this, too, has reminded him pleasantly of old times.

The latest news of Sir JOHN BARKER, of Kensington, is that his establishment was visited recently by the Duchess of Sunderland under the impression that it was Harrod's Stores, but she stayed there and made a number of purchases, including a Virginia ham. I had this from a friend of mine in the Packing department, and can vouch for it.

Perhaps a few facts concerning gratuities (or *honoraria*) might yield material for one of your spicy and highly-paid articles. The Earl of Rosherville gives butlers ten shillings and footmen five; keeps a sovereign. The largest present I ever received was a fiver from the late Marquis of Clacton, but its value was depreciated by his borrowing ten pounds from me



THE STAY-AS-YOU-PLEASE CINEMA PALACE.

Boy (to Lady just arrived). "PLEASE, WILL YOU TELL ME THE TIME, LADY!"

Lady. "HALF-PAST ELEVEN."

Boy. "WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHEN IT'S SIX O'CLOCK, LADY, COS I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND SELL PAPERS!"

the next day and never paying it back. The readiness with which the young and more spirited nobility will extract loans from men-servants is not the least of the blots on the peerage.

In conclusion, dear Madam, let me say that I have three friends all most advantageously placed to hear interesting things—a chambermaid at the Walrus, a waiter at the Mermaid Restaurant, and a page at the National Radical Club; but they refuse to divulge without a little encouragement. I must therefore again request you to forward me something, if only a trifle, on

account. My experience is that no palm is properly open until it is oiled.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Your obedient Servant, —

From a letter in *The Guardian* :—

"I wonder whether Mrs. Shearme has met with the description in Herodotus of the excessive hardness of the skulls of the Egyptians, and their immunity from sunstroke because they cause their children from earliest infancy to meet the elements bareheaded."

HERODOTUS might have gone on to give bachelors some idea of the precautions they should adopt.

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.

"Now, Miss Barlock," I said to my typist, as I entered my writing den, "if you're quite ready we'll begin at once, please. Title: *THE SYNTHETIC PILGRIM; a Post-Impressionist Romance*. Have you got that?" Miss Barlock had got that, but she looked puzzled, and, as she seems to take an intelligent interest in my work, I thought it better to explain the idea before proceeding. "It's like this," I said; "we are assured by competent authorities that, in spite of the warnings of Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND, Sir ALFRED EAST, Mr. SARGENT and others, all the Art Students now at the Academy will within the next ten years have become Post-Impressionists. That is, they will set down their impressions of Nature with the *technique* of a very young child whose powers of observation have not had time to become paralysed by any instruction in drawing. Well, Literature, being so closely allied to Art, is quite certain to be affected sooner or later by the new Movement. It will throw off the shackles of style and composition, and be primitive and go-as-you-please. I'm going to be the Pioneer of Post-Impressionist Fiction. You see what I'm trying for, don't you? Very well, then. Chapter One. *The Hero, and how he became a Pilgrim* :—

"He was quite a simple ordinary kind of man. His outlines were hard and black. He had a small, roundish head with three dots in it, one above the other. His body was triangular, and all down it was a row of little circles. These were his buttons. His arms were straight and quite thin. They ended in three prongs like toasting-forks. It was the same with his legs. . . ."

I noticed a slight elevation in Miss Barlock's eyebrows at this point. "It's all right, Miss Barlock," I assured her. "I am merely adopting the method by which an unsophisticated mind invariably represents the human form. Probably that is the shape in which *all* of us would see it if our vision had not been warped by civilisation, or tradition, or something. Anyhow, no one ever yet failed to recognise that it *was* a man. And an author may devote pages and pages to description and analysis of his hero and never even get as far as *that*. Why, for instance, should I tell the reader that my Man had long nervous muscular fingers when these simple tridents amply suffice to express the handiness of his hands and the footiness of his feet? . . . You don't know? No more do I—so let us get on.

"He lived in a really and truly artistic house. It was an irregular parallelogram, and the roof was bright pink. The door and windows were stuck in anyhow, and there were little corkscrew-things coming out of the chimneys. These were the smoke. There were trees about. Not any particular trees, because I don't know one tree from another and couldn't bother to describe them if I did. Just trees—with bright blue and green and chocolate foliage like the loveliest woolwork. There was a bow-wow outside the house, and inside it a fat cat sat on a mat. But at last the hero got tired of living there, so he called for his gee-gee. *Gug-gug*. . . . Yes, Miss Barlock, I *did* mean that to be typed. You see, I'm taking the point of view of an infant of very tender years, who at this stage of the narrative would inevitably make that remark. It gives the necessary note of *naïveté*, and I shouldn't wonder myself if there were a deep and subtle meaning in it somewhere. So down it goes. . . . Chapter Two. *About His Gee-gee* :—Unless you were told you would not have known it for a gee-gee at all. It was the sort of gee-gee you see when it is a long way off and you are rather short-sighted. But it *was* a gee-gee right enough. It had all the essentials of gee-gee-iness. If it hadn't, our hero

wouldn't have been seen with it. And so he said good-bye to his bow-wow and the fat cat, which couldn't be seen because it was inside the house, and he got on his gee-gee and his travels began. *Goo-goo*."

"I insist on having that '*goo-goo*' typed, Miss Barlock," I told her. "It's part of my *technique*. You are merely one of the Public, so you mustn't try to dictate to me how I should express my temperament. Besides, I'm dictating to you . . . Chapter Three. *His Adventures among Masterpieces* :—

"Well, and so he rode and he rode, till at last he came to a country which was entirely composed of little prismatic smuts, so that you couldn't make out what it was like unless you went ever such a distance off, and then it was disappointing. So he didn't stay there *very* long. And the smuts did not suit his gee-gee at all. So on they went to the next place, and there the sky was all neatly paved with small slabs of paint, and the inhabitants were all completely out of drawing and perspective, and had no anatomical nonsense about them. But the gee-gee wasn't very well even *there*. . . ."

Here Miss Barlock ventured the criticism that, so far, my novel did not appear to have much plot. "It has none whatever," I said, with some pride, "and it's not *going* to have. I'm depicting Life as I've observed it. Have I detected any kind of plot governing my own or others' experiences? I have not. Then why, I ask you, Miss Barlock, should I undertake the mental labour of inventing one? No, no, let us be true to Nature as we happen to see it. . . . Chapter Four. *His Further Adventures* :—

"So he got on his gee-gee again, and he rode and he rode and he rode. And soon he came to a land where there were huts and palm-trees and things, and all the natives were brown and quite flat, exactly like people made of gingerbread. Only they were not so nice to eat. So the gee-gee was very sick indeed. *Gug-gug*. *Goo-goo-goo*. . . ."

Miss Barlock glanced up at me over her typewriter with some anxiety. "Are you *quite* sure," she inquired uneasily, "that this sort of thing will be really popular?"

"Not immediately," I admitted. "Every inventor of a new literary style has to go through a period of misunderstanding, and even derision. Look at CARLYLE and BROWNING and MEREDITH, for example!"

"But surely," she objected, "that isn't *quite* the same thing. I mean, they didn't write like *babies*—'*gug-gugging*' and '*goo-goo-ing*,' and all that."

No doubt Miss Barlock didn't mean to do it, but somehow she put me off. I have made no further progress with my great Post-Impressionist Novel. But it is merely biding its time. F. A.

Commercial Candour.

"It would seem possible that almost any woman, no matter what the extent or depth of her wrinkles, might have been removed entirely and for ever by means of this lucky discovery."—*Advt.*

"Women's Friendships" forms the subject of an article in the February number of 'The Quiver,' written by Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser. A description of the foreign churches in London, illustrated by photographs, throws a light on this subject."—*Publishers' Circular*.

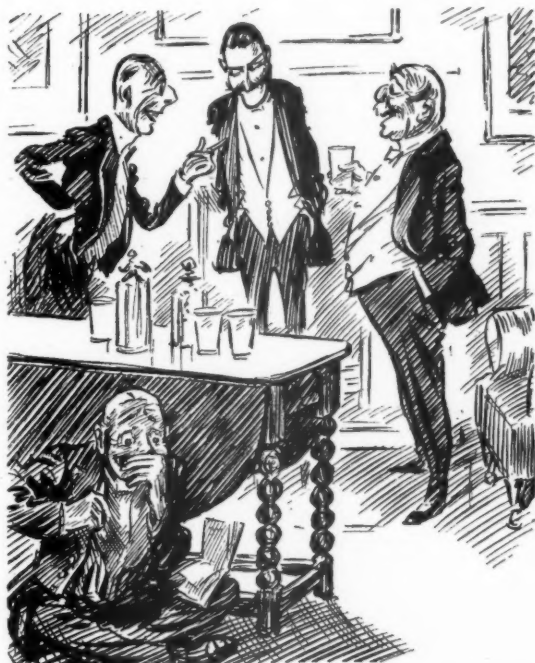
Not a searchlight, of course, nor the fierce kind that beats upon a throne; but just a few candle-power—a sort of dim religious light.

"Mr. — is too well-known locally to begin expatiating at any length upon his vocal excellencies."—*Ilkley Gazette*.

The writer shows a wise caution.

JOURNALISM IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

SEE *THE TIMES* ON THE RECENT REVELATIONS OF THE WAY IN WHICH SCANDAL ABOUT ENGLISH SOCIETY GETS INTO THE AMERICAN PRESS THROUGH INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY SERVANTS.



THE SECOND FOOTMAN NEARLY GIVES HIMSELF AWAY WHILE GETTING MATERIAL FOR HIS COLUMN IN *THE MILWAUKEE SPICE-BOX*.



THE BOOT BOY GETS EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION FOR HIS WEEKLY LETTER TO *THE CHICAGO EAVESDROPPER*.



WHILE THE ARRIVAL OF THE NOTORIOUS LADY X. DISORGANISES THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

III.—"MISS PRENDERGAST."

As the curtain goes up two ladies are discovered in the morning-room of Honeysuckle Lodge engaged in work of a feminine nature. Miss Alice Prendergast is doing something delicate with a crochet-hook, but it is obvious that her thoughts are far away. She sighs at intervals, and occasionally lays down her work and presses both hands to her heart. A sympathetic audience will have no difficulty in guessing that she is in love. On the other hand, her elder sister, Miss Prendergast, is completely wrapped up in a sock for one of the poorer classes, over which she frowns formidably. The sock, however, has no real bearing upon the plot, and she must not make too much of it.

Alice (hiding her emotions). Did you have a pleasant dinner-party last night, Jane?

Jane (to herself). Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. (Looking up.) Very pleasant indeed, Alice. The Blizzards were there, and the Podbys, and the Slumphs. (These people are not important and should not be over-emphasised.) Mrs. Podby's maid has given notice.

Alice. Who took you in?

Jane (brightening up). Such an interesting man, my dear. He talked most agreeably about Art during dinner, and we renewed the conversation in the drawing-room. We found that we agreed upon all the main principles of Art, considered as such.

Alice (with a look in her eyes which shows that she is recalling a tender memory). When I was in Shropshire last week—What was your man's name?

Jane (with a warning glance at the audience). You know how difficult it is to catch names when one is introduced. I am certain he never heard mine. (As the plot depends partly upon this, she pauses for it to sink in.) But I enquired about him afterwards, and I find that he is a Mr.—

Enter Mary, the parlourmaid.

Mary (handing letter). A letter for you, Miss.

Jane (taking it). Thank you, Mary. (Exit Mary to work up her next line.) A letter! I wonder who it is from! (Reading the envelope.) "Miss Prendergast, Honeysuckle Lodge." (She opens it with the air of one who has often

received letters before, but feels that this one may play an important part in her life.) "Dear Miss Prendergast, I hope you will pardon the presumption of what I am about to write to you, but whether you pardon me or not I ask you to listen to me. I know of no woman for whose talents I have a greater admiration, or for whose qualities I have a more sincere affection than yourself. Since I have known you, you have been the lodestar of my existence, the fountain of my inspiration. I feel that, were your life joined to mine, the joint path upon which we trod would be the path to happiness, such as I

Jane (rather pleased with herself). Well, really—I—this is—Mr. Bootle! Fancy!

Alice (starting up). Was that a ring? (She frowns at the prompter and a bell is heard to ring.) It is Mr. Bootle! I know his ring, I mean I know—Dear, I think I will go and lie down. I have a headache.

[She looks miserably at the audience, closes her eyes, and goes off with her handkerchief to her mouth, taking care not to fall over the furniture.

Enter Mary, followed by James Bootle.

Mary. Mr. Bootle. (Exit finally.)

Jane. Good morning, Mr. Bootle!

Bootle. I beg—I thought—Why, of course! It's Miss—er—h'm, yes—How do you do? Did you get back safely last night?

Jane. Yes, thank you. (Coily) I got your letter.

Bootle. My letter? (Sees his letter on the table. Furiously.) You opened my letter!

Jane (mistaking his fury for passion). Yes—James. And (looking down on the ground) the answer is "Yes."

Bootle (realising the situation). By George! (Aside) I have proposed to the wrong lady! Tchck!

Jane. You may kiss me, James.

Bootle. Have you a sister?

Jane (missing the connection). Yes, I have a younger sister, Alice. (Coldly.) But I hardly see—

Bootle (beginning to understand how he made the mistake). A younger sister! Then you are Miss Prendergast? And my letter—Ah!

Enter Alice.

Alice. You are wanted, Jane, a moment.

Jane. Will you excuse me, Mr. Bootle? (Exit.)

Bootle (to Alice, as she follows her sister out). Don't go!

Alice (wanly—if she knows how). Am I to stay and congratulate you?

Bootle. Alice! (They approach the footlights, while Jane, having finished her business, comes in unobserved and watches from the back.) It is all a mistake! I didn't know your Christian name—I didn't know you had a sister. The letter I addressed to Miss Prendergast I meant for Miss Alice Prendergast.

Alice. James! My love! But what can we do?



"'ERE Y'ARE, GENTS, NOW'S YER CHAWNCE, THE GRITE PRONOUNCIN' DICSHUNRY."

What have as yet hardly dared to dream of. In short, dear Miss Prendergast, I ask you to marry me, and I will come in person for my answer. Yours truly—" (In a voice of intense surprise) "Jas. Bootle!"

[At the word "Bootle" a wave of warm colour rushes over Alice and dyes her from neck to brow. If she is not an actress of sufficient calibre to ensure this, she must do the best she can by starting abruptly and putting her hand to her throat.

Alice (aside, in a choking voice). Mr. Bootle! In love with Jane!

Jane. My dear! The man who took me down to dinner! Well!

Alice (picking up her work again and trying to be calm). What will you say?



Poetic Lady. "AH, SIR CHARLES, WHEN YOU SEE YOUR WIFE LOOKING SO BEAUTIFUL IN HER EXQUISITE FURR, DON'T YOU REPEAT TO YOURSELF THOSE CHARMING LINES——"

Crusty Fox-hunter (cutting in). "WHAT I REPEAT TO MYSELF IS, 'A HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN POUND TEN AND NO SECOND HORSE!'"

Bootle (gloomily). Nothing. As a man of honour I cannot withdraw. So two lives are ruined!

Alice. You are right, James. Jane must never know. Good-bye!

[*They give each other a farewell embrace.*]

Jane (aside). They love. (*Fiercely*) But he is mine; I will hold him to his promise! (*Picking up a photograph of Alice as a small child from an occasional table.*) Little Alice! And I promised to take care of her—to protect her from the cruel world. Baby Alice! (*She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*) No! I will not spoil two lives! (*Aloud*) Why 'Good-bye,' Alice?

[*Bootle and Alice, who have been embracing all this time—unless they can think of something else to do—break away in surprise.*]

Alice. Jane—we—I——

Jane (calmly). Dear Alice! I understand perfectly. Mr. Bootle said in his letter to you that he was coming for his answer, and I see what answer you have given him. (*To Bootle*) You

remember I told you it would be Yes. I know my little sister, you see.

Bootle (tactlessly). But—you told me I could kiss you!

Jane (smiling). And I tell you again now. I believe it is usual for men to kiss their sisters-in-law? (*She offers her cheek. Bootle, whose day it is, salutes her respectfully.*) And now (*gaily*), perhaps I had better leave you young people alone!

[*Exit, with a backward look at the audience expressive of the fact that she has been wearing the mask.*]

Bootle. Alice, then you are mine, after all!

Alice. James! (*They kiss—No, perhaps better not. There has been quite enough for one evening.*) And to think that she knew all the time! Now I am quite, quite happy. And James—you will remember in future that I am Miss Alice Prendergast?

Bootle (gaily). My dear, I shall only be able to remember that you are The Future Mrs. Bootle!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

"We hope Mr. Atkinson will keep his word, and with the ability which he has always shewn, tear to shreds and tatters the subterranean methods of the clique which at present rides the high horse."—*Wharfedale and Airedale Observer.*

This, we foresee, will be one of the events of the coronation year.

Judge WILLIS, as reported in *The Evening News*—

"I don't want to detract from the great works of Browning but I never got any great advantage from reading his works."

Judge WILLIS may be at ease. He has not detracted from them.

"The exceptional wealth of fauna possessed by sunny Italy is ransacked for this floral carpet with striking results."—*Sunday Circle.*

The famous centre-square, made of buttercups and tigers, should be noted particularly.

"SAFE, Milner; suit tradesman; 60s.; drilling machine, 70s."—*Advt. in "Daily Express."*

The drilling machine should have been offered afterwards—to somebody else.



Small Boy (to friend). "I SAY, HAROLD, DO GIVE MY MOTHER A TURN, SHE'S NOT HAVING MUCH OF AN EVENING."

TO A HAIRPIN.

O PIN that didst of yore constrain
Some lady's would-be wanton mane
With dear enslavement,
Till wind or luck, rude autocrat,
Expelled thee from that maiden's mat
On to the pavement.

What story hast thou? Was the head
Thou tired'st hazel, black or red,
Gold or peroxide?
Had it a parting? Did it wave?
Was it in mode demure and suave,
Or on the shock side?

Didst thou, with hidden guile, attach
Some cunning tresses bought "to match,"
To hide a lacking?
We can but trust, if that be so,
The hair hung on, despite the blow
That sent thee packing.

Ah me! No doubt a deal of care
Was spent to bring that head of hair
To full perfection;
We wonder if, for all her toil,
Thy tragedy went far to spoil
The whole erection.

It may be; for that man, indeed,
Who begs, to serve his direst need,
A pin—a hair one—
To clean his pipe, is ever met
With hackneyed statements of regret
That "she can't spare one."

He may not doubt. Yet, truth to say,
Judged by the free and casual way
These maidens scatter—
E'en as his quills the porcupine—
Their pins abroad, this fall of thine
Should hardly matter.

O hairpin cast upon the earth,
'Tis not for man to ask thy worth
Or probe thy history;
He only knows that, being one
By which a lady's hair is "done,"
Thou art all mystery.

But, lowly though thy present state,
Thou hast for memory this great
And deathless blessing,
That thou—oh joy beyond eclipse!—
Didst lie between a maiden's lips
When she was dressing.

DUM-DUM.



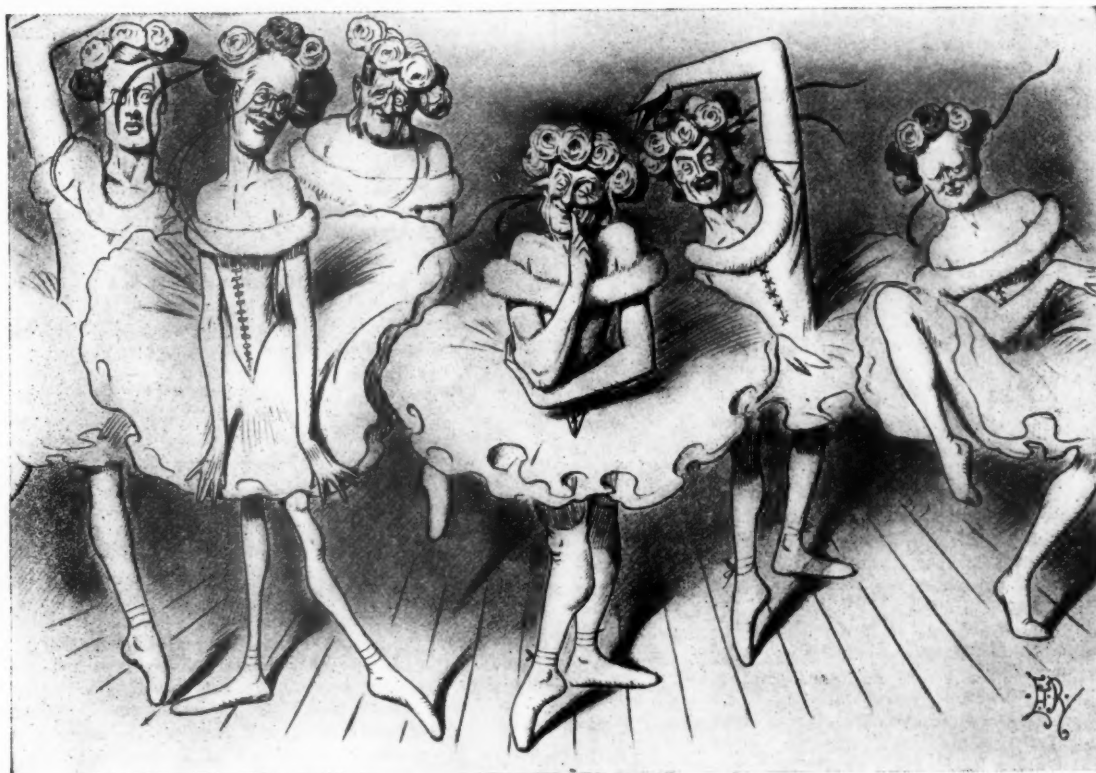
Bernard Partridge
[after Daniel Maclise, R.A.]

LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

(After Maclise's picture of the Meeting of Wellington and Blücher.)

FIELD-MARSHAL ASQUITH. "CAPITAL BATTLE WE WON A FEW WEEKS AGO."

FIELD-MARSHAL REDMOND. "YES. HADN'T WE BETTER BE PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER LIKE THIS—IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENS?"



THE PARLIAMENTARY BALLERINE TRIP SMARTLY FORWARD TO THE FOOTLIGHTS AGAIN.

(The Artist was so overwhelmed by the charms of the first few who presented themselves that he has had to omit six hundred and sixty odd *coryphées* of hardly less attractive mien.)

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

[An American Counsel, in the course of a case of alleged poisoning, has swallowed in a cocktail a dose of arsenic of the same strength as that alleged to have been employed by the prisoner, in order to demonstrate its harmlessness. Foreseeing many developments of such action in the future, *Mr. Punch* makes no apology for printing the following forecast of a newspaper article of 1926.]

It is with great regret that we record the sad loss which newspaper readers and all frequenters of law courts have sustained by the untimely decease of Sir Robert Riskett, the eminent King's Counsel. It was known that Sir Robert had been suffering from ptomaine poisoning ever since the Great Marine Stores Case, in which he ate three blown tins of salmon in open court in proof of his client's contention that they were quite wholesome. He was believed, however, to be making his usual good recovery, and the news this morning will come as a shock upon a public accustomed to regard him as the ablest exponent of spectacular advocacy. From the day, a dozen years ago, when he shot the instructing solicitor in the leg with a pocket pistol in sup-

port of the theory of the prosecution in the Great Railway Mystery, his career has been one long series of dramatic triumphs.

It was, of course, unavoidable that such a man, in the course of such a career, should make occasional enemies. We believe the solicitor just mentioned—in spite of the fact that the case he had presented was definitely established by Sir Robert's *coup*—could never be induced either to brief him again or even to sit in the same court; and it is an open secret that a certain law officer of the Crown never forgave him for the blow on the point of the jaw with which, in the trial arising out of the Club Prize-fight Scandal, Sir Robert dissipated in a moment his wordy sophistries upon the inefficacy of the "knockout."

But, putting aside criticism arising from merely personal or petty feeling, we are of opinion ourselves that there is something to be said on public grounds against the strenuous advocacy now so much in vogue. For one thing, it cannot be maintained at this high pitch without ultimate damage to the

personnel of the judicial Bench. Much though we admired at the time the devotion to duty of the talented K.C. who a year ago allowed himself to be trepanned in the well of the court by the medical client whose skill had been slanderously impugned, yet we cannot shut our eyes to a possible connection between that operation and the reversal on appeal of nine out of ten of his judgments since his elevation to the Bench.

We will not, however, dwell upon this aspect of the subject, for there are obvious compensations. Judges who have been previously, during years of advocacy, broken upon the wheel of their clients' necessities, may not prove capable of sustained attention or connected thought, but their histrionic ability abides. In proof of this we need only cite Mr. Justice Leary's display in the Hypnotic Pocket-picking case last summer, when he himself went off into a trance during his summing-up, and was found, after restoration to consciousness by a doctor and the leader of the Circuit, to have the watches of both in his possession.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

SCENE—A large library. TIME—2.45 P.M. Most of the usual furniture has been removed, and the body of the room is filled with rows of chairs. At the end of the room, and facing the chairs, a little platform has been erected. He and She are inspecting the arrangements.

She. Come, Charles, you must admit that the servants have done wonders. Parkins and William have worked like Trojans, the maids have surpassed themselves, and the gardeners—

He. Yes, I heard them. You can't mistake a gardener's step when he does get into a house. You might just as well let a traction-engine in at the front-door. But oughtn't you to have a gangway down the middle?

She. Oh, it's only for children. They won't mind about gangways. Besides, we've only just got chairs enough for them all as it is.

He. What are you going to do with the mothers and nurses?

She. They'll be in the back rows.

He. But if their children refuse to be separated from them?

She. Then they'll have to go into the back rows, too. Any more difficulties?

He. Well, personally, I think it would have been better to have the platform at the other end. It's not too late to make the change. Let's—

She. What? Move every chair round? You must be mad.

He. Oh, never mind. But if you didn't want suggestions you shouldn't have asked for them.

She. I don't call that a suggestion. I call it lunacy. Besides, I didn't ask for any.

He. Well, I won't press it. What's the ventriloquist's name?

She. I don't know. They only said they'd send one of their best men.

He. When's he coming?

She. He ought to be here now. William's gone to the station to meet him and bring him along. There he is at the front-door. Just you dash out and meet him, and help him in with his dummy figures.

[He goes out. She shifts a chair or two and puts in some final touches.]

He (re-entering with a stranger dressed in a frock-coat suit, high collar and black tie). This is Professor Borradaile, my dear. Professor, let me introduce you to my wife.

She. It's very good of you, Professor, to come down and help us to amuse our little ones.

The Professor (to himself). We put his thoughts into words). Little ones! What on earth—? Oh, it's a joke. (Aloud) Yes, indeed. Little in knowledge. But we shall improve in time, no doubt; everything must have a beginning, and then it spreads.

She (to herself). What a funny ventriloquist! (Aloud) That depends on the voice, of course.

The Professor (to himself). She's mad. (Aloud) No doubt the voice has something to do with it.

He. Have you brought your figures, Professor?

The Professor. Of course, of course. I always bring them.

He. Can I fetch them in for you?

The Professor (to himself). He's mad too. (Aloud) Oh, pray don't trouble. I always carry them in my head.

He and She (to themselves). He's mad.

He (to the Professor). Ha, ha, that's capital. The new ventriloquism, I suppose.

The Professor. Oh dear, no. Merely a matter of memory. Memory can be trained like everything else.

She. Oh, no doubt, no doubt. I am sure it will all be most interesting and amusing.

The Professor. Amusement is not considered to be our chief object; but we do try to amuse while we instruct, and generally we find we succeed wonderfully well.

She. Ah, here comes the audience. I must help to get them seated.

[The audience, consisting of children ranging in age from 4 to 12, all dressed in their best and bringing with them a sprinkling of mothers and nurses, begins to troop in. The seats are gradually filled. The Professor takes his stand on the platform and, silence having been established, he begins to speak.]

The Professor. I have to thank you for inviting me to come amongst you this afternoon. I own that this is the first occasion on which I have had the privilege of addressing an audience so largely composed of the young of both sexes. However, in such a matter as this it is impossible to begin too early. Knowledge acquired in the impressionable years of youth remains firmly implanted throughout life, and I therefore welcome joyfully the chance of sowing seed which will in due time grow into a beneficent and plentiful harvest of wisdom. The subject of my discourse is, as you all know, "Domestic Hygiene." [A small child here begins to cry and is hastily removed.] "Domestic" is, as you are aware, derived from *domus*, a Latin word meaning house, and "domestic" therefore means of or belonging to a house. "Hygiene" is from the Greek word for health, and "Domestic Hygiene" may therefore be described as the science of health in relation to the household arrangements amid which our lives are passed.

[The Professor proceeds in this fashion for nearly an hour, and ends with an impassioned appeal to his hearers to enrol themselves as members of the Domestic Hygiene Central Association.]

* * * * *
Extract from "The Chorsleydale Standard" of the following Saturday:—

"The Lowmead Village Hall on Wednesday last was filled with an enthusiastic meeting of members of the Lowmead Scientific Association, who had gathered for one of the series of scientific afternoons which have formed such an outstanding feature of the proceedings of this body. Unfortunately Professor Borradaile, who was to have lectured on Domestic Hygiene, was unable to be present, but his place was supplied practically at a moment's notice by Lieutenant Dobbs with his well-known and refined scientific Ventriloquial Entertainment. The members are to be congratulated on having provided for themselves and the rest of the audience a most enjoyable afternoon. The Lieutenant was heartily applauded throughout, and we hope shortly to see him again in Lowmead."

The extent to which the twentieth-century boy is expected to look after his parents may not be realised by some; but two extracts (one from a notice of Long Leave at Eton and the other from *The Acton Gazette*) may serve to show the tendency of the modern movement:

"Long Leave will be granted to Parents or Guardians of all boys who apply for it."

"Two schoolboys, aged respectively seven and thirteen, were charged with being found wandering at Acton-lane, Acton, and having a parent who did not exercise proper guardianship over them."

"The Chairman stated that before they went into voting for a president he should like to say there was no one who could appreciate the honour the society had done to him by re-electing him to the presidency in succession, as they had done as much as he had."—*Rugby Advertiser*.
The punctuator of this speech is determined to show that the duties of the president are merely nominal.



Hostess. "WILL YOU HAVE SOME BREAD-AND-BUTTER, DARLING?"

Small Boy. "BREAD-AND-BUTTER! I THOUGHT THIS WAS A PARTY!"

THE SWANKERS AGAIN.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY VERSION.

I. SCENE—*Any Girls' School.*

First Girl. Where've you been?

Second Girl. London, most of the time.

F. G. Been to any theatres?

S. G. Heaps. Almost every night, except when there were parties.

F. G. What did you like best?

S. G. Oh, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. Simply ripping. I adore FRED TERRY. Did you see it?

F. G. Yes; but I like *Count Hannibal* best.

S. G. Did you go to *Peter Pan* again?

F. G. Rather: six times. Isn't it topping?

S. G. Topping. But I missed the old *Wendy* horribly, and there's a new *Captain Hook*, too.

F. G. And *The Blue Bird*—did you see that?

S. G. Yes—twice. Isn't *The Joy of Being Thoroughly Naughty* a pet?

F. G. Oh, isn't he? The darling!

S. G. The duck! Hullo, there's Beryl! Beryl, did you go to many parties?

Beryl. Millions.

F. G. Were they good?

B. Absolutely ripping.

F. G. Did you go to the Jacksons'?

B. Of course. Why didn't you?

F. G. I had a cold.

B. What a pity. It was miles the best. They had a cotillon. I got a pair of opera glasses. It was lovely.

S. G. I say, what do you think? I learnt to smoke. Uncle Guy taught me. Isn't it ripping?

B. Didn't it make you ill?

S. G. Of course not. It's as easy as anything when you know how. I knew how directly.

[*And so forth.*]

II. SCENE—*Any Boys' School.*

First Boy. Where've you been?

Second Boy. St. Moritz.

F. B. We were at Montana. Top-hole, but too many headmasters. Are you good at ski-ing?

S. B. Rather! But bob-sleighing is what I like best. Our crowd simply flew.

F. B. Did you win anything?

S. B. No; we were screaming favourites, but a mouldy dog got in the way and just spoilt everything. We beat the record up to then, though.

F. B. How fast?

S. B. Oh! nearly seventy miles an hour, the judge said.

F. B. I had a ripping toboggan.

S. B. Luge, you mean.

F. B. Yes, luge if you like; same thing.

S. B. Was anyone killed at your place?

F. B. No, no one actually killed, but plenty of accidents. One girl broke both her legs.

S. B. We had a man killed outright—only a Swiss, though. Have many dances at Montana?

F. B. Heaps and heaps. Jolly girls there too. I say, don't tell any one, will you? Swear you won't. Well, I'm engaged.

S. B. Oh, rubbish! You're not.

F. B. Yes, I am. She's the best skater there. We're going to live in snowy countries all our lives—go from one to the other for ski-ing and all that.

S. B. Oh, skittles! Don't be such an idiot. You're only fourteen.

F. B. Well, some boys of fourteen are grown up. She's willing to wait, anyway.

S. B. How old's she?

F. B. She's younger than I am, as a wife ought to be. She's twelve.

S. B. Have any fun in London?

F. B. Not much—Switzerland was best. Did you?

S. B. Not bad. But I'm sick of conjurers, and they had them everywhere. Why don't conjurers learn something new? I knew how everything was done.

[*And so on.*]

AT THE PLAY.

"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE."

WE were warned to be in our seats punctually, as the interest threatened to begin practically at the same time as the play did. This was misleading, for one might easily have evaded the First Act and lost little by it except the irresistible pelantry of little Miss IRIS HAWKINS. A short synopsis would have put us in touch with the facts. Thus: *Mr. Panmure*, a gentleman of rather dotty physique (the result of early excesses), having ostensibly reformed through the ministrations of a pious wife and clergyman, and got into the habit of delivering discourses at family prayers twice a week, still retains some irrepressible relics of the old Adam. These break out, and in a moment of amorous gallantry he violently kisses the pretty governess of his daughter.

To the exordium here epitomised—of which the humour may be judged from the fact that it secured one of its most poignant effects by means of a dollop of powder smudged across the child's nose, which had suffered from the weather—two brilliant Acts succeed. Wind is got of the outrage done to the governess, but the identity of the delinquent remains in doubt. A great and glorious quest is set on foot by the ladies. For a moment, when I saw a spasm of suspicion cross the devout face of *Mrs. Panmure*, I feared that Sir ARTHUR PINERO was going to break through that tradition of detective stories which requires that the actual culprit should be the last person to be suspected. However, it passes, and the innocence of *Mr. Panmure*, stoutly asserted by the injured party, is eventually confirmed to the satisfaction of the ladies by a little man staying in the house—the most unlikely of Lotharios—who, at the girl's request, takes upon himself the guilt, and receives from *Mrs. Panmure*, as the guerdon of his honesty and courage in confessing, the badge of the Order of Fine Souls (First Class).

The scene now shifts, for the last Act, to the house of a *Mr. Stulkeley, M.P.*, who had been a guest of the *Panmures* in the preceding Acts, and had offered hospitality to the governess in her predicament. Here we get right away from *Mr. Panmure*, except that he is briefly dragged in with a family crowd that we may hear of his ultimate confession, and that the author may have an opportunity of showing that he has not absolutely mislaid the title of his play. (Incidentally it transpires that the confession was wrung from *Panmure* by the revelations of a footman who over-

heard the smashing of a plate during the stormy interview which followed the Kiss, and subsequently found his master engaged in retrieving the fragments. Unfortunately, when I assisted at the second performance, the plate bounded along the floor intact.)

The interest now centres in a competition for the hand of the governess, as between *Mr. Stulkeley* and his Private Secretary, the little man who had assumed the guilt of the outrage. This Act contained some fairly good fun of its own, but had obvious difficulty in dragging out its slow length. Its failure was not the common one of last Acts—the failure of an author to maintain interest when clearing up the threads

terms of such contemptuous intimacy with his chief. Of course, in the case of cousins it may be different, but it can't be so different as all that.

MISS MARIE LÖHR, as the governess, bore the brunt of the work, and did it with great intelligence and versatility. I was sorry that she was made gratuitously to appear in a scratch costume, minus gown and stockings, because it looks as if this kind of episode, coming so soon after her pyjamas scene in *Tantalising Tommy*, might grow into a habit with the people who write for her or manage her. I was sorry, too, that in the end she should have had to choose, for a husband, between a puppet and a prig, for in this latter category I must reluctantly place *Mr. Stulkeley, M.P.*, who carried his platform manner into the domestic circle. For the sake of the human interest, such as it was, the author might well have allowed him, in the act of proposing marriage, to throw off his oratorical style and behave less like a gramophone on stilts. There are some things that are not fair in love or war, and elocution is one of them. *MR. DAWSON MILLWARD*, in this not very grateful rôle, was, as always, an admirable figure, though perhaps he marched and countermarched about the stage a little too much and too rapidly.

MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, as *Panmure*, did not commit the mistake which he made in *Vice Versa*, but showed excellent restraint when tempted to conduct himself farcically. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE was a very perfect *Mrs. Panmure*, and *MR. DION BOUCICAULT* took advantage of his many chances, though his methods were sometimes a little irritating.

Regrettably the chief attraction of this rather unequal play disappeared quite early when the precocious *Myrtle* was despatched to bed. I venture to join in her protest at this premature dismissal. It is true that she had nothing to do with the play except to afford the governess a reason for existence, and could not conceivably have been the child of either of her parents. But this only helped her to be a thing apart and wonderful. I never saw anything to compare with Miss IRIS HAWKINS for sheer aplomb, and I only wish she could have been there all the time. O. S.

"One of these men, a Calabrian named Motta, went to his partner's shop and tried to shoot him while he was engaged in shaving a customer. The bullet shaved the face of a boy who was waiting."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

And very likely the lad had only dropped in for a hair-cut.



Miss IRIS HAWKINS (*Myrtle*). "The programme tells you where my Mamma and my governess go to get their costumes; but Heaven and Pinero only know why I'm dressed like this."

that have been already unravelled. Its fault lay (apart from its undue expansion) in the attempt to establish interest at that late hour in a side issue.

Sir WING describes his work as "a Comic Play," and I bow to his authority. But he might well have called it a Farce, for some of his characters were sufficiently incredible. I am not sure that I quite believed in *Mr. Panmure*, that amalgam of irreconcilable elements; and I know I never believed in the loud crudity of his sister-in-law, or in the familiarity of *Woodhouse*, the M.P.'s Private Secretary. I have had the privilege, beyond my deserts, of acquaintance with many Parliamentary Private Secretaries, but I have never known one who was on



A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

Visitor. "I WONDER HOW YOU MANAGE TO HUNT AT ALL WITH SO MUCH WIRE."

Resident. "ONLY THING THAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE, MY BOY! WOULD NEVER HAVE AN EXCUSE TO TURN AWAY FROM ANYTHING WITHOUT IT."

TO THE MODERN QUACK.

[After reading the early history of medicine.]

YE makers of fortunes gigantic,
Quack vendors of potions and pills,
Who now give us nothing romantic
Except your advertisement bills,
Consider the wondrous concoctions
Put up in the bottle or box
By doctors aforesaid and, wasting no
more time,
Just pull up your socks.

"Digestion," they'd ask, "misbehaving?"
Or, "Blisters on both of your heels?"
Tut, tut! Take an ivory shaving
Thrice daily, an hour before meals."
Such sorts of medicinal dainties,
Backed up by a ponderous mien,
They'd foist upon folly as certain of
jolly
Well curing the spleen.

They'd (almost) put up in a flagon
And afterward offer for sale
Pink hairs from the head of a dragon,
Blue tufts from a unicorn's tail.
And, could they have only got at them,
No doubt they'd have mixed with
their drinks

For troublesome tummies the wrappings
of mummies,
Or chips off the Sphinx.

But *you*, did we ask that a pimple
Be cured with a Balsam of Bats,
Would only look hopelessly simple,
Or rudely ejaculate, "Rats."
Come, give up your commonplace
nostrums,
Present something quaint to our
view;
Those picturesque liars could always
find buyers,
So why shouldn't you?

"The above is a facsimile of a cheque en-
closed with every 2/9 bottle of —, and £10
reward will be paid if the cheque is not as good
as gold at said bank for 2/6."—*Advertisement.*

If it is as good as silver it will be good
enough for us.

"The birds were somewhat wild, but all
thoroughly enjoyed the sport."
The Englishman.

We'll hope they did, anyway. We
know the fox enjoys it, so why
shouldn't the birds?

THE FATAL DRAWBACK.

[Pantomime in its present form is of quite
recent origin.]

ONCE, if I read in story books
Of mediæval deeds of daring,
And how the baron said "Gadzooks,"
Instead of "Dash it all," when
swearing,

I prated of the "good old" times,
But now their goodness is forgotten,
Since life bereft of pantomimes
Would be, to put it mildly, rotten.

If matters happened to annoy,
The baron could not soothe his
"paddy"

By harking while some leading boy
Burst loudly into "Yip-i-addy!"
He could not feel a moistening eye
As someone (on a princely salary)
Warbled a strain repeated by
The fireman's infant in the gallery.

Not his our laughter loud and free
At clowns who give policemen toko;
It was not even his to see
The humour of the ruby boko;
Some motley fool his ease beguiled,
Punning with tedious persistence,
A thought that makes me reconciled
To twentieth-century existence.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Simpkins, the agent, was not popular in Ballymoy, and the question was how to get rid of him. The Rev. J. J. Meldon's idea was to marry him to Mrs. Lorimer. Mrs. Lorimer had just been acquitted on a charge of murdering her husband, the general feeling being that she was lucky to get off. In the *Miss King* who had taken Ballymoy House, Meldon thought that he recognised Mrs. Lorimer; if he could only induce *Simpkins* to marry her, there was a chance that she might murder *Simpkins* too. As a casual suggestion, thrown off after dinner, the joke would be well enough; as the basis of a novel—even of a wild farce by GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM—it does not bear emphasis. *The Simpkins Plot* (NELSON) is written for the most part in dialogue—or rather in monologue by Meldon, with occasional interruptions from other characters. A sufficiently humorous Meldon might have carried the book to success; Mr. BIRMINGHAM has tried his hardest to make him sufficiently humorous, but he has only succeeded in making him a bore. How the other characters stood him I cannot imagine; if I had lived in Ballymoy there would have been a "Meldon Plot." I am sorry to say this, remembering the delight which a previous book of Mr. BIRMINGHAM's gave me, but I am afraid that he is trying to force the irresponsible note, and it is the duty of every lover of irresponsibility to give him a word of warning.

No, Mr. MASEFIELD, I refuse to be put upon. When a man starts a story with a mingled flavour of *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*, steers us to the Spanish Main, and then goes on to introduce Indians, and the gold of Incas concealed in a desolate and mysterious temple, that man has got to make his hero lift the treasure before the end of the book, or I shall get my machete into his ribs. Of course you will answer that your story is entitled *Lost Endeavour*, and that I must have known what to expect from the beginning. To that I can only reply that it makes no difference, it's not cricket (or ever pelota), and that the name of your publisher is NELSON, who obviously ought to have known better. He ought to have said, "Now, Mr. MASEFIELD, you have a wonderfully fertile imagination, and you know everything there is to be known about sailing sloops and chopping a path through unexplored forests; also you have given us some very pretty characters here, notably *Dick*, the smuggler, and *Mr. Theodore Mora*, the Spanish schoolmaster who was destined to be a god. Why should you leave us with this unsatisfactory ending? It's

sheer perversity, that's what it is. Kindly do that last chapter over again, and bring back the ingots slung over your shoulder in a sack this time, and we might call the book *Success*, or something of that sort."

When you begin to read *Lady Fanny* (METHUEN) the chances are that you will consider it a very ordinary society novel, a little more obviously feminine perhaps than most, about a young wife who goes to Switzerland for a "rest-cure" from a boring existence in the Shires, and is there fallen in love with by two men, one of whom knows, and the other does not know, that she is already married. This, certainly, is the bare outline of the tale; but by the time that Mrs. GEORGE NORMAN has got fairly into her stride, and you have been made acquainted with the *Brabazon* party at Lucerne, the convulsion will probably dawn upon you that you are in for a usual story written with a quite unusual degree of skill. Later, when *Lady Fanny* has fled to Volpera, and the affair of *Prince Maurice*

has developed itself, you will begin (I hope) to feel some of the pleasure which I myself have just experienced. This story of the love of two persons, hopelessly parted by circumstance, is really beautiful. It is told with delicacy and restraint, and a kind of tender humour that adds enormously to its effect. I have seldom read anything more moving in their own kind than the final chapters; the rush of them, indeed, carried me off my feet, and I have reason to suspect that Mrs. NOR-



MRS. STUBBINS, FROM THE COUNTRY, THINKS FOLK IN LONDON "UNCOMMON SOCIABLE."

MAN may have been as strongly moved in writing them, because (though I hate, rather, to mention it) there were certainly two instances in which her grammar would not bear the cold light of reflection. But this, after all, is no great matter. Syntax is of less value than sincerity; and for this virtue above all others do I subscribe myself the author's most appreciative and grateful debtor.

The Odd Job Man.

Beneath a drawing in *The Illustrated London News*, illustrative of aboriginal rites in Australia, these words appear:

"Only men are present and there may be as many as fifty of them, all with white streaks painted on their bodies. (Drawn by our special artist.)"

No doubt he makes quite a nice little addition to his income in this way.

"As a steamer was discharging her cargo at the Quay Ernest Renaud, Nantes, the quay began to move and slipped bodily into the river, with a large crane, piles of merchandise, and a wagon. The foundations of the quay are thought to have been faulty."—*Daily Mail*.

Surely not.



A LARGE ORDER.

Cabby. "WHERE TO?"

Porter. "YOU'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THE TAXI."

CHARIVARIA.

"THERE are no English Cabinet-makers," said a witness to the Alien Immigration Board. Mr. REDMOND, of course, is of Irish extraction.

A few years ago, Dr. AKED was persuaded to take up duty in the United States. Now the well-known Nonconformist Minister, Dr. JOWETT, has received and accepted a similar invitation. Might we draw the attention of our American cousins to the claims of Dr. CLIFFORD?

"Nerves," says the KAISER, "will win the next war." Times change. An earlier CÆSAR overcame the Nervians.

"£14,426,700 DOCK SCHEME
EVERY DOCK IN LONDON TO BE
IMPROVED."

This is misleading, and calculated to cause serious disappointment to those persons who imagine that when next they appear at the Old Bailey they will find themselves in a richly upholstered dock provided with a lounge chair in crimson plush.

"How can they afford it?" remarked a playgoer at a certain Music Hall. LOIE FULLER had just presented for the first time in London a charming unpublished ballet by MOZART—and the very next turn was MOZART himself—"in his original and excruciatingly funny Travesties on Every Day Events."

"Women," says Lord ROBERT CECIL, "are more self-sacrificing than men." We agree with his lordship. Show us the man who would be willing to make a guy of himself for the sake of being in the fashion.

It is a curious fact, not, we believe, mentioned by any of our contemporaries, that the late Mr. MACWHIRTER'S pictures were never popular among schoolboys. We understand that they resented the frequency with which this distinguished painter glorified the birch.

"We stand," says *The Field*, "in a much better position in aviation relatively than we did in motoring ten years ago. . . . Our aviators probably run into three figures." Yes, the motorists ran into more than that.

There is, as a rule, so much jealousy between our daily papers that it is a pleasure to find *The Daily Mail* inaugurating a campaign in favour of "Standard" bread.

The warders of our prisons are now agitating for an improvement in their conditions of employment. To mention but one hardship, it is said if a warder, while in charge of men, should be seen to turn his head away for a moment, he may have a shilling deducted from his pay and lose his Saturday half-holiday. We understand that even the prisoners, whom one would not suspect of having much sympathy for the warders, are in favour of having this grievance removed.

Burglars entered the Archdeaconry library at Huntingdon, the other day, and stole several volumes of valuable theological works. They did not stay to read them, fearing, no doubt, lest they might be surprised asleep.

We are glad to see that our Royal Academy still sets its face against sensationalism. It will be noticed that its list of new Associates did not include the name of PETER THE PAINTER.

THOUGHTS ON THE COMING CENSUS.—II.

[If any member of a household is deaf and dumb, blind, a lunatic, imbecile, or feeble-minded, the fact has to be given.]

WHEN last your father filled for you
The census-roll, he had no knotty
Riddles to guess; he knew your name,
Your age and health of mind and frame;
Thus: "Betty, spinster, 15.2,
Not deaf, nor blind, nor dumb, nor dotty."

Since that occasion I have wooed
And found you stiff with indecision;
So if he knows the facts about
That fatal error he will doubt
Whether your senses still include
The almost priceless gift of Vision.

Blind to my charms! or, sadder yet,
You had your mental optics blinded;
You loved my nose, but failed to trace
A corresponding inward grace,
And so your sire will have to set
His daughter down as feeble-minded.

I have admirers, men of weight,
Who hold that I, too, lost my head (you'll
Pardon this view); I, too, was blind
(To your defects of form and mind),
And ought to have my shocking state
Frankly recorded in the schedule.

Two cases, similarly sad!
Yet there's a solace to beguile 'em:—
Let you and me, my dear, repair
Each to the other's arms, and there
Win what they need, the blind and mad—
A safe and permanent Asylum.

O. S.

THE GREATEST LITTLE LION.

THE house was in that part of West Kensington which is better known to its inhabitants as Kensington, W. My host came out of his drawing-room the moment the bell rang. It was his invariable custom thus to waylay the arriving guest and whisper into his ear the names and achievements of those already assembled. Everybody you met there had achieved something.

On this occasion he wrestled with an unusual amount of subdued triumph. "So glad you've come. You're just in time to meet Evelyn Starker. Just dropped in quite informally, you know. No ceremony or anything of that sort."

"Very glad to meet her," I murmured.

"Her! My good man, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Evelyn Starker? You've read his books, anyway. He wrote *Fallacy or Phantasy* and *The Duke's Diogenes* and—lots of others. Come on in. You'll find him awfully affable and nice—considering what he is."

I found the Greatest Little Lion standing with his back to the fire. Before him in a semi-circle sat the Great Little Lions. Beyond these stood a fringe of Lesser Little Lions.

I was introduced to Mr. Starker. He acknowledged my presence by closing his eyes for nine seconds and then glancing in my direction for nearly two.

"Editors," he remarked, "are consistent only in their inconsistency."

The Great Little Lions looked at each other in delighted amazement, and I noticed one of the Lesser Little Lions hastily scribbling upon his shirtcuff.

I shook my head. "I am not an Editor," I said.

Mr. Starker started violently. "I didn't say you were," he remarked shortly. "I was continuing the conversation which was interrupted by your arrival."

I retired hastily to the outer fringe of Lesser Little Lions. The inner circle would have to turn right round if they wanted to look at me like that again.

"Editors," he continued, "so rarely recognise that they are the slaves of the Contributor—and not his masters."

"Hear! Hear!" roared four of the Lesser Little Lions in chorus.

"I mean by 'Contributor,' of course, a man who has made his mark in the literary world. I do not refer to the legions of would-be Contributors who vent their spleen and disappointment by abusing Editors."

"Hear! Hear!" cried two of the Great Little Lions.

"I will give you an example which occurred to myself. It was in connection with a paper which has established for itself the reputation of being the leading journal of poetic culture."

"That's *The Warbler*," explained our host in a stage whisper. "He writes for it."

"The Editor has actually had the impertinence to return my work with criticisms on it!"

"Never!" roared the Lions of all degrees. "Impossible!"

"Criticism it and point out what he considered to be its faults!"

"I wish more Editors would do that," I said regretfully.

The Greatest Little Lion carefully adjusted his glasses, put back his head, and regarded me with patronising interest. "What would be an encouragement," he said slowly, "to a young beginner is, I repeat, an insult to a man who wrote before the Editor of *The Warbler* had ever been heard of. To criticise a finished author—"

He paused impressively.

"Oh, no," I said. "Don't say that. I expect you've only run dry temporarily. All great writers suffer from that."

Mr. Starker put his head back still further and blew shortly and sharply through his nose.

The artist in the front row, who had "quite nearly" had a picture hung, turned on me reprovingly. "Mr. Starker never dries up," she said.

The great author still regarded me fixedly. "Perhaps," he remarked ponderously, "we regard the matter from opposite ends of the literary ladder. I repeat that I consider it downright impertinence of the Editor to return the work of a man who has published no fewer than five books of serious verse."

"But you have had something in *The Warbler*?" implored our host.

He stroked back his raven locks with one hand and smiled quietly but triumphantly.

"*The Warbler* published a little thing of mine called 'Rulers of Rimmon' about two years ago," he remarked with unconvincing carelessness.

"Ah!" said the Little Lions rapturously.

"Really? Was that yours?" I asked.

The Greatest Little Lion unbent. "Why? Did you see it? Do you remember it after all this time?"

"I have got it pasted in a book at home," I replied.

"Some day," he said, beaming patronisingly upon me, "people may cut out some of *your* work and paste it in a book. Don't be disheartened. Go on trying. Remember my encouragement next time you read my little poem in your book."

"I'm afraid I can't read it now," I explained, when the applause had subsided, "because it's on the sticky side. You see, it happened to be printed on the back of one of my own."



ANOTHER "DECLARATION OF LONDON."

LONDON (with plan for a vast development of her Port). "I DECLARE THIS SCHEME WELL AND TRULY LAID."

JOHN BULL. "WISH ALL YOUR DECLARATIONS WERE AS SOUND AS THAT."

[The International Agreement known as the Declaration of London, which still awaits ratification, contains certain rules of Naval War which have met with strong protest on the part of various Chambers of Commerce.]



Niece, "AUNTIE, DO COME IN THE GARDEN—I WANT TO SHOW YOU TO THE DUCKS."

THE CREW.

(To F. C. B.)

LAST week it was my lot, dear FRANK,
A tow-path horse bestriding,
Along the Cam's familiar bank
To witch the world with riding.

With all the undergraduate's rash
Contempt of wintry weather
The zephyred crew set out to flash
Their eight blue blades together.

Their catch was fair, their swing was slow
(Though much their coxswain chid it);
Their faces showed they meant to row,
And pretty well they did it.

That arbiter of life and death,
Their coach, had lots to teach them;
He spoke a shade above his breath,
And thus contrived to reach them.

Beginnings were, he said, the root
Of his aquatic system;
The lack of these entailed the "boot"—
He marvelled why they missed 'em.

And, not as one who quoted hymns,
But yet with moderation,
He mentioned all their youthful limbs
And each articulation.

He praised a wrist, reproved an arm;
Their legs, he thought, were so-so.
Their hands, he added, did the harm
And really made them row so.

"Your strokes," he said, "should be designed
With something nearer vigour.
Reach out and grip it well behind,
And dislocate your rigger."

And so with many a cheerful shout
He scored his patient eight off,
Declaring Three must hold it out
And Six must get his weight off;

With wise advice to all the rest:
How they might charm beholders
With straightened back, or bulging chest,
Or hips, or knees, or shoulders.

He spoke them fair, he spoke them free,
Imparting stacks of knowledge,
And did his best that each should be
A credit to his College,

And row the race so well that you
And I may see them win it.

P.S. I write about the crew
Because your grandson's in it!

Tis.

A Morning Post-Impressionist—the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

IV.—"AT DEAD OF NIGHT."

The stage is in semi-darkness as Dick Trayle throws open the window from outside, puts his knee on the sill, and falls carefully into the drawing-room of Beeste Hall. He is dressed in a knickerbocker suit with arrows on it (such as can always be borrowed from a friend), and, to judge from the noises which he emits, is not in the best of training. The lights go on suddenly; and he should seize this moment to stagger to the door and turn on the switch. This done he sinks into the nearest chair and closes his eyes.

If he has been dancing very late the night before he may drop into a peaceful sleep; in which case the play ends here. Otherwise, no sooner are his eyes closed than he opens them with a sudden start and looks round in terror.

Dick (striking the keynote at once). No, no! Let me out—I am innocent! (He gives a gasp of relief as he realises the situation.) Free! It is true, then! I have escaped! I dreamed that I was back in prison again! (He shudders and helps himself to a large whisky-and-soda, which he swallows at a gulp.) That's better! Now I feel a new man—the man I was three years ago. Three years! It has been a lifetime! (Pathetically to the audience.) Where is Millicent now?

(He falls into a reverie, from which he is suddenly awakened by a noise outside. He starts, and then creeps rapidly to the switch, arriving there at the moment when the lights go out. Thence he goes swiftly behind the window curtain. The lights go up again as Jasper Beeste comes in with a revolver in one hand and a bull's-eye lantern of apparently enormous candle power in the other.

Jasper (in immaculate evening dress). I thought I heard a noise, so I slipped on some old things hurriedly and came down. (Fingering his perfectly-tied tie.) But there seems to be nobody here. (Turns round suddenly to the window.) Ha, who's there? Hands up, blow you—(He ought to swear rather badly here, really)—hands up, or I fire!

(The stage is suddenly plunged into darkness, there is the noise of a struggle, and the lights go on to reveal Jasper by the door covering Dick with his revolver.

Jasper. Let's have a little light on you. (Brutally.) Now then, my man, what have you got to say for yourself? Ha! An escaped convict, eh?

Dick (to himself in amazement). Jasper Beeste!

Jasper. So you know my name?

Dick (in the tones of a man whose whole life has been blighted by the machinations of a false friend). Yes, Jasper Beeste, I know your name. For two years I have said it to myself every night, when I prayed Heaven that I should meet you again.

Jasper. Again? (Uneasily.) We have met before?

Dick (slowly). We have met before, Jasper Beeste. Since then I have lived a lifetime of misery. You may well fail to recognise me.

[Enter Millicent Wilsdon—in a dressing-gown, with her hair over her shoulders, if the county will stand it.

Millicent (to Jasper). I couldn't sleep—I heard a noise—I—(suddenly seeing the other) Dick! (She trembles.)

Dick. Millicent! (He trembles too.)

Jasper. Trayle! (So does he.)

Dick (bitterly). You shrink from me, Millicent. (With strong common sense) What is an escaped convict to the beautiful Miss Wilsdon?

Millicent. Dick—I—you—when you were sentenced—

Dick. When I was sentenced—the evidence was black against me, I admit—I wrote and released you from your engagement. You are married now?

Millicent (throwing herself on a sofa). Oh, Dick!

Jasper (recovering himself). Enough of this. Miss Wilsdon is going to marry me to-morrow.

Dick. To marry you! (He strides over to the sofa and pulls Millicent to her feet.) Millicent, look me in the eyes! Do you love him? (She turns away.) Say "Yes" and I will go back quietly to my prison. (She raises her eyes to his.) Ha! I thought so! You don't love him! Now then I can speak.

Jasper (advancing threateningly). Yes, to your friends the warders. Millicent, ring the bell.

Dick (wresting the revolver from his grasp). Ha, would you? Now stand over there and listen to me. (He arranges his audience, Millicent on a sofa on the right, Jasper, biting his finger nails, on the left.) Three years ago Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace was stolen. My flat was searched and the necklace was found in my hatbox. Although I protested my innocence I was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years penal servitude, followed by fifteen years police supervision.

Millicent (raising herself on the sofa). Dick, you were innocent—I know it. (She flops back again.)

Dick. I was. But how could I prove it? I went to prison. For a year black despair gnawed at my heart. And then something happened. The pri-

soner in the cell next to mine tried to communicate with me by means of taps. We soon arranged a system and held conversations together. One day he told me of a robbery in which he and another man had been engaged—the robbery of a diamond necklace.

Jasper (jauntily). Well?

Dick (sternly). A diamond necklace, Jasper Beeste, which the other man hid in the hatbox of another man in order that he might woo the other man's fiancée! (Millicent shrieks.)

Jasper (blusteringly). Bah!

Dick (quietly). The man in the cell next to mine wants to meet this gentleman again. It seems that he has some old scores to pay off.

Jasper (sneeringly). And where is he?

Dick. Ah, where is he? (He goes to the window and gives a low whistle. A Stranger in knickerbockers jumps in and advances with a crab-like movement.) Good! here you are. Allow me to present you to Mr. Jasper Beeste. Jasper (in horror). Two-toed Thomas! I am undone!

Two-toed Thomas (after a series of unintelligible snarls). Say the word, guv'nor, and I'll kill him. (He prowls round Jasper thoughtfully.)

Dick (sternly). Stand back! Now, Jasper Beeste, what have you to say?

Jasper (hysterically). I confess. I will sign anything. I will go to prison. Only keep that man off me.

Dick (going up to a bureau and writing aloud at incredible speed). "I, Jasper Beeste, of Beeste Hall, do hereby declare that I stole Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace and hid it in the hatbox of Richard Trayle; and I further declare that the said Richard Trayle is innocent of any complicity in the affair." (Advancing with the paper and a fountain pen.) Sign, please.

[Jasper signs. At this moment two warders burst into the room.

First Warder. There they are!

[He seizes Dick. Two-toed Thomas leaps from the window, pursued by the second Warder. Millicent picks up the confession and advances dramatically.

Millicent. Do not touch that man! Read this!

[She hands him the confession with an air of superb pride.

First Warder (reading). Jasper Beeste! (Slipping a pair of handcuffs on Jasper.) You come along with me, my man. We've had our suspicions of you for some time. (To Millicent, with a nod at Dick) You'll look after that gentleman, miss?

Millicent. Of course! Why, he's engaged to me. Aren't you, Dick?

Dick. This time, Millicent, for ever! CURTAIN. A. A. M.



Jason Blogg (of Pittsburg). "WELL, HYPATIA, WHICH OF 'EM HAVE YOU CONCLUDED TO TAKE?—THE EARL OF OLDPARK OR COUNT APPOGGIATURA?"

Miss Hypatia. "I'M GOING TO AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS, POP. IF THE EARL LOSES HIS VETO, MAYBE I'LL TAKE THE COUNT."

RECORD NOVELIST.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. SILA SHOCKING.
A GREAT MANUFACTURER.

MR. SILA SHOCKING is indeed to be envied. Though still in the prime of life—he wears a full beard hardly touched with grey, and is the proud possessor of a golf handicap of 36—he is admittedly the Captain-General of the most typical modern industry—that of novel-making. *The Daily Chronicle* has already told us the thrilling history of his early years and the noble principles which inform his new masterpiece, a great cricketing story with a strong ethical interest, which is appearing serially in a leading journal, but some further particulars, gleaned by a plucky representative of *Punch*, who scaled the heights of Highgate in the pursuance of his duty, may not be unacceptable to those who love to learn of the prosperity of our prominent penmen.

In his early years, Mr. Shocking was almost entirely immersed in the study of theology, metaphysics, conchology and kindred subjects, but the call of romance was not to be resisted, though for long he turned a deaf ear to these siren voices. "Often enough," he said, "the impulse came upon me, and plots evolved themselves almost unconsciously in my mind, but I put the temptation aside. It was not till many years had elapsed that I became convinced that my capacity for influencing my fellow men for good would be enormously enhanced by my abandoning the pulpit for the pen—by my turning my sermons into novels. Since then my pen, or perhaps I should say my phonograph, has known no rest. The process of preparation is arduous, involving long journeys, nights spent in sleeping-cars, horseback riding—I was once run away with by a Mexican mustang, another time I was badly shaken by a fall from a camel in Egypt—but when once my material is collected it is plain sailing. Formerly I wrote, now I dictate everything to the phonograph."

"Have you any time for meals?" timidly queried our representative.

"Not much," replied the intrepid *littérateur*. "A thimbleful of tea at 8 a.m., a hasty snack at 1 o'clock, and a poached egg and a banana before I retire to rest at 12.30—that is my usual regimen. I drink barley-water most days, but in the summer I own to a weakness for gingerbeer and raspberry vinegar."

"Do you hold any views on the Bread question?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Shocking. "I am a whole-hearted whole-mealer. I once

wrote a novel on a diet of white bread, but it barely sold 100,000 copies. It was a romance of the Cornish Riviera describing the abortive attempt of a South African millionaire to establish a Casino at Tintagel, and his terrible end. I took the greatest pains to make my meaning perfectly and unmistakably clear. But somehow or other my tragedy and comedy became hopelessly and inextricably mixed, and my characters became quite unmanageable. The book, in short, was a failure, and I only cleared £5,000 by the sales."

Turning to the question of his colossal *clientèle*, Mr. Shocking said that his readers could be numbered by millions in the Midlands before the sale of his books climbed into hundreds of thousands in London. It was only by degrees that he had stormed the citadel of metropolitan fame, and even still there were houses in Mayfair where his name was practically unknown, except in the basement. Of late, too, he had begun to sell widely in the Isle of Man and Stratford-on-Avon in spite of strenuous local competition. Beyond these areas, Manchuria, Japan, Korea, Heligoland and the Falkland Islands were countries where Mr. Shocking's stories are every day gaining a wider vogue. Translations already exist in Romyany, Urdu, Basque, Aztec and Esperanto.

The statistics relating to Mr. Shocking's output are worth recording. The total number of copies of his books in circulation is estimated at ten quintillions (it will be remembered that a quintillion = a billion penillions). The paper on which these copies is printed, if spread out flat, would carpet the entire Solar system, and, if piled in a vertical heap, would reach to Mars. The amount of printer's ink consumed on these immortal tomes would fill the Caspian Sea. In writing his books, again, before he took to the phonograph, Mr. Shocking used up 2,743 quill pens, 590 stylographs, 411 fountain pens, and 33,775 steel nibs. The process of revision accounted for three tons of blue lead, and 70,398 sheets of blotting-paper were exhausted in drying the manuscript. Furthermore Mr. Shocking has, in the search for the requisite local colour, travelled 30,000 miles on bicycles, 160,000 miles in motor cars, and 24,000 miles on donkeys, camels and elephants. Mr. Shocking has been interviewed in all nearly five thousand times, and he is the proud recipient of the Order of the Purple Patch (Serbia), the Golden Gasometer (Costa Rica), and the Hokey Fly (Ireland), besides being an Honorary LL.D. of the University of Tipperusaleam, and a D.D. of Monte Carlo.

TO THE PERENNIAL RABBIT.

THE Savage by primeval Thames,
Lurking, the mammoth to waylay,
Amid the awful forest stems,
On some far, dim, forgotten day,
As that vast bulk of brawn and beef
Squelched off unscathed through lone
morasses,
Would turn, I doubt not, with relief
To where you scuttled in the grasses!

Perhaps my cave-man blood's to blame,
For—atavistic taint—I too
Have dropped a more exacting game,
Bunny, to have a bang at you;
The driven partridge missed in front,
And eke behind, lacks serious merit
Beside a sunny hedge-row hunt,
A terrier and an active ferret!

Give me a summer afternoon,
An air-gun and the drone of bees,
The water-meadows lush with June,
A stalk among the Alderneys;
Then, hit or miss, I care no-ways,
In such surroundings I consider
You're worth a hundred storm-swept
braes
And all the royals in Balquidder!

Indeed, wherever I may go,
Through summer woods, by wintry
fell,
I've found you, in the sun or snow,
A friendly little Ishmael;
Along the southern trout-stream banks,
Or with the ptarmigan consorting,
You've always earned my grateful
thanks,
And in all seasons acted sporting!

Hushed is the hairy mammoths' roar
And gone the mastodon uncouth
Down to decay with dinosaur,
Aurochs, and fearsome sabre-tooth;
But you, small beast in hodden-gray,
Survive, and will, I take for granted,
Be here when I am dust, to play
In moonlit covers still unplanted!

"A gentleman, 34 years of age, tall, strong and healthy, shortly returning to Australia, wishes to meet a lady and marry her before doing so."—Advt. in "*Matrimonial Times*."

Advice to those about to marry: Meet the lady first.

From *The Daily Telegraph's* account of a dinner of the German colony in London:—

"The speeches were entirely in German, the remainder of the evening being devoted to harmony."

This is the kind of report that does so much for the softening of Anglo-German relations.



Sportsman. "I SHOT A WRETCHED PIG BY MISTAKE WHEN AFTER SNIPE NEAR FOO SING. THE VILLAGERS WOULD NOT LISTEN TO MY APOLOGIES, BUT BEHAVED IN A PERFECTLY SCANDALOUS MANNER—TAKING AWAY MY GUN, KNOCKING ME DOWN—AND—AND—JUMPING ON MY STOMACH UNTIL MY BLOOD BOILED."

THE PURIST; OR, ANY EXCUSE.

[*"I beg to again most respectfully call your attention to the above overdue account previously rendered, and trust you will now favour me, etc."*]

Sir, when I noticed the message appended to

This your too-frequently rendered account,
Grabbing my cheque-book I fully intended to

Settle at once for the mentioned amount;
Reached for the ink-pot—then, glancing again,
Sadly closed cheque-book and laid aside pen.

What, my dear Sir, did you wantonly, viciously,

"Beg to again most respectfully call?"

Most of your missives arrive inauspiciously—

This was the bitterest blow of them all!

English infinitives, may I submit,

Are not, like sodas, the better when split.

So, as I gazed at this bill for my raiment that

Seemed to go back such a horrible way,
All the brave plans for immediate payment that

Once had loomed rosy now faded to grey;
"Beg to again most—" no, let the thing rest—
Out on your vilely constructed request!

No, Sir, I would have discharged with celerity

All of the items set forth on your claim,
But I must handle with fitting severity

One so completely devoid of all shame
As to quite unprovoked, callously go
Splitting a harmless infinitive so!

THE PURPLE PRESS.

With acknowledgments to "The Observer."

"THERE for the moment we may leave this soul-shaking announcement. It would be impossible even for us to over-estimate its portentous gravity. No more insidious solvent has been administered in our time to the cement which binds together the stately fabric of Empire. The struggle of the next few years will irrevocably decide the future of Great and Greater Britain and its place amongst the Great Powers of the world—if, indeed, we are to keep any place among them. Already the writing is on the wall, the words of warning shine out in luminous fluorescence for all who have eyes to see—if, indeed, the power of vision is still possessed by our politicians. But we are not pessimistic. Never have we felt less so. The spectacle of impending peril has always nerved heroic souls to make their supremest efforts. There must be no faltering or paltering with the enemy. Under the oriflamme of an unshakeable resolve the Party must go forward in serried ranks to shatter into infinitesimal smithereens the motley hordes of the squalid coalition. For our feet are upon the mountains and our face is towards the rising sun."



Master. "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR FATHER DIED LAST NIGHT, GEORGE. I'D NO IDEA HE WAS SERIOUSLY ILL."

Jarge. "WULL, 'TWERE THIS WAY. DOCTOR 'E COME IN THE MARNIN', AN' MOTHER SHE ASK 'UN WHAT SHE WERE TO GI' FEYTHUR, AN' DOCTOR 'E SEZ, 'GIE 'UN ANYTHING 'E'VE A MIND TO ASK FOR;' AN' MIDDLE O' THE NIGHT, FEYTHUR 'E ASKS FOR A QUART O' BEER; MOTHER SEZ, 'AIN'T GOT NO BEER,' GIVES 'UN A GLASS OF WATTER—KILLED 'UN!"

THE SCHOOL FOR VARIETY.

MR. GRAYSON recommends the establishment of a school for music-hall artistes so that the public may be spared some of the less successful turns.

SCENE—Comic-patter class.

Professor.—It is a wise plan to think out all one's jokes for one imaginary person in the audience and never get above his head. A typical gallery boy for choice or, when addressing the ladies, a gallery girl. It is true that other people will be in the hall, but if you can make these two laugh you

will make enough of the others laugh also; never by any chance say anything new or fine. Keep it all to the lowest level by cynicism and suspicion. See the worst of everything and everybody. For example, if you sing about the sea let it be either of the sickness upon it, the fleas in the lodging houses beside it, or the adventurer on the pier who took your watch and chain. Remember that in any narrative there is nothing really funny but failure. For briefer gags bear in mind that all music-hall audiences are conservative; and it has become safe and popular to use whatever language you like about both the

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the HOME SECRETARY. After that there are always sausages and bananas and kippers; the mere mention of such will convulse any audience.

SCENE—Pronunciation Class.

Professor. Take great pains to keep your voice strictly to street pitch, and with a street accent. I mean, of course, those of you who are not Scotch or Lancashire comedians. These may do as they like when in any towns not in Scotland or Lancashire. But all you London singers must be most scrupulous to retain your cockneyisms. Thus, when singing of, say, a man named Brown living in London town, be watchful to say both "Breown" and "teown." Much depends on it.

SCENE—The Serio-Comic Class.

Professor. The first thing, Ladies (or shall I say, "Dears"), that I want you to understand is that the seat of the serio-comic voice, if it is to be successful, is not the chest, but the back of the head. Some of you seem to have acquired the elements of voice-production. These you must forget as quickly as possible. The music-hall public does not want anything but what it has had for generations. Remember that. It expects heady nasal notes, and you must give them.

SCENE—Comic Costume Class.

Professor. The first essential of a comic singer's clothes is that they do not fit. If they fit, the song cannot be comic, whatever the words. Some of you, I see, have trousers that are not patched. What kind of chance in the profession you expect, I cannot imagine. Others have shirts when the simplest gallery boy knows that, when the waistcoat is lifted up (being made loose for that purpose), a dicky should be all that can be seen, or, possibly, in really funny men, a pair of very ancient corsets. Thus attired you will succeed in whatever you sing: there will be enough members of every audience to persuade the rest that you are funny. The boots should be too large, the hat too small. Paint your nose red, your mouth large, and give your eyebrows an arch. Never omit to carry a stick, as every time you hit yourself it will convince your audience that your last remark was a joke, and they will laugh, and the more they laugh the better for you. That indeed is why your clothes have to be so carefully thought out: it is so that immediately you are seen the audience will know you are funny and will be practically bound to laugh. It is a kind of hypnotism.



ALL IN DUE COURSE.

CATESBY (MR. CHURCHILL). "MY LIEGE, THE DUKES, ETCETERA, HAVE BEEN TAKEN."

RICHARD THE THIRD (MR. ASQUITH). "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! SO MUCH FOR DUKES, ETCETERA."

CATESBY. "MY LIEGE, E'EN NOW THEY PRATE OF SELF-REFORM."

RICHARD THE THIRD. "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! WE WILL REFORM 'EM LATER."

"Richard the Third" (Colley Cibber—"Punch" version), Act IV., Scene 4.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



TOBY SEARCHES FOR THE MISSING "CAPTAIN HOOK" (OF KING'S LYNN).

Since (Sir Toby, M.P.). "AR-RE YE THER-RE, MY NOBLE CAPTHUN!!—It's YER LITTLE SMEE, CAPTHUN!—He's THER-RE!!! THE CROCODHOLL'S GOT 'UM!! THERE'S RIMNINTS OF 'UM IN THE CRAYTHUR'S MOUTH, SO THERE IS!!"

Tuesday, Jan. 31.—New Parliament meets for first Session. Quite exciting scene in Lobby. Everybody shaking hands with WILLIAM JONES, who, hatless and smiling, bustles about. That he should smile not an uncommon thing. That everyone should, after brief parting, want to shake hands with him equally habitual. But where's his hat? Can it be that, owing to LLOYD GEORGE's financial extortions, he has been obliged to "put it down," as millionaires and landlords have under same malign influence "put down" carriages, horses and the odd boy in the garden?

This question murmured by stranger looking on. Old Parliamentary Hands recognise the sign. According to quaint custom, whose origin is lost in the muck of dead centuries, a Whip never shows himself in the Lobby with his hat on. One remembers how, when TWEEDMOUTH occasionally visited scene of the labours of EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, Liberal Whip in Mr. G.'s last Administration, he was for a moment hardly recognisable under his hat. WILLIAM JONES comes to new Parliament a Junior Lord of the Treasury, enrolled

among the Whips under the Master-ship of ELIBANK.

Off with his hat. So much for North Carnarvon.

Appointment not one of high degree, such as a Secretaryship of State with seat in the Cabinet. But it distinctly strengthens position of Government by increasing its corporate popularity. Only drawback to satisfaction shared equally in both political camps is that the Member for North Carnarvon henceforward must needs give up to the Whips' Room what was meant for mankind in the House. Simple, unaffected, undervaluing himself, he is one of the most eloquent speakers known at Westminster during last fifteen years. The unwritten law which forbids a Whip to wear his hat in the Lobby also precludes him from taking part in debate. Thus the House becomes the poorer by a well-merited and universally acclaimed promotion.

Business done.—Mr. LOWTHER elected Speaker for fourth time.

Thursday.—Looking round on busy scene, watching Members struggling for opportunity to sign the roll of

new Parliament, one thinks with profound sorrow of one whose presence will charm the House no more. Re-elected without opposition for one of the many Universities on whose rolls of honour his name stood high, HENRY BUTCHER looked forward with keen interest to the coming Session. Sickening with a vague disease, he, shortly after the General Election, took to his bed and died, whilst others were preparing for the fray at Westminster.

His name did not loom large in the eye of the public. It appeared but rarely in the Parliamentary reports. But in the House, as in the Universities, his unobtrusive personality was equally admired and esteemed. Conservative representative of an exclusive community, he was singularly broad-minded in his views, ever courteous in manner.

A scholar of rare distinction, a speaker of polished lucidity, intimately acquainted with the drift of public affairs, he was of the limited group of men who are the salt of the *mélange* of humanity that goes to make up the House of Commons.



Huntsman (cheering his hounds). "FORWARD! FORWARD! FORWARD!"

Stout Gentleman (unaccustomed to the language of the chase). "'FORWARD'? YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO GET FORWARD AS FAST AS I CAN?"

LINES TO A "LONDON PARTICULAR."

MAYBE you've not the luscious flavour
Of fogs of fifty years ago,
When all the world was stouter, braver,
But, ah, if that be so,
Would I could taste the sort of stuff
Our grandsires used to eat! Enough;
It's not your taste I'm out to puff,
But something more—Hello!

(The worst of this confounded nimbus
Wherein I wander like a ghost
Is, when I try to dodge a dim bus,
I dash against a post).
What was I saying? Fog; oh yes!
Where others curse I came to bless;
I rather like your rich caress,
I call you London's boast.

For beautiful, no doubt, are cities
Whose fronts are ever kissed with gold;
And Paris sneers and Naples pities
And Tunis calls us cold;
And Rome has her imperial pride,
And lots of other towns beside,
With or without a local guide,
Are gorgeous to behold.

But never do they wear the armour
Of modesty and coy reserve

That makes our London such a charmer,
When every square and curve
Is wrapped in folds of thick pea-soup
(Ye gods! that was a tasty stoup);
The only drawback is that (Whoop!)
One needs no end of nerve.

You weave about her form, O vapour,
The mystic spell that holds the mind
(Under a street-lamp's glimmering taper)
Of buildings half defined:
She looks her best, I fancy, thus,
And that is why I make no fuss
Save only when a motor-bus
Barges me from behind.

EVOE.

A fierce controversy which was raging in *The Staffordshire Sentinel* has been closed by the Editor in these inspired words:—

"We cannot insert any more letters on this subject. The question put by a correspondent was:—'A cat and a half kills a rat and a half in a minute and a half: how long will it take 60 cats to kill 60 rats?' A 'cat and a half' cannot 'kill a rat and a half,' and there may be some catch in that; but, accepting the question as a mathematical problem, the answer is obviously one minute. For a cat and a half to kill a rat and a half in a minute and a half is at the rate of one rat per cat per minute, and, at that rate, 60 cats would kill 60 rats in one minute."

Come, come! Is Staffordshire to lag behind the other counties in intellect? Have at it again, Stafford!

THE CRIMINAL.

THE accused with great precision arranged himself into a semi-circle on the hearthrug, indolently wagged his tail, and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Despite this evidence of a clear conscience, the pleading face of the suppliant showed signs of agitation.

"He didn't do it. I'm certain he didn't," she protested.

"That," I informed her, "is the attitude of the Defence all the world over, and carries no conviction."

She made an effort to smile, in case my remark was funny, and edged herself between the object of my wrath and me.

"Besides," she said, with that depth of scorn in her voice to which youth alone can reach, "it was only a slipper."

The suppliant threw herself on the ground by the accused, and roused him from sleep by kissing the tip of his ear.

"He wouldn't do a naughty thing like that, would he?" she asked.

He looked up at me with deliberate innocence and slowly licked his lips.

"He convicts himself," I said, "out of his own mouth."

The Defence was equal to the occasion.

"If he did then," she informed me in a phrase choking with verbs, "I don't believe he could have known he mustn't. It's no good smacking him if he doesn't know he's been naughty, is it?"

I raised a threatening hand at him. With limp tail he skirted the armchair and took refuge under the sofa.

"Is that," I inquired, "the action of a dog conscious of moral rectitude?"

She clung desperately to my hand.

"But there's no need to punish him now that he owns he's done wrong, is there?" she said.

Directing my voice towards that end of the sofa beneath which I imagined the dog to be now cowering, I made an inquiry regarding the whereabouts of a certain whip.

With my mangled slipper in his mouth, the accused brazenly stepped out from the sanctuary of the sofa and, after gazing fondly into my eyes, sat demurely at my feet and tried to stare my lowest boot button out of countenance.

"Is this," I asked, "the shamed attitude of the penitent?"

Now that punishment seemed inevitable, there was, on the part of the Defence, an accommodating change of front. Aware that her pleading for the accused had left me unmoved, the Suppliant assumed an expression of stern and inexorable wrath.

"The wicked dog," she exclaimed,



First Tragedian. "Ah! DEAR BOY! THE CHANCE OF MY LIFE CAME LAST NIGHT. ISAAC-STEIN OFFERED ME THIRTY SHILLINGS A WEEK TO PLAY HAMLET. THE CONTRACT WAS DRAWN UP—HE LENT ME HIS FOUNTAIN-PEN TO SIGN WITH, WHEN—"

Second Tragedian. "YOU WOKE UP!"

First Tragedian. "DAMME! HOW DID YOU KNOW?"

Second Tragedian. "BY THE SALARY, MY PIPPIN. I'VE DREAMT LIKE THAT MYSELF!"

"let me smack him. I'd beat him awfully hard."

"Difficult as it may be," I said, "you must endeavour to restrain your righteous indignation. His behaviour convinces me that punishment would be wasted on him. There is nothing for us to do but to assume he has no moral sense."

She gave a sigh of relief as she climbed on to my knee.

"Yes, let's," she begged, "then we needn't bother, need we?"

Removals by Air.

"Last summer Mrs. Dunville steered her own ballroom across the Channel to France, with Lady Milbanke as a passenger."—*The Queen.*

The ball-room does not seem to have been overcrowded, so perhaps it wasn't very difficult to steer in.

ELECTION SEQUELS.

LAW COURTS DELUGED WITH LIBEL ACTIONS.

INTERESTING echoes of the General Election (which, it may be remembered, was held towards the end of last year) will shortly be heard in the Law Courts, and we are fortunate in being able to give our readers advance details of some of the more important libel actions that are down for hearing.

BULLION V. BLOOD.

One of the earliest on the list is connected with the exciting contest in West Toffshire, where Sir John Bullion, Bt., the well-known City magnate and former Liberal Member for the division, succumbed by only three votes to the Hon. Arthur Blood, younger son of Lord Backwood. It is alleged that on the eve of the poll the Unionist Candidate distributed a circular to the electors making a personal attack on his opponent, and containing in particular the following paragraph:—

"Quite apart from questions of Party politics, it is in the highest degree essential that, for the sake of its good name, West Toffshire should be represented in Parliament by a well-dressed man. Can it be said that Sir John Bullion fulfils this condition? One or two facts will suffice by way of answer. On December 5 the Radical Candidate was seen to address a meeting with one trouser-leg turned up and the other down. On the following day he toured the constituency in a frock-coat and a bowler-hat. . . . And, worst of all, he buys his clothes in the City! Electors, think of your reputation, and

VOTE FOR BLOOD AND STYLE!"

In his affidavit Sir John characterises the allegation touching his trouser-legs as a malicious invention, and affirms that the second charge made against him contains a serious *suppressio veri*, inasmuch as no mention is made of the fact that on the day in question his frock-coat was covered by a stylish overcoat with velvet collar. Sir John further states that the circular, which was issued too late to permit of a contradiction, lost him the seat, brought him into social disrepute, and caused him great distress of mind. With regard to the general appearance of plaintiff's clothes (whose civic origin is not denied), several sartorial experts are being called to give evidence on either side.

"THE PEOPLE'S FOOD."

Some significant revelations are promised in the action which Mr. Will Barrow, who unsuccessfully contested Grimesby as an Independent Working Man, is bringing against Mr. Alf Pint,

the Labour Party's nominee. Mr. Barrow complains that during the campaign his opponent repeatedly made a most dastardly allegation against him, to the effect that he (Mr. Barrow) was "the sort of man who never stood a pal a glass." Unfortunately, owing to the stringent provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act (which many leading politicians in the district would like to see amended), plaintiff was unable during the course of the election to disprove the charge in a practical manner, and was even debarred from promising to do so on the conclusion of the contest. Such a statement was bound to exercise a tremendous influence over the electors of Grimesby, where beer is the principal article of food, and in consequence, Mr. Barrow asserts, he only polled seventy-eight votes against over ten thousand given for the Labour Candidate. The case will be followed with great interest by the local publicans.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

The contest in Puddenhead will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the division as one of the most embittered in its history, and little surprise will be caused by the announcement that Mr. Ebenezer Bloggs, who championed the cause of Tariff Reform, is instituting an action for libel against the newly-elected Member. Mr. Bloggs takes exception most of all to a poster with which the entire town was placarded, and which bore the following words in huge letters:—

"Don't Vote for Bloggs. For years he has been Continually Growing Madder! Plump for SAWNER and SANITY."

Plaintiff contends that this statement imputes mental infirmity to him, and was evidently so interpreted by a majority of the electorate, since there could not conceivably be any other reason for his defeat. Defendant, however, repudiates all knowledge of the poster in question, and alternatively denies that the words complained of bear the construction put upon them, and further pleads that they are literally true, plaintiff being the head of the dyeing firm of Bloggs & Son, which is engaged in the cultivation of madder. In reply Mr. Bloggs has filed an affidavit stating that for some years, owing to the increased rigour of foreign competition caused by our so-called Free Trade system, he has had to give up growing any madder.

AN ECHO OF BILLINGSDITCH.

Damages to the amount of £10,000 are being claimed by the Conservative Candidate for Billingsditch against *The Billingsditch Observer*. It is com-

plained that an article appeared in the local organ stating, among other things, that the Candidate in question had opposed in Parliament the provision of free life-annuities for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom. This, plaintiff says, is a gross distortion of the truth, the real facts of the case being that, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, he actually spoke in favour of the proposal, his sole protest being directed against the reprehensible procedure by which it was "tacked" on to a Budget Bill. The allegation, he maintains, constitutes a most damaging reflection upon his character, holding him up to popular execration as a monster of inhumanity, callous to the sufferings of the poor, and deaf to their legitimate demands upon the State. It was also the cause of intense mental and physical discomfort to him during the Billingsditch Election.

MONTMORENCY OR —?

Yet another case—that of *Montmorency v. Grab*—is likely to prove especially rich in piquant details. The plaintiff is Mr. A. Fitzalan Montmorency, who conducted so strenuous an anti-alien campaign in the Crackling Division of Berkshire, and who grounds his present action on the fact that his Socialist opponent placarded the constituency with the legend:—

"Where was Montmorency when the Light went out?"

Mr. Montmorency denies that his name is really identical with that of the great Hebrew law-giver, as he declares this query to suggest, and says that he is taking this step to vindicate his character in public as a true Briton, patriot and Christian gentleman. Among Mr. Grab's witnesses, we understand, are a number of gentlemen resident in Whitechapel, including Mr. Montmorency's father.

"The Mayor was attired as a gentleman of the time of Charles I., and the Mayoress was gowned to represent Night."—*Manchester Evening News*.

This can be done cheaply in a night-gown.

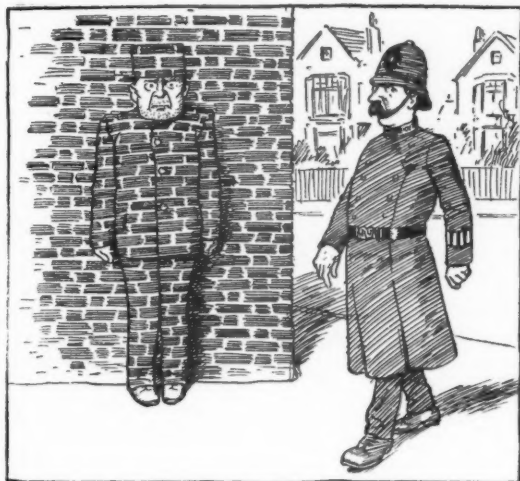
"There were 1,190 inmates in the Tranmere Workhouse, as against 1,191 for the corresponding period last year, the decrease being due to the increased amount of work in the town."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

What, we wonder, was he doing?

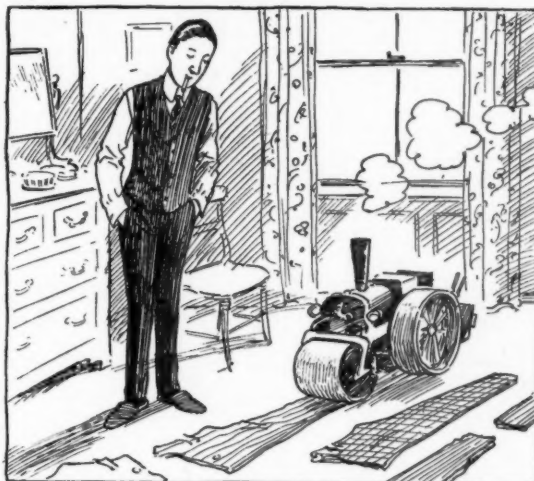
"A new miniature dance-opera, based on the story of 'Salome,' is to be produced at the Hippodrome. The principal character will be played by Sahary-Djeli, who will give as a special feature the Dance of the Seven Dials."—*The People*.

We have often seen children doing this round a barrel-organ.

SOME OUTFITTING NOVELTIES FOR THE COMING SEASON.



THE BRICK-WALL SITTING FOR BURGLARS.



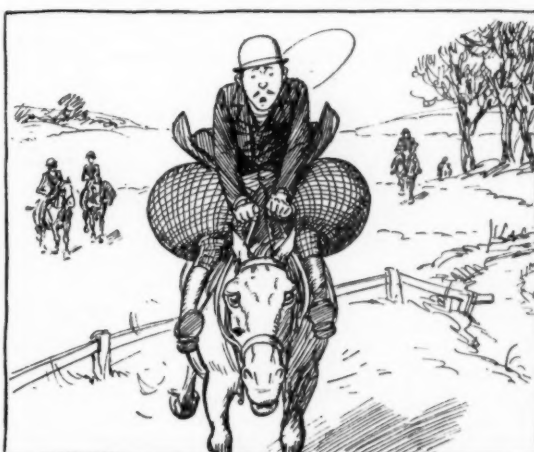
THE "INVICTA" TROUSER-PRESS.

THE LITTLE DUSTMAN.
A NOVELTY IN BOYS'
SUITINGS.

THE LANGUAGE STERILISER.

THE THREE-SLEEVED COAT
FOR STRAPHANGERS.THE "QUICK-CHANGE" UMBRELLA.
Press the knob, and your perfectly
good umbrella loses its attraction
for the borrower.

THE "TICH" BOOT FOR VIEWING PROCESSIONS.



PNEUMATIC RIDING BREECHES FOR NOVICES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE present edition of *Tillers of the Soil* should be recalled and a second published with print enlarged, cover brightened, and preface omitted. The first sight of so much small print depresses an eye already a little discouraged by the severity of the cover, and Mr. J. E. PATTERSON'S apology for his methods does no more than put the reader on his look-out for faults, which he would not have otherwise noticed and which probably do not exist. For the book itself is bound to be a pleasure to all who love the land or can appreciate in others a passion they do not feel. For myself, a townsman, I was made intimate with agricultural conditions and even canvassed in the matter of certain farmers' grievances and their proposed remedy, without having my entertainment suspended for a moment. *Abel Shuttlesworth*, a cheerful farmer with large ideals, an unruly tongue and an irresistible optimism, is certainly a person to meet, and I know of few better portraits in fiction of an ardent reformer with a past—a past which reappears in the midst of the reforms and becomes only too present. With the exception of *Ola*, his indefinite daughter, and *Lucian*, her American and poetically-inclined lover, the minor characters are most natural and true to their rural environment. The Rector is perhaps a little too narrow, but the rectory party are delightfully fussy and typical. I ask Mr. HEINEMANN, if the book runs to another edition, to send me a copy, partly that I may review it a second time (for I have further words of recommendation up my sleeve), but more particularly that I may place it on my shelf of Books Worth Keeping and Reading Again.

There are onions that make you weep, and onions, as the Athenian hoplites knew, that make you warlike, or perhaps that make your enemies take to their heels. There is also, in a class by himself, Mr. OLIVER ONIONS, who wants to make your flesh creep. The text of his book, *Widdershins* (MARTIN SECKER), is the quaint petition for deliverance "From Ghaisties, Ghoulies, and long-leggity Beasties and Things that go Bump in the night." Its title means—in what language I know not—"Contrary to the course of the Sun," that is to say, contrary, as I hope, to Nature. For I should not at all like to think that the creepy happenings described in these extremely ghoulish stories could possibly come my way. I don't want to be driven to starve myself by a beckoning fair one who haunts my rooms, paralyses my work, slays my love, and causes my arrest as a suspected murderer. Nor do I relish the

idea of listening for the footsteps of a man who is always coming up behind me and passing the molecules of his body through the molecules of mine, until at last I go mad and kill myself in my efforts to get rid of him. Nor, if I were a sculptor, should I care to achieve fame in the hour of my death by the crazy design of exerting my will-power to force my own flesh and blood and bone into the marble of my *chef d'œuvre*. Weirdly imaginative, and with an uncanny air of unreality, often effectively heightened by the skilful way in which Philistinism and art and the material and spirit worlds are placed side by side, these stories by Mr. ONIONS are told so cleverly that some readers might find that almost they persuade them to be believers in Ghaisties and Ghoulies and long-leggity Beasties and Things that go Bump in the day as well as in the night.

Sleuth-hound fiction has already scented out a style of its own; the characters talk in a kind of correct journalese

which takes no account of idiosyncrasies, when they narrate their past histories or the terrible events which have recently happened to them. For this reason *Gilead Balm* (FISHER UNWIN), which is Mr. BERNARD CAPES'S incursion into this species of romance, suffers from a certain lack of homogeneity, since the author every now and then shows glimpses of his real self and allows flashes of humour, or pages of really literary description to intrude into the story. *Gilead Balm* (I am not quite sure whether this name is so funny as Mr. CAPES seems to imagine, and the same applies to a supposed villain whom he has christened *Winsom Wyllie*) was a young man who, on

suddenly becoming a millionaire, decided to spend his life in sifting the advertisements for financial succour which appear in *The Daily Post*, and relieving all genuine cases of distress. In pursuit of this generous avocation the author has allowed his hero to range through a considerable variety of cases, from the purely comic to the mysterious and spiritualistic, but always with the detection of crime as a dominant motive. There is no one like Mr. BERNARD CAPES for describing the horrors of a dark and empty house; he has some very ingenious ideas for crimes, and he often says some very good things; as for instance, "But if there is no morality in art, you can hardly expect it of its dealers;" and therefore, although he has been unable to maintain the dead level of melodrama which is the tradition of this kind of novel, I can confidently recommend *Gilead Balm* to those in search of yet another literary hair-tonic.

"The Territorial band played the hymns as well as the church organ."
The Scout.

No comparisons, please.



WHY NOT SLEEP ON THE LINKS?

YOU COMBINE HYGIENE WITH GOLF AND GET OFF BEFORE THE CROWD.

CHARIVARIA.

If it is not too late we would still like to ask Mr. GINNELL, M.P., to consider seriously whether his refusal to shake hands with the SPEAKER was not a more severe punishment than Mr. LOWTHER deserved.

* *

The volume of criminal statistics just issued by the Home Office contains an introduction by Mr. H. B. SIMPSON deploring the amount of sentimentality that enters nowadays into the administration of the criminal law. A prefatory note explains that Mr. SIMPSON's views must not be taken to be official. The Dartmoor shepherd is still at large.

* *

Sir JOHN FULLER, M.P., has been appointed Governor of Victoria, and Victoria is asking what it has done to deserve the Whip.

* *

A Southend boy scout pursued two thieves, who had stolen a purse from a lady, for over a mile. When he came up with them he secured the purse by means of a clever ruse: he pretended that there were other people in pursuit close behind him. The mortified miscreants are said to be considering now whether they cannot institute proceedings against the boy for obtaining money by false pretences.

* *

The recent great fall of cliff at Dover has, we hear, caused the keenest satisfaction to Little Englanders.

* *

"Motor omnibuses," we read, "went over Blackfriars Bridge for the first time yesterday." If there should be much more of this careless driving we may have to heighten the parapets.

* *

A Judge in the King's Bench Division, the other day, requested a stranger who was troubled with a severe cough, to leave the Court. His Lordship remarked that it was a Court of Law, and not a Hospital. As a matter of fact, we understand, the ignorant fellow had imagined that it was a Variety Theatre.

* *

It seems strange that while it is considered necessary to have a Keeper of the Tate Gallery, yet the Post-Impressionists are allowed out without a keeper.

* *

In the spring, we are told, a new type of hat for ladies will come into fashion. The brim of this will be turned up, and at last it will be possible to see the women's ears. Some awful revelations are expected.



Theatre Attendant! (to enthralled playgoer in throes of tragedy). "ARE YOU THE GENTLEMAN THAT HAD AN ICE AND DIDN'T PAY FOR IT?"

"Colour-blind persons," declared Professor EDRIDGE-GREEN in a lecture at the Royal College of Surgeons, "are generally above the average in intelligence." Colour-blind persons have known this for years.

* *

A dog named Caesar, residing at Winchester, has been presented with a collar and enrolled in the "Brotherhood of Hero Dogs" for saving the local Guildhall buildings from fire in December last by giving the alarm. We understand that there was some difficulty in explaining to the little fellow what the honour was for. Hero-like he had thought nothing of the incident—had, in fact, quite forgotten it.

* *

There is more in the so-called superstition that 13 is an unlucky number than some persons think. A young man who has been convicted 13 times for offences in respect of his motor

bicycle has now been fined a 14th time at Godalming.

* *

"A woman," we are informed, "who told a police officer that she was SARAH BERNHARDT, was remanded so that she could be kept under observation." That is probably the best way to settle the question of her claims.

* *

The fact that a young lady who recently received a number of blows on the skull from a violent burglar is said to owe her life to the possession of a fine head of hair will, it is thought, lead to many ladies sleeping with their hair on.

* *

"The trade in Chinese pigs is now firmly established in this country," we read. When one remembers that it was CHARLES LAMB who, in a famous essay, first drew attention to their excellence, one realises how long it takes for a new idea to catch on with us.

OF A WELL-KNOWN PARROT, NOW MORIBUND.

[If Imperial Preference has been killed by the proposed Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the United States, as the Radicals cheerfully assert, then they cannot have much further use for the election cry of Dearer Food which has done them so great service in the past.]

A PRINCE of parrots, such as seize
Upon the spoken word,
Master of one most poignant wheeze—
The deadliest ever heard,
He stood apart without a peer, this undefeated bird!
For years he worked the old refrain—
"YOUR FOOD WILL COST YOU MORE"—
Without a sign to show the strain
Had left his larynx sore;
Until the thing became a most abominable bore.
The Liberals loved to hear that cry
Boom like an eight-inch gun;
The moment he began to try,
Election-wars were won;
But now I fear he's on the moult; I fear his day is done.
He had but this one phrase in stock
Touching your loaf's expense;
It's single purpose was to knock
Imperial Preference.
But now the point of that remark has ceased to give offence.
For lo! the Tory fiend that he
Laid himself out to slay
Has died of Reciprocity.
Imp. Pref., in fact, is clay,
And cannot be expected to resume the hoary fray
That was the one he used to keep
His beady eye upon,
And now, with Food for ever Cheap,
His occupation's gone,
There seems no reason why the bird should care to linger on.
Then, Liberals all, prepare the bier
Whereon to lay your dead
Who might have stopped his foe's career
By screeching off his head.
Only the latter went and died another death instead.
And Tories, too, when o'er your friend
You raise a pious howl,
And tears for his untimely end
Bedew the haggard jowl,
Spare one, in courtesy, for this indomitable fowl!

O. S.

IN THE GRIP.

Scene: The Library, 4 p.m. A bright fire is blazing. He is sitting limply in an armchair with a rug wrapped round his legs. She, also wrapped in a rug, is extended on a sofa in front of the fire.

She. Charles!
He. For heaven's sake, don't.
She. Don't what?
He. Don't frighten a chap.
She. I only said "Charles."
He. I know, but I can't stand the shock of having my name called suddenly. You don't seem to appreciate—
She. Oh yes, I do. I appreciate everything.
He. Well, what do you want?

She. What's the time?
He. Something struck just now.
She. I know; what was it?
He. I didn't notice.
She. Can't you see the clock?
He. No. Can't you?
She. I could if I lifted my head, but I can't lift it.
He. And I can't pull my watch out. Makes me shiver even to think of it.

[A pause.]

She. Don't you think we've got influenza very badly?
He. Yes—at least I know I have. I'm not so sure about you.
She. I'm sure nothing could be worse than mine.
He. You can't know how bad mine is.
She. If you don't admit that mine's worse than yours, I'll never speak to you again.
He. Oh, very well! Have it your own way.
She. That's not an admission.
He. If you talk to me like that I shall cry—I know I shall.
She. You'd have been crying long ago if you'd only got my head.
He. I have, and much worse too.

[A pause.]

He. Have you got aches and pains all over your back?
She. Not yet, but I feel them coming. You haven't—woul-ouf-ouf-ugh-ugh—you haven't got a horrid hacking cough, have you?
He. It's there, but it won't come out. That's always the worst kind.

[A pause.]

She. Do you feel as if you'd got any bones left in your whole body?
He. Yes, I've got nothing but bones, and they're all in the wrong places, and every bone's got a pain in it.
She. Except your backbone. You said you hadn't any pain there.
He. I haven't got a backbone.
She. I wish I hadn't.

[A pause.]

She. Do you think you'll ever be able to get up again?
He. Never.
She. What would you do if Lady Lampeter called and Parkins showed her in?
He. I should scream. Let's ring and tell Parkins not to.
She. I can't get at the bell,
He. Nor can I.

[A pause.]

He. What are the children doing?
She. Children? What children?
He. Haven't we got any children?
She. Let me think. There were some children about this morning. Were those ours?
He. Ye-es. I fancy they must have been.
She. Do let's be sure about it. Bring your mind to bear on it.

He. I can't. I haven't got a mind.

She. Poor dear! Nor have I.

[A pause.]

He. I'm going to have a pino-menthol lozenge.
She. Do. And I'll have a eucalyptus lozenge.
He. I shall take two.
She. You mustn't overdo it, Charles.
He. I see what it is. You want to rob me of all my little luxuries, but I'll take two all the same. [Takes two.
She. Charles, if you talk to me so cruelly I shall just wither away.
He. I've withered long ago. [Left sucking lozenges.



THE MORE FAVOURED NATION.



Photograph-r. "A LITTLE BRIGHTER! BRIGHTER! STILL BRIGHTER! AH! TOO BRIGHT! MOISTEN THE LIPS AND START AFRISK!"

HOMO EX MACHINÂ.

(TO A TUBE-LIFTMAN.)

CONDUCTOR to the dim Tartarean levels
And satellite of that infernal "link"
Whose ceaseless round no accident dishevels,
What do you dream on as we softly sink?
Tell me, young man, the nature of your revels
When not on duty: do you dance or rink?
Or punt a leathern ball with thews of oak?
And (this is most important) do you smoke?

Immobile-featured as a marble statue,
You stare me in the eyes, ingenuous youth;
You make no answer to my questions, drat you!
No sound of sorrow, mirthfulness, or ruth;
Either because you think I'm getting at you
Or (much more probably, to tell the truth)
Because I have not said these things aloud,
But merely thought them, wedged amongst the crowd.

Let me get on, then. Do you know the fevers
Of common men on earth, unskilled to slam
The irrevocable gates and ply the levers?
Do you take marmalade for tea, or jam?
And wherefore have the Fates, those sister weavers,
Doomed you to work a lift and not a tram?
(Ah, who may read the riddles of the Fates?)
And what's your surname? Robinson? or Bates?

And would you seem to browse on sudden clover,
And tread mysterious heights and valleys strange,
With CORTEZ or some rare old English rover,
If haply for recuperative change
The Company should shift you on from Dover
To Down Street? Did you ever chance to range
Through "faëry lands forlorn" of light and myth,
Shunted to Finsbury Park or Hammersmith?

And does some damsel greet you with embraces,
Some charming girl about to be your wife,
And bid you tell her of adventurous cases,
The haps and hazards of your strange stern life?
The whims of passengers, their clothes and faces,
Whether they touched the gates, and all the strife?
And does she call you Alf, or Herb, or Reub?
(I rather hope the last—it rhymes with tube.)

These things I cannot answer, and it's wearing
To go on talking bunkum all in vain;
But some day I have sworn that, greatly daring,
While others pass, the poet shall remain.
Yes, you and I, for hours together faring
Shall hold high converse and beshrew my train!
Downwards and upwards we will fall and climb,
And you shall punch my ticket every time. Evon.

The Dartmoor Shepherd Again.

Aux gais enfants les amusettes sont chères,
Et jeunes Ministres font maintes folies bergères.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

V.—"THE LOST HEIRESS."

The Scene is laid outside a village inn in that county of curious dialects, Loamshire. The inn is easily indicated by a round table bearing two mugs of liquid, while a fallen log emphasises the rural nature of the scene. Gaffer Jarge and Gaffer Willyum are seated at the table, surrounded by a fringe of whisker, Jarge being slightly more of a gaffer than Willyum.

Jarge (who missed his dinner through nervousness and has been ordered to sustain himself with soup—as he puts down the steaming mug). Eh, bor, but this be rare beer. So it be.

Willyum (who had too much dinner and is now draining his sanatorien). You be right, Gaffer Jarge. Her be main rare beer. (He feels up his sleeve, but thinking better of it wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.) Main rare beer, zo her be. (Gagging) Zure-lie.

Jarge. Did I ever tell 'ee, bor, about t' new squoire o' these parts—him wot cum hum yesterday from furren lands? Gaffer Henry wor a-telling me.

Willyum (privately bored). Thee didst tell 'un, lad, sartain sure thee didst. And Gaffer Henry, he didst tell 'un too. But tell 'un again. It du me good to hear 'un, zo it du. Zure-lie.

Jarge. A rackun it be a main queer tale, queerer nor any them writing chaps tell about. It wor like this. (Dropping into English, in his hurry to get his long speech over before he forgets it.) The old Squire had a daughter who disappeared when she was three weeks old, eighteen years ago. It was always thought she was stolen by somebody, and the Squire would have it that she was still alive. When he died a year ago he left the estate and all his money to a distant cousin in Australia, with the condition that if he did not discover the missing baby within twelve months everything was to go to the hospitals. (Remembering his smock and whiskers with a start.) And here du be the last day, zo it be, and t' Squire's daughter, her ain't found.

Willyum (puffing at a new and empty clay pipe). Zure-lie. (Jarge, a trifle jealous of Willyum's gag, pulls out a similar pipe, but smokes it with the bowl upside down to show his independence.) T' Squire's darter (Jarge frowns), her baint (Jarge wishes he had thought of "bain't")—her baint found. (There is a dramatic pause, only broken by the prompter.) Her ud be little Rachel's age now, bor?

Jarge (reflectively). Ay, ay. A main queer lass little Rachel du be. Her baint like one of us.

Willyum. Her do be that fond of soap and water. (Laughter.)

Jarge (leaving nothing to chance). Happen she might be a real grand lady by birth, bor.

Enter Rachel, beautifully dressed in the sort of costume in which one would go to a fancy-dress ball as a village maiden.

Rachel (in the most expensive accent). Now, uncle George (shaking a finger at him), didn't you promise me you'd go straight home? It would serve you right if I never tied your tie for you again. (She smiles brightly at him.)

Jarge (slapping his thigh in ecstasy). Eh, lass! yer du keep us old uns in order. (He bursts into a falsetto chuckle, loses the note, blushes and buries his head in his mug.)

Willyum (rising). Us best be gettin' down along, Jarge, a rackun.

Jarge. Ay, bor, time us chaps was moving. Don't 'e be long, lass.

[Exit, limping heavily.]

Rachel (sitting down on the log). Dear old men! How I love them all in this village! I have known it all my life. How strange it is that I have never had a father or mother. Sometimes I seem to remember a life different to this—a life in fine houses and spacious parks, among beautifully dressed people (which is surprising seeing that she was only three weeks old at the time; but the audience must be given a hint of the plot), and then it all fades away again. (She looks fixedly into space.)

Enter Hugh Fitzhugh, Squire.

Fitzhugh (standing behind Rachel, but missing her somehow). Did ever man come into stranger inheritance? A wanderer in Central Australia, I hear unexpectedly of my cousin's death through an advertisement in an old copy of a Sunday newspaper. I hasten home—too late to soothe his dying hours; too late indeed to enjoy my good fortune for more than one short day. To-morrow I must give up all to the hospitals, unless by some stroke of Fate this missing girl turns up. (Impatiently) Pshaw! She is dead. (Suddenly he notices Rachel.) By heaven, a pretty girl in this out-of-the-way village! (He walks round her.) Gad, she is lovely! Hugh, my boy, you are in luck. (He takes off his hat.) Good evening, my dear!

Rachel (with a start). Good evening. Fitzhugh (aside). She is adorable. She can be no common village wench. (Aloud) Do you live here, my girl?

Rachel. Yes, I have always lived here. (Aside) How handsome he is. Down, fluttering heart.

Fitzhugh (sitting on the log beside her). And who is the lucky village lad who is privileged to woo such beauty?

Rachel. I have no lover, Sir. Fitzhugh (taking her hand). Can Hodge be so blind?

Rachel (innocently). Are you making love to me?

Fitzhugh. Upon my word I — (He gets up from the log, which is not really comfortable.) What is your name?

Rachel. Rachel. (She rises.)

Fitzhugh. It is the most beautiful name in the world. Rachel, will you be my wife?

Rachel. But we have known each other such a short time!

Fitzhugh (lying bravely). We have known each other for ever.

Rachel. And you are a rich gentleman, while I —

Fitzhugh. A gentleman, I hope, but rich—no. To-morrow I shall be a beggar. No, not a beggar if I have your love, Rachel.

Rachel (making a lucky shot at his name). Hugh! (They embrace.)

Fitzhugh. Let us plight our troth here. See I give you my ring!

Rachel. And I give you mine.

[She takes one from the end of a chain which is round her neck, and puts it on his finger. Fitzhugh looks at it and staggers back.]

Fitzhugh. Heavens! They are the same ring! (In great excitement) Child, child who are you? How came you by the crest of the Fitzhughs?

Rachel. Ah, who am I? I never had any parents. When they found me they found that ring on me, and I have kept it ever since!

Fitzhugh. Let me look at you! It must be! The Squire's missing daughter!

[Gaffers Jarge and Willyum, having entered unobserved at the back some time ago, have been putting in a lot of heavy by-play until wanted.]

Jarge (at last) Lor' bless 'ee, Willyum, if it baint Squire a-kissin' our Rachel!

Willyum. Zo it du be. Here du be goings-on! What will t' passon say?

Jarge (struck with an idea). Zay, bor, don't 'ee zee a zort o' likeness atween t' maid and t' Squire?

Willyum. Jarge, if you baint right, lad. Happen she do have t' same nose!

[He rings something, Fitzhugh and Rachel turn round.]

Fitzhugh. Ah, my men! I'm your new Squire. Do you know who this is?

Willyum. Why, her du be our Rachel.

Fitzhugh. On the contrary, allow me to introduce you to Miss Fitzhugh, daughter of the late Squire!

Jarge. Well this du be a day! To think of our Rachel now!

Fitzhugh. My Rachel now.

Rachel (who, it is to be hoped, has been amusing herself somehow since her last speech). Your Rachel always!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.



Superior Little Boy (to Governess). "REALLY, MISS BROWN, IT'S NO EARTHLY TAKING BABY TO LOOK AT ZEBRAS—HE'LL SIMPLY SAY 'GEE-GEE!'"

CHIVALRY.

"*Fuit autem pudor*," said CICERO, no doubt waving his right hand in the air and pouring himself out a glass of water with his left, "*fuit humanitas*!" "The age of chivalry is gone," explained BURKE to a generation which had forgotten what CICERO meant. But they were both wrong, for there is always Thomas Watts.

He and I work together, but had been for some days separated because it had been holiday-time. That is invariably the occasion on which my relations, friends, acquaintances and dependants fall ill—some noisily, some importantly, some heroically, some boastfully, some priggishly, none unobtrusively, but all in such a manner that I have to sympathise with them and hear them out. To escape the local depression I had returned to London a little before my time, and, when last of all Thomas arrived heavily scarfed and sighing deeply at short intervals, I felt that everyone except me was ill, and I the one poor unfor-

tunate left to do all the sympathising. I could bear it no longer.

"For heaven's sake," I shouted, "don't. I will assume that you feel absolutely rotten, that you simply cannot understand it, that your temperature has been everything from 98° to 110°, that it cannot be due to anything that you have eaten, that you ache all over. I assume everything, and let that be the beginning and the end of it. Now hear my tale. I have met nothing but invalids during the last weeks. I have listened to symptoms for hours. I have said, 'I am so sorry,' and 'I am so sorry,' more often than I care to remember. If you are a gentleman," I concluded, "you will not even mention your malady, much less describe it."

Thomas was not annoyed, not even a little short with me. On the contrary, "My dear fellow," he said with a hurried and apologetic sneeze, "how stupid and thoughtless I have been. If only I had known how it would inconvenience you, I would never have gone and caught this chill."

LETTERS TO A DISTINGUISHED IDLER.

"DISTINGUISHED IDLER, tired of doing nothing, asks men who have done much to outline for him a scheme of life which will combine activity and usefulness," etc.—*The Times*.

REMEMBER that the gods help those that help themselves. JOHN BURNS.

I have grave doubts as to your distinction, but none at all that you are an idler. Come round to the G.P.O. and help our customers stick their stamps on. HERBERT SAMUEL.

We are just creating a new post in this office—a kind of tallyman to keep count of our libel actions. I daresay it might suit you if you cared to apply.

EDITOR *Daily Chronicle*.

"ENGLISH CUP. St. Petersburg. In the re-played cup tie between Oldham Athletic and Birmingham the former were successful by two goals to none."—*The Statesman*.

The idea of re-playing cup-ties on neutral ground is good, but it need not be pushed too far.

TALKS WITH THE GREAT.

STUDY IN THE MANNER OF

MR. FRANK HARRIS.

HAVING met everyone, it follows of course that I was on terms of intimacy with BROWNING. No one, in fact, can withhold friendship from me. There is something about me—a *je ne sais quoi*, as dear BAUDELAIRE used to put it—which impels confidence, kills reserve. I slip my arm through theirs, hold it in the vice of friendship, and they give way. As BROWNING used to say, "My dear Frank, you're wonderful. The Old Man of the Sea isn't in it with you." Poor BROWNING! How extraordinarily ordinary his conversation could be! Few things have perplexed me so much as that. We would walk along the Paddington Canal morning after morning from Warwick Gardens, and all the talking would be left for me. Once I remember I was developing some daring fantastic theory with more than usual brilliancy, when I found that the poet had disappeared. In my excitement I had let go his arm and he had lost his way, or something. But that was a slip; it never occurred again.

How different was NEWMAN! In the safe silent security of Edgbaston, he was always sweet, always patient. Hour after hour have I spent with this great if utterly misguided man—I almost wrote gentleman—pouring out floods of what must have seemed to him terrible heterodoxy if not positive free-thought. But he never stopped me. I did my best to get him to stay at Monte Carlo with me, but in vain. It was, I think, my only rebuff.

TENNYSON I saw rarely in London, but both at Aldworth and Farringham in the Isle of Wight he and I were inseparable; but I preferred BROWNING. There was something a little vulgar, a little provincial, and also something far too smug for my palate about TENNYSON. He looked as if he might read the lessons in church, as I said to him one day. He took it very well. "Do I?" he said. "Well, Frank, you don't!" "No," said I; "and what's more, ALFRED, by ——! I don't want to."

In the afternoon he gave his guests one of his tiresome readings of *Maud* and I made a number of criticisms; but his was too parochial a mind to appreciate them. None the less I am not sorry to have talked with him. He meant well in the main.

HUXLEY was made of sterner stuff. He met every argument with another and, as I once said to him, if his pistol missed fire he knocked one down with

the butt end of it. "Very good, Frank," he replied, "that's one of the best things I ever heard. Where did you get your wit?" But who can answer questions like that? Just as I had helped NEWMAN with some of his real sermons, so did I help HUXLEY with a lay sermon now and then. But it was useless to try to get style into the man. His knowledge, however, was encyclopædic and his observation very keen. I remember one instance of both. I had gone to see him one cold day in winter and I was wearing a fur coat. As it happened, it was a new one. "My dear Frank," he said, "you've got a new coat. It's rabbit this time. Your old one was retriever." The amazing part of this is that he was right.

But I consider CARLYLE my trump card. CARLYLE I used to see continually, as all readers of *The English Review* know by now, in 1878 and 1879. The first time (or was it the last?) I met him was on the Embankment. It was the saddest face I ever saw. Why did he look so wretched? What could be the meaning of it? Could it be that he knew who I was? He did not speak, and I turned and walked beside him with my best half-Nelson just above his elbow. He still said nothing. After waiting for a little I determined to make him speak, so I said, "CAGLIOSTRO says somewhere that man is, after all, man. PARACELUS differentiates between man and woman, but BOEHME, in that wonderful vision in the Sixth book (you remember), would have us believe that man and woman, or woman and man, each is distinct—in other words, male and female. To quote the sublime VILLON: 'Sait vostre mère que vous estes sorti?' What do you think, master?"

He stood still. "Eh, mon," he said at last, "ye're a marvel. And only two-and-twenty. It's braw leukin' at ye: such as ye ought not tae be subjected tae the risks of daily life. It's cotton-wool I'd be presairvin' ye in. But don't quote VILLON to me. VILLON was a guttersnipe." By this time I had seen all his limitations, and my heart was filled with pity for the mistaken old man. VILLON a guttersnipe! There you have CARLYLE in both his greatness and his littleness—greatness in being so positive, littleness in being so wrong. I proceeded to put him right.

It is strange, but I had been very nervous with CARLYLE at first. When he had said foolish things I merely held my tongue, but now that I had grown to know him better I became impatient and threw restraint to the winds. That is my way. Each two

minutes of a solitary talk with anyone I look upon as a separate conversation, divided from the next two minutes by days, weeks or months. In this way intimacy ripens fast. What else CARLYLE said I shall not write here, not even the story of his married life, which he told me without reserve while the tears poured down his face. Everything he laid bare to me, and some day I shall lay it still barer. One odd thing in our first talk I may however mention in this place, and that is that neither he nor I knew that DARWIN was still living.

[To be, no doubt, continued; but not here.]

"SATISFACTORY NOBLEMAN"

We have read with mingled emotions the following interesting statement in that sturdy Radical organ, *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"A figure that can ill be spared from the pageantry of the Coronation is Lord Howard de Walden. Of all the lords of long pedigree he is the most picturesque, both physically and in the manner of his life. His tall, athletic figure, the delicately strong lines of his face, the slight aristocratic curve of the nose, and the rather lazy droop of the eyelids would have given Disraeli vast pleasure to describe. And if his presence in a drawing-room of the great world, his Chesterfieldian politeness to the arts, his brilliant effect, have not actually been described by Mr. Henry James in *The Velvet Glove*, then the world has been more than usually out in its guesses. He is probably as satisfactory a nobleman as we could produce for our guests of the great year to look at."

It is a great comfort to think that the gap left by the absence of this picturesque figure will be more than made up by some of the new peers who will shortly be created to redress the inequality of parties in the House of Lords.

Amongst these a foremost place is due to Sir Ahasuerus Goldberg, who, it is understood, will on his elevation assume the title of Baron Boodle of Bonanza. Though his stature does not exceed middle height, his glossy ringlets and the opulent contour of his figure, the sheer slope of his shoulders and the noble curve of his nose are enough to tempt Mr. Sargent back into the arena of portraiture. Sir Ahasuerus is a many-sided magnate, distinguished alike in the fields of finance, art, and rubber planting. A man of simple tastes, he lives almost entirely on Devonshire cream, *pâté de foie gras*, ortolans and caviare. He has three



Husband. "I SAY, HOW MANY L'S IN BILIOUS?"

Wife. "ONE, OF COURSE. YOU TOLD ME HOW TO SPELL IT YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS WRITING."

Husband. "AH!—BUT I'M WRITING NOW, AND THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE."

sons at Eton and his only daughter was married last year to the Master of Musselburgh. A vivid if somewhat malicious portrait of this great citizen is to be found in the sparkling pages of Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's romance, *The Proclivities of Satan*.

Equally attractive in physique and even more distinguished intellectually is the Right Hon. Jonah Gladstone Bagstock, late Radical Member for Chowbent. Mr. Bagstock, whose income runs to six figures, has probably the most luxuriant whiskers in all Lancashire, and his genial wit makes him the idol of his cronies in the smoke-room of the National Liberal Club. He has the finest collection of Sigismund Goetzes in the world, and is an expert performer on the pianola. Mr. Bagstock will almost certainly take the title of Baron Bagstock of Chowbent. It should be added that Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL has hit off some of Mr. Bagstock's most salient traits in his poignant romance, *Catechismal Clement*.

Another magnificent specimen of the chivalric Anglo-Semitic type is Sir Aubrey Sonnenschein. Of ample proportions, with beautifully modelled pre-

hensile hands and a superb pigeon-toed walk which is the delight of Pall Mall, Sir Aubrey's resonant voice and rich guttural enunciation invariably secure for him an attentive hearing even in the most plutocratic salons of Mayfair. A staunch and unflinching Radical, he has only yielded reluctantly to the call of duty in consenting to accept a peerage. His passionate interest in life and letters is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his being the proprietor of the *Post-Humanitarian Review*, in which the doctrines of the New Epicureanism are propounded with a fearless realism seldom attempted on this side of the Channel. Sir Aubrey has a place in Cornwall near Marazion, a stately mansion in Surrey, and a charming rococo villa near Joppa, N.B., where he goes for golf. In a few months we shall welcome him under his new title of Lord Mount-Carmel of Joppa. Lady Sonnenschein, who was formerly Miss Bathsheba Sloman, is a superbly handsome woman, of whom a brilliant sketch will be found in Sir ARTHUR LE QUEUX's famous novel *The Climbers*.

Lastly we have to mention Mr.

Leonard Nuneham, the best dressed and best groomed member of the present House of Commons. The disparity between principle and practice which is illustrated by his life lends a peculiar fascination to this admirable politician. On the platform he is practically a Socialist, yet at home he lives a life of semi-sultanic and almost Sardanapalian luxury. His baths are of solid gold, he has 10 butlers, 24 footmen and 72 best bedrooms, and his housekeeper always wears a diamond tiara night and day. He has gone far already, but he will go further as Lord Downy of Rufus-stone. A spirited if somewhat partial picture of him will be found in Mr. HALL CAINE's clever novel, *Sir Humphry Cabbady*.

"Hampstead Heath. — Board-residence or apartments in English lady's home."
Advt. in "Daily Mail."

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still, my country! and, while yet a nook is left where English minds and manners may be found, shall be constrain'd to love thee."—*The Task*.



Jones (roused by noises in his back-yard). "HULLO, WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THAT COAL?"
Burglar (judging frankness to be the best policy). "ANYWHERE YER LIKE, GUV'NOR—IT'S YOUR COAL!"

MINISTERIAL ANGELS.

THE heroism of Mr. HERBERT LEWIS, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, who recently lunched at the Cardiff Workhouse, has excited great interest in humanitarian circles, and a movement is on foot to recommend him for the Carnegie Decoration. Mr. HERBERT LEWIS, it will be remembered, only had half-rations of soup at the workhouse, and less than an hour afterwards went into a well-known Cardiff restaurant "to get some prunes and a cup of tea" (*Daily Chronicle*).

This fine example, we are glad to learn, has soon found a distinguished imitator.

Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P., the Secretary of State for the Colonies, not to be outdone by a subordinate colleague, paid a visit on Saturday to the Hammersmith Workhouse and, greatly daring, dined with the astonished inmates.

During the afternoon he was seen by a Press representative, when he confirmed the report, which had already been cabled to the *Springfield Republican*, that he had dined at the expense of the ratepayers. "Why, of course," he replied with a winning laugh,

"holding the views I do on the strenuous and ascetic life, which alone is the guarantee of a good conscience, what else could I do? Besides, there is nothing new about it. My home is a temple of toil, and I always lunch in a work-house."

"Were you introduced to the inmates?" he was asked, and answered, "Oh, no, they naturally thought I was one of themselves, and I had not the heart to undeceive them."

"Your lunch, I hope, was enjoyable?"

"Very substantial and very enjoyable," replied the eminent statesman.

"Then how comes it," asked the inquisitive Pressman, "that you were seen entering the Fitz Restaurant in less than an hour's time?"

Mr. HARCOURT laughed a rich melodious laugh and explained. "You see," he said, "they only gave me half rations of pea-soup at the workhouse; and, joking apart, I simply went into the restaurant to get a peacock's brain sandwich and a thimbleful of Imperial Tokay."

Mr. Punch has been requested to state that "The Oncomers' Society," of whose inaugural performance he recently gave a short notice, is not to

be confused with the "Oncomers' Association," which started earlier. He declines however to say which of the two it was that invited him to make this statement.

From an advt.:—

"A great opportunity to heads of Families to secure 12 months Footwear at a Nominal Cost." It's the feet of our families that really want it.

"Mrs. Beauchamp Doran regrets that she is obliged to postpone her tea until Mr. h."—*Irish Times*.

She must have a good one then.

Art for Art's Sake.

"It is officially stated in Mexico City that 75 Revolutionists and 12 Federals were killed in a battle which took place at Seocia giving the airship a silvery appearance."—*The Star*.

"Whether a few hundred new persons be created or not is a question for the existing peers."—*British Weekly*.

No, no. Even the House of Lords has never dictated to this extent.

"The Blue Scarf," by Mr. Harrington Mann, is a bold clever piece of work. The lady is wearing a blue scarf which gives the title to the picture."—*The Sphere*.
 Subtle—but we see it.



RESIGNATION.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR (*looking on the bright side*). "'HIS FOOD WILL COST HIM NO MORE.' A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT! SO CONSOLING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 13.—Looking round crowded Chamber in busiest moments of debate on Address, one is struck by comparative absence of change in personality of Members. There has been the, of late, customary annual General Election, bringing reverses here and there. But, as the French say, the more things change the more they remain as they were. Easy to fancy this a sitting of House of last year with a few score Members still making holiday or temporarily absent in search of dinner.

Treasury Bench perhaps most conspicuously suffered sea change. ROBSON and SAM EVANS, respectively Attorney-General and Solicitor-General in the last Parliament, come back no more. This not consequent on defeat at the poll; due to well-deserved promotion. Lovely and pleasant in their Parliamentary lives, in political death they are divided only by the walls of divers Courts of Justice. Proof of abundance of talent at disposal of happy PREMIER is evident in the fact that to fill the vacant places he had at hand RUFUS ISAACS and SIMON. Nevertheless House thinks kindly of those gone before—old Members who, by sheer ability, won their way to the highest posts in their profession.

Front Opposition Bench has lost one who, next to PRINCE ARTHUR, was its doughtiest fighter. Parliamentary merit not so conspicuous or overwhelming in Opposition camp that it can afford to put any of its lights under a bushel. SARK is reminded that not all cases of extinction are voluntary, like BONAR LAW'S. There was JOHN O' GORST at the disposal of the MARKISS when, twenty-five years ago, he unexpectedly strode into power over wreck of Liberal Party shattered on rock of Home Rule. The MARKISS made him Under Secretary for India, with humour characteristically sardonic placing over him as head of department GRAND CROSS. Later GORST was made Vice-President of Committee of Council on Education, and was finally got rid of by the subtle device of abolishing the office.

As PRINCE ARTHUR observed, with that deadly logic to which upon occasion a supremely innocent look lends force, "Since there is no longer a Vice-Presidency of Committee of Council on Education, how can GORST hold it?"

So one of the most effective debaters of his time on the Treasury Bench drifted to a back bench, finally into private life.



"PETER PAN" AT WESTMINSTER.

A quith (as Starkey). "Oh—h—h! miserable Asquith!!"
Redmond the Redskin. "Oh, happy Asquith!!"
Asquith. "Oh—h—h—h—h! ha—a—appy A—a—asquith!!"

BONAR LAW, resigning safe seat at Dulwich, volunteered at General Election to lead forlorn hope in attack on North-West Manchester. He fell in the fight. *Resurgam*. Meanwhile Front Opposition Bench increasingly ineffective by reason of his absence.

Another notable figure disappeared from stage with defeat of TIM HEALY in what had come to be regarded as his personal stronghold. Since 1892 four times did his friends and companions dear, marching under Redmondite

flag, attempt to dislodge him. Four times he, singlehanded, withstood the assault. On fifth occasion he was routed. Redmondite gain is House of Commons' loss. The only resemblance TIM bears to the average angel is that his visits (to Westminster) were few and far between. When he put in his time he was careful to fill it. To the growing envy of Mr. GINNELL, when he rose he invariably caught the SPEAKER'S eye. Benches filled up with rapidity equalled only in case of



Mr. Speaker Lowther is led triumphantly to the Chair for the fourth time. (Escort, Lord Claud Hamilton and the Right Hon. Eugene Wason).

(Inset, a portrait of Mr. Ginnell, who protested, reduced exactly to scale of relative importance.)

PREMIER or PRINCE ARTHUR. For half-an-hour TIM held audience enthralled.

Taken for granted that before Session far advanced room will be made for his re-appearance. Not at all a certainty. In addition to being a patriot TIM has in these latter days become a prosperous K.C. May be indisposed to give up to House of Commons what with greater personal profit is meant for the King's Courts of Justice.

Another Irish Member knocked out in January was SLOAN of South Belfast. Like his namesake who made fame on another course, revolutionising racing by riding on the horse's neck, SLOAN had independent ways that did not recommend him to his Party. Ulster was only half interested in his enterprise. In his last race he, so to speak, slipped over the horse's neck and came a cropper.

Three old Members disappear in the persons of CHARLES McLAREN, HENNIKER HEATON, and HERMON HODGE. With respect to the last, regret on part of friends accustomed

to keep close company with him on back bench above Gangway is modified by reflection upon removal of a contingency which, though purely fanciful, was not the less productive of apprehension. Often hear of danger arising in places of crowded public resort through feminine fashion of mysteriously fastening on hats with prodigiously long pin. This nothing to HERMON HODGE's moustache, especially at sittings when it had in the morning been freshly trimmed and waxed. At the turning of his head you would see Members seated to right or left of him, according as his glance wandered, hurriedly withdraw their cheek.

HENNIKER HEATON carries into retirement the comfortable reflection of having effected many useful reforms in the postal service. CHARLES McLAREN, withdrawing a pleasant presence from long-familiar scene, leaves behind hostages to fortune in the persons of a brother and two sons. This redundancy of M.P.'s in a family circle runs the Hatfield House establishment pretty close.

Of graver concern is the event that emptied the corner seat below Gangway on Ministerial side. There, when he entered the House forty-three years ago, sat CHARLES DILKE. Thence he rose to make historic attack on the Sovereign's Civil List. After brief but brilliant career on Treasury Bench that seemed to promise in due, perhaps not distant, time reversion of the highest office in the service of the Crown, he disappeared in the darkness and desolation of suddenly falling night. When he came back he claimed his old corner seat, whether to the right or left of the SPEAKER according to the vicissitudes of Party triumph. Slowly but surely, with dogged courage and impregnable patience, he succeeded once more in working his way to prominent position. His death, taking place on the very eve of the meeting of the new Parliament, drew from all quarters personal tributes, through which ran the murmur of inconsolable regret.

THE TOO-EARLY BIRDS.

THE latest, but by no means the last, beauty-cure is sufficiently heroic. Ladies who are in trouble about their looks are recommended to go for a long walk an hour before day-break. It is not apparently stated whether the fair devotees are expected to sit up all night, so as not to miss the society of the milkman and the early worm, but this seems not an unlikely outcome of the present roosting-hours. Those who foresee wigs in the Green Park. We who out-Willett the order of Nature are bound to pay for it in the long run. They will either be breakfasting or supping at four a.m. The idea must be firmly and thoroughly squelched. We cannot have Society disorganised because, in the sacred cause of her complexion, my lady is impelled to go cub-hunting with the Battersea Beagles or is out with the Hyde-Park Otter Hounds by the light of the morning star. It would mean that we others, who have no particular looks to bother about, would have to get up too. We should all be cross after eleven, and the Divorce Court is hard enough worked as it is.

Besides, the retainers of Harriet would never stand these early-rising plaguy ways, and there would be a general lock-out of mistresses.

The Globe on Cleopatra's Needle:—

"The ship on which it was placed sank, and it seemed as though the great column would go to the bottom of the sea."

It must have been a surprise to see it floating.



Man (with bag). "WELL, BERTY, MY BOY, HOW'S BUSINESS?"

Harker. "BUSINESS! WOT'S THAT—SUMMAT TO EAT!"

THE JUGGERNAUT.

I FANCY they must have fed him on oats this morning, for he is louder and more self-assertive than usual. There are some people who take a foolish pride in manifestations of municipal progress, but they have probably never been bullied for three whole days by a Borough Council steam-roller. It is not so much the grinding and puffing that I object to, as the vanity of the creature; he carries as much lift as the peacock, which he faintly resembles in colour, though his figure, of course, is not so svelte. Personally, I do not believe that the road needs repairing at all, certainly not the part just in front of my windows. But knowing that I should be in all the morning the detestable brute has chosen this patch of ground for his insolent parade. For a long time I refused to get up and look at him, but at last I yielded, and (would you believe it?) he positively simpered with pride, spread out his

back wheels to their fullest extent, and minced (there is no other word for it) down the road.

I have drawn up a small bill which I intend to submit to the Borough Council who own him. It runs as follows:—

The Borough Council.	
Dr. to J. Smith.	
To loss of time spent in listening to your — steam-roller.	2 gns.
To ditto, ditto, in waving to it to move on	2 gns.
To damage to nervous system, and medical repair of same .	5 gns.
To loss of moral character occasioned by talking to your steam-roller	£100
	£109 9 0
Deduction for alleged benefit to part of road used by J. Smith	6d.
Total	£109 8 6

I rather doubt if I shall be paid, but,

even so, I shall not be satisfied. What I should really like to do would be to spread the Borough Council very neatly (in their top hats and frock coats) on the ground in front of my windows and lay two cart-loads of flints on the top of them. Then the steam-roller could get to work again. The sound would be considerably deadened, and there is nothing that binds a road so well or makes such an excellent and lasting surface as a really plump Borough Councillor.

"A Pretty Knitting Pattern.—Cast on any to serve:—To every pound of carrot pulp number of stitches that can be divided by five: 1st row—knit 1."—*Northampton Daily Chronicle*.
The carrot pulp can be left out if desired.

"Many are disinclined to swallow Lord Garvin's advice that they should force on the creation of 500 peers."—*Al-Moghreb Al-Akhs*.
Perhaps this one new peer will be enough.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE."

Henry Thresk was one of those rare trotters who can spend six weeks in India without proposing to write a book about it. He had, in fact, no connection with the Labour Party. Hearing that an old love of his was leading a dog's life with her brute of a husband—an official somewhere in Rajputana—he breaks his journey and runs over on a camel to see if the reports are correct. A rapid meal and a few brief passages of postprandial dialogue suffice to prove the worst. His last sight of her, before he responds to the whistle of the train and the call of the camel, is in the act of toying suspiciously with a rook-rifle.

Arrived at Bombay, he learns that the husband was found dead in his tent that same night, and that the wife is charged with his murder. He volunteers evidence in her defence, and by adroit perjury helps to get her off. Two years later he finds her in Sussex, about to be married to a nice clean young fellow, whose relatives (including a solicitor), being sceptical about her innocence, have invited him down there on a plausible excuse, with the purpose of pumping him about the evidence he gave at the trial. Under a stiff cross-examination he repeats and embroiders his former perjury; but, on hearing her own confession of an act that was on the borderland between murder and justifiable homicide, he insists that she must share her secret with her future husband before it is too late for him to scratch his engagement. In point of fact it is already too late, for they were privily married a week ago; but he takes the news very nicely.

Well, what I want to know is this:

(1) If Thresk volunteered to perjure himself for the lady so as to save her neck and give her a chance of getting what happiness was still to be had out of life, why should he worry as to how or where she gets her happiness—whether through marriage or otherwise? Having saved her from one possible death, why should he insist on her risking a second, for she threatens to take her own life if her lover kicks at her revelation? And why, in Heaven's name, should Thresk make it his officious concern to see that this man, a perfect stranger to him, should not marry with his eyes shut?

Solutions to these riddles will be very acceptable, and if Mr. Mason will adjudicate I shall be much obliged to him. He might at the same time tell

me (2) what sort of etiquette it is that permits a solicitor to cross-examine a witness on the evidence which he gave for the defence in a murder trial after an interval of two years. It was immensely to the credit both of Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE and Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER (as well as to the author for his handling of the argument) that this unbelievable investigation was carried out with such an air of probability.

Certain details of the play recall the fact that Mr. MASON last year made an excursus into the realm of detective fiction. I read his *Villa Rose* with wonder and sadness: wonder that he should have caught the trick of it so cleverly, sadness that he should have thought it necessary to drop his own



Stella Ballantyne (Miss ETHEL IRVING). Then I shall kill myself with an overdose of sleeping draught.

Henry Thresk (Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER). Well, take pains about it. Last time you attempted suicide you missed yourself!

charming literary style in favour of the dull and banal manner traditionally affected by the hack-writers of this school. In *The Witness for the Defence* he seems still to be labouring under the regulation, proper enough to detective stories, that secrets must be hidden from the public as long as possible. Thus in the First Act the curtain falls prematurely on Stella Ballantyne pointing her rifle at her oncoming husband; and so far from being shown whether she kills him by intent or oversight, or reverts to her original arrangement and shoots herself, we are not even allowed for the time being to know whether she so much as discharges the weapon at all.

Again we are left in the dark as to her previous relations with Thresk. Just a hint or so, and misleading at

that, is permitted; and it is not till the Third Act that we learn that she was in love with him once, but has long ago grown out of it. Sticklers for tradition may resent these shock-tactics, and insist that the audience should be taken at once into the author's confidence. Personally I have no feeling in the matter, except that I am always rather glad if a dramatist can see his way to scandalise the old stagers.

The honours went to Miss ETHEL IRVING for a really remarkable performance, to which her nervousness on the first night lent an added touch of emotional realism. Her self-revelation in the Third Act was a triumph of spontaneous sincerity. In a less picturesque part Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE was the very mirror of nature. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's mood was one of modest restraint. His rôle lacked the usual prominence, and at times he even seemed to be employing a scheme of protective colouring by which to merge himself in his background. I cannot say whether he got shaken up by his experience with the camel, but I have seldom seen so much subordination of self in an actor-manager. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP was not perhaps allowed so much chance for his particular gift of humour as he could have found use for. Mr. LYSTON LYLE as the bully, Stephen Ballantyne, came very near to the achievements of Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, specialist in this kind. The rest of the cast were uniformly good.

I am told that Mr. MASON's latest play is likely to get at the British bosom; and this is good hearing, by whatever unfathomable judgment it is decreed that he should prevail at last after comparative failure with plays whose merits, if not so immediately arresting, were just as sound. For myself I could have wished that he had allowed us a little longer time in India, for he has a nice taste in exotic colouring, and there was an intriguing quality in the scene and circumstance of the First Act that was never quite recovered in the more familiar atmosphere of the Sussex Downs.

O. S.

Extract from your daily breakfast budget (that portion of it which gives you a *résumé* of all the delightful things to be found in the new edition of the immortal work):—

"Volume 20: 'Ode' to 'Payment of Members'; 1420 pages, 21 plates and maps."

The poet seems to have done full justice to his subject.



Foreign Customer (who is trying a horse with the harriers), "For me he is not. He gallops not enough."

Dealer "He's a very good hunter, though, isn't he?"

Foreigner. "For this chase of the rabbit he will do, but for the fox chase he is not."

CALENDAR COMFORT.

WORTLEBURY arrived at the office at a quarter to eleven, yawning. He lit a cigarette, glanced through *The Times*, and just as the rest of us were turning our thoughts towards lunch he took off his hat and gloves and sat down at his desk. He surveyed the books and papers with disgust, picked up a pen and nibbled it, and then unhooking from the wall a calendar which proclaimed January 9, 1911, and that kind hearts are more than coronets.

"What's to-day?" he asked, idly fingering the calendar.

"Tuesday—nearly Wednesday," I replied. Wortlebury turned it over in his mind. "I mean the date," he said, almost crossly. Somebody handed him a piece of paper and a pencil, and remarking that yesterday was the 6th suggested that he might work out the problem, it would give him something to do to keep him quiet. Wortlebury tore off a bunch of leaves from the calendar until he arrived at February 7. Then he started; it seemed to me that he even blanched.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, and plunging his pen deep into the ink he bent his broad shoulders to the task

of writing on one of the papers on his desk.

"Behold! Wortlebury has begun the year's toil," said Pillington.

Wortlebury worked on as one possessed. Now and again he glanced timidly at the calendar, only to renew his labours with increased vigour. He waved aside suggestions for lunch. He was not yet ready, he said. He would be taking only twenty minutes. Some people, he added, appeared to be oblivious of the passing of time. Were we conscious of the fact that 37 days of the year had already passed? The precious moments were flying. He assured us that we did not live in this world for ever. Between ourselves he informed us, the announcement on the calendar had shocked him and made him ashamed. He intended to take only fifteen minutes for his lunch—twenty at the outside.

When we returned, Wortlebury was out. He lounged in at twenty past three, and stood in front of the fire telling us a story he had just heard in Bond Street.

"Yes, but what about the precious moments?" I asked.

"Well," replied Wortlebury, "every cloud has a silver lining and all that

sort of thing, and, do you know, it quite escaped my notice until you'd gone that the calendar also says '327 days to come.' So—" He yawned twice, and began to turn the pages of a magazine, humming the while an air from *The Chocolate Soldier*.

Commercial Candour.

From the advertisement of a cure:—

"H— and Rheumatism.
The names are synonymous."

"A lady (through circumstances) wishes to let part of her well-furnished house."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*

She will live it down.

From a circular:—

"We should be glad if we could interest you in a new non-creaking "Silent Tread" Boot which we have just placed on the market, specially designed to meet the requirements of Schoolmasters."

But this is no good at all against judiciously placed walnut shells.

"M. Laurent beat the flying half-mile motor-car record in the 60-h.p. class at Brooklands yesterday by covering the distance at the rate of 109,051 miles an hour."

Manchester Evening News.

Ten years ago one would have thought this rather wonderful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If it should come to pass, after all, that the war is averted and we are able to regard the German once more as a man and a brother, then I hope somebody will have the gratitude to start a public testimonial to Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, in recognition of her contributions to this most desirable end. I know of hardly any other author who can write about Germany and its people with so pleasant and engaging a touch. What has provoked this reflection is a volume of reprinted stories and sketches, with the candid and appropriate title of *Odd Come Shorts* (MILLS AND BOON), because in it occurs a trifling but delightful dialogue—one of a number grouped together as "The Opinions of Angela"—which, properly read, ought in itself to bring about an international understanding. All "The Opinions of Angela," indeed, are wholly entertaining; though I think Mrs. SIDGWICK was in some uncertainty whether to make her heroine an absolute fool, or not. The *Angela* who recounts her experiences at a bargain sale seems a very different person from the *Angela* who speaks so sanely about a holiday hunt for "the real Germany." Still, this may really be only another proof of the author's insight into feminine character. Wise or foolish, however, *Angela* furnishes decidedly the most attractive part of a book which is worth reading throughout; even though the three stories that compose the first half are obviously only clever pot-boilers.

When all the heroines of romance are summoned before the bar of a shadowy Aeacus to account for their delinquencies (and they have been so very incautious, some of them) a favourite excuse will be, I should think, to throw the blame on their sponsors, and ask, Well, what could you expect of anyone with a name like this? *Amaza Meeks* is the label which Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has attached to the principal figure in *A Large Room* (HEINEMANN), and even without red hair and the most remarkable combination of mental agility and practical innocence to which I have ever been introduced a girl so styled would have been hounded on to eccentricity. An orphan, and deserted for the time by an unsympathetic stepmother and sisters, *Amaza*, who had never even been to a theatre or restaurant in her life, fell in with *Sir Walter Wintle* (you won't believe it, but she was bending down to look at the stars in street puddles at the time), and the lively hatred with which the authoress has succeeded in inspiring me for this well-preserved *roué* is some testimony to the merits of her story. Indeed you can't help liking *Amaza* and sympathising profoundly with her, even though she didn't say a word to the man whom she married afterwards about this part of her life. Perhaps she had read

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, but in any case her subsequent punishment is quite sufficient to satisfy the moralist. The chief faults that I have to find with *A Large Room* are that it is so difficult to get into (Mrs. DUDENEY's style being best described as a series of spasms), and that, when you do get there, there is not a single nice person barring *Amaza* inside it.

In *My Life's Pilgrimage* (JOHN MURRAY) Mr. CATLING modestly tells a story of strenuous effort successful against disadvantages that by less courageous spirits would have been regarded as insuperable. Without patronage, social standing or generous education, he rose from the printing office to the Editor's Chair. Though his paper was a weekly one, hampered by conditions that limit sale on Sundays, he lived to see it reach a circulation exceeding a million. Full of ideas and energy, dowered by sympathetic proprietors with a fat purse, he sought for contributors of special articles amongst a class not at that time accustomed to be approached by editors. Among others he caught Mr. GLADSTONE with a lordly bribe of £100

the fee of an article not in length exceeding the ordinary leader. Mr. CATLING enjoyed exceptional opportunity of recording phases of the growth of British Journalism during the last half-century. He has made the most of his opportunity. Not the least interesting chapter in his portly volume is the Introduction, contributed by that other representative journalist, past master of his art, Lord BURNHAM. He was at work in Fleet Street before Mr. CATLING drifted on to the scene.

What a book of reminiscences he could present to an eager public if he had prepared and preserved notes! Perhaps he has.

I beg Miss ROSAMOND NAPIER not to interrupt her next story by outbursts of quotation from various poets, and also suggest to her that if nicknames are ever amusing their constant repetition is more than likely to become a weariness. The *Serocolds* were not silly people, but I cannot imagine anything more provoking than the way in which they addressed each other. So far, so captious; for the rest I offer the warmest congratulations to the author of *The Faithful Failure* (DUCKWORTH). In the competition between *Christopher Serocold* and *Max Chinoch* for the love of *Yoë Hope* there is no melodramatic contrast, but a struggle between two good fellows, one of whom adored WAGNER and had more brains than health, while the other sang "*Boney was a Warrior*" at the top of his voice and had more health than brains. In this book Miss NAPIER shows a real appreciation of the influence of Nature upon character, and I feel that she has a most distinct and curious talent which at present is partially hidden under a thin but irritating napkin.



Knight (who has recently encountered a wizard). "IT GRIEVES ME MUCH, FAIR LADY, BUT I FEAR I CANNOT ASSIST YOU UNTIL I AM RELIEVED OF THIS BACKWARD SPELL."

CHARIVARIA.

WE are now asked by the Government to ratify the Declaration of London in the interests of the development of the principles of international agreement. It is feared that no nation will ever try to come to a peaceable arrangement with us again if we should show a determination not to give away our rights.

"It is not the business of a Radical to be satisfied," says Mr. PICKERSGILL, M.P. "If he is satisfied he ceases to be a Radical." He has, in short, become a Minister.

Mr. ASQUITH has denounced Tariff Reform as "the greatest imposture." The PREMIER's definition of an "impostor" is evidently "one who would place an impost on foreign goods."

Two Suffragettes have printed the words, "Votes for Women this Session," in ink on Mr. ASQUITH's doorstep. As the ink is indelible it is thought that the PREMIER will now have to give way.

Out of a total strength of 257,337 non-commissioned officers and men in the Territorial Army, 83,088 are under twenty years of age. This will account for Mr. HALDANE's reference to them the other day as "my children."

We understand that one of the principal difficulties in adopting the proposal for an artistic decoration scheme for the Coronation route is the fear that the famous cream-colour horses might shy at the unfamiliar spectacle.

We cannot help thinking that Miss MARIE CORELLI is ill-advised in her decision to become a playwright. We consider that she should have rested satisfied with the thought that the other literary genius connected with Stratford could never have written her novels.

It is announced that the Provincial Legislature of Prince Edward's Island will shortly repeal the present law which prohibits the running of motor vehicles on public roads. But why be in such a desperate hurry? Wait a bit longer, and motor-cars may be superseded by flying-machines.

The London traffic branch of the Board of Trade recommends the construction of 100 miles of new roads leading out of and around the Metropolis. This should greatly assist



OUR BYE-ELECTION.

Candidate. "BUT, 'MY GOOD MAN,' YOU MUST ADMIT YOUR SIDE SETS CLASS AGAINST CLASS."
Voter. "WELL, SPEAKIN' FOR MESELF, I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS 'ERE CLASSE-BAID. WY, I OFTEN POPS INTO A 'SECOND' WIV ME WORKMAN'S TICKET!"

the view that London is a delightful place to live out of.

"Whistling is a good thing for the lungs," says *Science Stiftings*. "It is said that whistling boys are seldom troubled with bronchitis and pneumonia." But we feel sure that there must be some punishment for them.

We are informed that the production by the British Empire Shakespeare Society of *Love's Labour's Lost* at a moment when Canada is responding to the advances of the United States, is a pure coincidence.

A correspondent has written to *The Express* to say that he lost his

umbrella on a recent visit to Paris, that the loss was mentioned to the Prefect of Police, and that, within a week, the umbrella was returned to its owner in London, with a card on which was printed the single word "Lépine." Frankly, however, we consider that M. Lépine ought never even to have borrowed the umbrella without permission.

"It was a clever goal. Hewitt, after smartly manœuvring the ball, drove a splendid shot obliquely to Whitloun, which the goalkeeper could only deflect with outstretched hands, and before he was again ready Woodhouse had rushed it into the net at the expiration of sixteen minutes."—*Daily Express*.

WOODHOUSE ought to have his licence endorsed for exceeding the speed limit.

THE PARROT REVIVES.

[It is now contended that, if the new Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the States is ratified, the supply of Canadian wheat available for British consumption may be reduced, in which case our food would cost us more.]

BIRD, of whom last week I stated
Death had got you on the hip,
Let me own I antedated
His inexorable grip;
It appears that you contracted just a temporary pip.

Growing daily wan and wanner
With a dull insidious pain—
Once regarded as a goner
You are now yourself again,
Nay, if possible, a little more intelligibly sane.

Like that storied fowl, the Phoenix,
You arise superb and whole,
Stamp my fingers with your free nicks
When I pet you on the poll,
Walk your perch again serenely with the old familiar roll.

Did I say your voice had faltered,
Stricken by the moulting mange?
Wrong! It has but slightly altered,
Suffered but a small key-change
Into something not less strident, something quite as rich
and strange.

And with just the same incision
You will tell us, as before,
With your clear prophetic vision
How our food will cost us more,
Use, indeed, the very diction of the days of dear old yore.

Reciprocity that gave your
Blighted feelings such a blow
Now repairs the rude behaviour
Which so nearly laid you low,
Lets your mouth resume its *métier*, and restores the
status quo.

Yet, though still your voice unbroken
Keeps its patter, word for word,
You must "cross the floor" in token
That your faith has been transferred;
You have shed your Free Trade plumage; you are now
a Tory bird! O. S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HARROW.

A PAPER ON THE WORKS OF MRS. AMANDA M. ROS.

With apologies to the Conductors of "At the Sign of the Plough" in "The Cornhill Magazine."

1. (a) Describe the ornament belonging to Lady Mattie Maynard found by Lord Gifford. *Answer*: "Composed of every colour . . . and terminating in a cat's face studded with diamonds."

(b) State, in his own words, how he discovered the precise purpose of this ornament. *Answer*: "As I coiled it, I could not fail seeing the word 'garter' worked in emeralds about its centre."

2. How may we infer from a casual remark of Lord Gifford's that he had his doubts as to his cousin's claim to be addressed as "Lady" Mattie? *Answer*: "Lady Mattie (Heaven knows who died, or if anyone died and legacied her the title)."

3. What clue is furnished by the author to the identity

of the well-known Dublin Hotel in which Delina Delaney was ushered, with Lord Gifford, by "dim-wigged footmen, bowing before him," into "the elegance of a large drawing-room, more in keeping with the strides of royalty than the requirements of an humble maiden," where "a low fire burned beyond a rug of horny beauty"? *Answer*: "That famous hotel whose Shell burns with a raging heat."

4. Who "instantly picked up the deeply flavoured cigar" which Lord Gifford "cast from him, when nearing an inch or so of its death," in "Antrim's busy capital"? *Answer*: "A stout-lunged newsboy or beggar editor of a penny birdie weekly."

5. How did Lord Gifford "dress himself fully in London's proud fashion"? *Answer*: By "basking his slender extremities in velvet slippers with heels of stiff crimson morocco."

6. Give some description of the sunset witnessed by Lord Gifford while "he sipped unaccompanied by the merest edible." *Answer*: "Golden plumes and arms of cloud, that shone like stacks of fire upon the western rim of the horizon, grew grey and died in a death-pail."

7. In what words did he recognise the body of "Miss Fontaine" as that of his cousin? *Answer*: "O God, it is true! This is my cousin, Lady Mattie Maynard! She had six toes on her right foot!"

8. How did Sir John Dunfern behave on discovering that his wife Irene (*née* Iddeleigh) had, after eloping to America with her "noble and well-learned tutor," Oscar Otwell, gone through a form of marriage with him in that country? *Answer*: "He at once sent for his solicitors, Messrs. Hutchinson and Harper, and ordering his will to be produced, demanded there and then that the pen of persuasion be dipped into the ink of revenge and spread thickly along the paragraph of blood-related charity to blank the intolerable words that referred to the woman he was now convinced, beyond doubt, had braved the bridge of bigamy."

9. Did Oscar Otwell's advertisement in the leading journals for a situation meet with any response? *Answer*: No. "It was treated with muffled silence, so much so that after a month's daily appealing to a praiseworthy public, the result proved a decided failure."

10. In what manner did Irene betray her emotion after reading the letter Oscar wrote to her before committing suicide? *Answer*: "Folding the letter, and handing it to the officers . . . Mrs. Otwell quietly moved again to the breakfast-room, and, strange to say, finished her meal in silence."

11. "The wings of love and lasting strength Shall flap above his hollow bed." On whose tomb were these lines "carefully cut in gilded letters"? *Answer*: "On Sir John Dunfern's."

12. In what terms did Sir John Dunfern's son and heir, Sir Hugh, rebuke his erring mother? *Answer*: "Woman of sin and stray companion of tutorism."

In the opinion of *Mr. Punch* the best sets of answers were received from Mrs. Harris, c/o Mrs. S. Gamp, Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, and — Brooks, Esq. (of Sheffield). A cheque for one thousand guineas has been sent to each of these competitors. F. A.

"Upon the point of elasticity, the explanations forthcoming were most convincing, for it was clearly shown to the satisfaction of practically all the members present that by embedding steel in concrete the elasticity of the concrete was increased ten times, although, of course, concrete had, of itself, no elasticity."—*Clee don Mercury*.

Ten times nothing is nothing. Most convincing.



THE NEW MOVEMENT.

YOUNG UNIONIST PARTY (to Old Unionist Party). "COME ON OUT, MOTHER, WE SHALL NEVER GET ANYWHERE IN THIS. LET'S TAKE A TAXI."

[A Committee has been formed for the purpose of renovating the present Unionist Organization.]



SLEEPING SICKNESS IN ESSEX.

("At a meet of the Essex Foxhounds at Ongar, Mr. CECIL EDIE was in the act of mounting his horse when it rolled over on him and broke his leg. It is believed the horse was asleep."—*Daily Mirror*.)

MR. PUNCH'S HUNTING CORRESPONDENT, BEING UNFORTUNATELY UNABLE TO INVESTIGATE THE MATTER ON THE SPOT, SENDS A SKETCH OF WHAT HE IMAGINES A MEET OF THE ESSEX HOUNDS MAY BE LIKE.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

[Why are all the Articles on Shopping written by women for women? Let's have one for men too, written by a man.]

TURBOT AND GLADSTONE'S.

At Turbot and Gladstone's is a fine display of smoking materials. Tobacco not only in the ounce but the pound; cigarettes of various sizes and names; some very fanciful pipes of briar and meerschaum; pouches, and all the other necessities of the smoker's life. Inside I found that the promise of the window was fulfilled, an even greater profusion of the divine weed and its adjuncts being visible. I was fortunate in securing a box of excellent matches before they could be snapped up by anyone else, while in exchange for sixpence I obtained no fewer than four really remarkable cigars, highly finished and rolled in a way that reminded me of a St. James's Street umbrella.

AT VICTORIA STATION.

Looking in at the first-class booking-office at Victoria (close to Gorrings's) I was struck by the profusion of tickets

to be obtained there at all prices from threepence upwards. After a long consideration I selected a white one for Brighton and back, which cost me ten shillings, but was well worth the money. I was amused by an old gentleman next to me, who preferred a very crude green article for Portsmouth; but a nice sense of colour is, of course, one of the rarest of gifts.

IN TAILOR LAND.

No one passing down Savile Row can fail to be favourably impressed by the windows of the numerous tailors. The delicate-meshed blinds, through which nothing can be seen from without and everything from within, lend to this thoroughfare a sobriety that makes it a curious contrast with, say, Oxford Street. The trained male mind is, however, aware that on the other side of these obstacles are a great store of trousering material, suitable not only for home but abroad, not only for winter but summer, which busy hands are only too ready to convert into garments for the covering of the masculine leg. Here also are coats and vests and overcoats

and jackets similarly in embryo. Let no one, therefore, neglect Savile Row and its neighbourhood.

THE MONOPOLE SALOON.

For anyone who likes wines and spirits I can cordially recommend the saloon lounge at the Monopole, where a remarkable assortment is kept, and in all shades, from the ghostly pallor of unsweetened gin to the purple richness of old port. After trying a considerable number I came to the conclusion that the faint yellow of the champagne shot with gay sparkles was one of the most satisfactory hues. At an American bar are a number of mixed beverages with quaint and perplexing names, all of which are worth attention. I purchased some few shillings' worth before a sudden dizziness brought my day's shopping to a close.

"Wanted, velvet stole and muff, feather and fur sets ditto, small gas stove, R.C. Church Service and rosary, beaver toque."—*Add. in "The Lady."*

There are still one or two other things she wants before she can set up house.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

MRS. JEREMY'S face grew more and more startled as she read the indictment to herself at breakfast. She cast a glance of loathing at the innocent piece of bread in front of her, shuddered and pushed the plate away.

"Dear," she said earnestly, looking up from her paper, "we must get some Standard Bread in at once."

"Bread," said Jeremy, looking up from his. "Certainly, dear." He pulled the board towards him and cut a large slice. "Your bread," he remarked, and held it out to her.

She looked up again in surprise and, seeing the bread, shrieked.

"I didn't ask for it, Jeremy. In fact I simply daren't touch it now. Doesn't it say anything about it in your paper?"

"What's the matter with it?" said Jeremy, taking an immense bite. "It's ordinary bread."

"It's Poison."

"Then I think you might have said so before. I've been eating it steadily for half-an-hour." He got up with dignity and stood in front of the fire. "At least you could have saved me that last bite. Doctors will tell you that it is always the last bite which is fatal. We'd better have Baby down. She might like to say good-bye to me."

"Don't be absurd. It can't really be as bad as that. Only haven't you noticed anything about the bread? I can't bear it. It suddenly seems horrid to me."

"What is there to notice in bread? I always notice if I haven't got any, and sometimes I notice if you haven't got any, but——"

"Well, there's too much starch in it, the paper says."

"That accounts for it," said Jeremy, feeling a piece. "I thought it was simply stale. Well, tell them not to put so much in next week."

"There isn't going to be a next week. We're going to start Standard Bread to-day. You're going out on your bicycle to buy some. You'll have to go to Hillborough—they'll never have it in the village."

Jeremy prowled round the room in search of his tobacco, found it, filled his pipe, and returned to the hearth-rug.

"What is Standard Bread?" he asked between puffs.

"You won't ask when you've once eaten it. It does you twice as much good as this stuff. I'm longing to try it."

"But how is it different from this stuff?"

"It contains," said his wife, who

knew it by heart now, "at least eighty per cent. of the whole wheat, including the germ and the semolina."

"Including what?" said Jeremy sharply.

"The germ and the semolina."

"Oh!" He paused for a moment. "I'm not at all sure that I like germs," he announced.

"These aren't those germs, dear," said Mrs. Jeremy soothingly. "These won't hurt you at all."

"I don't see how you know that. Besides, it's very easy to make a mistake with germs. They're tricky little things, I can tell you. The baker may think he's putting in quite a harmless one, a slight cold or something of that sort, and then, just while he's turning round for the semolina, in hops a diphtheria germ looking as innocent as you please. And, anyhow, that reminds me—I loathe semolina. We've been married two years, and you ought to know that I always refuse semolina."

Mrs. Jeremy walked over and patted his head gently.

"We'll just try a loaf, and if you don't like it——"

"If I don't like it I shall live entirely on nuts. You've unnerved me. I've been eating bread—except for a few months at the start—for nearly thirty years, and now you tell me suddenly that it's poison; and that unless I include eighty germs and the whole of the semolina——"

"There, there, get on your bicycle like a good boy and go into Hillborough. I know Cobb won't have it here."

Jeremy grumbled, jumped on to his bicycle and rode off. Having arrived at the baker's he walked firmly in and gave his order.

"I want," he said, "a loaf of Standard Bread."

"Standard bread, Sir?"

"Yes. There's a lot about it in one of the papers. *The Standard*, I suppose. It's a new loaf that they've invented."

"We never see the papers, 'cept a Sunday."

"To-day's Wednesday—that's awkward. We can't wait. But, after all, you're a baker; you oughtn't to want to look up things about bread in papers. It's different for me."

"What's it like?"

"I've never seen any. As far as I am informed it's just like ordinary bread, only it has to contain eighty per cent. of something which I have just forgotten." He put his hand to his head and thought. "Wait—wait—it's coming back. Microbe and tapioca . . . microbe and tapioca . . . mi——"

"Whatever——"

"No, it isn't actually that, but that's

what I remember it by. Ah, now I've got it!" He cleared his throat impressively. "It's got to include the germ and the semolina. And the semolina, mind. Now does that convey anything to you?"

The man scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Maybe I'm wrong about the paper that invented it," said Jeremy. "Now I think of it we don't take in *The Standard*. My wife takes in somebody's *Home Dressmaker*, but it wouldn't be that. And *The Times* still only sells books. How about *Black and White* bread?"

The man scratched his head again, pulled down a dark loaf and suggested it hopefully.

"Well," said Jeremy, "some people might call it merely brown, but I suppose it's near enough. Thank you. I'll take it with me. I've got a bicycle outside."

Mrs. Jeremy received him joyfully, but her face fell when she saw the loaf.

"Why, that's brown bread," she cried.

"Only where it fell off the bicycle," said Jeremy.

"And inside too," said Mrs. Jeremy, cutting it open. "Ordinary brown bread."

"That's the germ," said Jeremy. "They're all brown this year. Gregarious little beggars—just like sheep the way they follow each other. Simply no individuality."

"I wonder if brown bread is all right." She broke a piece off and nibbled at it. "It is ordinary brown bread."

"Is that poison too?"

"I—I don't know."

"Then let's ask cook—she knows everything . . . Oh, cook," Jeremy went on bravely, "about this new bread we're all talking of now——"

"I was just going to ask you, mum," said cook, wiping her hands on her apron. "Did you both like it? Cobb sent up a loaf to-day——"

"Darling," said Jeremy to his wife, as he put his arm round her waist and led her to the baby's cradle, "let us all sing something together. Father is not poisoned. He lives. The family is re-united and goes on."

"I knew there was something funny about that bread," said Mrs. Jeremy.

The baby said nothing—only smiled.

A. A. M.

"IMPROVER. 19. Good shaver, fair hair-cutter."—*Adel*, in "*Daily Chronicle*."

He must go on improving until he can cut dark hair.

THE FALSE STEP.

SHE was rich. She was beautiful
She was charming. She liked me.

I had only arrived in Switzerland the day before. I had found the men in the hotel prostrate at her feet. I had gazed at her and sighed bitterly. What chance had I?

This was our fourth dance together. We sat it out. Not even the angry stare of her legitimate partner could mar my happiness, any more than the merry laugh of my legitimate partner could ease his misery.

We had known each other but a few hours, and yet already we spoke of the deep things of life—of the things which matter—and not of the floor, the weather, or the elusive snow. We spoke of our inmost personalities. I told her of my hopes, ambitions, and ideals (a subject on which I have inside information), and she, in return, lifted the veil for me and showed me her true thoughts and laughed scornfully at the mask she turned to other men.

"How rarely one meets a fellow-creature with whom one can be absolutely natural," she said pensively. "How nice it would be if one could always speak the truth. One gets so tired of the daily lie and common sham."

"Not *lies*," I protested. "I hate liars. They are so untrustworthy. You are a woman that any man would trust implicitly."

"Lies is a strong word," she laughed, "but, apart from their untruthfulness, they may at times be positive virtues. For instance, supposing a man were to hand me my coffee two seconds ahead of the cup. If I were truthful I should say, 'Miserable reptile, do you realise that coffee stains detract from the wearing value of blue satin?' As it is I say, 'Oh, it's only an old skirt. It doesn't matter a bit, thank you. Run along and see if you can get me some more coffee before it all goes. Thanks so much.'"

"You are an angel," I murmured.

"No, an angel would wait there till he arrived with that second cup, but I *don't!* I never run unnecessary risks. Also I carefully avoid him in future."

"Serve him right."

"Moreover," she continued, "when angels say, 'Oh, it doesn't matter a bit, thank you,' they probably mean it. They aren't longing to scratch the man's eyes out all the time! Isn't that the band?"

"May I have another dance later?" I pleaded.

She glanced at her programme. "I'll give you the one after this. *Au revoir.*"

I watched her as I waltzed, and



Customer (wanting change for a sovereign and finding the bar-tender short of cash, to fellow-customer). "CAN YOU OBLIGE ME, SIR?"

Tragedian ("resting"). "NO, SIR, I REGRET I CANNOT; BUT, AT THE SAME TIME, I THANK YOU FOR THE COMPLIMENT."

thought rapturously of my next dance. I knew not whether I revolved on my head or my heels or my partner's toes. What mattered *this* dance! It but filled in the time till I should be with her again. Slowly we caught them up. Heavens! what a neck!—and was there ever such shimmering wavy hair?
Sc-r-r-r-r-r-rrr!

She stopped to gather the torn skirt in her left hand and then turned towards me. "It doesn't matter a bit, thanks," she said.

I sought her for the next dance, but she was sitting with her legitimate partner. "Yes, the floor is lovely, isn't it?" she was saying. "I wonder if we are ever going to get any snow."

"FOR SALE. Grey Flea-bitten gelding. Apply to D. E. Keatinge."—*Pioneer*.
The right man in the right place.

MISPLACED.

A 'BUS conductor I have met
Is ever full of vain regret.

He punches tickets very well
And sounds a husky little bell.

He really is extremely nice ;
I don't suppose he has a vice.

He's never rude or rough or snappy,
And yet somehow he looks unhappy.

His secret is, it would appear,
An uncongenial career.

In early youth I understand
He wanted to conduct a band;
Instead of which—'tis ever thus—
He now conducts a motor 'bus.

His Second Time on Earth.

"Personally I'd rather be born poor than a millionaire, and I have some experience in both directions."—*Mr. Andrew Carnegie.*

THE DEGENERACY OF BOYS.

My morning paper recently informed me that "Mr. Charles Thellusson yesterday presented to the museum of a new school at Woodlands, near Doncaster, a birch which, he explained, he stole when he was a boy at Eton." Something might be said as to Mr. Thellusson's position before the law. *Nullum tempus occurrit regi*, and it is possible that the governing body of Eton might, if they cared, institute a successful prosecution against Mr. Thellusson for the dashing offence he committed, let us say, some thirty years ago. They might also, perhaps, recover the dreadful trophy from the museum of Woodlands School by means of a civil action—but I don't suppose they will trouble themselves in either case.

What startles me, however, about this announcement is not so much the confession of Mr. Thellusson as the implication that a birch is now fit only for a museum—that, in short, the manners of our boys are now so mild that birches are not required for their traditional purpose, but may be placed in a glass case and reserved for the inspection and wonder of the curious, together with the headsman's axe and the thumb-screws and the rack—instruments rendered useless by the refinement of the age in which we are fortunate enough to live. Has the birch come to this? I wonder.

But even if it were proved that the birch is still, if I may say so, in full swish all over the land wherever sound knowledge is laboriously driven into the heads of young males we should not be able to stop the lamentations of boisterous and patriotic old gentlemen, who are always ready to "tell you what, Sir, the Country is going to the dogs, Sir. They don't flog boys now, Sir, as you and I used to be flogged. And what's the result, Sir? I'll tell you, Sir: a miserable lot of molly-coddles, Sir. No manliness in the whole lot of 'em. Girls, Sir, that's what they're being turned into. Don't talk to me about brains, Sir. Give me a boy who can take a flogging, Sir. You and I, Sir, didn't bother about brains, and we've not done so badly—hey?" And thereupon he will proceed to wonder why the Yankees and the Germans are getting ahead of us everywhere, and will say some very severe things about Free Trade.

For my part I am convinced that the soaring human boy is at this moment much the same sort of jolly little barbarian as he has always been. Probably he is better cared for and better fed than he used to be, but he still uses catapults, inks his fingers, spoils his clothes and provides temporary resting-places for the birch in the old traditional fashion. I have not yet come across the fork with which you can drive his nature out of him. Modern schoolmasters may take his temperature, but they can't prevent him taking tips or, in fact, any sort of present that may be offered to him; and it still takes wild horses to drag him to the point of expressing his gratitude for gifts in writing. "My dear Aunt," wrote one little fellow, "thanks awfully (blot) for the beautiful present it is just what I wanted we have had a jolly Christmas except for the beastly letter writing with love from Herbert."

This was a boy aged ten. At an age slightly more advanced the distaste for pen and ink begins to be modified. Here is a letter from a boy of fourteen, describing his first day's shooting:—"My dear Grandpa, you may like to know how I've been getting on with my shooting, well the first day I didn't get a shot though I tramped through

turnips all the morning. On Tuesday I went out again and we soon put up a covey of 15, I lost my head completely and loosed off both barrels at once about ten yards behind the last bird, we picked them up again 3 minutes later and having taken aim till it was out of range I hurt my finger in trying to pull the trigger when it was half cocked. Then we came on to birds again and I dropped the bird behind the one I was aiming at, but five minutes after I dropped another by a much better shot, afterwards I got two more and returned home carrying two brace by a string round their necks." For a sporting frankness which extenuates nothing this letter cannot be beaten. There isn't a word about the cartridge hanging fire or the sun being in the shooter's eyes.

Here finally is a Homeric letter written by an English boy in the French language from an English School, and addressed to the French governess of some little girl-friends:—"Chère Mademoiselle, j'espère que vous vous portez bien. Excusez moi de ne pas avoir mit votre nom sur l'enveloppe car je ne le sais pas. Aujourd'hui un de nos garçons qui avait 16 ans ma enuyé un peut de trop alors je lui aie dit venez vous battre avec moi, mais il etait occupé. Je ne pouvait pas lui trouver après ceci. Alor à la fin je lui ai fait descendre dans le Changing Room. Il y avait beaucoup de garçons pour nous voir. Le premier tour je lui ai fait saigner la machoire, alors nous nous sommes reposés pour quelques minutes. Tout les garçons crient 'Depeche tois ça sera fini en quelques minutes, mais il criait 'ma macheroire me fait trop mal.' Mais après un peu de temp nous recomençons notre bataille, cette fois je lui fait saigner le nez et je coupe sa levre. Maintenant nous avons finis et il dit 'Soyez amis, soyez amis avec moi!' Maintenant il membete plus. Avec beaucoup d'amour pour vous tous votre petit ami Charles." On the whole I think we may make our minds easy about the degeneracy and the effeminacy of boys. Indeed I am not at all sure that the birches won't have to come out of their museums.

R. C. L.

A PLAINTIVE HEIR.

OUR Special Interpreter sends us the following expressions of opinion given by the infant Viscount MILTON respecting the celebrations attending his christening.

"I am sorry to say," remarked his Lordship severely, "that the proceedings were arranged without my being consulted, and that I cannot regard them as satisfactory. You would think, would you not, that any celebrations on my behalf would be such that I could be permitted to share in them. As a matter of fact, except for the christening, I took practically no part in the show.

"Under these circumstances I think you will admit that some bitterness is permissible. I do not wish for one moment to cast reflection upon the wisdom of my dear Father and Mother, yet I still think it singular that my every wish, upon such a day, should have been thwarted.

"I asked, quite humbly, that I might be allowed to eat the roasted ox. The request was refused. When I desired to taste a portion of the pink part of my own christening cake, my demands were silenced with milk, of which I am already growing more than weary. Instead of being permitted to indulge in the simple pleasures of the swing-boats and steam roundabouts, I was not permitted to enjoy a single moment's liberty; and they didn't let off the fireworks until I was fast asleep in the far wing.

"When I understand that I shall be given another large party when I am twenty-one. You may take it from me that I shall insist upon different treatment then."

THE FOOTER MART.

IN ANTICIPATION OF THE NEWSPAPER OF 1921.

[The *Daily Mail* lately proclaimed in startling headlines that a Football Player had been sold for £1,800, and went on to point out that this was a record and represented a price of about twelve guineas per pound (avoidupois)].

Successful Auction.

MESSRS. RAMSDEN AND PLUNK held their monthly auction at the Footer Mart yesterday afternoon when some attractive lots visited the block, resulting in a good attendance. The sale was advertised for two o'clock precisely, and when Mr. Joseph Ramsden mounted the rostrum a few minutes later cries of "Yah-Taddy-Yah-Yah" and "Gee-Gee-Gee" predominated, indicating the rival interests represented. Mr. Joseph kicked off by saying that the present occasion would be eagerly watched by exponents throughout the world, and he hoped that buyers would not under-estimate the importance of the lots he was to have the honour of putting up that day. He reminded his hearers that although the record of 52 guineas per pound had not been touched that season the state of the market plainly indicated that bigger money would be wanted before long. (Cheers.)

The lots were then put up. Pounds avoidupois unless otherwise stated.

Lot 1. *Charles Tinker*.—Aged. Bought Sheffield United, May, 1919, 17½ gns. Centre Forward. Lot withdrawn after 11 gns. had been bid.

The Club will do well to put this lot on the field once or twice before offering him, as there was an impression among experts that he had not regained form after the accident of being forgotten last month by the Club Secretary who left him in the Cloak Room at King's Cross for five days.

Lot 2. *Four Novices* (names not given).—Apprenticed combination players, Denton Whoopers. No records. 12s. 9d. (Ventnor Incurables). This was a poor lot. We think the Denton Whoopers are ill advised in adopting the American fashion of shaving the scalp and cropping the ears of their players.

Lot 3. *Bert Brummles*.—27. Full back. Bought Tottenham Hot-spurs 1918. 26 gns. Wind defective. No bids.

Lot 4. *"Captain Crumbs"*.—Aged. It was a surprise to many that this well-known player should appear again on the block so soon, but it is understood that



First Farmer. "WHAT BE THEY COMIN' TWO TOGETHER FOR?"

Second Farmer. "LIKELY BECAUSE IT'S GITTIN' LATE AND THEY WANT TO FINISH."

there was something wrong with the purchase money a fortnight ago, the owners of "Captain Crumbs" claiming that he had always been knocked down at pounds *troy* in compliment to his small size. "Captain Crumbs" is four feet five with a forty-seven inch chest measurement, and is nearer sixty than fifty. He has little executive value, his money being due to his eccentric antics on the field which draw big gates. His popularity shows no signs of waning. Forward. Bought Trafford Creepers 1917, 28 gns. troy; 28½ gns. troy (Bramham Maulers).

Lot 5. *James Tagg*.—27. Considerable interest was evinced when this lot was put up, as it was his first public appearance since he

booted the Dalston referee, and there was no lack of electricity in the air when it was seen that a good fight would result. The lot finally fell to Mr. Postlethwaite, buyer to the Malton Murderers, the immediate runners-up being the Langdale Bodysnatchers and the Palethorpe Ghosts. The price however indicates that in the excitement of the engagement bidders overlooked the fact that this lot has been putting on flesh while in prison and buyers are therefore paying for a quantity of superfluous blubber which cannot be used and must be got rid of before James takes the field. Right Wing. Bought Mowbray Crashers 1919, 22½ gns.; 38 gns. (Malton Murderers).



Host. "HAVE A CIGARETTE, OLD MAN?"

Guest. "NO, THANKS—I'VE CHUCKED SMOKING—TOO EFFEMINATE, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Lot 6. *Korean Chungs*.—The room was crowded when Mr. Fred Plunk himself accepted the baton from Mr. Joseph and took command. This was probably the first occasion upon which an imported team has been knocked down in one lot, and the circumstances are remarkable. After the fiasco at the Crystal Palace when, in its first match, the team was beaten by the Tottenham Hotspurs who secured twenty-eight goals before the referee stopped the proceedings at half-time, the team played a series of matches against second-rate amateur clubs and girls' schools with indifferent success, and Mr. Plunk was therefore fully justified in offering the lot at lump weight. Bidding was slow, and the lot was knocked down at £3 7s. 4d. for the lump, to a gentleman from the Japanese Legation. The lot comprised sixteen details (two

crippled), and the weight was given as one ton.

The proceedings then terminated. During the afternoon some attention was drawn by the presence of the American lot Silas P. Sago, which, though catalogued, was not put up, it being understood that he had been acquired privately by a firm of Wall Street Agents. Silas was in the cage which has secured him since the fiasco at Messrs. Wiltshire's sale when he laid out the Auctioneer with a hefty clip in the ribs, and the character of this player was well established during the afternoon by his reaching through the bars and presenting a bystander with a thick ear.

We are glad to see that our old friend Mr. George Slaver has brought off another of his coups. Last August he picked up Alf. Dickinson at £40 (lump weight), Alf being in a very low way and not expected to take the field again. Mr. Slaver however sent him to his cure establishment at Homburg, and we understand that when this lot comes to

the block next week he is expected to touch his highest previous figure—viz., 28½ gns. per lb. We congratulate Mr. Slaver on his well-merited success.

"Melilla.—The garrison is preparing to give General Toutée the insignia of the grand crow of military merit."—*Le Progrès*.

The General should escape while there is yet time.

"Diggle did nearly all the scoring in the afternoon, but Gray turned the tables on him in the evening."—*Daily Mirror*.

We cannot regard this as a sportsman-like form of revenge.

"An economical mother can make from the upper part of a pair of pants that have been hand-knitted a very cosy skirt for a baby petticoat, and a bodice can be cut from the unworn portions of the leg. If this is not dainty enough for the home baby, it will at least make a really sensible addition to the charity parcel."—*Daily Sketch*.

Some baby or other has jolly well got to wear it, after we've taken all this trouble.



THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

PARIS (to London). "GLAD THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SPOIL YOUR CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES FOR A HA'PORTH OF OLD BRICKS. WE NEVER STOP FOR THINGS LIKE THAT."



THE COMING SOCIETY CRAZE. "FIRST AID" AT HOMES. INSTRUCTION COMBINED WITH ENTERTAINMENT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Thursday, Feb. 16.—Since he was gazetted out of active service on account of perennial youth, CHARLIE BERESFORD has taken to cruising across the lobby, up and down the corridors, in a pair of felt slippers several sizes too large, working his way to win'ard with assistance of stout stick.

"What is this?" I asked, never missing opportunity to inform my mind. "Is it the undress uniform of a paid-off Admiral?"

"No, TOBY dear boy, it's gout. I should like to use an adjective. Have tried one or two; found them no better than other forms of medicines; so refrain from further doses."

Hard lines coming immediately on being shelved at time of life when still in prime mentally and, bar transient attack of gout, physically. Happily nothing clouds CHARLIE's cheerfulness. Comforts himself with reflection that he will have undivided leisure now to look after affairs of State and see that Navy is kept up to two-keel standard.

Lengthened life and fuller experience do not increase his respect for Lords of the Admiralty of whatsoever degree. Was one himself for a couple of years, so ought to know. Following on formation of the MARKISS's first Administration, they made him Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. But he didn't care for the ship. One day they brought round in ordinary course of things an estimate of certain expenditure with request that he would sign it.

"Sign it!" cried the LORD COMMISSIONER, hailing the trembling emissary as if he were at the other end of the wharf. "Why, I don't know anything about it. First I've seen of the figures."

Politely explained that it was all a matter of form. Regulations required document should be signed by one of the Lords of Admiralty and CHARLIE had happened to be near at hand. He was obdurate in refusal, and another official, equally uninformed but more pliable, put his name to the paper, which in due course appeared in Navy Estimates.

As soon as he was "unmuzzled," like Mr. G. at Manchester in the Sixties,

CHARLIE came down to House and in Committee on Navy Estimates moved an Amendment. It was terse and to the point. "The allocation of authority at the Admiralty," so it ran, "requires entire reform."

Remember two yarns CHARLIE spun in illustration of his thesis. One told how a Lord of the Admiralty, receiving account of disaster to a ship, couched in technical terms familiar on the quarter-deck and in the gun-room, thought it was bad language, and penned a minute gravely censuring the Captain guilty of the imagined indiscretion.

Another story related to a civilian Lord whom the House thought it recognised. News reached Admiralty of a ship's crew being cast away on small island in the Pacific. Looking over chart, and finding that a cruiser homeward bound had, according to admission made in ship's log, passed the island distant by only two inches' space on the chart, he indignantly wanted to know why the Captain hadn't looked in and brought the men off.

As CHARLIE explained to delighted

Committee, the two inches' space marked on the chart represented a distance of 4,000 miles at sea.

These are frivolities. Let us not forget or fail to recognise that behind a smiling countenance CHARLIE BERESFORD has through a period of thirty years cherished and pursued a serious purpose. To few men more directly than to him is due awakening of Ministerial mind and public conscience to necessity of keeping the British Navy at a standard of strength and efficiency calculated to safeguard the Empire in time of peril.

Business Done.—Time of Private Members up to Easter appropriated for Parliament Bill.

Friday, 17th.—Address out of the way, are settling down to real work of Session. Labour Members approach it with pleased consciousness that whatever may happen they have had themselves photographed in a group seated in their accustomed quarter below Gangway on Ministerial side. Here was missed, not for the first time, the skilful art, the tireless energy of Sir BENJAMIN STONE. During his long honourable service as Member for East Birmingham, he photographed everything and nearly everybody connected with House. Never thought of doing the Labour Members. In his absence they had recourse to operator with flash-light, an agency which gave a curiously spectral look to the face and figure of "MABON," just back from Buckingham Palace, where he had been invested with the high, well-earned dignity of Privy Councillor.

Incident attracted much interest. Example likely to be followed by other sections. The Welsh Members are thinking of having a turn. ELLIS GRIFFITHS, new Leader, sounded on subject, has intimated that if affair comes off he shall have no objection to appear with a harp in his hand and a bardic wreath bound about his manly brow. The Scotch Members not likely to be left out of a good thing. We may presently be able to enrich our albums with photographs, cabinet size, displaying EUGENE WASON at the head of his clan, wearing the kilt and hugging the pibroch.

With object of making fuller study of the effect of new departure in Parliamentary procedure, pressure is being brought to bear on PRIME MINISTER to induce him to authorise copies of the Labour Members' photographs to be circulated with the Votes.

Business Done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

Our Persian Policy—"Koweit and See."

AT THE PLAY.

"ALL THAT MATTERS."

THE title is a breezy rendering of the motto, "*Quid cetera prosunt?*" You might think it meant the world well lost for love or honour or the saving of a soul. Not at all. Something much more solid is thrown in, as you may see from the arms that go with the legend and symbolise peace and plenty in addition to a woman's love. So the motto is not so very splendid. And I couldn't find that it had much relation to the facts of the play. For the hero, though he gets his woman's love in the end, is not likely to have much "peace" with it, to judge from her uncertain and vixenish behaviour;



Hyde (passionately). "I've got her, Pacy. I've got her! (Aside) Pray Heaven the boat comes pretty soon; I can't bear it much longer."

Olive Kimber . . . Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.

Allan Hyde . . . Mr. NORMAN TREVOR.

and I see no prospect of "plenty" for him if he does no better than he did with his farm, which was always in a rotten state.

So much for the title. The play itself contains a few well-observed characters and a patch or two of idealism, but its scheme is of the most artificial and improbable. There never seems to be any good reason for anything that happens. A fatuous female, belonging to a party of Cockney trippers, tripping in Dorset, is inspired for no reason in the world to write an anonymous postcard to a local squire suggesting that he should marry the daughter of a local yeoman. The girl loves another, and for no particular reason concludes that he wrote the post card. Having already quarrelled with him, on the silly pretext that he had neglected his farm because his thoughts were always with her, she

now consents to yield to the advances of the squire, who, instead of being put off, as you might expect, by the anonymous missive, admits that it helped to confirm him in his original designs upon her.

At times the action went with a very halting movement. People always seemed to be wanting to get off the stage and unable to. The audience, eager to speed them into the wings, was impotent. If it was an interior, then a door got in the way; if it was a cave, then the rising tide detained them; and if they were on the top of a down, with nothing to stay their departure, still they stuck.

What attraction the play provided was due to the fine performances of some of the secondary characters. Mr. FISHER WHITE made a noble shepherd, whose dignity had an excellent foil in the frivolous vulgarity of the trippers. But in the last Act he seemed to grow tired of his own voice, and the audience agreed with him. Mr. WARBURTON gave an admirable study of a Scotch agent. But the most remarkable character-sketch was that of Miss HELEN HAYE as the yeoman's wife. With rather colourless material she did wonderful things. Miss NEILSON-TERRY, as the heroine, had an uncongenial part, in which a great deal of arbitrary conduct was required of her. Gaiety and tenderness are the qualities that belong to such youth as hers, and she had little chance of exhibiting either. One traced signs of incipient staginess in her manner, a tendency that is bound to develop if more discretion is not used in the choice of the right parts for her.

Mr. NORMAN TREVOR worked conscientiously as the lover, and seemed to think out everything very carefully before he said it. But it was a lifeless and ligneous part. As for Mr. LYALL SWETE, who ought always to be an old professor or some sort of detached antiquity, being gifted by nature with a voice that would be the making of a don, he was, of course, an absurd selection for the character of a squire.

The trippers, though they were dragged in rather wantonly, were attractive till we had had too much of them. There was one who kept on saying, "That's quite right," and she was a great source of joy to me.

Everybody did his best for the play, but I cannot predict any great profit for the Haymarket. "All that matters" is not gold; it is a rough lump of quartz, with here and there a streak of precious metal, in the proportion of about ten pennyweight to the ton, hardly enough to repay the labour of crushing. O.S.



FAMILY PRIDE.

Girl. "MY FARVER ONCE BROKE IN A SHOP AND PINCHED A DIAMOND BROOCH!"

Policeman's Son. "THAT AIN'T NUFFIN'. MY FARVER PINCHED 'IM!"

ART IN THE BATHROOM.

["Tiled paper is the most universal wall treatment of the average bathroom. There are many tiled papers to be found, among them one with sea-gulls skimming across it at intervals, fish swimming in the sea, and clouds, waves, and flying birds."—*The Evening News*.]

At eventide I love to lie at gaze,

Wallowing while the calid water wets me,
And idly watch (provided that the haze

Subtly composed of steam and soap-suds lets me)
The sea-gulls and the jelly-fish and all
The jolly things that deck my bathroom wall.

It makes me think of those delightful dips

I mean to have this year in far-off August,
With gentle wavelets lapping round my hips

And sunshine beating on me, and no raw gust
To shake my courage with its bitter sting
And counsel me to shirk the beastly thing.

I turn the tap and conjure up the scene

What time I let some more hot water trickle:
Old Ocean shall be bright with silver sheen,

And Zephyrs for the nonce shall not be fickle,

While flying birds and swimming fish and such
Mere odds and ends shall add their pleasing touch.

The prospect charms—but that's at eventide,

When prospects have a knack of looking rosy.

Next morning comes and spreads a frost outside,

And things begin to look a lot more prosy.

Moreover, men who like their water hot
Are never optimistic when it's not.

So, while I take the Briton's brutal tub

And view the scene of cloud and fin and feather,
I call to mind (yes, there's the wretched rub!)

Last summer's bathes in diabolic weather;

Then do I murmur sadly, "Hope is vain;
Things will be just as rotten once again."

A Barbed Wire.

"NAPLES. The man suspected to be 'Peter the Painter' has been identified as—Reuter."—*Midland Evening News*.

Well might they put in that dash; for assuredly it is a great shock to find our old friend Reuter mixed up in this kind of thing.

"Other speeches followed, and finally walked in procession to the new building."—*Eastern Evening News*.

These are what are known as moving speeches.

"He had noticed the moment he read the letter that the line should have been 'O wihi praetentio referat si Jupiter annos,' instead of beginning, 'O di praetentus,' etc."—*Evening Times*.

Of course, of course. Now it all comes back to us.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

THE MULL-KLAW WEDDING.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

I HAVE just returned from witnessing the most superb scenic happening in the whole annals of the New World.

The wedding of Miss Mélisande Semiramis Klaw to the Marquis of Mull was solemnised to-day at the First Church of Rarer Thought, Flatbush Avenue, Dr. van Pelt Blotters officiating.

THE MENACED MARQUIS.

Though the Marquis of Mull had received many sinister threatening letters, no untoward incident occurred to mar the harmony of the nuptials, but special precautions had been taken to guard against accidents, and it was noted that the principal actors in the ceremony wore a strained expression which hardly accorded with so blissful an occasion.

ESCORTED BY BLOODHOUNDS.

In addition to a force of 500 police, armed with Mauser pistols and sandbags, who mounted guard outside the Marquis's hotel, the carriages of the bride and groom were closely guarded by a squadron of Pinkerton's mounted detectives, each horseman holding a Cuban bloodhound in a leash, the baying of the formidable quadrupeds blending admirably with the salvoes of artillery which were discharged at intervals by a battery of the Mull Territorials, who had crossed the Atlantic to do honour to their chief-tain.

SCENE IN THE SANCTUARY.

The church, which is a splendid specimen of Flamboyant Rococo architecture, was profusely decorated with golden rod and thistle, typifying the significance of the union, and banners emblazoned with the names of the protagonists of Rarer Thought, such as Ulysses Opp, Hendrik van Boogaard, and Volney Streaker, were tastefully disposed along the nave, which was carpeted with rich sables.

A LIST OF LUMINARIES.

Shortly after the Marquis of Mull appeared at the altar rail with his best man, Lord Ian Pluscardine, the bride entered the sanctuary leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. Schenectady P. Klaw. She was preceded by two flower-girls, the Misses Gloriana and Polyxena Klaw, and two pages, Master Jared Oelstreich and Master Agag Naselheimer, bearing wands of 22-carat gold with electric-lighted tips. Behind the bride marched the chief maid of

honour, Miss Aphrodite Klaw, followed by the six bridesmaids, the Misses Volumina Vandercrup, Artemis Chew, Jeanne Dare Pogrom, Araminta Cromwell Bangs, Aspasia Conger and Miriam Otaheite Stodge, the last-named replacing Miss Sonora Schlumbacher, who is suffering from Californian mumps. Rumour credits Miss Stodge with being engaged to Mr. Bolossy Klaw, a brother of the bride, but no official announcement has yet been made. Miss Stodge's mother, it may be mentioned, was the former Peruvian Princess, Dadapalona Fufunga, in whose veins runs the bluest blood of the Onoto Incas. The Princess was conspicuous amongst the 5,000 guests in a superb robe of Peruvian pemmican, set off by a conical talc helmet with a phosphorescent peak and puma-skin ear-flaps. The service was partly choral, partly orchestral, but altogether bioscopic. Mr. Pinkerton presided at the grand organ, Mr. Samson Bangs had charge of the instruments of percussion, and Professor Rooseboom operated the contrabass tonkophone. I had almost forgotten to add that the ushers numbered eight, including Lord Archibald Kingander, Mr. Otis Slott, Mr. Nahum Titus, Mr. Ignatius Loyola Schloss and Mr. Peabody Greathead. Lord Talboys acted as ringmaster, and Senator Tertius Cramp was janitor of the vestry.

CONFECTIONERY IN EXCELSIS.

The wedding cake is generally admitted to have been the richest and largest example of matrimonial confectionery ever constructed. It was ten storeys or 100 feet high, and weighed 20 tons. The confectioners state that it cost 100,000 dollars, but this is obviously an underestimate. It was profusely embellished with cupids, farandoles, ghibellines, gobelins, abacots, holophotes, marabouts and other appropriate figures. Ten detectives, disguised in angelica uniforms with almond-paste buckles, were concealed in the interior, one in each storey, to prevent depredations on the part of sweet-toothed kleptomaniacs.

MR. KLAW'S CHEQUE.

Although the presents were of unparalleled sumptuousness and splendour, they were naturally eclipsed by the chief exhibit of the collection, Mr. Klaw's cheque. This was displayed on a special stand under a crystal magnifying glass and was guarded by a special posse of detectives dressed as noblemen of the Court of Louis XIV. The amount of the cheque was so portentous that the resources of wireless telegraphy are unequal to an accurate

record of the figures into which it runs. The bride's wedding dress was of old Clos Vougeot satin with mosaic insertions of peacock's feathers imitated in precious stones. She wore a triple diamond tiara illuminated by a radium fountain, and her shoes had belonged to MARIE ANTOINETTE.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

ACCORDING to a writer in *The Medical Times*, among the symptoms of digestive failure or "slow suicide" may be included "a feeling of lightness and ease after a substantial meal, hunger some two hours subsequently, and sound sleep at night." As this appears to us to open up fresh and absorbing regions of speculation for the hypochondriac, we have ourselves been at pains to collect a few similar warnings. As under:—

A craving for open-air exercise on a fine day, coupled with exhilaration and a marked absence of fatigue, is one of the most significant symptoms of approaching beri-beri.

Pronounced cheerfulness in the early morning, manifesting itself in sustained and jovial conversation at the breakfast-table, very frequently precedes an attack of homicidal mania—on the part of somebody else.

Similar hilarity at the evening meal, increasing towards the close of the day, is usually caused by incipient alcoholic poisoning.

Optimism generally, or a disposition to look at the bright side of things, should be regarded with the gravest suspicion. The patient should at once consult as many volumes of the medical press as may be obtainable. A course of these, even should it fail to identify the precise malady, will almost invariably be found to have removed the symptom.

The Five Hundred Pour Rire.

MR. GULLAND, Scottish Whip, who was reported to have announced that he was already compiling a list of possible new Peers, has denied the allegation and attributed the misunderstanding to the dulness of his Edinburgh audience. To compensate for the disappointment caused by this *démenti*, Mr. Punch himself, ever animated by a passionate desire to make his pages the repository of the best British humour, is prepared to receive the names of any gentlemen volunteering for nobility, and to publish them in his columns.

Better Late than Never.

"The Mayor proposed that the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward V. be loyally and properly celebrated in the Borough."

Torquay Times.



THE SUBTLETIES OF CRIME.

(Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in a published letter, recently referred to a case of burglary "without any aggravating circumstances.")
Cautious Burglar (to whimsical colleague). "DON'T MESS THE OLD GIRL'S NEW 'ATS ABAHT, BILL. THAT'LL CONSTITOOT A HAGGRAVATIN' CIRCUMSTANCE."

TO MY PARTNER FOR THE NEXT DANCE.

HASTE not, I pray you, from the easy-chair,
 The lounge, the sofa, or whate'er it be;
 Remain, to all appearance, unaware
 That you arranged, my captivating fair,
 To do a dance with me.

There was a moment, dear, when I implored,
 And positively wished you, gentle pard,
 To brave with me the much-bebeeswax'd board,
 And both of us were careful to record
 Our pledge upon a card.

My recollections of the scene are few;
 I know not rightly why the thing was done;
 I only know that one delightful view
 Was quite enough to demonstrate that you
 Were looking—well, Al!

Such was the thought. Then follow'd swift the act—
 The introduction, and the courtly bow,
 The mild persuasion, and the solemn pact
 For Number Ten, which is, in point of fact,
 The one that's coming now.

I have perhaps a *too* "fantastic too;"
 I am notorious before I've made

A single circuit, and my partners slow
 Discreetly down, and think they'd like to go
 And have some lemonade.

So will it be with us. The fatal tryst
 Will end in sorrow, as it always ends;
 I am, in many ways, an optimist,
 But I can promise you we should desist
 More enemies than friends.

Therefore, my Muriel, if I awoke
 An interest, but nothing like a throb,
 Nothing more warm than all these other folk,
 Come, let us dance. We shall, at least, provoke
 The laughter of the mob.

But if you love me; if, when I advance,
 Your heart at once begins to hop about;
 Nay, if there be the faintest sort of chance,
 Don't let us risk it on a beastly dance—
 Let's go and sit it out.

Let them rotate. Let us at least refrain.
 The comfortable chairs will all be free.
 Come, I implore you, when they start again,
 Leave on the instant yon repulsive swain,
 And sit and talk to me.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"You mustn't kneel, Billy! Stoop!" This remark has nothing to do with small boys and leap-frog. It was what KING EDWARD said when RUSSELL, first and greatest of war-correspondents "hopped" into the Royal presence to receive a last addition to the many Orders and medals that he had won in his four-score-and-two years. Since the days when, as an obscure young Irish journalist, a despised and unwelcome camp-follower, he fought with angry generals in the Crimea for the cause of truth, the dignity of his profession, and the welfare of the British soldier, in five campaigns and four continents he had placed his life fearlessly at the disposal of *The Times* and his country. He had made a few mistakes and troops of friends; had upset a Government and saved an army. In India he had pleaded for mercy, in America for a wiser judgment of the cause at issue between North and South. And now he had become "Billy" to all men, from the King downwards, and was beloved by many of those whom he had most freely criticised. Accurate, shrewd, humorous, great-hearted, he was a model to the war-correspondents of the present day, who owe to him their advantageous position at the elbow of the Headquarters Staff, and may reflect, in the rush of their journalistic "scoops," that it is one thing to get first to the telegraph office and quite another to make literature in the heat of battle. I have much to say about *The Life of Sir William Howard Russell* (MURRAY), but I must confine myself to this, that its author, Mr. J. B. ATKINS (a good 'un, heart and hand, a worthy spokesman of that other Atkins whose Christian name is Thomas, and himself a war-correspondent of great experience and distinction) has done his work most modestly and well. He has let "BILLY" RUSSELL tell his own story as nearly as possible in his own words, so that RUSSELL himself and DICKENS and THACKERAY and DELANE and BISMARCK and WOLSELEY and EVELYN WOOD and OUTRAM and COLIN CAMPBELL and LINCOLN and RAGLAN and a whole host of nineteenth-century heroes are presented with lifelike fidelity in the pages of this fascinating book. And the word-pictures are so good that it's truly a case of "Thank you, Mister Atkins . . . when the drum begins to roll."

It is midnight, and I have just finished *Impatient Griselda* (daintily published by MARTIN SECKER). Let me heap injudicious praise upon it at once, before I have time to become professionally captious. *Delicia Hepburn* went out into the world in her early and impressionable youth and absorbed ideas. She became not a Suffragette, but a daring and persuasive advocate of the higher emancipation of woman. Her theories she put into print but not into practice, for there came into her life at the critical juncture a wise and witty husband, who knew exactly how to deal with her. Conceive, however, the

theorist's delight on discovering in *Griselda*, the intelligent and ultra-feminine, a devout disciple. Conceive her qualms on beholding the devout disciple of an ideal threatening to become a strict and literal practitioner. Conceive, lastly, my interest and amusement throughout, as I watched the passionate romance of *Griselda* undoing for *Delicia* her heartless creed as surely as the heartless creed of *Delicia* was undoing for *Griselda* her passionate romance. Such a nice theme of true comedy required the most delicate handling, but it could not have been left with a more capable and ingenious manipulator than Mr. LAURENCE NORTH. His supers are as lively as his protagonists; his milieu is every-day but original; and particularly I applaud him for his creation of one of the very few human K.C.'s of modern fiction. Had I waited to write this notice by the cold light (if any) of day, I should have made no difference, save to quarrel with the author over the manner of his epilogue.

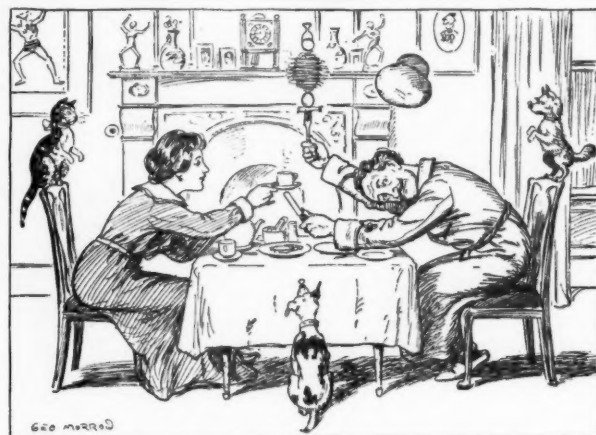
I must confess that I always find it very fascinating to read about anyone else having his leg pulled, and Mr. BRAM STOKER's book, *Famous Impostors* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON),

provides such delights in abundance. The subjects are treated biographically, but the author, in dealing with his facts, has brought to their arrangement the skilled novelist's instinct for what is interesting. His net embraces typical impostors from the least to the greatest, from the *Wandering Jew* and JINNY BINGHAM (who was known as Mother Damnable) to Princess OLIVE, who cut at the throne of England, and ARTHUR ORTON, the Tichborne Colossus. We have THEODORE HOOK, who for a hoax filled Berners Street with tradesmen's carts calling at an inoffensive-looking house with a

brass plate. We have JOHN LAW, who gave France a huge financial boom and knocked the bottom out of it all in a few months. We have the unscrupulous quack, CAGLIOSTRO. We have PERKIN WARBECK, the pretender. And we have finally Queen ELIZABETH, whom quite a number of people believe to have been a man. Mr. STOKER puts her case judicially, but I think he is nearly convinced of the truth of the Gloucestershire tradition which tells of the Princess dying as a child and of the substitution of the Bisley boy. Personally I can seldom trust myself with such mysteries, because I find somehow that I have generally an unreasonable leaning towards the improbable and unaccepted solution. But the Maiden Queen—Think how small RALEIGH would have felt that muddy day!

A pretty Compliment.

A correspondent informs us that at the last scientific meeting of the Zoological Society Mr. OLDFIELD THOMAS described a collection of mammals from Eastern Asia, and stated that, in recognition of the help given by the Duke of BEDFORD in forming this collection, he proposed to name a new species of Striped Shrew after the DUCHESS.



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

1. THE JUGGLER AT BREAKFAST.

CHARIVARIA.

THE annexation of Canada by the United States would, it is now rumoured, be considered an unfriendly act by Germany.

* *

The Prime Minister of Quebec, speaking on the crisis, remarked that it was the desire of the Government to make Quebec the centre of the pulp and paper industry of the world. It might start by making pulp of those reciprocity proposals.

* *

With regard to the new prison reform system there is, we hear, some little discontent in petty criminal circles owing to the fact that only persons who can be properly described as habitual offenders are to come under the scheme, and a condition precedent is that the last offence shall have been a serious one. However a determined effort will be made to rise to the occasion by aiming at the high standard required.

* *

The Turkish Government has undoubtedly been standing on its dignity. The latest rumour is that representations have been made by the Porte to the Quai d'Orsay in respect of the recent mobbing of wearers of harem costumes in Paris.

* *

Meanwhile the advocates of the trouser skirt deny that all is lost, and there is some talk of trying to inaugurate an All Breeches Shopping Week.

* *

One great advantage of the new Standard bread seems to have escaped the notice of the general public. Owing to its dark complexion it does not show finger-marks. This should mean a considerable saving in some of our minor restaurants.

* *

Dr. HYSLOP, late of Bethlem Royal Hospital, is continuing to air his views on the Post-Impressionists. In some quarters it is felt that it is somewhat unfair to trace a likeness between the works of these modern masters and those of imbeciles, seeing that the latter are not always in a position to defend themselves against the charge.

* *

The new proprietor of the Strand Theatre, which has not hitherto been too successful, has decided to change its name to the Whitney. It seems queer that no one should have thought of this before. It is quite possible that the cause of its failure to attain a *succès fou* has now been discovered.

* *

More evidence that the female is no



"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A KENSINGTON GIRL."
"YES, BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HER MUCH."

longer the weaker sex! We quote from an account in *The Irish Times* of a Ball at Ely House:—"LADY LYTTTELTON carried a bouquet of silver roses, and Miss COOTE in pale blue."

* *

It is said that lace waistcoats may come into fashion for men. We presume that the cut of the waistcoat will be what is known in lunacy circles as "straight."

* *

More than £600,000 worth of cigarettes, the American Consul states, were imported into Shanghai last year. They are, he says, taking the place of opium. It is doubtful, however, whether they will do so much harm.

* *

A wealthy Moscow merchant who is

about to celebrate his golden wedding has, we are told, sent out invitations engraved on thin sheets of gold, worth £5 each. This is the sort of admission card which a mean host requires the guest to bring with him and give up at the door.

* *

An advertisement says there are "7 Days and 7 Ways of enjoying — Sardines. Monday for breakfast, Tuesday for tea, Wednesday as hors d'œuvre, Thursday on toast, Friday as fish——" We have sometimes heard it alleged that sardines are not always sardines, but we did think that they were invariably fish.

Warning to *Morning Post* contributors:—Wire WARE!

HUMOURS OF ANNEXATION.

Dedicated to Messrs. TAFT and KNOX.

[Mr. KNOX, U.S.A. Secretary of State, at a dinner given in Washington in his honour, is reported to have interrupted the PRESIDENT'S speech with the following witticism: "Look out, they'll think next we're after Australia." (Laughter.) Stung to emulation by this *jeu d'esprit*, Mr. TAFT is alleged to have remarked: "If we are going to embark on the annexation business, we must at the earliest opportunity annex the Aurora borealis." Further laughter was provoked by this rally.]

When a talk of wiping up a sister nation
Sent a flutter round the Ministerial camp;
When there broke, in fact, a cry for annexation
Through the nostrils of a party known as CHAMP;
In the course of honorific Saturnalia,
He for whom they felled the fatted ox
Calculated they would soon absorb Australia,
And the laughter set 'em shaking in their socks
At the persillage of Secretary KNOX.

Close upon that elemental flash of humour
Came an effort from another local wit,
One by whom, if we may credit native rumour,
After-dinner sides are regularly split;
"Following up," said he, "its *via triumphalis*,
Lo, our Eagle—every plume become a shaft—
Will at once annex Aurora Borealis!"
And the feasters, full and generous, loudly laughed
At the badinage of bully BILLY TAFT.

Thus the shameless CHAMP has had his notion shivered
By the ridicule that cracks a folly's crust,
Yet so lightly and so gracefully delivered
That a smile adorns his features in the dust;
Ay, and we, who may not hope to touch these levels,
Feel a natural envy gnaw our British breast,
When we read about the mirth that marked their revels,
When we think that even we might learn to jest,
Sitting there imbibing humour of the best. O. S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HARROW.

(With Apologies to the Conductors of "At the Sign of the Plough" in "The Cornhill Magazine.")

II. ON THE LIFE OF JUSTICE ONOOCOOL CHUNDER MOOKERJEE.

1. WHAT was the comment of little Mookerjee's *Moulovee*, "senile as he was and grown grey in the profession of a tutor," upon his pupil's extraordinary precocity? *Answer*: That "it was to him quite a wonderment wrought by a little mechanism of flesh and blood."

2. Did Mookerjee show any quarrelsome or resentful tendencies as a schoolboy? *Answer*: No. "Little Mookerjee never had a snip-snap with any of his college boys, and was indeed of so forbearing a disposition that he would not even notice what impulsive natures would have signally retaliated as an insult."

3. In what manner did he protest when "a Cyclopean English sailor" came out of the Ochterlony monument, and, after giving him "a severe blow on his head, which rendered him impercipient for a few moments," referred to him as a "nigger"? *Answer*: It "stung little Mookerjee to the quick, and he addressed his rude assailant for more than an hour . . . enlarging on the duty of regarding all men as fellow-brethren."

4. Was the family left well- or ill-provided for at his father's decease? *Answer*: "The family was threatened with Barmecide feast."

5. What was Onoocool Chunder's "first business on making an income"? *Answer*: "To extricate his family

from the difficulties in which it had been lately enwrapped and to restore happiness and sunshine to those sweet and well-beloved faces on which he had not seen the soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim-visaged year."

6. How was his health affected in July, 1869? *Answer*: "He was attacked with a doloriferous boil."

7. Would you say that he was, or was not, "orthodox to that pitch, as there are many Bramins now who, after having perpetrated heaps of the lowest dregs of vice, would go and bathe once in the Ganges . . . having a faith in that stream as one having the power to absterge one's heart from sin, they will go on committing sin till they pop off"? *Answer*: He was not. "He had no such troth in the Ganges and feared the very name of sin."

8. Give some description of his personal appearance. *Answer*: "When a boy he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge . . . He was neither a Broddnagian nor a Liliputian, but a man of mediocre size, fair complexion, well-shaped nose, hazel eyes, and ears well proportioned to the face, which was of a little round cut with a wide front and rubiform lips. He had moulded arms and legs, and the palms of his hands and feet were very small and thick with their proportionate fingers. His head was large, it had very thin hairs on it; and he had a moustache not close set and a little brownish on the top of his upper lip."

9. In what condition did he make his last exit from his court? *Answer*: "He left like a toad under a harrow."

10. How may we ascertain from Justice Mookerjee's own statement the age at which his father died? *Answer*: "My father went to reside with the morning stars at about this age of mine." (Last words of Justice Mookerjee, who is stated by his biographer to have departed this life at the age of forty-two.)

11. What effect had "the doctors' puissance and knack of medical knowledge" on their patient? *Answer*: "It proved, after all, as if to milk the ram . . . He remained *sotto voce* for a few hours and then went to God at about 6 P.M."

12. Describe the condition of his home after his decease. *Answer*: "The house presented a second Babel or a pretty kettle of fish."

In the opinion of Mr. Punch, the best set of answers was received from Sooshen Sheekhurr Pukkabhoy, Esq., 16, Cheechy Terrace, Bayswater, W. F. A.

Another Event of the Coronation Year.

From a pamphlet:—

"We are enthralled by a two-headed dragon. With one maw it protects the dog in the manger, with the other it attacks improvements."

Up maws and at them!

"Until children get accustomed to the oil, they take it more easily if the nose is pinched when it is offered to them."—*Our Home*.

And still more easily if the leg is pulled and the oil offered to them as golden syrup.

"Improving a coroner in the borough of Dunstable. Cost, £1,170. Grant, £390."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

He must have been very bad; even worse than they thought.

"WHIST DRIVE AND SUPPER,
AT ELMS HOTEL, BARE.
DRESS OPTIONAL."

For once this last line comes as rather a relief.



RECIPROCITY.

THE MOOSE. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR FELLOW. I KNEW IT WAS ONLY YOUR CHAFF WHEN YOU TALKED OF SWALLOWING ME; AND OF COURSE I TOO NEVER SERIOUSLY THOUGHT OF SWALLOWING YOU."



Wife (to husband who, in endeavouring to get her ball from the middle of the river, has fallen off the bridge). "THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, ARCHIE; NOW YOU'LL EASILY BE ABLE TO GET IT."

LEAVING NOTHING TO CHANCE.

"He [the late Mr. MARION CRAWFORD] was so scrupulous that he would not write about any subject of which he had not personally and practically mastered the details. 'A Roman Singer' was the outcome of years of familiarity with the musical life of Rome; for 'Marietta: a Maid of Venice' he went into every process of Venetian glass work on the spot. In order to write 'Marzio's Crucifix' Crawford became a silversmith, making his own designs and beating them out in the metal in lovely classic forms. For 'The Witch of Prague' he went and lived in that city and learned Bohemian, which Mrs. Hugh Fraser says was the seventeenth language he had acquired."

Westminster Gazette.

With this example before them some of our more energetic novelists are already deep in their autumn campaign. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has just begun a trifle of some 260,000 words, which he will have ready by April, the only delay being due to the difficulty of obtaining a first-hand knowledge of the inner life of an Oswestry house-agent in the comparatively brief time at his disposal. He is, however, confident of success.

Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING, whose name has been not inaptly described as more American than the Americans, is making a departure in fiction, his next book being devoted to an intimate study of

the Smart Set. With this object in view he has taken a suite of rooms in a Gower Street boarding house and a season ticket for the Brondesbury Rink. A human document of unusual value and courage is anticipated.

Mr. E. M. FORSTER, in order to prepare for his next novel, *Norfolk's Treat*, is adding a new and more comfortable arm-chair to his study.

The CHEVALIER LE QUEUX, whose accuracy is only equalled by his distinction, has taken rooms in Sidney Street in order that nothing actual may be lacking from his forthcoming romance of anarchy, which will be entitled *The Radium Bomb*.

There is no truth in the rumour that in order to fit himself for his new novel Mr. HENRY JAMES is attending a series of classes on elementary syntax.

Considerable anxiety is felt by the friends of Mr. R. S. HICHENS at the startling news which has reached them from Taormina. In order to get an inside view of the operations of the Sicilian brigands for his next romance, Mr. HICHENS has joined one of the most active bands under the picturesque alias of Malatesta Spaghetti.

Undeterred by the criticism passed on his humanitarian methods by a

writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY has, so we are assured, been recently seen in the picturesque garb of a Dartmoor shepherd in the neighbourhood of Chagford, where he is engaged on his new play, entitled *Preventive Detention*.

The prowess of Mr. E. PHILLIPS OFFENHEIM on the Norfolk links is well known. With the view, however, of lending an intimate touch to his new novel he has apprenticed himself to a well-known club-maker at St. Andrews. The title of his forthcoming romance is *The Schenectady Mystery*, in which a Scotch professional is unjustly accused of murdering a rival with the deadly weapon in question.

"The Crown Prince, accompanied by Sir John Hewett, reached Allahabad on Wednesday evening from the shooting camp in the Mirzapur District. The last day's shoot was most successful, a tigress and two cubs falling to the Prince's rifle."—*The Pioneer*.

Motor buses, of course, are very wild this year.

Gilding Refined Gold.

From an advt. for a partner:—

"Solicitors' references required from honourable gentlemen only."—*British Journal of Photography*.

HAROLD IN INDIA.

[MR. HAROLD BEGGIE, the eulogist of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, the interpreter of Sir OLIVER LODGE and the champion of the oppressed agricultural labourer, is visiting India for the first time.]

THERE is bliss on the banks of the Ganges,

There is glee in the vales of Assam,
There is mirth in the halls that are RANJI'S

And joy in the heart of their Jam.
The bazaars of remote Tinnevely
Resound with the din of the drum,
And they're holding high revel at Delhi,

For BEGGIE has come!

Will they make him a Rajah, I wonder,
And grant him a special salute?

Will he hold a Durbar at Secunderabad, or prefer to be mute?

Will the morals of Simla distress him?
Will he highly approve of the Taj?

Will he visit Lord HARDINGE and bless him,
Or boycott the Raj?

Will he scale with the ease of a squirrel
The perilous peaks of Nepal?

Will he back Mr. VALENTINE CHIROL,
Will he stand by KEIR HARDIE, or fall?

Will he traverse the passes of Sikkim?
Will he track the wild ass* to his lair?

When he sees the wild pig, will he stick him,
Or will he forbear?

Will the Akhond of Swat's jubilation
Be pleasant or painful to see?

Will the Begums of Oude in rotation
Invite him to afternoon tea?

Will he cross to Colombo and Kandy
By boat or by aeroplane?

Will he mount to the hills in a dandy
Or travel by train?

I know not; but this I am sure of—

A man of his stamp and his school
Is bound to discover the cure of

Whatever is wrong with our rule.
And his style in its tropical fervour

Will wholly outdazzle *The Mail*,
And make the full-blooded *Observer*
Look perfectly pale.

For there's none who can ladle out butter

So deftly on demagogues' heads;

There is none who on snipe of the gutter

A richer eulogium sheds.

There is none so unbridled in praising
The aims of St. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE;

* "The wild ass . . . is confined to the sandy deserts of Sind and Cutch, where, from its speed and timidity, it is almost unapproachable."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. x.v., p. 380.

There is none more efficient in raising
A delicate gorge.

He will tell without any compunction
The steepest of tales of the plains,

And discourse with impartial unction
Of rajahs and ryots and rains;

The jungle will gather new glories
When BEGGIE has threaded its brakes,

And gleaned a new budget of stories
Of tigers and snakes.

But what India gains by his teaching
We lose while our HAROLD'S away;

And Peers, undeterred by his preaching,
Will resume their nefarious sway.

Unabashed by the Savonarola
Who lashes the sins of the age,

They'll play on the godless pianola
And wildly rampage.

So when he has fittingly carolled
The praise of the fabulous East

We'll hail the return of our HAROLD,
Democracy's lyric high priest.

For while he is absent there shineth
No star on the pathway of Hodge,

And, reft of his trumpeter, pineth
Sir OLIVER LODGE.

ROSY.

"AND how did the new horse go?"
I asked in the intervals of puffing at the spirit lamp.

"Like that." The youngest subaltern nodded grimly.

"Like what?"

"Like you sound blowing out the thingamy."

I offered him the sympathy of a great silence and a cup of tea.

"It wasn't obvious, was it—not as if she'd had a spavin or been fired for curby hooks or anything like that? It was all *inside*, you know, and the hair on her beastly face prevented one from seeing that she was pale or anything. She was a nice-looking mare, wasn't she?"

I assured him that I had never seen an animal with a sweeter expression or a better permanent wave in her tail.

"And yet, after all, I'd have done better to stick to the twelve-pounder—but one never knows."

"Two might have," I said, "if one had been a vet."

He seemed a trifle hurt at that, so I played a mollifying question upon him.

"What have you called her?"

"Rose," he made answer softly, and appeared red-faced from hunting his tea-spoon, which had taken cover behind the right-hand back leg of his chair.

"Rose?"

He grinned painfully, and the exigencies of his dejected attitude revealed the startling fact that he was wearing pink socks. I looked up, and my

eyes were confronted by a purple neck-tie. I was not mistaken.

"You are in trouble, my friend?"

He nodded wearily.

"I had named her after Rosy O'Callian." He hung his well-oiled young head.

"Did she seem pleased?"

"Pleased?" He put his tea-cup into safety and shrugged his shoulders.

"That isn't the worst of it, though. I went to the meet yesterday a hopeful, happy man; to-day I know that my mare isn't as sound as a worn-out 'hairy,' that the prettiest girl in the county is laughing at me and that her mother is thirsting for my blood."

"Lady O'Callian?"

"Yes. It happened like this. We had one short run and lost again. I was beginning to find out what my brute was made of—in fact she was pretty well confiding it to the whole field—and when I rode up to Rosy whilst we were waiting at the next covert she would pretend that my poor brute was a motor—said that so long as my engine was making such a noise I shouldn't need to sound the horn."

"I see. And did she know about the mare's name then?"

"Yes, I had told her at the meet."

"And she wasn't flattered?"

"I don't believe she was. She said it was rather an anachronism; seemed to think it was a bit rough on her, and asked me if I'd mind telling people that it was the other way round and they had named her after the horse."

I pressed a tea-cake upon him and awoke him from a mournful reverie.

"What's in a name?" I asked him.

"A good deal. What was I telling you—about the run? Well, you can guess that after Rosy had said that about the horn I didn't feel over-cheerful, and when the fox broke at last I thought I'd make just one effort not to look quite such a fool. We had a brisk quarter-of-an-hour, and it seemed to me that pretty well all the field went by me. Then they checked again, and, when the stragglers came up, for a wonder Rosy's mother was among them and simply covered with mud."

"Well, if *she* was covered with mud, somebody must be due to alter his land valuation forms, I think." I made the remark as an interjection, and he disregarded it.

"Lady O'Callian came straight up to me and spoke. 'Mr. Smithson,' she said, 'do you call yourself?' I explained to her that I never call myself; that I always leave it to my servant to wake me when he brings my shaving water. 'I mean, is it 'Smithson' your friends call you?' she

went on; and her face grew red. I really had begun to feel awfully pleased by her coming to ask all those friendly little questions, and I told her that though some of my friends call me 'Smithson' I like it best when they make it 'Freddy.'

"Do you?" she said. "Well, let me assure you, young man, that I don't like such familiarities, and I won't have you calling me by my Christian name, or swearing at me either, so take care of that."

"I told her that I had never done such a thing in all my life."

"Oh!" she said; "then what was that you said when I'd taken a toss into the ditch a couple of fields beyond there, and you jumped right over me, if it wasn't 'Get up, Rosy, you old fool!'—tell me that."

"Awful! Did she believe when you explained about the horse?"

He shook his head. "I couldn't very well!"

"Of course her name is 'Rosy' too! You hadn't dreamed that she was lying there."

"No; it was perfectly true. Do you think I like the idea of jumping over Rosy's mother? It's not—nice." The youngest subaltern sighed as he got up to go. "It's over," he said sadly. "My day's done, my dream's finished; I'm a miserable outcast, and, as the poet Johnnies say, troubles never come singly. I've lost my flask."

THE DUNMOW DOODLE-DOO.

THERE is good news for the lovers of animal and mechanical noise, for the first public cock-crowing competition in England is to be held at Dunmow shortly, under the auspices of the district poultry association. The donor of the first prize, Mr. J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT, of Great Canfield, stated the other day that in Belgium he found such competitions for cockerels to be very popular and *useful*, presenting all the excitement of cock-fighting without the brutality.

However, the cockerels are not going to have it all their own way in rural Essex. Already we hear of a dog-barking tournament, promoted by the Ladies' Kennel Club of Great Baddow. A *sine qua non* for entry is that the competitor's voice shall be able to carry as far as Chelmsford, three miles off, and wake the inhabitants thereof on a still, moonlight night.

As a counterblast to this, the little village of Matching, not far away, has developed a promising feline orchestra of entirely local talent. After painstaking selection and weeding-out of inefficient performers, the impresario



Voice from Below. "HAROLD, YOU MUSTN'T INTERRUPT THE PLUMBERS AT THEIR WORK DEAR."

Harold. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER. I'M ONLY TALKING TO THE MAN WHO SITS ON THE STAIRS AND DOES NOTHING."

has succeeded in getting together a quartet of tomeats of very powerful timbre, and the rest of the village are of opinion that he ought to take them on tour. They are therefore open to engagements to execute serenades and aubades in town or country. Strictly refined. Special terms for Charities and Hospitals.

In West Ham, too, the leading costermongers are bestirring themselves. A donkey-braying competition has just been organised, the prize carrot going to the entrant whose musical effort is longest sustained and has a dying fall of the deepest melancholy. The voice-trials are voted to be very good sport, and far more harmonious and stimulating than the debates of the borough council.

The organ-grinders of Saffron Hill, encouraged also by recent dicta of Mr. PLOWDEN, are holding a similar contest. The instrument which drowns all the rest will receive special permission to play outside Marylebone Police Court during the hours of session. The artiste, it is thought, will be improving the stamina and powers of resistance of the presiding magistrate and other parties in court, and will be amply rewarded by the sallies from the bench, when duly interpreted. ZIG-ZAG.

Peers below Par.

The *Lethbridge Daily Herald* refers to the recent marriage of Miss ZENA DARE with "the second son of Discount Esher."

THE ALTRUISTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE Manager knocked at the door of the editorial sanctum and came in briskly.

"Ah," said the Editor, "here you are. Good. Help yourself."

The Manager sat down and helped himself.

"Well," said the Editor, "you see how it is. Our campaign on behalf of Standard Butter, including the—" he glanced at a copy of his paper—"ah, yes, the salt and the yellow ochre, has certainly done an immense amount of good to the country—"

"And to ourselves," put in the Manager tactlessly. "The butter advertisements last week came to—"

The Editor looked at him blankly.

"But there comes a point where one's influence ceases."

"Yes," sighed the Manager. "This week they only came to—"

The Editor coughed and turned to his desk. "I sketched out a little idea this morning," he went on, "which might keep up the interest for a few days longer. It's just an imaginary conversation and goes like this: 'The following dialogue was overheard at a well-known West-end dairyman's yesterday afternoon:—"

Lady Blank. Will you send up six pounds of butter to Berkeley Square to-morrow, instead of the usual four?

Dairyman. Certainly, my lady. (To Assistant) Six pounds of butter for Lady Blank."

"And then we could put a little note underneath, something in this manner: 'The above is typical of what is going on every day in the West-end of London. The denizens of Park Lane, Curzon Street and Cadogan Square are as insistent upon Standard Butter as are families in less fashionable parts of the Metropolis.' You see what I mean?"

"Good," said the Manager.

"It was just an idea," said the Editor modestly. "It occurred to me in the train. But it is time we thought of something else. Something entirely new. Now have you any ideas?"

The Manager thought profoundly.

"What about Standard Jam?" he said at last, "including the raspberry and eighty per cent. of the splinters."

"No, no," said the Editor impatiently. "Something on entirely different lines."

The Manager thought again.

"Of course," the Editor went on, "we can always fall back on a competition of some kind. You increase the intelligence of the country—"

"And the circulation."

"But the chief question is, what sort of competition?"

"Ah!"

"Well, there it is. Think it over, will you? And ask Parsons. He's full of ideas. Hallo, I must be off." And he went out to lunch.

CHAPTER II.

"Well?" said the Editor next day.

"How do you grow carrots?" asked the Manager.

"I don't know," said the Editor coldly.

"I suppose in the ground. Why?"

"It was Parsons' idea. He said we might give a prize for the best bunch of carrots. I don't quite know what he meant."

"If Parsons tries to be funny again in this office he'll have to go. We've warned him once before."

"Still," persisted the Manager, "there is something in the idea. Carrots come from seeds, don't they?"

"I dare say," said the Editor indifferently.

"Well, if we gave a prize for the best bunch of carrots—of not less than twelve sprays, Parsons says—then the people who went in for it would naturally want to buy seeds and—loam and things. And so the people who had seeds and loam to sell would naturally want to—"

"I see," the Editor interrupted hastily.

"You mean that we should stimulate the small gardener and instil a love of nature in the hearts of the people?"

"Er—yes. That's what I meant."

"It had better be a flower, I think."

"Buttercups or chrysanthemums or something," said the Manager vaguely.

"What did we decide was going to be the Coronation flower?" asked the Editor suddenly. "Was it the pansy?"

"Rose, wasn't it?"

"Well, we can find out from—"

Ah, now I remember. The carnation."

"Why carnation?"

"I haven't an idea. These things have to be decided somehow. Well, then, there we are."

CHAPTER III.

"The announcement we made yesterday of a prize of £1,000,000 for the best bunch of carnations, including not more than twelve spikes, has been received with startling enthusiasm by all the seedsmen of the Empire. A very pleasing feature of the correspondence which poured in yesterday was the number of congratulations from well-known firms. A still more pleasing feature, however, was the number of advertisements."

"The competition is especially one for the London grower, carnations being notoriously partial to smoke. It

is even more especially one for the country grower, who can give his carnations the open air and exercise of which they are so much in need. It is generally considered, however, that the suburban gardener will stand the best chance, as this delicate flower, with its fondness for animal society, thrives most strongly in the neighbourhood of cats.

"It is hoped that a feeling of loyalty (carnations being the Coronation flower) will induce everybody to enter for this competition. You may not win the great prize, you may not even win a medal, but our advertisers will at least have the consolation of knowing that you have bought a packet of seeds."

The Editor put down his proof and rang the bell. "Who wrote this and gave the whole show away?" he asked the Sub-editor sternly. "Parsons? Thank you. Will you say I should like to speak to him?" A. A. M.

A TROPICAL BIRD BOOK.

O BIRDS of tropic feather

That the painter binds together,
Gold and ruby, green and yellow,
saffron, blue,

Parrakeet, macaw, and bee-bird,
Paradise, and gay South-sea bird,

All a-blowing,

And a-glowing

In a blaze of rainbow hue,—

No such colours have been seen since
Eden's Zoo!

Does your artist set me dreaming

Of warm tides o'er coral creaming,
Of the moonlight on the South Pacific
swells,

Of the palms where monkeys caper,

Of the tamarind and tapir,

Of gorillas,

Or vanillas

In the vales of hot Seychelles,

And the paleness of the orchid's waxen
cells?

Nay, to me each gaudy feather

Brings the waiting brown of heather,
Brings the nip of Northern Springtime,

Northern skies,

Somewhere west away from Forbes,

Where the snow is in the corries,

And the twining

And the shining

Of the Findhorn in my eyes;

For to me you seem to speak of salmon
flies!

"The Church Choir gave the opening item, a glee, 'In the hour of softened splendour,' which was followed by 'Absence' at a later stage."—*Surrey Mirror*.

We have often noticed this effect at village concerts.



Thruster (to Good Samaritan who is with some difficulty bringing his horse back). "HERE, I SAY, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T JERK THAT YOUNG HORSE'S MOUTH."

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

THE BATTLE OF PINKRE.

I DEDICATE these stories to my afecshnate uncle with love from Alice he is older than me but I will be as old as him sumday and he will then kno wot care I took of him now the battle that you are just going to read which is the battle of Pinkre between the French and the English was a very fircce battle, the English arme had 5403th men and the French arme had 8924th but the French King was in an awful state.

But I must first tell you about a boy whose name was James Frederick this boy was the son of the last King of England who had not been a properly King but had been an egsile and had died there leeving his son swiving but this son did not kno he was a King he only spected it he was not James the first or James the second his royl name was James the nothing and he lived by hissself in a cottage.

One morning James got up erly before brekfus and walked up a hill what he new and on the top of the hill he found a palis what he didnt kno so he said to hissself sumbody's put up this palis I must go in and see about it so he went into a mense salune. There was a lether bag on a table and when James touched it it broke open and a lot of gold rushd out Haha said James stufing the gold into his pockets Haha I will bie canon balls with this but at this moment a tal dark man with a bierd burst into the room when the boy James sor the man he new he must make an escuse so he looked at the man and said If you pless Sir your chimnies want sweeping but the man looked at him and said Well and your nose wants wiping. The man was the French King and after this they hated one another.

Now I will get back to the battle by this time James had cum to the throne and the French King's name was Charles. The foot soldiers had thire guns and the Kings had thire sords and helmets and thire were korpriils with flags. The French King was in grate trouble becas he had just had a little baby girl and had noone to look after it so he could not do much in fighting. One day when the little French girl was ten years old and she was playing in the garden a soldier came and said to her Were is the King. Why she said. Becas the English are coming. What the English are coming, go and gather up the arme quick quick. I can't do it said the soldier runing at the same time I can't do it becas thire trampling down the corn oh were is the King. The little girl bagen to cry oh dear oh dear were can he be.

Left right Left right.

What is that she said and she looked round and she sor cuming towards her the hole English arme.

Oh do not hurt me she cried, nelyng down at Jameses feet and he did not take eny notise of her but marched on throu the gates. But soon she herd James cry out We have one the battle and King Charles is ded.

The little girl did not mind very much she was to yung and next summer she was marred to the brave King of England and they had ten boys and two girls and often talked of the battle of Pinkre were they met the first time. Pinkre is a sitty in France.

"Wardrobe for sale; good position; rent 14s. week."—*Add. in "Evening News."*

If it's anywhere near the chest of drawers we'll take it.



Eileen (remembering the fate of many air-balloons). "WHEN IS IT GOING TO BURST!"

THE GREAT WHITE SALE.

(By one who misapprehended the words.)

Not here, not here, where drapers squander,
In sheer self-sacrifice,
Their hoarded goods, I saw you wander,
But where eternal ice
Glitters about the Great White Stick
Found by Commander PEARY (*sic*)
I fancied you a creature rare
(Something betwixt a seal and bear),
Furry and far from nice.

A beast within whose larder-cupboard
Were remnants mouldering long,
A beast at whom the sperm-whale blubbered,
The walrus ceased his song,—
I saw you thus, O Great White Sale!
Having observed upon the tail
Of some one's millinery cart
Those awful words, but — bless my heart —
It seems that I was wrong.

I saw you also by the hummocks
That formed your frozen lair;
Stout sailors crawled upon their stomachs
With dirk and cutlass bare;
I saw you, as the fray began,
Savagely maul them man by man,
Till at the last you, growling, died
And all about were bits of hide,
Buttons and bones and hair.

It seems (I say) I was mistaken;
That is the worst of bards,
The wings of fancy once you waken
They soar for yards and yards;
But, since my aunt, my good aunt Jane,
Has been so kind as to explain
Exactly what a White Sale is,
The knowledge of these mysteries
Has spoilt my house of cards.

Or has it? when the Muse considers
The bargain-room that teems
With crowds of petticoated bidders,
The anguish and the screams,
The broken armies that emerge,
The triumph pean and the dirge,—
I say, when she considers this
The Muse is not so badly dis-
appointed of her dreams.

The Blood, the Tumult, and the Terror,
The tresses flying fleet
(Although I placed the thing by error
Too far from Oxford Street),
All, all are there (I take it) when,
Torn with a strength unknown to men
By damsels pitiless and pale,
The carcase of the Great White Sale
Falls at the hunters' feet.

EVOE.



Bernard Partridge.

STIFFENING THEIR NECKS.

LORD ROSEBERY. "BETTER STICK TO THESE EXERCISES; THEY'LL GET US INTO THE PINK OF CONDITION FOR THE SCAFFOLD."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 20th February.—"Man and boy," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "I have been in the House of Commons forty years. Have witnessed many cases of alleged breach of privilege, beginning with one in which CHARLES LEWIS had the publishers of *The Times* and *Daily News* haled to the Bar on a charge of publishing evidence given before a Select Committee upstairs. When they appeared the House didn't know what to do with them. After awkward interval the culprits were, in effect, begged to go quietly away, which, being fortunately persons of amiable disposition, they presently did. With this almost unique experience I solemnly declare I have never seen the House come out of breach of privilege case without loss of whatever may up to date have stood to its credit."

GINNELL affair no exception to rule. IAN MALCOLM all right from his point of view in bringing obscure case under the fierce light that beats upon the SPEAKER'S Chair. Been out of Parliament for some years. Just back. Must make up for lost time.

But see what comes of his activity. WEDGWOOD, who wrote the obnoxious letter which GINNELL made haste to publish in an obscure Irish road-side paper, rides off with flying colours. If at risk of his own life he had saved the SPEAKER'S, he could not have been more heartily cheered than he was when he read out retraction of the offensive letter and apology for sending it. Never through parliamentary career has been made so much of.

As for GINNELL, his luck passed bounds of wildest expectation. On opening day of Session he gained opportunity of delivering long speech unfettered by authority in the Chair. That was the prize of his own ingenuity and originality. Repetition not possible until there be fresh election of Speaker, when we shall probably have half-a-dozen long-suffering cranks taking it out of helpless House. And here, provided by the vigilance of IAN MALCOLM, was another chance of repeating, with slight variation, the indictment of the SPEAKER framed and delivered on day of election.

Out came the old manuscript written on fly-sheets of private correspondence. The reading made more embarrassing by interlined alterations, suiting speech to altered circumstances. The House, with business of Session before it, fumed and fretted. GINNELL spared them not a sentence, not a phrase.



EGO ET REX MEUS.

King Henry (Mr. REDMOND) relies on his dear Cardinal (Mr. ASQUITH) to push through that little matter of the State Divorce with the least possible delay.

Apologise to the Chair? Not he. On the contrary, safe in knowledge of magnanimity of SPEAKER unwilling to take advantage of his authority to close the mouth of a personal accuser, GINNELL reiterated with emphasis the specific charges out of which the whole wretched business grew. In the end got off with a week's holiday, and the pleased satisfaction of having loomed large on the most commanding stage in the world, delaying public business by an hour and a half, and obtaining in the newspapers columns of advertisement whose united length would encircle St. Paul's Dome an indefinite number of times.

Of all events in public life Lord MELBOURNE'S profound suggestion, "Can't you leave it alone?" applies most closely to cases on which are based charges of breach of privilege.

Business done.—Remains of last year's Budget disinterred and further considered.

Monday, Feb. 27.—Government approaching fourth week of the new Session. Have had their ups and downs. Most tornadic reverse was revolt of Mr. PICKERSGILL. Catastrophe happened on proposal to take time of private Members up to Easter in order to shove Parliament Bill along.

This too much for PICKERSGILL. In spite of all temptation still an unofficial Member. Just a simple, loyal unit of the Party, constrained now to come forward and wave red flag in dazed eyes of Treasury Bench.

His speech rather a mixed argument. Sacrifice of private Members made last year was, he said, fruitful only in leading to Dissolution. Ministers drawing salaries of £5,000 a year—"paid quarterly," added PICKERSGILL in tragic tone that plumbed depth of this enormity—might face cost of Election with cheerful countenance. But it was an intolerable strain upon resources of impecunious private Members who had lost their inheritance of balloting for precedence before Easter.

In same delightfully inconsequential fashion, P. confessed that what pricked him to the core was what he called "bringing into existence a new class of parliamentary private secretaries." Every Minister, every Sub-Minister, every Deputy Sub-Minister had his private secretary. As for WINSTON, he, with characteristic exuberance, "had two Members of Parliament dancing attendance upon him."

"My constituents at Bethnal Green," cried P. in final flood of tumultuous eloquence, "have not sent me to the

House of Commons for over twenty years to be a mere voting machine or to speak only with the kind permission of the Government licenser."

Suborned Members on Ministerial side tittered. Conservative Party sitting opposite profoundly impressed. PICKERSGILL claimed to be the champion of class of legislators doomed to destruction by arrogance of impetuous PREMIER. He was the Last of the Mohicans representing the independent private Member. Is certainly the last representative of one peculiar type, being only man left to us who, turning body from side to side as if fixed on swivel, personally addresses sections of audience to left and right. Only surviving Member who shakes a warning forefinger at the Chair, who with uplifted voice gives full pronunciation to every preposition and prefaces every third sentence with direct address to "MR. SPEAKER."

Crowning charm of pretty scene was attitude of Party opposite. Time was when they somewhat unkindly made PICKERSGILL their butt, ironically applauding his strident speech. Now a murmur of sympathy occasionally broken by sharp cheer encouraged the mutineer. WINTERTON, rising to follow him in debate, was at the outset almost speechless with emotion, and with cambric handkerchief dried a preliminary tear.

Against this Ministerial rebuff must be set the hard-won triumph of MACKINNON WOOD. As representative of Foreign Office in the Commons he was challenged by the WEARISOME WEDGWOOD to ask whether a member of the British Embassy "was allowed to be present at the trial of Dr. KOTOKU and his wife in Tokio" upon a charge of conspiracy. The UNDER-SECRETARY, pulling himself together, made a gallant attempt to pronounce the name of the Doctor. He would probably have succeeded had it not been associated, five words later, with the capital of Japan. Anyone who does not realise the difficulty of pronouncing the name Kotoku, immediately followed by reference to Tokio, in the hearing of a crowded critical Assembly, will do well to make the attempt in the privacy of his room.

MACKINNON WOOD, conscious of the difficulty, rather rushed the first name, adding an unauthorised syllable or two to its sufficient number. This naturally brought him up breathless at Tokio. The combined vocal effort resulted in something between a cough and a sneeze. But it is a poor spirit that accepts defeat on first attempt. For a second time in the course of his reply the UNDER-SECRETARY had occasion to

refer to Dr. KOTOKU and his wife in Tokio. The House, now thoroughly interested, watched and listened intently. Coming slowly up to the scratch, instinctively indrawing his breath as is the habit of the Japanese in moments of excitement, he worked off every syllable and resumed his seat amid a hearty cheer.

Another notable incident crowded into the first three weeks of the Session was the exposure by Mr. LANSBURY of the habits of the working classes in respect of early marriages. Contributed the information in course of debate on subject of the unemployed.

"Some hon. gentlemen," he said, "seem to forget how these people are manufactured. I wonder how the hon. gentleman"—he was alluding to ARTHUR WILSON—"or myself would have felt if at twelve years of age we had been pitchforked out of a job and had wandered about for several months unable to get work of any kind, perhaps with a wife and child at home starving."

This picture of ARTHUR WILSON and the newly-elected Member for Bow and Bromley wandering about in petticoats, weighed down by ineffectual sorrow for a fireless breadless home, peopled by wife and child, deeply touched an Assembly which with all its shortcomings is ever susceptible to human sympathy.

A BURNING GRIEVANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have openly announced my intention of writing to the papers on the point, and you are the papers. Quit fooling and attend.

I write from the Inner Temple Library, where much against my will I am surrounded by men opening and shutting books, scratching their heads, looking up the law, and breathing stertorously. Why then be here? That is what I am about to explain. I pay a large rent for half a room of my own, and yet I come here because I like to be near a nice fire. It is not that I am niggardly. Indeed, but for good and substantial reasons, I should now be sitting in my half-room, heaping on coal with a lavish hand and watching it burn with an ungrudging eye—for my rent includes coal, free.

The good and substantial reasons are the Other Half and a universal truth. The latter is that, of the 100,000,001 inhabitants of the civilised world, only one can stoke a fire properly and that is oneself. (You say that is a trite apothegm. Confessing that I don't know what an apothegm is and remarking that it has a nasty sound, I pass on.) The Other Half is

a man, like myself, at the beginning of things; the sort of fellow who will, as I shall, go mad when he sees a brief with his own name on it. Charming in every way and ever furnished with a pouch of the best tobacco, which he leaves forgetfully on the common table, he can be loved entirely, except . . . yes, he is one of the 100,000,001.

Now in this room of ours there is a fireplace. Some happy charwoman, with none to dispute her ability or harass her performance, sets it going in the morning, and we arrive betimes to enjoy the warmth as long as it lasts. There comes a moment, about noon, when we are waked up by the cold and someone must attend to the fire. Other Half, though normally confident of his unique skill in the matter of fire-stoking, forgets all about it till I approach stealthily to put a shovelful on. I am allowed to get as far as this in my operation simply because even he has not the face to say I am doing it wrong when I am not doing it at all. But I have only just begun when he gets up, as one conferring a favour, and says it will be all right, he will see to it.

"Don't you trouble, old man," I say. "It is no trouble," he says, "and it will make your hands dirty."

"They are dirty already, and look better so. I don't mind doing it."

"Nor do I," he answers.

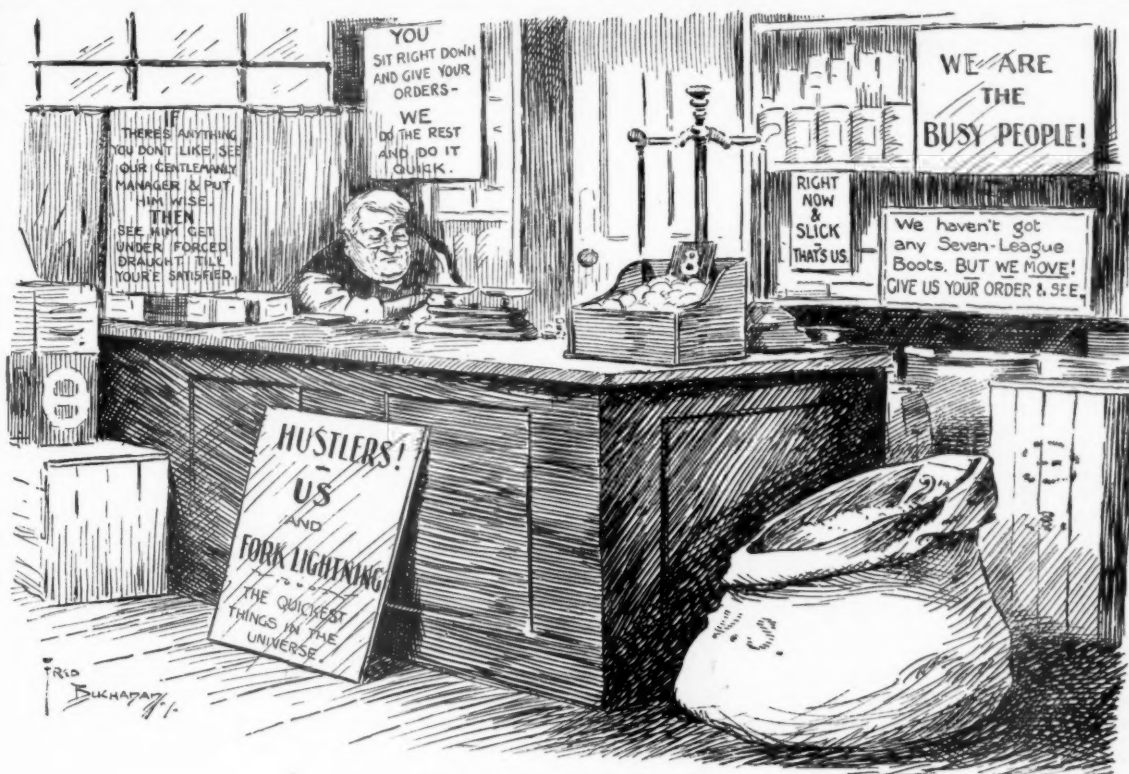
"I like it."

"So do I," and at last we are at the truth.

Then the trouble begins in the shape of an argument. We being professional disputants, and I being armed with a shovel, a settlement is only come to after a long while, and a conclusion arrived at never. Meanwhile the fire (wondering why) has gone out, and we return to it to find a few ashes lying shivering in the grate. I then go to the Library to write to the papers, and he goes to the Common Room to read them, and that is our grievance.

If you are curious to learn how the affair ends, you may know that I am now going to lunch and shall after that return to this room of ours. The absence of fire we shall regard with indifference, for in the cupboard, marked "Stationery," there are weapons and armour, and I and Other Half will keep ourselves warm during the afternoon, as is our wont, with the Singlestick. For, your Honour, the practice of the Law is as varied as it is exacting.

"Victor Trumper, once more his triumphant self, fell short of a century by three figures only."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. There's nothing in that. We have often done it.



ENGLAND WAKES UP.

THE EFFECT OF AMERICAN TRADING METHODS ON OUR VILLAGE EMPORIUM.

THE CURE.

["I am a great singer," CARUSO is reported to have said, "because I have always remained a bachelor. No man can sing unless he smiles, and I should never smile if I married."]

His age was forty, his name was White;
He sang all day and he sang all night.

He wore on his face, to improve his style,
A terrible twist which he called a smile.

Her name was Kate (though she called it "Kite,")
She sang all day and she sang all night.

And her face was marred by a similar smile,
Which curved at the ends and stretched for a mile.

He lived in the basement, she under the light,
And the neighbourhood found them a positive blight.

For the singing alone had disturbed their bile
Or ever they knew of the permanent smile.

"We comfort ourselves," they were wont to write,
"By the thought that your bark may be worse than your bite."

But they changed their minds and their words were vile
When they first beheld the Carusial smile.

They tried by persuasion, they tried by fright,
They tried with their main, they tried with their might;

They tried by duress, they tried by guile,
But they could not get rid of the song or the smile.

Each answered so often, it grew to be trite:

"I must be great and I cannot be quite,

Unless I am happy. Accordingly, I'll
Never, no never abandon my smile."

WELL-BRED NOTES.

The Daily Mail having given *The Standard* such a lift by urging the consumption of "Standard Bread" on the whole community, *The Standard* with perfect journalistic courtesy is proposing to lend the full weight of its influence to a scheme for adding to the various new staves of life a "Whole Mail Loaf" that in nutriment and purity goes far beyond even Sir OSWALD BRIERLEY's famous lump of dough.

Meanwhile all the papers are considering the advisability of adding a form of bread to their other attractions.

Thus *The Daily Telegraph* purposes to issue gratis to every subscriber a peculiarly succulent comestible to be known as the "D. Tea cake," which, it is anticipated, will enormously increase its circulation.

The proprietors of *The Morning Post* will provide their clientele with a constant supply of "Bathurst Buns" of a most salubrious and stimulating character.

Lastly, *The Spectator*, always the true friend of the canine tribe, will in future give away a pound of dog biscuits with each copy.

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. JARVIS."

OLD Pretenders, like the measles, are just now in our midst. These epidemics occur from time to time in the theatrical world. Now it is the NELL GWYNNE bacillus, and now the Musketeers microbe. I would not think of saying that one theatre catches the complaint from another; simply, the thing is in the air. No doubt MESSRS. LEON LION and MALCOLM CHERRY had conceived the idea of adapting BETH ELLIS's "*Madam, will you walk?*" long before they knew that Mr. MASON proposed to bring out an Old Pretender play on the lines of his romance of *Clementina*. But anyhow there are at this moment two JAMIES in the field.

Charles Lebrun, a penniless adventurer who happens to have a face the very image of the King's over the water, turns up in England. The MARLBOROUGH party, who are out of Court favour, see a chance of utilising this speaking resemblance to damage the MASHAM-BOLINBROKE clique, who are the happy recipients of QUEEN ANNE's bounty, by extracting from them a written proof of their sympathy with the cause of the Pretender. *Lebrun* shall be *Sarah Marlborough's* tool at the price of a few hundred crowns. So he is wigged and dressed for the part, and lodged at the house of *Lady Margaret Beauchamp*, a staunch and fascinating Jacobite. *Bolinbroke* duly commits himself on paper, but grows suspicious when he receives a communication from the actual JAMES, who, not being a bird, cannot be on both sides of the water at once. Meanwhile, *Lebrun*, like everybody else who sets eyes on her, has fallen in love with *Lady Margaret*; and she, adoring him first as her King, has in the end come to care for him on his own account as a man and a charmer. He confesses his imposture, and for the sake of her and her cause would tear up the compromising documents if he were not under promise to hand them over to *Sarah's* man, *Captain Drummond*. *Lady Margaret's* guardian offers to make a present of her to *Lebrun* if he will destroy the papers, but he is resolute to keep his word. Finally, the hitch is cleared by *Drummond* himself, who in a spasm of nobility burns them and leaves *Lebrun* free to take the lady to his arms.

Here is pretty matter for a costume play, and, if your head is not asking for subtleties or your heart to have its strings set quivering, you will find good entertainment at Wyndham's. For,

on its lighter side, *Mr. Jarvis* is well enough, and the plot itself is handled with economy and a deftness which leaves you in doubt to the last. But the central character, *Lebrun*, is not perfectly adapted to the methods of that delightful actor, Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER. Admirable in his assumption of kingship and excellent in his casual revelations of the impostor's own personality, he is less happy when he comes to grips with the sterner stuff of romance. Perhaps it is that his voice lacks depth and variety of tone. Or, possibly, when you have been making pretence to be a Pretender, you are not in the best mood for emotional sincerity. Anyhow, Mr. DU MAURIER did not quite impose upon me as a desperate lover, or, indeed, as being desperately in earnest about anything. He did not even trouble to rap out his



Mr. H. B. ESMOND (as *Bolinbroke*, growing suspicious about *Lebrun's* identity). "I believe it's GERALD DU MAURIER all the time."

parbleus and *morbleus* and *sapristis* with conviction. Still, it was a very attractive performance.

Miss BRANDON THOMAS was a charming *Lady Margaret*, with manners as pretty as her frocks. Apart from the right carriage of some very picturesque costumes, no great demands were put upon the rest of a workmanlike cast; but I should have liked to see more of Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, who made a brave and virile *Sarah*; and of Mr. MARSH ALLEN, who, in the person of that gay Irishman, *Lord Peter Wildmore*, might well have been allowed a larger scope for his pleasantries. Indeed, in exchange for a better acquaintance with these two characters, I could comfortably have dispensed with some of the incessant hand-kissing, fond as I am of seeing this manoeuvre neatly executed.

My only other complaint—for I am easily pleased—is that the movement should have been so rapid and intricate at the start—always a mistake with an historical theme, and peculiarly dangerous when you are expounding the annals of its own race to an audience notoriously shaky on such matters.

I should like to add that on the night when I assisted at the performance of *Mr. Jarvis* the Safety Curtain was lowered twice; but I have not allowed this fact to influence my judgment.

O. S.

A RESOLUTION.

"In addition to the spread of vulgarisms and other word-saving resorts, we are now warned of the increasing evidence of the collapse of descriptive power. Objection is taken to the frequency with which people wind up their efforts at coherence with 'and all that sort of thing.'—*Lady's Pictorial*."

Touche! You hit me shrewdly;

Mine, I confess, the vice.

I too have spoken vulgarly (I don't mean rudely)

More times than once or twice.

Phrases like "jolly rotten,"

Or worse, as "howling frost,"

Words roughly wrenched to other meanings, such as "cotton,"

Or "damage" (meaning "cost");—

These have I glibly uttered.

I shouldn't have spoken so;

Better—though beastly painful—had

I paused and stuttered,

And so on, don't you know?

Touche! I am a sinner

(Or have been, in the past);

Yes, my descriptive efforts have got thin and thinner,

And petered out at last.

I take to heart the warning;

Henceforward, as it ought,

My speech shall be a chastened eloquence, adorning

A reasoned flow of thought.

By self-imposed restriction

I'll check the faults which spring

So plentifully from incoherence, slangy diction,

And all that sort of thing.

"It is notified that the title of Ahmudan Gaung Tazeik Ya Min, conferred on Kun Sang Pu Heng of Wanmau, Karenni, is cancelled."—*Gazette of India*.

So his visiting cards can be the ordinary size, after all.

"Prince Tsai Chun, brother of the Prince Regent of China, will leave China in May next on his way via this country to London to attend the coronation of King George IV."—*Vancouver Daily News-Advertiser*.

He'll be a little late, but very welcome.



Dealer in Antiques (to waccering customer). "HALF-A-CROWN TOO MUCH FOR IT? WHY, THERE'S SIXTEEN DOES' WORTH OF RIVETS IN IT!"

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

[The women of Switzerland are petitioning the Government not to grant any more half-holidays because, when their husbands come home early, they do not know what to do with themselves and are a nuisance in the house.]

WHEN they closed the office early, honouring the KING or QUEEN,

I would fly to Little Girlie and my cot at Golder's Green;
Swiftly? Lightning wasn't in it! Newly wedded, would I miss

E'en the fraction of a minute of my sweet domestic bliss?

Gladly Girlie used to greet me, with a hammer in her hand,
"Edwin, dear, the pictures beat me! On the steps I cannot stand.

Twice the naughty hammer lighted on your Girlie's little thumb;

Edwin, I am so excited that my ownest own has come."

Then we sought our occupations. On a chair my Girlie sat
And directed operations—kept me doing this and that;
And she passed severest strictures on my hand and on my eye

As I hung askew the pictures, as I made the plaster fly.

When the feast of good St. Michael warned that summer joys must cease,

She would bid me clean her cycle, coating it with wintry grease;

And I toiled for hours together, vaselining spokes and rims,
With a rag and chamois leather, till I ached in all my limbs.

When there came upon the *tapis* first a lass and then a lad,

Girlie used to make them happy at the thought of tea with Dad;

And as I was fingered jammily by adhesive little cubs
Girlie used to leave her family for an evening at her clubs.

When they close the office early, honouring the KING or QUEEN,

Do I fly to Little Girlie and my cot at Golder's Green,
Or when in their eager numbers all my fellow-clerks have fled,

Do I prosecute my slumbers in my office chair instead?

"Here is a true story, says *The Sporting Chronicle*, regarding J. A. King, the Yorkshire forward. As is well-known, the young farmer was about the most prominent man on the field in the last of the Trial Matches at Twickenham, and 'Played, King!' 'Well done, King!' were frequent shouts from the stand."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

Yes, that is the end of the story. Good, isn't it? If your friend wants another, let him try this one:—

"A rather long-winded preacher's little boy was taken to the service on Sunday night. During the long sermon he fell asleep, and when he awoke his father was still preaching."—*Evening News*.

That's all—but every word tells.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Nor so long ago, the "love-story" used to be regarded as the most popular type of fiction; but if things go on as they are going we shall have to coin a new title, and salute the triumph of the "hate-story." This at least is what I thought after reading Mr. HUGH WALPOLE's most powerful (and depressing) novel, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail* (MILLS AND BOON). The tale, an apparently simple one of the lives of certain masters in a third-rate public school, their intrigues and jealousies, and the general way in which they get on one another's nerves, is finely told. The protagonists are *Perrin*, the warped product of twenty years at *Moffat's*, under conditions which Mr. WALPOLE lashes with merciless severity, and *Trail*, whose arrival brings about by force of contrast the tragedy of the other's madness. Of course, one has to grant the author his conditions; and, for my own part, I am aware of a doubt whether these are quite honestly typical, or whether any body of schoolmasters (and I have known many) was ever quite so collectively neurotic as the staff at *Moffat's*. But the art of Mr. WALPOLE's treatment is undeniable. He has the gift of writing largely about little things, which enables him to make out of this sordid quarrel of two overstrained men about a borrowed umbrella a drama full of pity and terror. The grim strength of the last few chapters is at times almost overpowering, and the book altogether is not one for a reader with weak nerves. Perhaps Mr. WALPOLE was a little frightened at it himself; in no other way can I exonerate him from the charge of sacrificing his artistic conscience to the popular demand for a "beautiful" ending. This really is the weak spot in a clever and original story.

Those who were accustomed to regard the writer of *Japan; an Attempt at an Appreciation* as a fantastic, wholly orientalised, if not slightly improper person, will (I hope) be agreeably disappointed by *The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn* (CONSTABLE). The editress of this book, ELIZABETH BISLAND, claims for it, as is usual with the compilers of correspondence, that it affords a true insight into the character of the man, and in any case, I suppose, it would have challenged comparison with the letters of R. L. STEVENSON from Samoa, since to both these men the artistry of words was a passion, to HEARN almost an idolatry (there is a very striking passage where he explains how even the alphabet has for him colours and human faces); both were invalids, both exiles, and both to a large extent identified themselves with the land of their adoption. And if we fail altogether to find in HEARN that exuberant boyishness and gaiety which made the letters from Tusitala so attractive, we are none the less forced to admit a very imaginative, very likeable, and withal a very sane per-

sonality. The most remarkable features of the letters in this volume (almost all written to Professor HALL CHAMBERLAIN, though there are a few at the end to Mrs. HEARN, very charming, but of no particular substance) are the striking criticism of contemporary and general literature, French in particular, and the oscillation of the writer's views on things oriental; he is now charmed, now disgusted, now in despair of finding the face behind the mask, and always his theories, whether one agrees with them or not, are extremely interesting. I should remark in conclusion that there is a glossary at the end of the book, so that even such sentences as "*The Koto-shiro-nushi-no-kami of Mionoseki is the great Deity of the hyakusto-no-jin*," ought not to alarm the energetic reader.

Does Miss MARJORIE BOWEN still regard herself as a beginner, in spite (it is said without offence) of her precocious success? If so, *Defender of the Faith* (METHUEN) may be readily and heartily commended. History supplies

the plot and spares the reviewer the necessity of quoting it. Enough, that the period is the early autumn of the reign of CHARLES II., the *mise-en-scène* Europe, and the central figure PRINCE WILLIAM OF ORANGE, holding his own (and half a continent's) unaided against the aggression of Louis. To weave so romantic a story round that episode itself required a rare dramatic touch, but there is also conspicuous an occasional eloquence and a universal good taste, free from excesses and with but one small affectation. There is wanting only that indefinite something which can come with



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

2. THE LION-TAMER DOES A LITTLE GARDENING.

maturity alone and from no effort of youthful perseverance, that subtlety which enables the artist to conceal his art and make his characters inevitably alive. At the beginning that is not yet to be expected, but if Miss BOWEN is to be considered as at her zenith then its absence is a fault. If this is a promise of greater things to come, there is reason for congratulation; if the final product by which she shall be judged, then, alas! that so fair a flower of genius should have been spoilt by a premature blooming.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

MASTERS of modes, when you muster your mannequins,

We may suppose, who have studied your lore,
Mountainous plumes will give place to mere pannikins,
"Hobbles" will flounce to a furlong or more.

But if we've plumbed not the depths, and the grand ages

Rule us, when Woad was the "*dernier cri*"

(Saved by a *souppçon* of buckles and bandages),

Then—and then only—give ear to my plea.

Broaden the lines of our "chapeau's" concavity,

Large as a tent for a bather's retreat;

There let the prey of your modish depravity
Shelter her shame from the curious street.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament have decided not to attend the Coronation, and in Ireland it is being asked, Will the Coronation now be held?

Sir EDWARD GREY, in answer to a question in the House, stated that no concrete proposals relative to the Bagdad Railway were at present before the Government. Some of us are of the opinion that it is time that the iron hand were shown, and would like to see some ferro-concrete proposals emanate from our Government.

THE KAISER, in declining to interfere in a case which was put before him, declared that attempted suicide was not a crime for which there is any earthly tribunal. This partial abdication on the part of the KAISER has surprised his countrymen, who fear it points to a failing belief in his own powers.

THE Drury Lane pantomime has now gone into a second edition. We understand, however, that it will have to be withdrawn in December next to make way for another pantomime, of an equally seasonable character.

"Heaven knows we have enough without looking for other burdens," said President TAFT in disclaiming all desire for annexation. We like this picture of Canada as a white man's burden.

MR. HALDANE, in his memorandum on the Army Estimates, drew attention to the shortage of officers. Private BAXTER, on the other hand, is 6 ft. 8½ in. in his socks.

THE wholesale, retail and manufacturing stationers have decided that on March 21st everyone connected with the trade shall send the POSTMASTER-GENERAL a card protesting against the decision to sell postcards and letter-cards at the price of the stamps on them. It is rumoured that, with a view to increasing his revenue this way, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL will postpone the inauguration of the reform from year to year.

Judge PARRY has been appointed to succeed the late Judge EMDEN. His Honour is the author of *Katawampus*, *What the Butler Saw*, and *The Captain of the School*, and the Lambeth County Court will no doubt soon come to be recognised as the Home of Light Farce.

DR. ORVILLE OWEN is making a determined effort to discover documents which will prove that BACON wrote the plays of SHAKESPEARE. It is fortunate for Stratford-on-Avon (where Miss CORELLI resides) that its fame does not rest only on the fact of its being the birthplace of SHAKESPEARE.

"It is reported from New York," says *The Mirror*, "that Mrs. SMITH H. MCKIM, who obtained a divorce from

struction of a large circus to be known as Westbourne Circus. "Ah, this is indeed a pleasure-loving age!" said the dear old lady.

Our attention has been drawn to an advertisement of a "HAND LAUNDRY." This is a capital idea. We know several little boys who need it badly.

Answer to Anxious Enquirer:—No, Mr. MAUGHAM's *Loaves and Fishes* has nothing to do with Standard Bread. But a topical touch is given to the play by the selection of Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE for the part of a sky-pilot.

THE AWAKENING.

WHEN my accursed tooth began
To ache and ache the livelong
day,
I went and asked a dental man
To probe the region where it
lay,
And gently take the horrid thing
away.

He seemed to like the scheme,
and so
I called one awful afternoon,
Whereon a babbling medico,
Hired in to engineer a swoon,
Clapped o'er my head a nasty gas-
balloon.

I said as much as was allowed
By moderation and the gag,
And then my mind became a cloud
And my attention seemed to
flag,
And he—took his mashie from
the bag.

Methought I dreamed for several
years,
But all my visions went awry;
My body slept, but not my fears,
For I could see, without an eye,
That root was in a deuced rotten
lie.

Waking with but a single wish,
I knew that now 'twas mine to
gloat,
To see it swimming in the dish
(Unless he'd dropped it down my
throat);
Somehow I felt convinced that it would
float.

The bowl was empty as before;
I gazed and gazed but saw it not.
I looked, expectant, on the floor,
And then a pang revealed the spot—
The silly fool had been and missed his
shot!



Old Lady. "WHAT A DREADFUL DOWNPOUR. IT'S A REGULAR WATERSPOUT!"

her husband last August, will sail for England next month for the purpose of marrying Mr. A. G. VANDERBILT." After this it will not be possible for Mr. VANDERBILT to complain that he was not warned.

Canon OTTLEY has attracted further notice to the case of the Barking "flushers," who are said to work for 352 days in the year. We suspect that this scandal would have been remedied long ago but for the belief that Barking dogs do not bite.

A street improvement scheme, which is to be submitted to the Paddington Borough Council and the London County Council, provides for the con-

TO THE LATE NOAH WEBSTER.

[In honour of the new and superb edition of his lexicon, lately issued by Messrs. BELL AND SONS, of London, and the MERRIAM CO., of Springfield, Mass.]

THIS weighty structure—one stone one, or more—

Full as an egg of meat, and very showy,
Yea, packed with such a variegated store
As filled the hulk in which that other Noë,
With SHEM and HAM, *et cetera*, made his mark
(That is to say, The Ark),

In wealth of illustrations fairly dims

The luminous past. Four hundred extra pages,
A trebled stock-in-trade of Synonyms,
And several new "Fictitious Personages,"
Conspire to make the sort of wedding gift
No thief could hope to lift.

WEBSTER, you should be here, right here, to-day,
Snatching an idle hour from realms of Fairy,
To mark your Eagle, strangely proud and gay,
Smile on your devastating Dictionary—
That fowl for which the earth supplies no mate
(See opening coloured plate).

What if the firm of BELL of London (Eng.)

Upon the volume which I here review sets
Its *imprimatur*, sharing this great fling

With Messrs. MERRIAM of Massachusetts?
Initially, old man, the rightful praise
Is yours and U.S.A.'s.

And, though Columbia calls your teeming tome
"The International," she don't repent her
Of fashions fixed in that New England home
That was your theater (*sic*), your working center;
Still where your "Unabridged" began to sell
They own your ancient spell.

Yet Time has changed a lot, omniscient Sir.

Some things that to our vulgar vision lie plain
Had never had occasion to occur

Within your knowledge—sample I., the Biplane;
In those far days they simply ran to kites,
The local WILBUR WRIGHTS.

The biograph, the motor-bus, the ski,
The tube, the tubal lift, the fleet Marconi,
Were still undreamed in your philosophy,
Contemporaneous with the tyrant BONEY;
And yet on these our daily souls are fed—
On these, and Standard Bread.

Microbes, again—you never heard the term.

The larger monsters, such as Megatherium,
Engaged a fancy still untaught to squirm
At lesser fauna like the slim Bacterium;
Nor yet did table-topics, ere you passed,
Include the Scleroblast.

Thus Science ruthlessly extends her range.

One lives and learns; let's hope one dies and learns too;
For I should loathe to think you cannot change,
That all in vain your cabined spirit yearns to
Pick up fresh wrinkles from the Book of Fame,
Noë, that bears your name.

O. S.

"Harkness rose and opened his cigarette case. Reggie snatched a weed greedily, and, biting off the end, lit it with trembling fingers."
"Daily Mail" *Feuilleton*.

Somebody ought to speak to Reggie about this. To smoke only one end of a cigarette—whether the end he bites off or the other—is sheer extravagance.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HARROW.

(With Apologies to the Conductors of "At the Sign of the Fough" in "The Cornhill Magazine.")

III. ON THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY.

1. Assign the following remarks by the Fairchild Children to their respective speakers, and give the approximate ages of the latter.

(i.) "Papa, I can repeat the verses in Genesis about Paradise." *Answer*: Henry (age between 5 and 6).

(ii.) "Oh! and I know what the Children of Noah did in the Plain of Shinar." *Answer*: Emily (about 7).

(iii.) "Papa, may we say some verses about mankind having had hearts?" *Answer*: Lucy (about 9).

(iv.) "Are my Aunts dead? . . . Then I'm afraid that they are not gone to Heaven." *Answer*: Henry.

(v.) "Is it right to be going out every day, and dressing fine, and playing at cards?" *Answer*: Lucy.

(vi.) "We have disobeyed our parents, we have told a lie, and we have drunk cider until we were drunk." *Answer*: Lucy.

(vii.) "I was not two minutes stealing the apple, and papa found it out before breakfast." *Answer*: Henry.

(viii.) "You don't like to be called a thief, though you are not ashamed to steal, I see." *Answer*: Henry (*in reproof of Miss Augusta Noble for taking two apples out of the governess's work-bag*).

2. (a) What reason did Mrs. Fairchild give for accepting an invitation to dine with a baronet? *Answer*: "Well, my dear, as Sir Charles Noble has been so kind as to ask us, we must not offend him by refusing to go." (b) How did her hostess receive her on this occasion? *Answer*: "Lady Noble was a proud woman, so she did not take much notice of Mrs. Fairchild when she came in, although she ordered the servant to set a chair for her."

3. Give in Mrs. Fairchild's own words the besetting sins of:

(i.) Lady Noble. *Answer*: "Alas! I am sorry for Lady Noble; she loves the world too well, and all its fine things."

(ii.) Mr. Crosbie. *Answer*: "Mr. Crosbie loves eating."

(iii.) Mrs. Crosbie. *Answer*: "Mrs. Crosbie is ill-tempered."

(iv.) Miss Crosbie. *Answer*: "Miss Crosbie is vain and fond of finery;" and

(v.) Miss Betsey Crosbie. *Answer*: "Miss Betsey is very pert and forward."

4. Describe the dishes of which, according to Lucy, Mr. Crosbie partook when he dined with the Fairchilds. *Answer*: "And how Mr. Crosbie did eat! He ate half the haunch of venison. And then he was helped twice to pigeon-pie, and then he ate apple-tart and custard, and then—" (*cetera desunt*).

5. What explanation did Mrs. Fairchild give of her motive in enumerating to her children the various weaknesses and self-deceptions of her guests? *Answer*: "To show you how people may live in the constant practice of one particular sin without being conscious of it, and perhaps thinking themselves very good all the time."

6. What was Emily's actual occupation at the time when she represented herself to have been "playing with the cat upstairs"? *Answer*: "Stealing preserved damascenes."

7. With what refreshment did his children provide Mr. Fairchild at a picnic? *Answer*: "A loaf and cheese, and a large fruit pie, and a bottle of beer for their papa."

8. What was the fare that moved Mr. Fairchild to exclaim at Mrs. Goodwill's table: "What blessings we



A SAIL! A SAIL!

DON QUIXOTE (*waking in the Elysian Fields*). "WHO SAID 'WIND-MILLS'?"

[The new vogue of Whole-meal Bread is like'y to lead to the revival of the old methods of grinding flour.]



Small Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR,—MAY WE HAVE AN EXTRA HALF-HOLIDAY THIS AFTERNOON?"

Headmaster. "WHY?"

Small Boy. "WELL—SIR—WE—THOUGHT YOU MIGHT FEEL LIKE IT, SIR—AS YOU WERE SINGING IN YOUR BATH THIS MORNING!"

have about us—even in *this* world!" *Answer:* "A roast fowl and some boiled bacon, with a nice cold currant-and-raspberry pie."

9. Give his definition of a University. *Answer:* "A place where young men go to be prepared to be clergymen."

10. What was his idea of (a) A birthday jaunt? *Answer:* "It is Lucy's birthday. We will go to see John Trueman and take some cake to his little children, and afterwards we will go on to visit Nurse and carry her some tea and sugar." (b) An agreeable experience for children? *Answer:* "Old John Roberts, the gardener, died yesterday morning. . . . Have you any desire to see the corpse, my dears? You never saw a corpse, I think." (c) An instructive object-lesson on the dangers of family fisticuffs? *Answer:* A visit to "a gibbet on which the body of a man hung in chains . . . but the face of the corpse was so shocking that the children could not look upon it." "Oh, let us go, papa!" said the children, pulling Mr. Fairchild's coat. "Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild, "I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place."

11 (i.) Indicate from the text Henry's notion of a really attractive book. *Answer:* "My book," said Emily, "is 'The History of an Orphan Boy,' and there are a great many pictures in it; the first is the picture of a funeral." "Let me see, let me see," said Henry. "O how pretty!"

(ii.) What was Henry so fortunate as to discover on cutting two unopened leaves of his book with a pair

of scissors? *Answer:* "A very pretty prayer against covetousness."

12. (a) On what occasion was Henry "much pleased"?

Answer: "When he got his new grammar and dictionary and Latin exercise book." (b) Was his pleasure of long duration?

Answer: No. He declined to learn his first lesson, and "Mr. Fairchild then took a small horse whip, and making John hold him, he flogged him well and sent him to bed."

In the opinion of *Mr. Punch* the best set of answers was sent in by Master Samuel Suckling, aged 6, Sion House, Sanctuary Lane, Hassocks, to whom the prize, a copy of "Henry Milner, the History of a Little Boy who was not brought up after the Manner of This World," by the author of "The Fairchild Family," has been awarded. F. A.

THE BURGLARS' SCRUPLE.

It was only when they re-assembled in the dining-room to count their swag that an envelope on the mantel-piece revealed to them the identity of their victim.

"Swelp me, 'Enry," said Albert, reverently removing his cap, "swelp me if this ain't LLOYD JARGE's house. We can't rob 'im. 'E's one of us, like, when it comes to 'en-roosts."

"Yus," said Henry; "and didn't 'is pal let off old Alf Davies's uncle? 'E's our friend!"

And replacing their booty, except just enough to cover expenses, they stepped out over the roofs as the grey dawn broke over Brighton.

THE LUCKY MONTH.

"Know thyself," said the old Greek motto. (In Greek—but this is an English paper.) So I bought a little red book called, tersely enough, *Were you born in January?* I was; and, reassured on this point, the author told me all about myself.

For the most part he told me nothing new. "You are," he said in effect, "good-tempered, courageous, ambitious, loyal, quick to resent wrong, an excellent raconteur, and a leader of men." True. "Generous to a fault"—(Yes, I was overdoing that rather)—"you have a ready sympathy with the distressed. People born in this month will always keep their promises." And so on. There was no doubt that the author had the idea all right. Even when he went on to warn us of our weaknesses he maintained the correct note. "People born in January," he said, "must be on their guard against working too strenuously. Their extraordinarily active brains——" Well, you see what he means. It is a fault perhaps, and I shall be more careful in future. Mind, I do not take offence with him for calling my attention to it. In fact, my only objection to the book is its surface application to all the people who were born in January. There should have been more distinction made between me and the rabble.

I have said that he told me little that was new. In one matter, however, he did open my eyes. He introduced me to an aspect of myself entirely unsuspected.

"They," he said—meaning me, "have unusual business capacity, and are destined to be leaders in great commercial enterprises."

One gets at times these flashes of self-revelation. In an instant I realised how wasted my life had been; in an instant I resolved that here and now I would put my great gifts to their proper uses. I would be a leader in an immense commercial enterprise.

One cannot start commercial enterprises without capital. The first thing was to determine the exact nature of my balance at the bank. This was a matter for the bank to arrange, and I drove there rapidly.

"Good morning," I said to the cashier. "I am in rather a hurry. May I have my pass book?"

He assented and retired. After an interminable wait, during which many psychological moments for my commercial enterprise must have lapsed, he returned.

"I think you have it," he said shortly.

"Thank you," I replied, and drove rapidly home again.

A lengthy search followed; but after

an hour of it one of those white-hot flashes of thought, such as only occur to the natural business genius, seared my mind and sent me post-haste to the bank again.

"After all," I said to the cashier, "I only want to know my balance. What is it?"

He withdrew and gave himself up to calculation. I paced the floor impatiently. Opportunities were slipping by. At last he pushed a slip of paper across at me. My balance!

It was in four figures. Unfortunately two of them were shillings and pence. Still, there was a matter of fifty pounds odd as well, and fortunes have been built up on less.

Out in the street I had a moment's pause. Hitherto I had regarded my commercial enterprise in the bulk, as a finished monument of industry; the little niggling preliminary details had not come up for consideration. Just for a second I wondered how to begin.

Only for a second. An unsuspected talent which has long lain dormant needs, when waked, a second or so to turn round in. At the end of that time I had made up my mind. I knew exactly what I would do. I would ring up my solicitor.

"Hallo, is that you? Yes, this is me. What? Yes, awfully, thanks. How are you? Good. Look here, come and lunch with me. What? No, at once. Good-bye."

Business, particularly that sort of commercial enterprise to which I had now decided to lend my genius, can only be discussed properly over a cigar. During the meal itself my solicitor and I indulged in the ordinary small-talk of the pleasure-loving world.

"You're looking very fit," said my solicitor. "No, not fat, fit."

"You don't think I'm looking thin?" I asked anxiously. "People are warning me that I may be overdoing it rather. They tell me that I must be seriously on my guard against brain strain."

"I suppose they think you oughtn't to strain it too suddenly," said my solicitor. Though he is now a solicitor he was once just an ordinary boy like the rest of us, and it was in those days that he acquired the habit of being rude to me, a habit he has never quite forgotten.

"What is an onyx?" I said, changing the conversation.

"Why?" asked my solicitor, with his usual business acumen.

"Well, I was practically certain that I had seen one in the Zoo, in the reptile house, but I have just learnt that it is my lucky month stone. Naturally I want to get one."

The coffee came and we settled down to commerce.

"I was just going to ask you," said my solicitor—"have you any money lying idle at the bank? Because if so——"

"Whatever else it is doing, it isn't lying idle," I protested. "I was at the bank to-day, and there were men chivying it about with shovels all the time."

"Well, how much have you got?"

"About fifty pounds."

"It ought to be more than that."

"That's what I say, but you know what banks are. Actual merit counts for nothing with them."

"Well, what did you want to do with it?"

"Exactly. That was why I rang you up. I—er——" This was really my moment, but somehow I was not quite ready to seize it. My vast commercial enterprise still lacked a few trifling details. "Er—I—well, it's like that."

"I might get you a few ground rents."

"Don't. I shouldn't know where to put them."

"But if you really have fifty pounds simply lying idle I wish you'd lend it to me for a bit. I'm confoundedly hard up."

("Generous to a fault, you have a ready sympathy with the distressed." Dash it, what could I do?)

"Is it quite etiquette for clients to lend solicitors money?" I asked. "I thought it was always solicitors who had to lend it to clients. If I must, I'd rather lend it to you—I mean, I'd dislike it less—as to the old friend of me childhood."

"Yes, that's how I wanted to pay it back."

"Bother. Then I'll send you a cheque to-night," I sighed.

And that's where we are at the moment. "People born in this month always keep their promises." The money has got to go to-night. If I hadn't been born in January I shouldn't be sending it; I certainly shouldn't have promised it; I shouldn't even have known that I had it. Sometimes I almost wish that I had been born in one of the decent months. March, say.

A. A. M.

"Miss —— has been appointed a Junior Assistant at the Public Library, the book: in which are to be insured for £3,000."

Worthing Mercury.

It may be necessary, but it looks a little pointed.

From the Cause List:

"Part v. Sebright—part heard."

Oughtn't they to give SEBRIGHT a hearing, too?

THE ADVANCE OF ASQUITH.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.)

It has been suggested in some quarters that in my articles on LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL in *The Chronicle* I have exhausted the resources of eulogy as applicable to statesmen of the day. I am glad to think that I am not only able but proud to complete these lauds of the living with an even more terrific explosion of super-fatted panegyric.

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, for of him I propose to write to-day, was a wonderful boy. But as he was even more wonderful as a boy than CHATTERTON, so was he more prodigious as a child than MOZART or PADEREWSKI. Heliped in faultless elegiacs, and on his second birthday repeated the paradigm of *τὴντις* without a single fault. At the City of London School he swept the board of prizes, including those for exemplary conduct, tidiness, and classical dancing. And yet in the midst of it all, behind that front of light-hearted gaiety and those sweet star-like eyes, his profound mind was already working out the colossal scheme destined to paralyse feudalism and accelerate the march of triumphant democracy.

I shall never forget our first meeting. It was at Oxford, where I had been asked to address the Union on the Gospel of Love in Personal Journalism. I was terribly overworked just then, having to finish my *Lives of the Oil Kings* against time, and though I spoke with fervour there was a chilly detachment about those superb young barbarians that affected me sadly, and I was on the point of bursting into tears when a brilliantly handsome freshman, who was sitting in the gallery, cried out in trumpet tones, "Good old Tay Pay!" The effect was simply electrical. My fatigue and nervousness vanished as if by magic; from that point I held the whole house in the hollow of my hand, and after the debate they carried me shoulder high to the Mitre—no easy task even in those days. My readers will have guessed the identity of that trumpet-voiced freshman. It was HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, who shortly afterwards took a double first in the Classical Tripos. Next day he invited me to breakfast with the Master of Balliol, dear simple old BENJAMIN JOWETT, and the flow of soul ran deep and strong. We did not leave the table till 12.30, as ASQUITH insisted on reciting the whole of the *Ars Poetica* backwards in my honour. It was a wonderful *tour de force*, and from that day I have reckoned him amongst my dearest friends, only less dear than Sir



Shocked Gentleman (on Hampstead Heath). "THE HAREM SKIRT IN ENGLAND! DISGRACEFUL! I WAS HOPING MY COUNTRYWOMEN—"



"—MY MISTAKE."

THOMAS LIPTON, Lord PIRRIE and Sir ALBERT ROLLIT.

ASQUITH's industry as a journalist and barrister was phenomenal. Though passionately fond of dancing, he refused all invitations to balls until he took silk. Judges quailed before him even while he was a junior. No doubt the astonishing beauty of his profile and the superlatively lovely *timbre* of his voice had much to say to it. As GEORGE ELIOT once said to me, "There has been no profile like ASQUITH's since the days of DANTE." As for his voice—I have drunk in the golden glory of MARIO, the cherubic rapture of ALBONI, the stentorian ecstasy of LABLACHE, but they were a mere jejune jangle compared to the cosmic majesty of ASQUITH's incomparable organ. But the magnetism of a gorgeous voice can effect little unless it is backed by the compelling force of a gigantic intellect and a great heart. And that brings me to my final

word. ASQUITH has a certain superficial hardness, as all great men have; but it is hardness with immense softness combined; and the softness of his heart is only equalled by his passionate sense of justice, his transcendent generosity, and his perfectly appalling unselfishness. It is dreadfully painful to me to say all this, because he is the most modest of men, and anything that borders, however remotely, on the fulsome is gall and wormwood to me. But, remembering the magnificent courage of those friendly words of good cheer launched from his fearless lips in the good old Oxford Union, without a qualm I have plunged baldheaded up to the neck in the mid-stream of oleaginous adulation.

"Collie looked like making a break, but failed at a cannon after scoring 4."

Dublin Evening Mail.

A pity after so fine a promise.

NOT CRICKET.

THE SCANDALOUS AFFAIR OF MY UMBRELLA.

It was no article of costly make,
Fashioned of silk and ebony and gold
(The kind that careless men are apt to take),
It was not even very neatly rolled.

Still it was my ewe lamb. And when I found
The place untenanted where erst it stood
I told my sorrow to the wainscot round,
I said some things that nearly warped the wood.

I cried aloud to the Olympian gods
And all the shadowy powers that rule the air
To punish him that did this deed with rods—
I also spoke to the commissioner.

I said, "This was the apple of my eye,
Bought when a boyish heart was clean of doubt;
I loved the little windows where the sky
Came peeping through when it was opened out.

To some their silken hats are dear, to some
Their overcoats of astrakhan or fur,
To me my ombrifuge, my childhood's chum.
He said, "I will inquire about it, Sir."

Alas! I have no hopes. But this, oh this,
Is what annoys me most about the thing:
I fondly deemed, if e'er I came to miss
The well-known handle, the familiar spring,

Whate'er might be the chances of the change,
Whatever substituted gamp I bore,
Chill to the grasp, and comfortless and strange,
In value I was simply bound to score.

Some elder poet, fired with heavenly flame,
Might leave his thyrsus with the gilded knob,
And brandish mine unconscious till he came
Home to his flat and then be vexed—the snob!

Or I myself, through want of proper care,
Might fail to localise my gingham roof,
And seize some editor's of samite rare,
Crusted with chrysoprase—and waterproof.

But now these hopes have crumbled into dust.
Cursed be the man who took beyond recall
The ancient shelter of a bardic crust,
And never brought his brotly here at all. EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement:—

"You thought that because our car was low-priced it was cheap. Well, that mistake has been made before."

"Mr. Ginnell declared that the phrase, 'Batching the Speaker's eye,' was a jest and a by-word."—*Liverpool Echo*.

It doesn't sound much of a jest for the SPEAKER.

"Miss —, who was given away by her oxydised embroideries and touches of green satin," etc., etc.—*Continental Daily Mail*.

She should have dressed more quietly and then no one would have known.

"Do not throw away egg-shells. Wash each egg used. Keep a dish handy for shells. You will be surprised to find how much of the egg adheres to the shell, and what a different taste your coffee will have."—*Johannesburg Star*.

It is not obvious where the coffee comes in, but to be on the safe side we should refuse it.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

THE MAGIC SUNSET.

I AM riting this story for my Uncle becas he is a good man and this is a good story there was wonce an old wooman she was 30 or 42 years old and she lived by herself in a cottage in a garden and she was very kind to evrybody and spent a lot of munny in giving things to poor people but she had nobdy to live with her and she did want a little baby girl or better still a prinsess to help her in the house and mend the clothes and she ofren asked for one but she coudent get it wich made her very sory.

One day she was out warking in her garden and she lookd up to the ski and wen she lookd down agen loan bold thir was a Fairy about the size of up to my nee dresd in pink satn with little pleets and pink satn shus and her hare was lus and streemd down to blow her feet and her wings wer the kuller of the dorn gold pink and purpel.

Have you eum here on purps to vist me sed the old wooman. Yes I have sed the Fairy Ive herd your askings till Im neerly tired of it and Im going to giv you wot you want. Oh thank you so mutsh sed the old wooman it is very kind Im sure. Dont menshun it sed the Fairy but you must worter this bit of ground day and nite for fore days and then you shall see sumthing to make you larf goodby.

And wen the old wooman lookd agen the Fairy was gorn. So she went home and fetshd her worterling pot and worterd away like mad and the first day thir was nuthen and the old wooman neerly gav it up but she went onn and the seend day up came a little wite flour on a long grin stork.

Oho sed the old wooman shes going to keep her proms and she went on worterling and on the thurd day thir was nuthen more and the old wooman was sleepier than ever but on the foreth day loan bold thir was the sweetis littel baby girl in the wirl kired up in the flour she was no bigger than my thum and the old wooman was very pleesd and brort her home and tuk grate care of her.

Of corse the little girl was tu smal at ferst to help mutsh but she very sune gru to be 9 or 10 years old and then she was very usfull but she always felt thir was a Prinse looking for her her name was Mabella.

Not long after this wen Mabella was in her teens we will say 16 years old she went out one evning and sat down on a bank when sudnly thir was a butefull sunset with the usuerl kullers and it came neerer and neerer till it got to the bank and then it sat down baside Mabella and bagen to tork to hir.

Get inside it sed and I will carre you to wunderfull plases. So Mabella got inside and the sunset carred hir of and flu away and Mabella was abel to look out thru a little wite spot in the sunset and at last it stoped over a larg iland and Mabella got out to strech hir legs sudnly she hird the sound of horses hufs galerping at a grate rate neerer and neerer they came and if you gess it was a prinse you will be rite.

Then Mabella and the prinse got inside the sunset together and they sat next one another and torked about luv wile the sunset was carren them away but they left the horse behind becas thir was no food for him and they dident wont to be botherd with a horse.

The sunset carred them to a chireh and wen it got thir it dident eum down to the ground but it let down tu golden ladders to the chireh dore and Mabella and the prinse went down the ladders and were marred in the chireh.

They were very hapy and sune had a large famly of 16 grone up childen but they never sor the sunset agen the old wooman livd with them for 5 years and then she died age 84.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.

THE recent discussion in *The Times* on the question whether the best poetry is designed for recitation or for silent perusal recalls once more the story (revived not long ago) by Mr. A. C. BENSON in *The Cornhill* how the late Professor SIDGWICK defied sea-sickness by declaiming English poetry in the secluded part of a Channel steamer, but succumbed when asked to desist by some lady-passengers, frightened at his behaviour. When this remedy is more widely known, as it certainly ought to be, the Philistine public will perhaps realise that there is some practical use in versification after all. We foresee a general desire among ocean travellers to join the Poetry Recital Society. In fact, the enterprising officials of this institution are already, we hear, rigging up a rocking platform in the club-room for beginners to acquire their sea-legs upon and get what they remember of *Casabianca*, *The Last Chantey* and *The Ancient Mariner* off their chests. Things are looking quite bright, too, for minor poets and professors of elocution. We know of a thoroughly reliable and seaworthy coach who is prepared personally to conduct uncertain tourists from Dover to Calais, or *vice versa*. He guarantees immunity in the roughest weather, holding a class on the bridge-deck, while his pupils repeat "BARRY CORNWALL'S" well-known piece of hypocrisy, "The sea! the sea! the open sea!" There is, of course, a slight soreness among the stewards, who regard this panacea as likely to imperil their vocation, but it will doubtless wear off. Meanwhile, if certain of our amateur reciters betake themselves to the high seas for the purpose of testing the Sidgwickian theory, we stay-at-homes should have much to be thankful for.

HOW TO BECOME —

[With apologies to the ingenious conductors of "Careers."]

HOW TO BECOME A BATH-CHAIR MAN.

THIS interesting profession, which is by no means overstocked, can best be entered in the following way. Write an autobiography and dedicate it to a famous man of letters, and with the proceeds you ought to be able to buy a bath-chair, or even two.

HOW TO BECOME A BURGLAR.

How shall a man become a burglar? It is a difficult question to answer. Some go so far as to maintain that the burglar is born, not made. Certain it is that the requirements for success in this interesting calling have become



Mother. "AND WHAT DID YOU TALK ABOUT WHILE YOU WERE DANCING WITH FREDDY?"
Dora (her first time out). "WE DIDN'T TALK—WE COUNTED."

much more exacting owing to the introduction of the finger-print method. Much depends on deportment and education, and there are fortunately numerous establishments in which the high art of house-breaking is taught with great thoroughness. At the best known of these, the Meum and Tuum Academy, an entrance examination is held before the beginning of each term for the admission of candidates. Only those are accepted who succeed in entering unobserved. The accepted candidates are then divided into sections A, B and C. The course of study in Section A is Noiseless Movement; in Section B, Pane Removing and the use of the Jemmy; and in Section C, the use of the Blow-pipe for fusing Safes. The fees are £12 12s. a term, which the student must have obtained by dishonest means. He must employ the same methods to support himself during the period of study; he must also

attend stimulating plays, such as *Raffles*, and read all the current fiction that has a strong predatory and anti-social interest.

HOW TO BECOME A DOG-OWNER.

Acquire a dog and keep it.

HOW TO BECOME AN EARL (CREATED).

It cannot be too urgently impressed on those who aspire to Earldoms that the Peerage is no sinecure. It is a profession which makes a heavy demand on strength and vitality as well as the purse. Long hours of attendance in the gilded chamber or on boards in the City; the nightly strain of frequenting fashionable restaurants and consuming rich and indigestible food; constant travelling to and from the Riviera and occasional privations through losses at Monte Carlo or on the Rubber market, are all part and parcel of the Peer's life, and all demand robust health if they are



ENCOURAGEMENT.

Irish Dealer (to his rough-riding on young horse). "GO ON, DAN! GO ON! YE CAN'T EXPECT TO LIVE FOR IVER!"

to be faced successfully. Another point that cannot be too often remembered is that it is seldom possible for a commoner, even though possessed of boundless wealth and a Sephardic lineage, to become a belted Earl at one step. Remember that there is no such thing as a belted Baron. There are two main ways of embarking on the Peerage as a career:—(1) by desert; (2) by purchase. The former is far too precarious a method to be recommended, except to persons of a rather exceptional physique and tenacity.

HOW TO BECOME AN IDIOT.

Read all the daily papers. If that is not enough, read all the weekly papers.

HOW TO BECOME A PEERESS.

There are two ways, equally good:—

(1) Learn a very little singing and a very little dancing. Wear a French hat and induce a manager to give you a part in musical comedy.

(2) Be the daughter of an American multi-millionaire.

HOW TO BECOME A SECRET-DRINKER.

Drink in secret.

HOW TO BECOME A SMART-SETTITE.

A suitable face, the disregard of common-sense, a desire to forget all useful knowledge, and to spend money

freely without the slightest provocation will carry a youth far in this field. There is always room for a sane and healthy antipathy to hard work and a consistent and single-minded devotion to futility and frivolity, if only as a protest against the excessive strenuousness of the age. We want folly to enliven this drab world, and who is so fit to supply this need as the thorough-paced smart-settite? Some, of course, possess the initial advantage of starting with an hereditary equipment of fatuity, but in this, as in all other careers, very few people are unable to acquire qualifications for admission into the ranks.

HOW TO BECOME A SNOW-SHOVELLER.

Obtain possession of a shovel and wait till it snows. Then apply the shovel to the snow.

In future numbers the following professions, vocations and callings will be dealt with:—

AVERAGE ADJUSTER.
BARK FACTOR.
CONJURERS' RABBIT MERCHANT.
EMERY PAPERMAKER.
GOLDFISH BREAKER.
HEAD-HUNTER.
INDIARUBBER MAN.
JOSS MANUFACTURER.

POODLE SHAVER.
SOOT-BROKER.
TATTOOIST.
UMBRELLA RING EXPERT.
WELL INSPECTOR.

"When I was a child, I never could understand the verse which said, 'Heaven may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"
—*Irish Society.*
The new version does not seem quite fair on Heaven.

Mr. Punch in India.

The Allahabad Pioneer of Feb. 8, in describing the recent wedding of the eldest son of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, states that among other princes and chiefs who assisted at the celebration, was the Rajah of Punch.

"The business man who likes his long weekend is forced to work like a nigger from Tuesday to Friday . . . It is really not easy to put three days' work into five or six."

—*Throne and Country.*

We have never found any difficulty about this arrangement.

"Duras lost his game with Janowsky in the first round of the chess tournament after two moves, the game lasting eighteen hours."

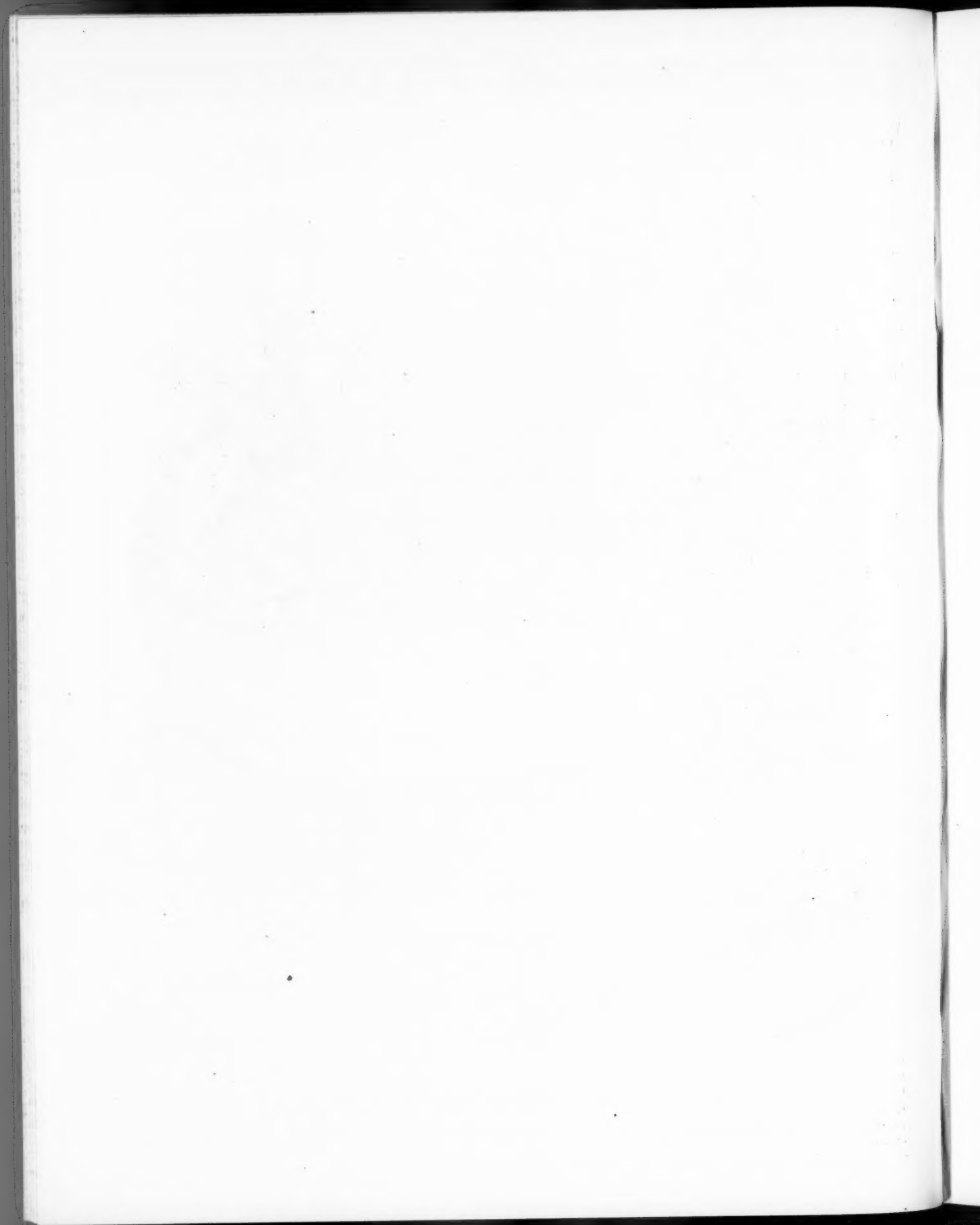
—*Daily Mail.*

After 17 hrs. 59 mins. of solid thought for a suitable reply to P. to K. 4, DURAS lost his head and gave up the game.



A TALE OF TWO PARLIAMENTS.

FIRST HALF OF BUDGET (TO SECOND HALF). "COME ON; YOU WON'T GET ANY MORE APPLAUSE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 27.—Stranger looking on from Gallery whilst SON AUSTEN was denouncing Parliament Bill would never guess that country is on eve of constitutional revolution. Questions over, Members streamed out through glass door to write letters, read papers, or chat in Lobby. At half-past eight things so desperately bad as to suggest a count. RONALDSHAY, on his legs supporting amendment moved from front Opposition Bench, had for sole audience on Unionist side a Member intent on catching SPEAKER's eye as soon as the EARL had made an end of speaking. Less than a dozen Ministerialists scattered about benches opposite, glowing with same purpose.

As LANSBURY observed, "A revolution is proceeding and there is no one here to stop it."

Affair might have fizzled out in ignominy of a count save for accident of moment at which it was moved. Mr. EMMOTT, temporarily relieving SPEAKER in Chair, pointed out that Standing Orders forbid count between 8.15 and 9.15.

Speech of the evening delivered from unexpected quarter. NEVILLE, a sort of parliamentary Jacob who has served through the fight of seven contested



"Rats in a trap, Mr. SPEAKER, that let the cat out of the bag—if I may say so."

(Mr. R. J. K. Neville, K.C.)

elections for the seat won at last January Wigan, rose to make his maiden speech. Tall in figure, in aspect mild to benignity, there was about new Member something irresistibly reminiscent of the deacon who treads softly down the church aisle carrying plate for collection.

Nothing the least diaconal in speech that followed. Early in its progress Member for Wigan, like Silas Wegg, dropped into poetry:—

"The General Election came down like a wolf on the fold,

The Nationalist cohorts were gleaming with gold."

"I don't blame them," he added, turning benevolent countenance towards the Irish quarter. "Having got the sinews of war behind them, they are in their right to use them." After vivid picture of LLOYD GEORGE encouraging growth of agitation against the Lords, he observed, "Then it was that we had rats in a trap. Rats in a trap, Mr. SPEAKER, that let the cat out of the bag—if I may say so," he added, after a moment's reflection.

The charge against the House of Lords was that they had acted contrary to precedent. "I may say with justice," said Mr. NEVILLE, fixing with stern glance SECRETARY TO TREASURY left in charge of debate, "the boot is on the other leg."

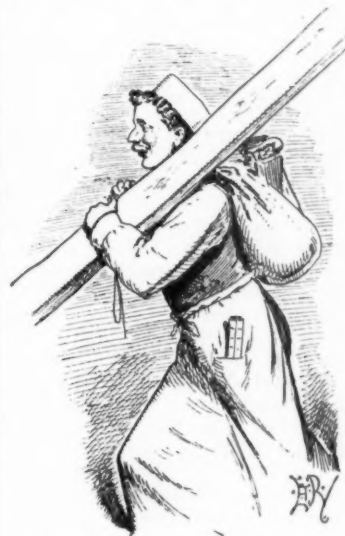
Business done.—Rejection of Parliament Bill on second reading moved from Front Opposition Bench.

Tuesday.—Not in vain has TULLIBARDINE gone a-soldiering with the Horse Guards, the Black Watch, the Royals and the Scottish Horse. To-day executed a manœuvre which testifies to military instinct, even genius. Things looking in bad way for branch of Legislature the Marquess will in due time adorn. What ASQUITH proudly called "the phalanx" determined to carry Parliament Bill remains unbroken. Appeals for compromise plaintively raised from Opposition camp meet with no response. As far as one can see events are marching straight to passing of Bill by overwhelming majority that will make it awkward for Lords to throw it out.

Direct attack being here, as at Spion Kop, hopeless, thing is to distract attention by movement in another quarter. Accordingly, whilst attention and time of House are ostensibly concentrated upon fate of House of Lords, TULLIBARDINE chips in with question addressed to PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE. What he wants to know is "the average annual value imported into the United Kingdom from Canada of laths, sawed boards, planks, deals, and other lumber, planed, tongued, grooved or variously finished?"

Note the subtlety of this master stroke. Whilst it effectually withdraws attention from a troublesome question, giving the assailants time, "so to speak," as Mr. NEVILLE would put it, to bury their dead, it shows how far-reaching and minute are the sympathy and knowledge of one of the class of

legislators whom an infamous act of tyranny threatens to destroy. Whilst professional agitators prate about hereditary anachronisms and the like, here is a man who perceives the importance of a question which, neglected, might insidiously gnaw away the Imperial bonds that link the Motherland with the eldest of her Colonies.



"Full of wise saws and modern instances"
—of planed and grooved planks.

(The Marquess of Tullibardine.)

SYDNEY BUXTON, taken aback, muttering something about necessity of lengthened details, and promised to circulate answer with the Votes. TULLIBARDINE, full of wise saws, carrying a modern instance in shape of planed and grooved plank, graciously assented, and the incident closed. But its effect was felt in subsequent course of debate on Parliament Bill, which became increasingly paralysed.

Business done.—Debate on SON AUSTEN's amendment continued.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Lord WOLVERHAMPTON's death leaves no gap in the ranks of backwoodsmen. Not one of their class. Rather the ideal of the sober-minded business-like recruit to whom reformers of hereditary chamber look for help. Curious evolution of political life that the son of a Wesleyan minister, thirty-five years ago an obscure solicitor in a Midland borough, should in course of time come to rule India in succession to CLIVE and HASTINGS.

One who has known him throughout his Parliamentary life finds it difficult to imagine HENRY FOWLER (the name by which his memory will be kept green) going about with a coronet in

place of a top hat. Incongruous in the Upper Chamber, he was essentially a Commons man. Entering the House thirty-one years ago next April, he was absolutely unknown at Westminster. Highest honour yet achieved was that he had been Mayor of Wolverhampton. He did not take the House by storm, as, after brief assault, did the ex-Mayor of another Midland town. By sheer capacity he won his way to front rank. Beginning by favour of Mr. G. at foot of Ministerial ladder, his rise to Cabinet rank was comparatively rapid. As a debater he was excelled by few in the gifts of lucidity and force of argument.

He was one of the rare Members who achieved the supreme triumph of controlling votes by a speech. It befell during Lord ROSEBURY's brief Premiership. HENRY JAMES, perceiving opportunity of smiting his old friends the enemy on Treasury Bench, brought forward Resolution designed to protect interests of British cottonspinners trading with India. Government majority was under forty. Not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, it would have served, as it had done before, if it kept together. But a sufficient number of Ministerialists representing Lancashire cotton districts wavered. Loyalty to Party is a good thing, but profits in cottonspinning should, like charity, begin at home and, as far as Lancashire is concerned, end there.

Fate of Ministry hung in balance, with almost certainty that it would kick the beam in favour of Opposition. In masterly speech delivered with authority of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, HENRY FOWLER turned threatened rout into brilliant victory.

Another conspicuous success was his conduct of Parish Councils Bill through a House which, wherever not hostile, was unsympathetic. A masterpiece of adroit parliamentary management.

HENRY FOWLER was a dependable man, as distinguished from a brilliant one. He was nearer akin to type of STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and LORD KIMBERLEY than to DISRAELI or GLADSTONE. JOHN BRIGHT once said of a colleague, "We believe in no man's infallibility; but it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity." This a comfort enjoyed by all having dealing with HENRY FOWLER, whether in private relations or in public life.

Business done.—Commons still debating Parliament Bill.

Definition from *The Twentieth Century Dictionary*:—

"*Acarus*, a genus of minute insects embracing the mites."
Very motherly.

HALF-YEARS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS.

[*"Quite the most imposing literary treasure of the Royal Aero Club is the series of seven huge volumes bound in red morocco, and lent by Mr. GRAHAME WHITE, containing all the newspaper cuttings relating to his historic flight in the London-Manchester Competition last year. Here we have his achievement told separately by at least a hundred different writers, and I do not know how many different cameras have contributed their different views of the man and his machine."*—*The Observer*.]

FROM the above paragraph (whose italics are our own) we gather that a new criterion of *belles-lettres* has arisen, and it gives us pleasure to make the following literary announcements for the benefit of that class of reader to



A GREAT LIBERAL
(The late Lord Wolverhampton).

which the above statement is intended to appeal:—

The glorious old library of Hornsey Castle contains a priceless collection. Pre-eminent among papyri of the PHARAOHS, the earliest productions of CAXTON, and Elizabethan folios, is the gem of the library—four hundred and eighty magnificent volumes of press-cuttings concerning the present Lady Hornsey. It will be remembered that, prior to her marriage, she was a star of our lighter stage.

The mouth of a bibliophile would indeed water at the sight of these majestic volumes—a veritable Valhalla of English literature. A noble appendix of sixty volumes is devoted to picture-postcard photos of her Ladyship.

* * * * *
We learn with pleasure that a collated issue is forthcoming of the *obiter dicta* of "The Major" (the well-known writer upon men's fashions in

various journals). It is entitled "Toga I have Adumbrated" (nine hundred volumes in India-paper), and it will be of immense help to students of the writer's austere and elusive personality.

* * * * *
As a maritime nation we should rejoice in the patriotic re-publication of the "By the Silver Sea" column from *The Daily Telegraph*. The spirit of DRAKE and DIBDIN breathes throughout these fifty superb volumes, reprints of the breezy articles that, under the same title, have long been so virile a feature of our contemporary's columns. No information is lacking for those seeking nautical adventure. Local news of our leading resorts, the weather and the opening of new Fire Stations, are fully dealt with. One almost hears the clash of old sea dogs at municipal meetings—and enthusiasts for our radiant climate will marvel more than ever at the records of sunshine.

The tang of the salt air blows out of every line of this work, and the volumes should be placed in the hands of every lad who reveres the names of NELSON and LIPTON (the latter of whom occurs on every page).

If we may venture a correction to so careful a compilation the address of the Imperial Tea Company at Beachcombe is 1436, High Street, and not 1437, as stated.

* * * * *
The Bodleian Library is happy in the acquisition of the original MSS. of Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS's monograph, "*The Oesophagus—and How to Use It.*"

The collection of detail for this monumental work has been the one preoccupation of its author's life, and he has spared himself no self-denial in the quest of gustatory experience. Fascinating as the whole of the six hundred volumes are, one lingers most over the thousands of alimentary charts detailing the author's daily menu since he was two months old.

Catholic in experiment, he has sampled the cuisines of all nations in pursuit of the ideal. Thus the ornithorhynchus, the marabout, the hyena, the chinchilla and the scone have fallen to his fork.

Once only, at a Guildhall Banquet, his appetite failed him and he burst into tears.

The last volume closes on a note of pathos. Analysing the span of human life, the author laments that only one-sixth of it is occupied by nutrition—the remainder is frittered away. This, however, is the only morbid reflection in a work eternally hopeful with ante-prandial speculations.



Golfer (to new member who is cutting across to club-house). "HELLO! GIVEN IT UP? WHY DON'T YOU FINISH THE ROUND?"
 Novice (keeping his bag out of sight). "OH, ROTTEN LUCK! I'VE SMASHED MY—EE—PET CLUB!"

AT THE PLAY.

"LOAVES AND FISHES."

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM calls his new play at The Duke of York's "a satire in four Acts"; he may be supposed therefore to imply a moral. It is not difficult to discover what the moral is.

Theodore Spratte was a worldly man. He never tired of referring to his "father, the late Lord Chancellor," or to his family's supposed descent from the Montmorency stock; he admitted he was a snob and recommended snobbishness as a virtue to his children. He spared no pains or self-advertisement (within gentlemanly limits) to advance himself in his profession, and as a widower of fifty took care to marry again for money rather than for love. When his daughter fancied (quite mistakenly) that she was devoted to a bounder who wore detachable and reversible cuffs and owned unrepresentable relations, he hurried on her engagement to *Lord Wroxham* by methods which may have seemed unscrupulous, but very certainly made for *Winifred's* happiness. He practised, perhaps more whole-heartedly than some, the usual insincerities of speech and manner

which a civilised society demands, and accepted with considerable calm the extremely pleasant and luxurious state



Canon Spratte tries to land a whale but catches a tartar.

Mrs. Fitzgerald

Canon Spratte

... MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

... MR. ROBERT LORRAINE
 (with false nos.).

of life into which it had pleased Heaven to call him.

Who will rise and curse *Theodore Spratte*? Who will denounce vanity and egoism and pushfulness and good living? There are a few fine souls who may do so, but it is not for us to range ourselves ostentatiously among them. *Theodore Spratte*, as I have described him, may pass for an average man. Wait a moment, though; I find I have left out something rather important. *Theodore Spratte* was Vicar of St. Gregory's!

This, I take it, is the meaning of the play. A clergyman, inasmuch as he is not judged by the same standards as other men, must be different from other men. The Church is not the same as other professions, to be entered light-heartedly by the younger sons. By all means let it be denied indignantly that *Canon Spratte* is typical of the Church; it will scarcely be denied that the Church is too frequently regarded as a means merely of worldly advancement. It is possible (and legitimate) to satirize all the reverend *Sprattes* without satirizing all the reverend Canons.

This is much the best of Mr. MAUGHAM's later and successful plays;

I don't know if it is because he has adapted it from a book, *The Bishop's Apron*, written some years ago. Recently his literary conscience has not always been as wakeful as one could wish; he has shown an ingenuous confidence in the powers of the MAUGHAM varnish to give newness to any situation. *Loaves and Fishes* has old moments, but it is for the most part truly funny, and—thanks to a great performance by Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE—makes a delightful evening's entertainment.

M.

"BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT."

The vestibule and palatial *salle-à-boire* of the Globe Theatre are redolent of the triumphs of Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN. Here are portraits, life-size or better, of Miss PAULINE CHASE and Miss MAUDE ADAMS, silent tributes to what he can do in the art of presentation. Here is a framed collation of heads, chiefly American and out of my cognisance, to which is attached the sounding title: "Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN'S STARS." The contemplation of these satellites (each to all appearance owing its position in the heavens to the patronage of the Great



The villain gets caught in the Act—the last Act.
Louis XIII. ... MR. LOTTIE PEARSE.
Cus't'ome ... MR. WILLIAM HAVILAND.

Presenter) should be a source of solace during the intervals of *Barde's the Magnificent*. I cannot say if Mr. LEWIS WALLER aspires to join that galaxy, but it could hardly be on the strength of his latest achievement, even if it had been presented by Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, instead of being simply advertised as "by arrangement with Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN." (How difficult it is

to get away from Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN!) Mr. WALLER's many female admirers have come to expect of him a reasonable allowance of sword-play and knock-about business. But here, apart from a brief scuffle in the dark and a trivial turn with a walking-stick, he is content to wear fine clothes and talk glibly, often perfunctorily, in a part of which he is the first to appreciate the futility. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. Even his fine clothes could not always be accounted for. How he came by the pleasant design in black and gold in which he made so brave a figure I never could make out. For he was in a strange house, cut off from his luggage, and had made his entrance through a window in the course of an escapade that had left him with nothing but the rough and sodden garments he stood up in.

It is a poor reflection on the present chances for an actor with a sense of style that Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND should have nothing better to do than play the villain in a second-rate Romantic Comedy like *Bardelys the Magnificent*. His dignity of manner did all that was possible for the part, but it was thankless work. Mr. REGINALD DANE as the dandy braggadocio, *Laurent, Chevalier de St. Armand* (they all had nice names like that), succeeded in getting the savour of his perfumes across the footlights. Miss MADGE TITHERIDGE, on the other hand, was all for nature's scents, and kept on sniffing roses with a conscious air of innocence. Mr. ASHTON PEARSE spoke his lines correctly as *Louis XIII.*, but looked too much like a Nonconformist Mephistopheles in mourning. The final travesty of a Court of Justice was not improved by the sad crudity of the Judge's diction. The plot was passable, and there was a beautiful scene for the loggia of the Chateau of Lavedan; but altogether we should have come off badly indeed but for the humorous relief, such as it was, of the part assigned to Miss LOTTIE VENNE, who called herself a seventeenth-century Viscomtesse, but in point of fact was just that delightful creature, Miss LOTTIE VENNE of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

"BABY MINE."

Let me confess, to my shame, that I laughed immeasurably over the not-too-delicate humours of the new Criterion farce. Only an American woman, type of the pinkest of propriety, could have written it; and only a British Censor, representing the finest intelligence and discrimination, could have passed it.

When a deserted wife is induced to try and draw her husband home by the lure of fatherhood; when Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, friend of the family, is told off to procure the necessary article

from a Babies' Home; when a hitch occurs, and the husband, summoned to his wife's bedside, arrives slightly in advance of his supposititious offspring; when, in deference to the protests of the actual mother, it is found necessary to acquire a fresh baby, and it turns up beneath the husband's dazzled eyes before the first has been deported; when a third baby is requisitioned to



THE BABY-SNATCHER.

Jimmy Jinks ... MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH.

displace the original one, and all three find themselves on the stage at once, you will understand that the expansion of the unit, first into twins and then into triplets, is accompanied by a corresponding growth (geometrical progression) in the fury of the fun.

The astonishing thing about it all was that the development of the plot seemed to proceed, step by step, with the inevitability of logic.

That great artist, Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, refused to be tempted away from his customary self-restraint. Miss IRIS HOEY, who had much more to do, did it with extraordinary cleverness and vivacity. Miss LILLIAN WALDEGRAVE was a model of her sex, adjusting facts to her scheme in the true spirit of decorative art. Mr. DONALD CALTHROP's staccato methods got upon my nerves in the earlier and quieter part. There is a kind of dreadful briskness about some actors that makes me almost giddy with boredom. Mr. CALTHROP would do well to take a lesson from the passivity of the triplets.

I cannot bring myself to commend to just anybody this study in vicarious obstetrics; but to those who are fit to bear it I can promise an entertainment from which they are not likely to escape with ribs unwrung. O. S.



Mother (to neighbour who has been summoned—in alarm—to view the phenomenon). "LOOK WHAT A COLOUR HE'S GONE—WOT SHALL I DO?"
Neighbour. "WHY, BLESS THE WOMAN! YOU MUST A' USED SOAP!"

DEVILRY OR DISEASE?

[In a letter to *The Times* on "sulking" animals, it is maintained that "sulking is essentially a bodily and nervous condition," and a subsequent leader and various letters emphasize the applicability of this statement not only to the lower animals, but to mankind, and especially children.]

My little son, whom I propose to wallop
For being in a fit of sulks to-day
And acting impolitely whilst at play
Towards your cousin (bless the little trollop!)—

I know, dear boy, that you perhaps are blameless;
If one may trust the statement of the wise,
These fits of sulking probably arise
From some disorder which as yet is nameless.

Things being thus, my child (I hope you take me?)
I may be counted cruel if I go
And grip you by your roundabout, and so
Proceed to spank you till my powers forsake me.

But please observe, if bodily conditions
Are going to be cited as excuse
For faults like this, they'll simply play the deuce
With other moral laws and prohibitions.

Besides, as yet the theory is lacking
In full acceptance by the general mind;
It may in future save your tender rind,
But in the meanwhile you require a whacking.

So do not think me brutal if at present
I have to give you what, it seems, is due.
Believe me, if it causes pain to you,
I shall not find it any less unpleasant.
Regard me not as some unthinking drover
Beating a sulky, semi-fainting beast;
Believe me (once again), I'm not the least
Like such a man . . . And now, my boy, bend over!

According to *The Daily Chronicle*, the cost of *Dread-noughts* has been reduced from £101.6 per ton to £82.53. It is not stated whether a less quantity than one ton can be ordered, but we are inclined to think that the price is still prohibitive to the average citizen.

Feathering Their Own Nests.

From the Annual Report of a Land Society:

"In addition to providing a savings bank for the majority of the members, the Committee have been unusually successful in providing houses for their own occupation."

We are not surprised to hear later on in the Report that there are eight candidates for the four vacant places on the committee.

"The Chairman said the annual banquet for the members of the Fire Brigade would be held at the hotel on the following Thursday week, and the chief officer would very much like to have the support of members of the Council. It was left with Coun. Lanyon and the Clerk to insure members of the Brigade immediately."—*The Corinthian*.
The hotel can't be as bad as that.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

CONSIDERING the constancy with which Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS lays the scenes of his stories upon Dartmoor, it is amazing that his descriptive powers show so few signs of the strain placed upon them. No rains were ever more wetting than his and no winds more penetrating. In fact *Demeter's Daughter* (METHUEN) proves—if such proof is still necessary—that he is a great atmospheric artist. But when I turn to the story itself I am not so satisfied, for it leaves me depressed and waiting for the big novel which I expect Mr. PHILLPOTTS eventually to write. *Alison Cleave*, handicapped by a faithless husband, a brutal son and a false neighbour, struggled hard in her fight against odds, and in the fight revealed a noble character. But she was beaten; while her husband—a bibulous platitudinarian—remained to call her a “trier” and an “awful stupid woman.” I recognise and bow to the courage which disdains to make sacrifices to sentimentality, but at the same time I think that Mr. PHILLPOTTS would be a better artist if he painted in less gloomy colours, and if he allowed himself to renew some of the gladness which permeated *The Human Boy*.

Casting about, I suppose, for something more sinister and bizarre than mere burglary, Mr. HERBERT FLOWERDEW (for, after all, what's in a name?) has seized upon the idea of incorporating into a novel one of those modern Bluebeards who occasionally figure in the police-reports. *The Third Wife* (STANLEY PAUL) has thus the advantage of providing a little more food for the romantic emotions than is usually the case with detective fiction, and the efforts of *Arthur Lawrence* (alias *Hermitage*) to dispose of his wife (No. 3) for the sake of her fortune, and to capture her when she suspects his designs and refuses to live with him, gave me some very delectable thrills. I must also take off my hat to Mr. HERBERT FLOWERDEW for creating the most incompetent sleuth-hound that I have ever seen nosing the trail; for though the fine specimens of the breed are all too few, and I seldom close a book of this sort without murmuring regretfully to myself those well-known lines—

“The stately *Holmes* of England,
How paramount he stands,”

I think for sheer bungling inefficiency Mr. *Robert Clickett* took the red herring. And indeed the unfortunate heroine would have been done to death with the greatest of ease at the end by her dastardly spouse and his hired minion but for one of those curious little accidents—but there! you had better read the book for yourselves.

I have to confess that there was a moment, about a

third of the way through, when I began to be impatient with *A Fair House* (JOHN LANE). The reason for this was that Mr. HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT, after being at pains to show me the fairness of the house and to fill it with interesting people, would persist in shutting me up in the nursery. What I mean is that, though *Bridget* herself is a delightful child, we have, frankly speaking, a good deal too much of her in the early stages. I was frightened for *Bridget's* sake also. The only daughter of a publisher, brought up by a conventional old nurse, and exhibiting a marked tendency towards literary baby-talk, she seemed to stand every chance of developing into a prig. Fortunately, however, Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT's skill was able to avert this danger, and the latter part of the story shows us a *Bridget* who is an entirely real and captivating human girl. The whole episode of her relations with *Selby Parramore*, the insincere genius, is most adroitly handled; though of all the scenes in the book I prefer that of the introduction of this same *Parramore* as a “marvellous boy,” long before there is any thought of *Bridget* growing old enough to fall

in love with him. His interview with, and bland patronage of, the friendly publisher is a thing wholly joyous. Take it for all in all, Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT has made his *Fair House* into a quite desirable property, which should find no difficulty in securing appreciative tenants.

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE has set out to achieve a most original and daring purpose, to write a novel acceptable *per se* to a modern public, and yet in frank and wholesale imitation of HENRY FIELDING. To this end he has omitted no affectation of spelling,

composition, style, plot and period, and yet he has overcome by the end all the prejudice which such anachronism was bound to excite in the beginning. Upon my word, I am not sure that he has not succeeded all the way. Though *The Passionate Elopement* (SECKER) would not have been so intitled by FIELDING, yet otherwise, save for the absence of the master touch (one must say that to be orthodox), the book might have come from that great pen. Much of the humour and philosophy is there, but there is happily avoided the long anticipated climax, intolerable, and, I think, rightly intolerable, to present-day tastes. FIELDING or no FIELDING, our author has put together a vastly entertaining account of *Curtain Wells*, its *Great Little Beau*, its *Exquisite Mob*, and its *Gallant Young Gentlemen*. I doubt if he has in his conclusion availed himself to the full of the ingenuity of his construction, but I leave it at that, insisting that you buy and read for yourself without further revelations from me.

“Turnips and Straw for Sale . . . Mr. James Bealtie, Gardener will point out the turnips.”—*Advt. in “Aberdeen Weekly Press.”*
And then we shall all be able to guess which the straw is.



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

3. THE TRAMP JUGGLER HAS HIGH TEA IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear authoritatively that there is so much difference of opinion as to whether Mr. CHAMP CLARK's annexation proposal was a joke or not that it has been proposed that a great conference of editors of comic papers be called together to decide this vexed question.

There is nothing like seizing an opportunity, and we admire Lord LANSDOWNE's shrewdness in offering REMBRANDT's "Mill" for sale at a moment when everyone is so interested in the question of bread-making.

Indeed we shall not be surprised to hear that a certain enterprising newspaper has decided to present the picture to the nation on the condition that the title be changed to "*The Daily Mail Ideal Mill*."

Welshmen have been asking that there shall be some emblem of the Principality on the new coinage. We understand that they would be satisfied with the addition of the head of the other GEORGE (Mr.).

Lord CHESTERFIELD has, we hear, been much congratulated on getting his armour back in time for the fight with the Commons.

We are glad to hear that there is some chance of the Private Member who fails to catch the SPEAKER's eye being catered for.

An enterprising publisher proposes to bring out a journal which will be devoted to the speeches which Members have in their pockets, but are never spoken. He hopes to recoup himself, not by the circulation, but by the fees which he would charge the contributors.

By the March Army Orders the identity discs issued to officers and men in war time are in future to be issued to the former in peace time. Our German friends, it will be remembered, were put to considerable trouble recently in identifying two of our officers who were engaged on research work in their country, and no doubt a complaint has been lodged with us as to this.

It seems an astonishing thing that

no one should have thought of dispersing the rioters outside the Théâtre Français by the use of the hose. "*Après moi—le déluge*," would have been peculiarly appropriate.

According to Professor THOMAS C. CHAMBERLAIN, of Chicago University, the world is now 400,000,000 years old. We consider that when it reaches its 500,000,000th year some sort of celebration ought to take place.

"Marriage," says *The Mirror*, "is cheaper than being engaged." That, we suppose, is why engagements not infrequently lead to matrimony.

"Is Spring-cleaning necessary?" asks a correspondent in *The Express*. We think so. Our Springs—and even

from the Southern Province, while the Archbishop of York read that from the Province of York."

The Kingston police took charge last week of an individual who was found, in a state of intoxication, with his sleeves rolled up, fighting a poster on a hoarding. As a sequel, we hear the Inebriates' Protection Society is about to issue an appeal to our leading poster artists begging them to be less realistic in their work.

The police records of Chicago prove that very few fat men are guilty of serious crimes. It is realised, we suppose, that to have any chance of escaping detection one must be very slim nowadays.

The dresses are the notable feature of the new Gaiety play, and there is some talk of changing its title to "*Clothes-Peggy*."

HADES.

Our attention has been drawn to the following remarks, taken from a publication of the Underground Railways:—

"Mr. Punch has twice now commented upon the absence of time-tables upon the District Railway. The Company thinks that if he did it the honour of coming down to the Temple Station, the nearest to his address, at any moment of the day, he would not find the waiting sufficiently

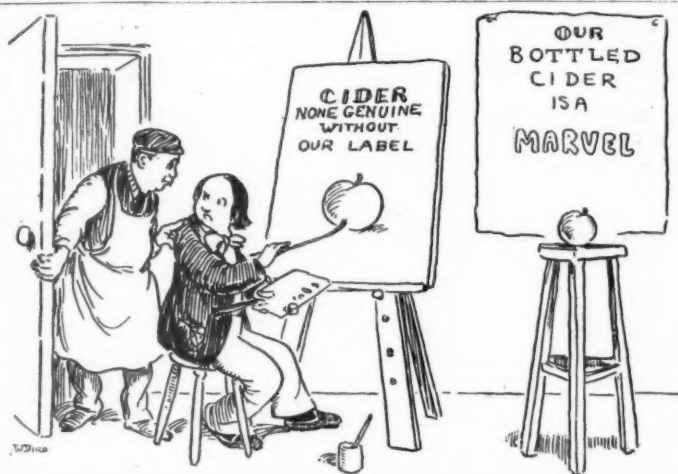
long that he should wish to add to its tediousness by deciphering a maze of figures. He would find a train in the station quicker than in the time-table."

Yes, but what kind of train?

If, as constantly happens, he wants to travel from the Temple to a station on the Wimbledon line, a Praed Street train is hardly any use to him, and even a Hounslow non-stopper affords him very little comfort.

Kicking his heels for boredom, he derives a very poor solace from the reflection that trains of some sort are pouring through the station too fast for the human eye to follow them in the time-table, if there were one.

Lucky Persephone in that other underworld of vague shadows! She at least had some means of finding out when her six months were likely to be up.



TRADE SECRETS.

Foreman of Cider Factory (to Poster Artist): "THE GOVERNOR'S JUST STARTED MAKING THE CIDER AND HE WANTS THE APPLE."

our Summers—have been very dirty in recent years.

Burglars who broke into the Cobham village club took a bath before leaving. At the risk of hurting their feelings we feel bound to say that they probably could not have thought of a more effectual way of rendering themselves unrecognisable.

The suggestion has been made that, in order to get through the glut of Private Members' undelivered orations, the SPEAKER should allow two speeches to be made simultaneously. The experiment would appear to have been tried with success when KING GEORGE received deputations from the two Houses of Convocation the other day. "The Archbishop of Canterbury," says a contemporary, "read the address

THE COCOA SCANDAL.

[The duty on manufactured cocoa, being proportionately in excess of the duty on the raw material, serves to protect the home industry, and therefore constitutes a scandal for Free Traders. A group of Liberal Members has recently approached the CHANCELLOR with a request for the removal of all duties on cocoa. *The Daily Chronicle*, while desirous that Liberal Governments should "continue to move in the direction of the Free Breakfast Table," would be content for the present if the duty on manufactured cocoa could be so readjusted as to eliminate this protective element. The cocoa trade itself, the same authority assures us, does not want Protection.]

SHALL it be said that we who buy and vend
That beverage which the People soak owe
Our bulging fortunes (gracious Heaven forbend!)
To profits on protected cocoa?
The thought would make our tender conscience bleed,
It would indeed.

The past, of course, is passed; the sin is sinned;
Nor can we wholly rectify it;
But, for the future, whether loose or tinned,
Let him who takes our temperate diet
Be well assured it is for honest nibs
He pays his dibs.

Meanwhile repentance for our gains ill-got
Should seal the mouths of Tory mockers;
And we have half a mind to pour the lot
Into the Liberal Party's lockers,
And so from off our 'scutcheon wipe the stain
And start again.

The People's conscience, too, when down their neck
Flows the brown stream, incurs a fracture
To think that England puts a cruel check
On the dear alien's manufacture;
Cocoa, they claim, should have one equal law
For cooked or raw.

This is the type that ought to breakfast free.
But if the ideal cornucopia,
Sprouting with sugar, chicory and tea,
Still lurks in some far-off Utopia;
If even Liberal voters can't be fed
At nil per head;

If such a prospect shows a shade too pink—
At least we'll let our proletariat
Under the spreading Rowntree sit and drink
An unprotected commissariat;
With conscience free, *desipiant in loco*
Over their cocoa.

O. S.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

THE ARMY OF THE STARS.

We will not beginn about the arme of the Stars we will cum to it later becas I must ferst tell you about Ronald our heero wos a boy age 16 or 20 and as buteful as a rose or lilly he had a statu of hisself in his bedroom and sum lookin glarses (5) and his brushes wer made of gold for his father had left him a lott of munny more than a hunderd pounds so he wos very ritch and had many servints and all his lif was hapy sept for one thing with our heero didnt like atal this wos that he had quarld with the Moon.

Now sum peepel like the Moon but Ronald didnt he thort she was tu sli cuming out after dark wen uther peepel hav gorn to bed and basides the Moon is orlwis pail and Ronald coudent bare pail peepel so he had a good quarl with the Moon and got in an awfil state about it becas he

didnt know wot to doo wen the Moon kept shining down on him evry nite and jest out of spite it wosent a harf Moon or a quartr Moon but a fool Moon all the time witch made it ever so werse.

One nite Ronald wos out warking with his girl frend Rose and they were torking about the carpets for thire new house and sudnly Rose sed wot is that and Ronald sed Im sur I dont no and they went on and loan bold it was a pore little star witch had falln out of the ski and hert hisself thire was a big bump on his forrid and he was neerly ded Ronald pikt him up and Rose gave him a powder and he opend his eyes and said Ware am I and wen they told him he sed he had tripd up and falln thru a hole in the ski Ronald tuk him home and the nex morning the dokter kame to see him and wen he put out his tung the dokter sed he wos duin nисely and in a fu minits more he wos quit well. Of corse the star wos verry gratfle and promsd to do all kinds of things for Ronald so that nite they all went for a wark together and Ronald told the star about his hating the Moon.

Thats alrite sed the star I hate the Moon tu and I think weer going to have a war agenst her sune the stars agenst the Moon.

Wont that be fun sed Ronald.

Haha sed the star I think its jest started hark.

And wen Ronald harked he herd the sound of drums and trumpits and canons roling round and round the ski and Rose herd it tu.

Then sudnly a bugil bugild and the star sed thire cuming to fetch you to help them.

Hurah cried our heero who wos verry brave and Rose cried hurah tu and wen they lookd agen they sor a rejment of stars warking down littel golden starstairs and the stars came to them and srounded them thire faces were littel stars with long gold hare and thire brests were big stars with flags made of lite at evry point and they sluted with thire s ds and askd Ronald and Rose to cum and help them in thire terbrle battel agenst the Moon.

Certainly sed Ronald but how can we get into the ski weer no good down here.

O sed the Genral I can manige that pick up that long stick orf the ground and you will find it turn into a magic lance witch will carre you both into the ski you can take my hand if you like.

So they tuk his hand and the magic lance carred them all up into the ski and in a minit they were all in the midel of the battel.

Our heero and Rose did grate deeds of valler agenst the Moon and all the stars were verry brave tu espeshly the fallen star what Ronald had pikt up he wos a Kurnel and wore a red uniform with a silver helmit but at last they were all tu menny for the Moon and wen our heero pirsed her face with the lance she held up her sord to mean shed had nuff and wonted piece then they put her in prish and kept her there till she promsd to be better in futecher Sune after this Ronald and Rose went back to the erth and held grate feesting among thire vassils and all the srounding moniks came and feested with them Rose went back to starland and livd there wen her mother dide so they were never marrid and if you gessed they were youre rong.

"When Lord Decies of England married Vivien Gould it made him a fourth cousin of Osmer Leonard of Worcester."

Worcester (N. Y.) Times.

Some people have all the luck.

The Globe gives a terrible example of Draconian justice. At the Old Bailey, it tells us, a prisoner was "sent to penal servitude for ten pears." It seems a harsh sentence.



NO FRIENDS LIKE OLD FRIENDS.

MR. PUNCH (to United Italy). "MADAM, MY MOST AFFECTIONATE CONGRATULATIONS. BRITANNIA AND I WERE THE FIRST TO SALUTE YOU AT YOUR DÉBUT."

[The Jubilee of the Unification of Italy is shortly to be celebrated. See *Punch* Cartoon, March 30, 1861.]



"AUNT MARY, THIS IS MY FRIEND, MR. SPIFFKINS."

"I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH THE NAME."

"MR. SPIFFKINS."

"I'M REALLY VERY DEAF; WOULD YOU MIND REPEATING IT?"

"MR. SPIFFKINS."

"I'M AFRAID I MUST GIVE IT UP—IT SOUNDS TO ME JUST LIKE 'SPIFFKINS.'"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

VOX MEA.

WHEN, as a boy, I sat the student's stool,
I was an alto (altos, as a rule,
Are not abundant at a Public School).

I was a wonder even then. The folk
Thrilled when I sang and marvelled when I spoke—
And then, oh! horror, then it went and broke.

Stunned by the shock and muted for a space
I held my peace—then blossomed forth a bass
(Singing the treble when I lost the place).

Later, I figured in my college choir;
My voice was all that any could desire,
And formed, at times, a menace to the spire.

Each Sabbath morn I sing; and those who care
To journey to St.-Swithin's-in-the-Square
(Tube to South Kensington) may hear me there,

Joining in Anthem, Carol, Chant and Hymn
(Ancient or Modern), with impartial *vim*,
Much in the manner of the Seraphim.

My Muse by now has made it plain enough
(Always supposing you have read the stuff)
That I've a voice that's talented and tough.

This settled, I should like to intimate
That it has never, or, at any rate,
But seldom, been in such a happy state

As in the past few weeks. My inward springs
Of song, my *glottis* and my vocal strings
(Have you a *glottis*?—jolly little things),

All these have risen in a month or less
To unknown heights of vigour and success.
What is the reason for it? Can you guess?

You can't? Then listen. When the people dote
On the perfection of my every note,
Tell them it's PINKER'S PASTILLES for the THROAT.

"Miss Stapleton Cotton . . . was married on Tuesday in the Private Chapel at Lambeth Palace to Viscount Hood . . . Viscount Hood was unable to be present through illness."—*Church Family Newspaper*.

No doubt they told him about it.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"WHAT have you been doing since I saw you last?" asked Miss Middleton, as she dropped lumps of sugar thoughtfully into my tea. "One, two, three, four, five—that means she would if she could, but she can't. I expect she's engaged already. You'd better have one more." She dropped in another lump, explained that they were large cups, and asked her question again. "Besides working," she added as an after-thought.

"I've been learning something," I said.

"But how brave of you! *Don't* say it's the piano. Music lessons are such a bother."

"No, it isn't the piano. I finished learning that when I was a child."

"Is it something you can show me in here after tea?"

I looked round the room and considered.

"There's hardly space enough here," I said. "Not when I'm in form. It's golf, you know."

"Golf! Slow back, don't press, keep your eye on the ball. Hooray!"

"There's more in it than that," I remonstrated. "You've no idea what a lot of golden rules they've taught me. I'm full of maxims."

"I'll beat you. When will you play me? But I expect you're awfully good now. What's your handicap?"

"I worked it out at thirty-seven yesterday afternoon, but my caddie said I was playing a good eighteen. He also said his father was out of work and that this was only his third round that week. He seemed to be preparing the soil for something. I don't think I'm really eighteen."

"I expect you'd beat me, anyhow. I always get so excited when I'm playing a match. I'm best at friendly foursomes."

"I'm best in the bedroom before the looking-glass. When I get on the tee my mind suddenly becomes a perfect blank. I give a waggle or two just to show that I know the game, and then I lay my club-head carefully behind the ball and leave it there while I try to remember all the things I've been told to do. There's something with the body, and something with the arms, and something with the wrists, and something with the legs, and I stand there and think and think, and by-and-by I remember some of them, and then I have to concentrate on the things I've been told *not* to do. Sometimes on a very warm afternoon I stand there so long that I go to sleep."

"Oh, I just hit the ball as hard as I can at once," said Miss Middleton

confidently. "Or else miss it as hard as I can."

"Well, that's what I decide to do at last. And as I swing back, I think: 'I know I shan't hit it, I'm doing it all wrong, and I don't believe my left knee is a bit like the photographs.' And I catch a hasty glance at the left knee as the club comes down, and say to myself, 'Well, I may just as well go through with it now, and then I can have a really good drive at the *next* tee,' and my opponent says, 'Bad luck!' and to my great surprise the ball lands a whole fifty yards away."

"Eye on the ball, Sir."

"Yes, yes, I know. I wonder if it would help me if I wore blinkers?"

"Of course, the great thing," said Miss Middleton, "is confidence. If you *feel* you're going to hit the ball—"

"Nothing has ever happened on the previous tee to make me feel that."

"But you *must* be able to hit it sometimes, if I can."

"Yes, I do. Quite a lot of times. Now, in my round yesterday afternoon, out of twenty drives from the tee—"

"Oh, is yours a twenty-hole course?"

"You don't understand. Two of my drives were encored. Well, out of twenty shots I got in nine good ones,—but each one of those nine surprised me intensely."

"I don't think that matters. If one isn't surprised oneself, the others always are. I'm a bit surprised sometimes."

"Well, these perpetual surprises aren't good for the nerves. Anyway, they don't establish confidence."

"But you can always recover with an iron or something. I'm awfully good with an iron."

"Oh, yes, I recover all right. I never give in. For instance, I pulled the eleventh hole out of the fire yesterday when it seemed absolutely lost."

"Do tell me," said Miss Middleton, eagerly. "I know you do want to tell me, don't you?"

"I think you ought to hear. It may be a lesson to you. Well, he had the honour, and drove a very long ball out of sight. I sliced my drive into the tee box, had to take a niblick to get out, and laid my third dead on the tenth green. Then—"

"Did you say you had mistaken the flag?"

"I didn't. I took a brassie and got back on the tee again, and then had three beautiful iron shots which brought me up to him. That was seven, and my eighth landed me in an impossible position on the beach. You would probably have picked up at this point."

"I wouldn't," said Miss Middleton,

indignantly. "I love playing on the beach."

"Well, some people would. I didn't. I got to work with the niblick again. Meanwhile my opponent, who, I should have said, was conceding me a stroke, pulled his second on to the beach too. Fortunately—I mean unfortunately—he never found his ball. And so the hole was mine. Which so bucked me up that I did the twelfth in two."

I leant back and waited for the applause.

"Well done!" said Miss Middleton.

"Like the hare and the tortoise."

"Not at all," I said indignantly.

"Don't call me a tortoise."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Middleton, penitently. "I meant 'Boys of the bull-dog breed.'"

"Yes, that's it. Gritty Brit—British grit, that's what did it. The spirit which never knows when it is beaten."

"Were you beaten?"

"I won the bye. Many people let their grip of the game relax at the bye, but I stuck to it."

"I can see I shall have to play you," said Miss Middleton. "You mustn't get too successful. What about to-morrow?"

"Well, I did think of having a lesson to-morrow so as to find out again from my man all the things I mustn't do, so that I could write them out and paste them on the head of my driver. Then while I'm standing over the ball on the tee I can refresh my memory before swinging. But after what you've said I don't think I will."

"Oh, *what* have I said?"

"Why, that the great thing was to hit the ball. Blow the rules. I'll play you to-morrow, and I'll forget all about them, and just keep my eye on the ball and hit it."

"Oh, but you mustn't do that. That isn't fair."

I laughed and got up.

"You've done me a lot of good," I said, "and I shall beat you to-morrow. Thank you so much for listening to me."

"I wish I hadn't," said Miss Middleton nervously. "I *know* my swing's all wrong. Let me see, *what* is it you do with the left knee?"

A. A. M.

"Preston North End are to be asked what portion of the transfer fee was paid to D. McLean and to Edward Plain, the circumstances and reason of such payment."

Manchester Evening News.

Dear old Ed. Plain, the famous outside left, is often mistaken for his brother, Ex. Plain—particularly by compositors.

THE PIONEER.



She dressed herself in the lat-st mode,
And left her house in the Brompton Road,



To popularise the harem kit,
But she found that nobody noticed it.



And the ribald laughter she hoped to hear
Never assailed her wakeful ear.



So she gave a street-boy twopence to scoff,
But, just as the urchin was starting off,



A scandalized constable made a grab—
And home she went in a taxi-cab.



And, being fed up with the whole affair,
Adapted the thing for her husband's wear.

THE MASTERPIECE OF THE AGE.

I.—THE WHOLE BOILING.

LET us at once state that it is stupendous. It weighs several hundred-weight; enough to fortify the door of any reviewer against duns and writers. It is alphabetical: you have but to know how any subject on which you seek information is spelt and you will be instructed. Those students who cannot spell are advised to use it in collaboration with a dictionary.

Supposing, for example, that you find yourself in the same predicament as a famous man of old and need some facts on Chinese metaphysics. All you have to do is to swing the crane loose, adjust the chain to the volume containing China, set the machinery in motion, and deposit it on your desk. Then you apply the same process to the volume containing Metaphysics, and combine the information.

In short, no strongly built house should be without these instructive volumes, which have cost so much time and money in paper, ink, binding, advertising and public dinners, to say nothing of the hire of experts.

Finally we may remark that they make the purchasers of the previous edition, who were by no means few, look rather foolish. Let them, however, take heart and concentrate their thought on the state of mind of the purchasers of this edition when the next comes along, as surely it will, from the banks of the reverend Cam. While there is life there is hope—for a new *Encyclo. Britt.*

II.—LITERATURE IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Prof. Claudius Clemgoss, D.Litt.

The literary articles in the superb work before us, which we are glad, indeed, to own, are without exception marvels of form, accuracy and sound judgment. We read them all at a sitting, and are now bulging with culture. If we have a criticism, it is that several of the writers seem to be singularly ill-equipped for their task. The author of the article on the BRONTËs, for example, seems to be totally unaware that LORD NELSON, whose title was, of course, NELSON and BRONTË, was poor CHARLOTTE'S long lost brother, occupying the same close relationship to EMILY and ANN. Any ordinary student of the BRONTË family could have told him this. On the other hand, when he states that CHARLOTTE BRONTË wrote the early chapters of *Jane Eyre* in the upper room in "Eyre Arms," in the Finchley Road, he is merely making the wish the father to the

thought. Apart from these blemishes the article is magnificent and well worth the price of the whole edition, which, if we knew it, we would quote.

III.—BILLIARDS IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Canon Diggle.

We have perused with the deepest interest the fascinating remarks on the great indoor game in the voluminous and meritorious work which recently stole into existence from the Cambridge University Press; but to our astonishment we can find no mention of the latest records of GEORGE GRAY, the marvellous boy who has completely eclipsed the fame of his namesake THOMAS. In an edition labelled "up to date" in every newspaper, this surely is a sad discrepancy. Of the difficulties of keeping abreast of the times from day to day we are aware, but surely the ingenuity of the set of men who have invented so many devices for advertising their wares could have hit on some means of altering the figures in the billiard article for the benefit of subscribers, e.g. a circular posted to each one every morning with the latest records on some "stop press" system. It is not my province to teach, merely to censure.

IV.—ART IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Roger Loose Hind.

Whatever one may say of the solidity of these wonderful volumes, there cannot be two opinions as to their value. They stand alone. We have tried the experiment with each volume and proved it. Whether or not the best man has been obtained for each article is a point we should prefer to leave to them to decide. The experts are well known; their addresses are in *Who's Who*; and if the Editor overlooks them his be the blame and penalty. But it is not so much the maladroit selection of writers in this otherwise glorious work, which we are delighted to possess, as the omissions that are so distressing. We turn to M. hoping to find that superb genius, MATISSE, but in vain. And yet his "Woman with the Green Eyes" will undoubtedly be a living force when all TURNER'S golden visions are forgotten. Just think of giving no column—or indeed columns—to a man whose work would honour any pavement, we care not where it is. But this, after all, is only a trifle. The work as a whole is a triumph. Nothing mars the contributions on art but a totally false view of what art has been, is, and should be. Everyone should purchase a complete set.

V.—MUSIC IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Sir Sandow Donald, Mus.Doc., and Professor Newman Sloggs.

There can be no doubt that, whether we look at the length of the articles or their weight, nothing like them has yet been seen in any similar work. Some captious critic may be inclined to cavil at the fact that ninety columns have been assigned to the Piccolo, while WAGNER is disposed of in ten. The absence of a portrait of Madame AÏNO ACKTÉ and the omission of the fee received by RICHARD STRAUSS for conducting at the opening of Messrs. WANAMAKER'S new building in New York are unfortunate oversights; and the inclusion of MENDELSSOHN, while no mention is made of Mr. CLUTSAM or LORD TANKERVILLE, is distinctly unpatriotic. Still, when all deductions have been made, the work has been done in a way calculated to stagger musical humanity. Anything more gloriously illuminative than the illustrations to Miss Porringer's article on the Contra-Pontoon cannot easily be imagined, while Dr. Slithy's monograph on the prospective plagiarisms of Orlando Lasso is a masterpiece of remorseless erudition.

"We gather from the *Crewkerne Advertiser Sheet* that there has been some friction between the Urban District Council and Mr. A. H. Hussey, the lay rector, as to the organisation of the local Coronation festivities. "I fear," writes a correspondent to the paper, "after the insult offered to Mr. Hussey that the Coronation will be a fiasco." However, there is a rumour in London that in spite of this risk it will still be proceeded with.

"Speaking at the Plymouth Library lecture on Saturday, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon said that though their great Devonshire novelist, Mr. Philpotts, had been influenced by Mr. Thomas Hardy, he had struck out a line of his own . . . To be quite candid, Mr. Eden Philpotts's books would not be admirable for Sunday School prizes."—*Western Evening Herald*.

At least, he would have to strike out a few more lines first.

"Twelve Pure Buff Orpington Eggs (hens), 3s., carriage paid."

Advt. in "*Devon and Exeter Gazette*."

We guessed hens at once.

£100,000
FOR A PICTURE
ILLUSTRATED.

"*Daily News*" Contents Bill.

We prefer them so, at that price.



Guide (showing Addison's monument in Westminster Abbey to Tourist Party). "THIS IS HEDDISON'S MONUMENT."
Superior Person. "OH—AH! I KNOW; THAT'S THE LIGHTHOUSE FELLOW."

SALLY SLUGABED.

A MORAL TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"GET up, you lazy, good-for-nothing child!" cried Sally's mother one foggy November morning. But Sally only grunted and turned herself over for another half-hour's sleep. The same thing happened every day. Her sisters were always down punctually at half-past seven, and took breakfast with their dear father, who had to leave for the City at eight. And thus they enjoyed to the full the benefit of his valuable conversation and his searching questions, and listened carefully while their mother sought to inform him why his egg was hard boiled, and why the kidneys were underdone, and whether she called that coffee. But Sally, who could not be made to see how good the early morning air was for the mind, missed all this, and came down regularly at ten o'clock in an aggravatingly good temper; and her bath was always hot.

On this foggy November morning Sally's mother, who was called Mrs. Weston (after her husband), was especially annoyed, because the sweep, who

had been ordered for six, had not turned up till nearly 7.30, so Mr. Weston had had a cold and sooty breakfast, and his conversation had been even brisker than usual. But by the time Sally came down the fires were alight and everything was shipshape.

"Do you realise, you improvident child," said her distressed mother, "how many years of your life you are wasting by such conduct? Susie has just worked it out, and it comes to nearly forty days a year."

"But you know, Mama," answered Sally, "I am always willing to stay up extra late in order to make up for it. And I am sure that at night Papa is much——"

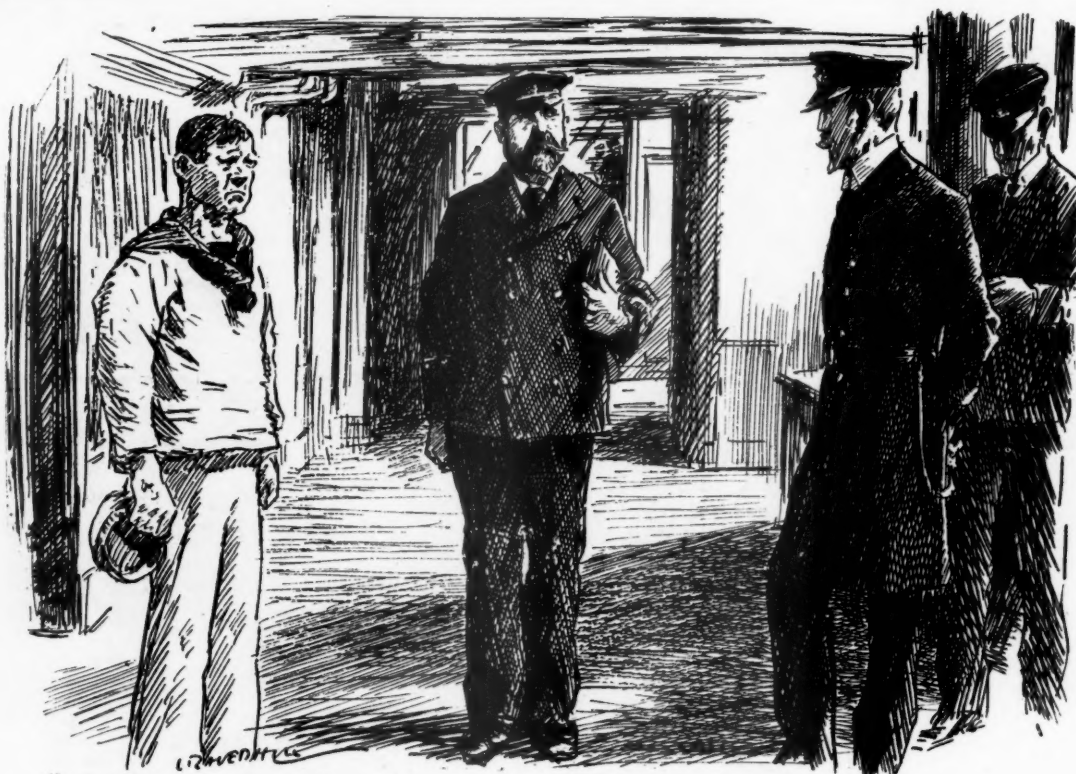
"That will do," said Mrs. Weston hastily. "Miss Pinker is waiting for you in the schoolroom."

In the schoolroom Sally was immediately made to declare ten times in her best writing that the early bird caught the worm; for, try as she would, she could not get her governess to understand that there was another side to the question, and that the late worm avoided the early bird. "Little girls,"

said Miss Pinker severely, "are not worms; *they* have no early bird to avoid." "But what about Papa?" asked Sally.

But after a time she grew tired of her mother's lectures and her governess's ideas about early birds. So one day she announced that she was going to turn over a new leaf and not waste any more of the precious morning hours. Everybody was overjoyed to hear this, and next morning, true to her word, Sally got up at six o'clock, went downstairs, and commenced practising her scales with the loud pedal down. In ten minutes' time Mr. Weston entered the room in his dressing-gown, picked his daughter up in his arms, carried her to her bedroom, and locked her in.

After that there were no more lectures, and Miss Pinker was asked to get a new set of copy-book maxims. But I am sure that Sally, who is now grown up and still as great a slugabed as ever, will never marry a nice earnest young curate, as her sister Susie did last year; and I, for one, shall have no sympathy for her if she doesn't.



Commander. "WHAT'S HIS CHARACTER APART FROM THIS LEAVE-BREAKING?"

Petty Officer. "WELL, SIR, THIS MAN 'E GOES ASHORE WHEN 'E LIKES; 'E COMES OFF WHEN 'E LIKES; 'E USES 'ORRIBLE LANGUAGE WHEN 'E'S SPOKEN TO; IN FACT, FROM 'IS GENERAL BE'AVIOUR 'E MIGHT BE A OFFICER!"

TO METHUSELAH.

[One of the giant tortoises at the Zoo is supposed to be about 250 years old. During his winter retirement the authorities are sometimes in doubt as to whether he is dead or merely in a trance.]

COME from the hole where the dark days drew thee,
Wake, Methuselah! Wag thy tail!
Sniff the snare of the winds that woo thee,
Sun-kissed cabbage and sea-blown kale.
To the salted breath of the sea-bear's grot
And the low sweet laugh of the hippopot
Wake, for thy devotees can't undo thee
To see if thou really art live and hale.
Leap to life, as the leaping squirrel
Flies in fear of the squirming skink;
Gladden the heart of the keeper, TYRRELL;
Give Mr. Pocock a friendly wink!
Flap thy flippers, O thou most fleet,
As once in joyance of things to eat;
Bid us note that thou still art virile,
And not imbibing at Lethe's brink.
Art thou sleeping, and wilt thou waken?
Hast thou passed to the Great Beyond,
Where the Arctic Auk and the cavernous Kraken
Frisk and fiddle with all things fond;
Where the Dodo fowl and the great Dinornis
Roost with the Roc and the Aepyornis,
Where the dew drips down from the tree-fern shaken
As the Pismire patters through flower and frond?

Art thou sleeping, adream of orgies
In sandy coves of the Seychelle Isles,
Or where in warm Galapagos gorges
The ocean echoes for miles and miles?
Of sun-warmed wastes where the wind sonorous
Roared again to thy full-mouthed chorus,
Far from bibulous Bills and Georges
That smack thee rudely with ribald smiles?
Dost thou dream how, a trifling tortoise,
The hot sun hatched thee in shifting sand,
Before the wrongs that the Roundheads wrought us
Set OLIVER CROMWELL to rule the land?
Of an early courtship, when PYM and his carls
Were making things lively for good KING CHARLES?
Not one left of them! *Exit sortus*
(HORACE), but thou art still on hand.
Grant, thou monarch of eld, a token
Of blood new-fired with the fire of Spring;
For the crowbar's bent and the pickaxe broken
With which we endeavoured to "knock and ring."
At the warm love-thrill of the Spring's behest
That biddeth the mating bird to nest,
Wake to the word that the wind hath spoken,
Wake, old sportsman, and have thy fling!

ALGOL.

The sculptor of the Edinburgh Memorial of the late Mr. GLADSTONE is Mr. PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVAG. He is said to be a Scotsman.



A PERFECT "SITTER."

REFORMING PEER. "WANT A MODEL?"

H. H. ASQUITH, R.A. "NO, THANKS; I FIND I WORK SO MUCH BETTER WITH THE LAY FIGURE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 6.
—Relations between two Houses, long topic for animated controversy, threaten to be settled in novel fashion. Remnants left of either assembly will be removed to hospital beds, where, under due restraint, conversation may be continued. The "wedding awa" which goes on owing to break-down in health already considerable. In the Commons to-night we have no SPEAKER and no CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The Lords lament the absence of the

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION and the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA. Pace during last few years evidently too fast. What with annual General Election, autumn sessions, Party meetings in private houses, succession of crises in both political camps, individual breakdown of leaders inevitable.

Meanwhile SWIFT MACNEILL bears up bravely. For keeping a sound mind in a sound body nothing like windmill action with the arms when speech-making. Seems to circulate the blood and clarify the brain. Additional attraction lent to his interposition by its unexpectedness. When old Members observe him enter with a

section of contents of Library in his arms they know he is about to settle some musty question of constitutional practice. What they don't know, and whereat they wonder is, where will he come in? On what peg will he hang his learned ruling?

This afternoon broke out in quite unforeseen place. DOUGLAS HALL had on Paper innocent-looking but subtly framed question suggesting that discussion of Committee stage of Veto Bill should not proceed in Commons until LANSDOWNE'S Bill reforming House of Lords had been introduced in another place. SWIFT MACNEILL'S piercing eye discovered in enquiry infringement of independence and privilege of House of Commons. In support of this thesis he, interposing between HALL and PRIME MINISTER, read at considerable length an essay on

Constitutional question. Had he gone straight on, enquiry would have reached proportions of ordinary speech. But at end of first seven minutes there were cries of "Order!"

Putting aside his manuscript, the Professor of Constitutional and Criminal Law at King's Inns, Dublin, turned and faced the interrupter, addressing to him a few cautionary remarks. Returning to the essay, he suggested that perhaps it would be convenient if he began again at the beginning. A howl of despair rising from the throat of Ulster seated above the Gangway, the lineal descendant of

not be put and answered." "The answer is," promptly responded the PRIME MINISTER, "that I cannot give any such undertaking."

The brevity of this matter-of-fact reply to stupendous discourse greatly amused Assembly quickest in the world to see a point.

Business done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

Tuesday.—Few Members of Government exceed HOBHOUSE in regularity of attendance at Question time. Financial Secretary to Treasury is the Ministerial maid-of-all-work. If any of his colleagues be absent on business or

through indisposition, he reads Answers to Questions drafted by Department concerned. Much to the fore of late owing to slack attendance of LLOYD GEORGE for reasons everyone deploras. This habit made more striking emptiness of corner seat on Treasury Bench usually filled by him. Explanation forthcoming when Question 13 was reached, and Member for King's County was called on.

"Postponed by request," explained hon. Member.

The House, turning with one consent to see what the Question might be about, found in its terms sufficient reason to put to flight the doughtiest Secretary to the Treasury.

FRANCIS MEEHAN asked HOBHOUSE "whether he would state on what grounds Margaret Haste, of Banagher, Fivemilebourne, Sligo district, No. 292, was deprived of an old age pension notwithstanding the fact that her age was found in the Census of 1851 to be ten years, and on further search in the Record Office she was shown to be two years of age in 1841?"

From the first been some astounding evolutions in Ireland in connection with Old Age Pensions. Passing of Act revealed to amazement of mankind unprecedented proportion of the community whose life had passed limit of threescore years and ten. Here was a new and, by reason of its definiteness, a more difficult problem. It is only in Ireland that a child two years of age in 1841 should be aged ten in 1851. As SARK, who otherwise gives up the



HORATIO THE "CORNER-MAN."

(Mr. BOTTOMLEY spoke of himself as the "Corner-Man" of the Liberal side.)

the last JOHN MACNEILL, Laird of Bowry, of Speaker LENTHALL of the Long Parliament (hence the lengthy question), and of DEAN SWIFT'S uncle and guardian, folding his arms, turned upon Captain CRAIG and the Member for North Armagh a look in which sorrow, indignation and pity were eloquently mingled. As for DOUGLAS HALL, who had put the original Question, his existence was by this time absolutely forgotten.

Having shrivelled up the guilty Ulster Members, SWIFT MACNEILL, profiting by effect of threat to read his paper all over again from the beginning, was allowed to reach its portentous conclusion in comparative silence.

Two little touches of comedy followed upon tragic interlude. DEPUTY SPEAKER remarked, "I do not see any reason why the Question on the Paper should

puzzle, says, this early episode in the life of MARGARET illustrates old saying about "the more Haste the less speed." MARGARET lost two years in a decade.

HOBHOUSE thinking the matter out in solitude of his office at the Treasury. Mr. MEEHAN not to be put off. Will repeat Question on return of SECRETARY. Answer looked forward to with keen interest.

Business done.—Working off odds and ends of last year's Budget.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Through the week noble Lords have been as sheep without shepherds. By sad coincidence leaders on both sides confined to room by illness. To LANS-DOWNE period of enforced retirement exceptionally provoking. But for misadventure he would this week have found opportunity for introducing scheme of reform of House of Lords, the well-considered proposal of a united enthusiastic Party.

Sadder still fate of gallant Captain of scanty Ministerial squadron. Literally stricken down in full stride of strenuous, successful career, he has been carried off the battle-field amid deepest regret, profoundest sympathy of contending hosts.

Leader of overwhelming majority, LANS-DOWNE has his difficulties, not less embarrassing because many are, more or less successfully, concealed from public gaze. In his capacity of spokesman of what numerically is a miserable minority, CREWE's position is one of recurrent humiliation. Representative of a Government omnipotent in the other House, he from day to

may be raised by LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

This a state of things searing to the soul. Lord CREWE has faced it with a serenity of temper, an invulnerable patience, an unfailing urbanity which, whilst endearing him to his own party, has extorted the admiration of his political opponents.



The Veteran Viscount MORLEY takes over the command of the "Thin Red Line" in the House of Lords in the thick of the fighting. (As a little extra he also resumes control of the India Office.)

Business done.—Commons still at work on Money votes.

THE HERO SPEAKS.

THE NEWSPAPER'S VERSION.

MR. JOSEPH BINKS received our representative courteously during the quiet hour following his evening meal. "Little did I think," he remarked, "as I proceeded to my daily labour yesterday morning, that I was to pass through experiences so overwhelming in their intense excitement and so fraught with deadly peril. I perceived smoke issuing from the upper windows of No. 973, Brabazon Terrace, and in a flash something told me that the place was on fire. 'Heavens!' I exclaimed; 'there are people sleeping there, little dreaming of the danger that threatens them. Perhaps helpless children!' Divesting myself of my coat, I burst open the front door without waiting on ceremony, and rushed up the stairs, calling 'Fire!' as I ran. The top landing was in a blaze; the fumes of the burning woodwork well-nigh choked me; but on I went. A cry, the cry of a frightened woman, assailed my ears, and I leapt in the direction from whence it issued. . . . Hastily wrapping a

blanket about her, I picked her up, none too gently, I fear, and started to return. But, horrors! the stairs had fallen in one blazing mass. A veritable inferno roared beneath us. The window was our only chance. But the cruel flames were already licking the paint from the sashes. However, gripping my charge as in a vice, I crept cautiously" and so on.

WHAT THE HERO REALLY SAID.

"That's me, mister—W'ich paper?—No, never 'eard of it; always reads *The Star* myself.—Yus, I did.—Yus.—Yus.—No, left-'and side, goin' towards the 'Igh Road.—Yus.—Well, if you like to put it that way, I s'pose it was.—Yus.—Yus, wot you might call a bit 'ot.—Oh, yus!—Not 'arf!—Yus.—That's right.—Yus.—Well, thank 'ee, Sir; don't mind if I do!"

THE KNEEBAGS.

Now Herbert Preeps was kind and stout,

And nothing seemed to put him out.

And Herbert Preeps was stout and kind;

His golden rule was "Never mind."

He was not in the least enraged

To find that he had got engaged.

Where you'd have been intensely riled, He merely stroked his chin and smiled.

He chose the ring and paid for it, And did not care a little bit.

He simply went on smiling still, And asked no discount off the bill.

The queerest coif, the largest hat, The worst and most appalling spat

Did not avail an inch to stir

His spleen. He said, "It pleases her."

But oh! how reckless women are; Of course she went a step too far,

And wore a Harem-scarum skirt.

Yes, then at last her Herb was hurt.

Where you'd have been content to scoff,

The placid Preeps, he broke it off.

A drastic measure? Ah, but note

The covering letter which he wrote:—

"Whatever sort of dress you wore, I never was annoyed before;

For well I knew that women's clothes Were things I could not be supposed"—

(The man was cross. He had no time To excavate a better rhyme)—

"Supposed, I say, to understand, But trousers, on the other hand,

"I am acquainted with. At least, I think you might have had them creased."



THE ATTITUDE OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

"Carry the Parliament Bill?—Rather."

"Honestly carry out the pledges of the preamble?—Never!!!"

day throughout the Session is made conscious of absolute, unmitigated, helplessness. The Government may propose; the Opposition dispose. On the other hand, a Bill or motion submitted from other side, even if it do not receive unqualified support from Front Opposition Bench, will be carried in spite of whatsoever protest or appeal

HOW TO HUMANIZE THE LANDSCAPE.

THE proposal to commemorate the ninetieth birthday of the PRINCE REGENT OF BAVARIA by carving a mountain into the semblance of a colossal statue representing the venerable ruler has naturally led to the formulation of an immense number of similar schemes in this country.

Thus subscriptions are being actually solicited at this moment for a fund to celebrate the five-hundredth retirement of Lord ROSEBURY from public life by moulding the summit of Primrose Hill into a gigantic representation of his Lordship's finely-modelled cranium.

Again, theatrical circles are stirred to their depths by a brilliant idea for commemorating in fitting fashion the purchase, by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, of his ten thousandth pair of trousers for histrionic purposes. It is proposed that on the cliffs at Holyhead a huge full-length portrait of the illustrious actor-manager should be executed in the living rock, facing St. George's Channel (to be henceforth known as George's Strait), and typifying to all time the adamant creaselessness of those historic nether garments which have moved so many millions to tears and laughter.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., whom Mr. HEALY in a moment of affectionate ecstasy once called "a rare Pat of butter," has never had his statue erected in or out of his native isle. The recent appearance in his magazine of his ten-millionth article, entitled "The Moral Beauty of Back-scratching," has suggested to the innumerable admirers of his luscious *bonhomie* how imperatively necessary it is to imprint upon the landscape the adorable lineaments of the universal lubricator of modern life. It has accordingly been proposed that a monstrous portrait of Mr. O'CONNOR should be traced on Ireland's Eye, and that the space so covered should be sown exclusively with buttercups.

It has often excited surprise that the possibilities for landscape portraiture presented by the chalk downs should be almost entirely monopolised by the equine tribe. A judicious novelty will shortly be inaugurated on the occasion of the appearance of Sir HENRY HOWORTH's twenty-thousandth small-print letter in *The Times*, when his friends have arranged that a portrait of that indefatigable epistolary gladiator, mounted on a mammoth, shall be scraped on the hill-side at Boreham.

A very touching act of homage has recently been paid to Mr. BRAM STOKER. Simultaneously on the links at Stoke



Liza. "I 'EAR SALL'S GIVE YER THE CHUCK—AN' AS THAT?"

Bill. "BIT OF A RAH DAHN THE COURT. I RIFFED 'ER ONE ACROST THE FICE FOR COMIN' BETWEEN ME AN' 'ERB WOT WAS SCRAPPIN'!"

Liza. "WELL I NEVER! BUT THERE, THE COURSE O' TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH, DO IT?"

Poges and Bramshott two new pot bunkers, cut so as to represent the Olympian head (in profile) of the eminent novelist and impresario, have been dug in celebration of his fiftieth interview with Sir OLIVER LODGE on the Psychological Significance of Vampires.

The subscribers of *The Daily Chronicle* have resolved to commemorate the forthcoming natal anniversary of the famous art critic of that journal in a graceful way by felling the Devil's Punch-bowl on Hindhead with ginger-beer, for the benefit of the artistic youth of the neighbourhood. Lord HINDLIP

has kindly consented to unloose the first cork and unveil a suitable post-impressionist frieze, carved on the Punch-Bowl.

The splendid cliffs of Cape Clear are shortly about to receive an immense enhancement of their beauty by the conversion of a great pillar of rock into a colossal statue of Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL in the costume of the EMPEROR CLAUDIUS. The completion of the statue will, it is hoped, coincide with the discovery, by Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, of the fiftieth first-rate Kail-yard genius since he first created Mr. BARRIE in *The British Weekly*.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LILY."

I HAVE to complain, but not bitterly, of two fly-leaves inserted in my Kingsway programme—one giving favourable extracts of press-notice of *The Lily*, the other setting forth typical menus of a neighbouring restaurant, where luncheons and dinners may be obtained at reasonable charges. Now I am prepared for the simple indication of an address where I can get supper after the play, but I hardly ever lunch or dine after 11 P.M. Besides, a critic might easily mix up these two insertions to the confusion of his judgment. Thus, when I read *The Daily Mail's* statement—"Held the house in its grip"—in conjunction with *The Pall Mall Gazette's* comment—"Cheers at the finish"—I thought that something must be wrong with the "Grilled Chump Chop of Lamb"; and when I perused *The Star's* critique—"Invigorates like mountain air. Fill your lungs with it"—I could not help feeling that, if the reference was to the "Braised Duckling Fermière," the lungs were the wrong place for it. However, to the play.

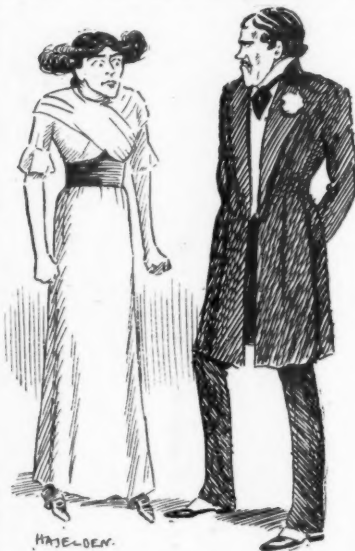
"Lo! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!"

This flower of our childhood's hymnals has nothing in common with *The Lily* of Great Queen Street, except that each of them declines to be a spinster. "Lily" is apparently the recognised term for a woman who is expected to spend her life in ministering to the comforts of a selfish and dictatorial parent and gets no social opportunity of escaping a perpetual maidenhood. Such conditions are likely enough to encourage secretiveness, and one can well understand how a girl in this position, foiled of her proper chances of finding a husband in her own class, might contrive a clandestine marriage with an undesirable person. This scheme would have sufficiently served the authors' purpose, but they preferred to overstate their case by making their "Lily" contract a liaison with a married man.

The First and Last Acts are moderately futile, but the Second and Third—the Second in particular—have some really excellent stuff in them. One was given a very effective impression of the ménage at the château, and the plot for decoying the lover was freshly laid. For a modern play, however, adapted to English tastes, it suffers from a leading motive—the idea that the sole end of woman is to get herself married—which seems strangely out of touch with the times.

Mr. LAURENCE IRVING, as the egoist parent, gave a quite admirable character-study, treating every detail with the very nicest artistry. He knew exactly what to do and what to leave undone. His one blemish was the miserable cloth cap which the old dandy wore over his dyed locks in the Last Act. It looked as if it had been borrowed from a scene-shifter.

Miss GERALDINE OLLIFFE was delicately true to nature in her interpretation of a patient daughter and devoted elder sister. Unhappily the authors had laid themselves out to supply her and her sister with a long and exhausting tirade apiece, in which their pent-up grievances found an expression which was too much both for me and their father. I liked Miss MABEL HACKNEY



(*Comte de Maigny* (to *Christiane*). "Lilies of the house of de Maigny do not look at their parents like that. Henceforth you are no daughter of mine!")

Miss MABEL HACKNEY and Mr. LAURENCE IRVING.

(*The Lily*) better in her quiet deceitfulness than in the terrific outburst of candour which was meant to be the *clou* of the play. Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS had an easy and grateful part as everybody's friend and counsellor, and did it very comfortably. As *Arnaud*, a French artist (with complications), Mr. RUPERT HARVEY had the most saintly air of celibacy that I have ever yet observed among the spoilers of innocence.

I confess that I was surprised at the excellence of much of the play, though there were things in it which I did not quite grasp, as, for instance, how it was that, with a widowed parent whose irregular habits must have frequently called him away to the capital,

his daughters had not utilised these interludes for a little social amusement at the château on their own account, which might have led up to a chance of matrimony, if that was what they wanted so badly. And I was also a little troubled by the abruptness of some of the transitions, as when two visitors, immediately on their arrival, sat down and played, at nobody's request, a duet for voice and harp. O. S.

ART NOTES.

THE absence of so many peers from England at this moment is due to the circumstance that they are scouring the Continent in the hope of picking up cheap Old Masters which they can offer to American millionaires at greatly enhanced figures.

The advertisement of Mr. Hiram L. Flinkers, the multi-millionaire of Cincinnati, in a recent issue of *The Times* may have escaped general notice, but enough interested persons saw it to serve Mr. Flinkers' purpose. It ran thus:—

To Noblemen.—American collector requires heirlooms. Must have family history attached.—Apply, etc.

It is understood that in response to this appeal a number of applications for permission to sell historic heirlooms will shortly be before the Courts. Everyone must be glad that so much lumber is in the way of quickly being translated into that currency which procures such real necessities of life as motor cars, suppers, &c.

Lord Slough of Despond has just successfully negotiated the sale of the famous Hals which has long been the glory of his ancestral seat. Lord Slough of Despond, being nothing if not patriotic, on receiving the offer of £300,000 from Mr. Slick, of Pittsburg, at once replied, with rare self-sacrifice and thoughtfulness, that the American connoisseur could have it at that figure only if England did not come forward to buy it at a reduction of £1,000 within three days of the offer. The money not being forthcoming, the picture is now on its way to Mr. Slick's palace in 687th Street.

Mr. Elihu Z. Bird, who has been called the Lorenzo dei Medici of Seattle, differs from his fellow American virtuosi. His idea is to acquire pictures from the private collections of none but Trustees of the English National Gallery. This circumstance, he says, should lend piquancy to his Art Museum.



Heavy-handed Sportsman. "I WONDER IF THIS SILLY BRUTE WILL DOUBLE IT THIS TIME OR FLY THE LOT."

The Horse. "I WONDER IF THIS SILLY FOOL WILL HANG ON BY MY MOUTH THIS TIME, OR FALL OFF ALTOGETHER."

LINES ON SEEING SOME CORONETS DISPLAYED IN A PICCADILLY WINDOW.

YE radiant mysteries, that do engird
 The lordly crumpets of the Upper Ten,
 Ye that at last are openly preferred
 Before the awe-struck gaze of common men,
 That seldom greet the air
 Save in the hallowed precincts of Big Ben,
 Much have I longed to know ye as ye were,
 Nor dreamed to find ye so entrancing and so fair.
 For ye are ever awfully remote.
 Oft have I seen you on the bellying side
 Of some barouche, and, stooping, paused to gloat—
 Braving the flunkey's supercilious pride—
 To stand, with low-doffed hat,
 To look my fill, yet not be satisfied;
 'Twas an abiding joy to gaze thereat,
 And yet, compared with this, how paltry and how flat.
 For ye are beautiful beyond all dream,
 And in all detail admirably graced;
 Yon ermine, how it helps the general scheme;
 Those silvern orbs, how elegant in taste;
 Yon cap (if cap it be)
 Of ruddiest crimson, how extremely chaste;
 These with their golden circlet blend, ah me,
 To a harmonious whole I had not thought to see.
 And you, O peers, that from your chariot wheels
 Spatter my trouserings with London's mire,
 Whose nose of purest aquiline reveals,
 For the low herd that write themselves Esquire,

A bland and high disdain
 So great that some, with wormy souls afire
 (Being annoyed), have thrilled and thrilled again
 With thoughts it ill befits the meek to entertain.
 I, too, have murmured at you heretofore,
 But not so now; that you contemn the crowd
 Pains me, but it surprises me no more.
 He that has been so spaciouly endowed
 Were but a blithering ass
 To ape humility and not be proud,
 Knowing how justly he must needs surpass
 All of us meaner flesh that are, at best, but grass.
 Nay, there is more. Time was, I would pretend
 To view you with a self-defensive scorn
 (Poor mockery!)—that, too, is at an end;
 To-day I feel strange itchings, newly-born,
 Myself to be a peer,
 If the good gods might so exalt my horn;
 Only to own these gauds of stately cheer,
 Even tho' packed away, methinks were passing dear.
 Yet, no. God-gifted tho' you be and blest,
 Let me retain my poor and meagre lot;
 'Tis true no glittering baubles gilds my crest,
 But you, that have the same, may wear it not.
 I, being low in style,
 Am well content with hats—the simple pot;
 But you, O lordings, truly it were vile
 To own a coronet and have to wear a tile.

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In a Preface to her latest hook, *A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands* (HUTCHINSON), Mrs. HUGH FRASER anticipates that "some excuse will surely be demanded for giving so much space to the opening chapters of my life in these volumes." This is a mistake born of modesty. The most delightful portion of the work is, happily, the more extensive section, that which deals with the childhood, girlhood and unmarried life of a charming lady. Mrs. FRASER was by birth richly endowed. Her grandfather came of old Scots-Irish stock; her father was born in New England; her mother in New York; she herself, sister of MARION CRAWFORD, was, like him, born in Rome and educated in Italy. She lived there up to her marriage, atmospherically and socially in the sunshine. From her earliest years fate and good fortune brought her in personal contact with prominent men and women, who little suspected the close study to which they were subjected in succession by child, girl and woman. To a keen eye for descrying character is added the gift of presenting a vivid portrait in a few touches. One thinks in reading some of the passages what a splendid special correspondent she would have made. In addition to pen-and-ink portraits, there is (on pp. 59, 60) a marvellous picture of Rome on the day when, the Pope disestablished, VICTOR EMMANUEL entered the city as conqueror, and "the Tiber rose in its wrath and turned all the lower portion of the house into a turgid yellow sea." In this incident Mrs. FRASER, above all things a good Catholic, discerned a preternatural protest against the desecration of the Vatican. Her strong prejudices in respect of forms of religion and political partisanship sometimes lead her astray. Angrily denouncing action by the Foreign Office in 1878, which, she says, "roused a storm of indignation all through the diplomatic family," she bitterly adds, "It took place under a Liberal Ministry, of course." In 1878 Lord BEACONSFIELD was Prime Minister, and the Marquis of SALISBURY Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

I don't know when I have encountered a grimmer story, after its own quiet, domestic fashion, than *The Valley Captives* (MURRAY). Miss R. MACAULAY's picture of rural existence in Wales haunts one afterwards like a nightmare. Her skill and the obvious sincerity of her manner naturally make its effect worse. Perhaps hitherto you have vaguely thought of the Welsh as a people living chiefly upon furnished apartments, with a flourishing export trade in picture post-cards and politicians? Miss MACAULAY will show them to you as "captives," victims of boredom unspeakable, and consumed with a black hatred of one another, lightened only by flashes of intoxication. At

least, these were the conditions of the *Bodger-Vallon* household, and we are left to suppose it not untypical of the rest. The *Vallon* father having married the *Bodger* mother, each brought two children, a boy and a girl, to the joint home; and of these four, the *Bodgers*, stronger and coarser, persecuted the *Vallons*, *Tudor* and *John* (it is one of my smaller grudges against the book that a girl should be confusingly named *John*), till their existence became a misery. Thus *Tudor*, with all his bright and happy possibilities—the author, you see, spares us no aspect of her tragedy—is maimed, by circumstance and the *Bodgers*, into a gloomy and drunken coward. Eventually he tries to kill *Philip Bodger*, and, failing, flings away his own life to save the girl-*Bodger* and *John* from a carriage accident pre-arranged by the latter. Life in Wales, according to Miss MACAULAY, is like that. I wonder!

Whatever else you feel concerning *America—Through English Eyes* (STANLEY PAUL), you cannot refuse sympathy to an author who, having promised herself (and possibly

her publisher) that she would encounter and criticise the real American, has to admit, "I never met him." "When I specially desired to confuse an American citizen," she says in her agreeably frank way, "I would ask him gravely: 'Can you tell me where I can meet a real American?' 'Why—here; right away,' he would answer. And then I would point out that he was of Dutch, or Russian, or Irish, or French, or Polish, or Scandinavian, or Italian origin. That was not what I wanted." In her vain quest for a real specimen of the native, she visited New York, Washington and

Boston, and records her ingenuous "impressions" of these cities, faithfully explaining that taxi-cabs are expensive to hire, that tram-car conductors shy at "Please" and "Thank you," and that you cannot get your boots cleaned at the hotel. Fresh as these observations are, we might have had something even fresher if only she had not had to put up, throughout, with the sham article. However, the elusiveness of her object does not seem to have prevented her from having a fairly good time. The only real trouble with *America*, as seen through "Rita's" eyes, is that it is not typically American.

"Vladivostok was found to be unsuitable, being sea-bound for too many months of the year to become a first-class naval base."

Sheffield Daily Independent.

Southend is nearer the ideal.

In the Public Eye.

From a Reuter's telegram, published in Cairo:—

"The nonagenarian Dean of St. Paul's has resigned."

It will be seen that Reuter does not specify the nature of the Dean's present or of his previous fall.



PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

4. THE PROTEAN ACTOR PRACTISES ECONOMY BY TAKING THE DOUBLE RÔLE OF HIMSELF AND HIS BUTLER.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD KITCHENER has been appointed to command the troops assembled in London for the Coronation ceremonies. It is an open secret that, if he should acquit himself satisfactorily, a Territorial adjutancy may be offered him.

The National Peace Council has expressed the hope that the Coronation pageant will not be confined to representatives of the naval and military forces of the Crown. It would, by the way, be rather pretty if, in one of the processions, room could be found for all persons named George.

"Radicals," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "attribute the enormous growth in the Navy Estimates to the fact that they are dictated now, not by statesmen, but by admirals." It does seem curious that in such a matter the advice of a man like Sir KNYVET WILSON should be followed rather than that, say, of Mr. KEIR HARDIE.

The *Débats* thinks it would be a graceful acknowledgment if, in return for France's concession in adopting Greenwich time, England would adopt the metric system of weights and measures. We have heard of time working wonders, but this would be a miracle.

MR. CHURCHILL has decided to appoint a committee to inquire into the question of Manx Constitutional reform. It is possible that a recommendation may be made in favour of an Omnibus Bill to cover the cases of Ireland, Wales, and the Isle of Man.

Has the Missing Shepherd been found at last? "While walking from Roby to Gateacre," *The Liverpool Courier* tells us, "Mr. C. S. Brice, of Wavertree, picked up a fine specimen of a neolithic celt."

"Can't I speak? I am paying for it," exclaimed an excited litigant at the Shoreditch County Court the other day. When Members of Parliament receive salaries the SPEAKER, we suspect, will be appealed to in almost identical terms—"Can't I speak? I am paid for it."

It is rumoured that some of our

Suffragettes intend to take to Harem Skirts, so as to have the power of bargaining. They will then offer to give us back our trousers if we will give them the vote.

As the result of new fashions an appreciable decrease in the sale of petticoats is, we are told, making itself felt in the Drapery world. Those who were responsible some little time since for changing the name of Petticoat Lane to Middle-sex Street were evidently possessed of no little prophetic instinct.



"ANY GROUNDSEL FOR THE BIRDS, GUV'NOR?"

An outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease is reported from Chobham. "Four pigs are said to be affected." We are sorry to hear this, as we hate the sight of an affected pig.

A pre-historic music-hall was a feature of a matinée last week at the Empire. It is not, we believe, generally known that some of our knock-about artistes are a survival from that period.

From *The Times*:—"WHITEHEAD.—On the 1st March, at 15, Granard Road, S.W., Jessie, wife of E. G. Whitehead, added to the nation's wealth a healthy male citizen." If the WHITEHEADS are not careful they will have Mr. LLOYD GEORGE taxing the undeveloped boy.

"America," says Mrs. GLYN, "is every year becoming less dependent on England for its fiction." Many transatlantic newspapers, we believe, make nearly all their own news now.

The Suffragettes have now definitely decided to take leave of their census.

Professor Sir J. THOMSON, speaking at the Royal Institution, estimated the temperature of Mars at 38 degrees below freezing point—"which," he pointed out, "would seem rather unfortunate for the canals." We suspect that Professor LOWELL will now find that the little black specks on his canals are skaters.

"One of the fundamental differences between men and women," says *The Labour Leader*, "is that the latter like work." We bow to our contemporary's authority in the matter of men belonging to the labouring classes; but this work that women love—is it real work? Is it not too often fancy work?"

Patriotic purchasers are cautioned against buying goods of any sort marked "BRITISH MADE."

"The first business was to elect a Chairman for the ensuing year, and on the proposal of the Rev. Canon Hutton, seconded by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. G. E. Heneage, the committee chose Mr. W. Embleton-Fox with equanimity."—*Lincolnshire Echo*.

Surely somebody might have worked up a little excitement over it.

"Recently a lady left in a Clichy-Odéon omnibus documents of the value of £16,000. The conductor who found the parcel was rewarded with the munificent sum of 50 centimes, or 4s. 21."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

If there really was a choice, no doubt he selected the 4s. 2d. like a sensible man, and got something like five francs for it at the nearest Bureau de Change.

A Quaint Wedding Ceremony.

"A dacoity is reported to have taken place on Monday last in the village of Gaodia in the Munshigunge sub-division. The dacoits, who had fire-arms, are said to have carried away considerable loot in cash and valuables. The honeymoon will be spent at Mount Abu."

Times of India.

The wedding presents seem to have been numerous and costly.

THE SEMOLINA AND THE GERM.

[A plantasy based upon the combination of these two elements in the ideal, or "Standard," loaf.]

GEORGINA! if the high divinities
That mould our lives had never laid
Their ban on our profound affinities,
Oh, what a pair we might have made!
But the Olympians chose to chuckle,
Upsetting Nature's wise decree
That you should play the Honeysuckle,
And I the Bee.

It is their game to bring together
The uncongenial groom and bride;
Conversely, too, to cut the tether
That kindred tastes would else have tied;
This is the thought that thins my locks so,
That such a pair apart should slip—
You, so to speak, the Cup of Boxo,
And I the Lip.

A combination badly sundered,
Forced by estranging routes to go—
United, how we might have thundered
Along this dusty vale of woe!
Yes, truly, we had travelled better,
Parts of a whole, with Love to steer—
You, as it were, the Carburetter,
And I the Gear.

Nature, I notice, now and then drills
Her family to clasp and twine;
So I would have your loving tendrils
Cling to this lonely heart of mine,
As o'er the oak in Druid copses
The faithful ivy joys to crawl—
You, by your leave, the Ampelopsis,
And I the Wall.

And yet, perchance, in that hereafter
Where severed loves redeem their gage,
Where mid Elysian fields of laughter
"Standard" ambrosia's all the rage,
We'll readjust, my poor Georgina,
The rift that marked our mortal term—
You, let us say, the Semolina,
And I the Germ.

O. S.

AN ACCLIMATISED COLONIAL.

WHEN I first saw him I was standing by a seat on the Broad Walk, Regent's Park; he was sitting up on the grass a few yards away, and I could see by the expression in his little round eye that he was considering whether my acquaintance was worth cultivating or not. Finally he decided to risk it, and, making straight for me in a series of swift undulating leaps, sprang on to the top of the seat, and thence to my left arm.

I might have felt more flattered by this condescension on the part of a Canadian squirrel if I had not been fully aware that it was due less to any personal attractions of my own than to the fact that my right hand happened to hold a small paper bag containing pea-nuts. You can procure these at the Refreshment Pavilion close by, and they give you quite a lot for a penny.

"I don't mind trying one of those," he said in squirrel language (which, if I speak it but indifferently, I understand fairly well). I passed him the bag. He helped himself, turned the nut once or twice in his forepaws,

examined it critically, and rejected it with disdain. "*Rotten!*" he remarked with unaffected candour. "Not fit to offer a wood-pigeon! I shall have to trouble you again." Which he did, but with no better success. "*Another wrong 'un!*" he said. "They seem to have been working off *all* their back numbers on you! If those Pavilion people don't supply a better quality of pea-nut, we squirrels will just have to withdraw our patronage—and where would they be *then*, I'd like to know?" I begged him to give them one more chance, and he graciously consented. "Well," he admitted, as he sampled a third nut, "this isn't so *bad*. Wants keeping—a trifle out of condition, but it'll do at a pinch. Yes," he continued, in the intervals between his nibbles, as he sat on my arm, "we're pretty numerous here. When we first arrived, all the most desirable residences were occupied by brown squirrels. Mighty condescending they were to us. Said they were superior to colour prejudice, and if we *did* chance to be born grey, we were nevertheless squirrels and brothers. Told us we were welcome to any branches or nuts they'd no use for. Offered to show us round. But I guess we showed *them* round. There was no *enterprise* about those squirrels, Sir, that was the trouble with *them*. Wouldn't go out of their way to appeal to your great British Public! Too stuck-up and stand-offish. And as for hustling—why, they spent more'n half the winter asleep! It was get on or get out, and they couldn't seem to get on—not with us, anyway. So you won't see any brown squirrels about here now. We started in to run this settlement as a business proposition from the word 'go,' and we're progressing, Sir, by leaps and bounds! Made our pile already, most of us have. I'm not one to blow, but if I was to tell you the amount of nuts to my credit in that bank over there, where the tulip bed is, it'd make you open your eyes! And I'm not the warmest squirrel in this Walk by any means. It only shows what can be done, even in an old country like this, by getting a move on. I don't say we haven't a failure among us here and there. For instance, you see that squirrel sitting up under the plane-tree? . . . Yes, the one with his forepaws clasped tight across his stomach. No, he *isn't* looking well, and what's more, he isn't *feeling* well either. That squirrel, Sir, drew out the whole of his deposit directly the bank opened this morning, and now he's gone and busted every blessed nut he had! But it isn't the first time he's gone bankrupt, not by a long way, and, soon as he's got his digestion in working order again, I expect he'll re-commence business and like as not be as rich as ever he was! . . ."

"Excuse me a moment," he broke off suddenly, and, darting down into the Broad Walk, held up an approaching perambulator and child with the air of a highwayman. When he returned to my arm he was holding a fragment of a biscuit, which he inspected dubiously. "It's either an *Osborne* or a *Marie*," he pronounced; "but I've an idea that baby's been having a go at it first. . . . No, on the whole I'd rather have another nut. Talking of nuts," he continued, "the Public that visits the Zoo don't begin to realise what nuts are meant for. I know, because I've got cousins and things in the Zoo. Most elegantly located they are, with a tree and enclosed lot all to themselves, and free to go in and out and receive their relations just as they please, and no questions asked. I look in at times, and, if you'll believe me, the Public there actually squanders all its nuts on a set of undeserving monkeys whose manners—well, I'd be sorry to think any *squirrel* would be so wanting in ordinary self-respect! It's a mercy we haven't got to associate with monkeys *here*. The wood-pigeons are bad enough. Just look at 'em, waddling round! If any



THE WHITE-HOUSE MAN'S BURDEN.

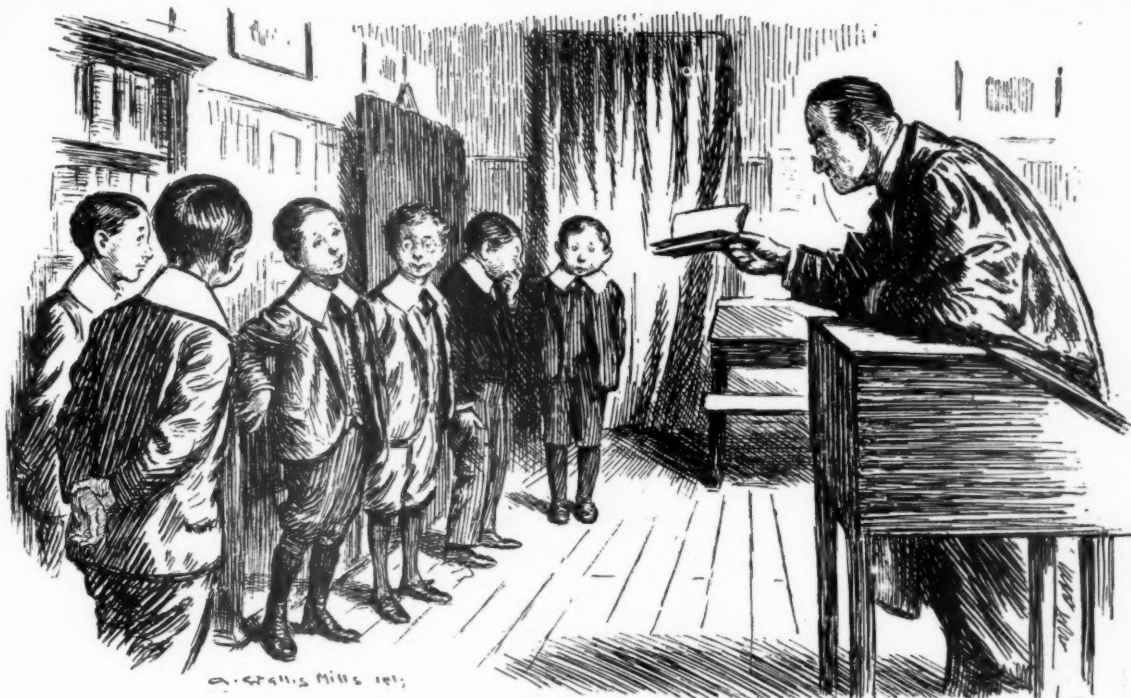
UNCLE TAFT (*on Mexican Frontier*). "WHO GOES THERE?"

UNCLE TAFT. "GUESS YOU CAN'T!"

UNCLE TAFT. "THAT'S MY BUSINESS. ALL THIS HEMISPHERE IS MY BUSINESS."

FILIBUSTER. "I DO!"

FILIBUSTER. "WELL, WHO ARE YOU, ANYHOW?"



Master. "NOW, BROWN, WHAT DOES 'MENSIBUS' MEAN?"

Brown. "T O OR FOR TABLES."

Master. "WRONG. SMITH MINOR?"

Smith minor. "ER—THREE TABLES?"

of 'em ever had a figure, they've forgotten it long ago!" (I could not help thinking that his own little paunch was just a trifle rotund, but I refrained from telling him so. After all, he was my guest). "It's *our* nuts they fatten on!" he said indignantly. "But we shan't stand this unfair competition *much* longer. These birds will have to go, Sir! Now, I *don't* mind the dear little sparrows. When pea-nuts pall, as they *will* do occasionally, a really fresh sparrow's egg is an agreeable relish. But we've no use for pigeons. There's one reform," he added, "we've already introduced. I darsay you've observed that no dogs are allowed in here unless they're on a lead? We squirrels insisted on that, Sir, and it makes terriers pretty wild, especially when we let on we aren't aware they're in the neighbourhood. . . . Here's one coming along now. Just you watch, and you'll see some fun. . . ."

But the instant afterwards he bounded off my arm and corkscrewed up the nearest tree-trunk to a top bough. "Perfectly scandalous!" he called down to me. "They've let him in without being under proper control! Will you kindly inform that terrier, Sir, that I shall take the earliest opportunity of reporting him to the Head-Keeper?"

I conveyed this to the dog, but I could not discover that it made the slightest impression on him. F. A.

A Cowardly Press.

"Conf., Tob., min., baby; news may be added; £25."

Advt. in "The Star."

This is headed "TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION," but it looks as if the sub-editor didn't like to risk it.

A SENSITIVE CRAFTSMAN.

[The finger-print system, which has largely increased the facility of identification, is said to have given "unqualified satisfaction."]

THIS popular plan, since it certainly strikes

A blow at anonymous ways,

Can hardly be winning approval from Sikes

Or meeting with Raffles's praise.

Your burglar objects to his work being signed

With even so much as a hint,

And frowns on the prospect of leaving behind

His autograph plainly in print.

The average cracksmen's professional cares

Are nowadays simply immense;

The cost of the gloves that he thoughtfully wears

Adds much to his working expense.

And, seeing that fingers encumbered by kid

Lose some of their lightness of touch,

He can't take the pride that he formerly did

In bursting a catch or a clutch.

Although it is true he continues to steal,

Being too conscientious to shirk,

He feels what all genuine artists must feel

When doing inferior work.

He knows that you're quickly reducing his art

To a vulgar, mechanical trade,

So he cannot view with a satisfied heart

This packet of prints you parade.

The Latest Chanticlerical Wear.

"The Quacker bonnet (says a fashion writer) is going to have vogue."—*New Zealand Herald*.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

VANITY FAIR.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—People are telling each other *un petit conte pour rire* about the Sunday Club at Olympia. Lady Manœuvrer has been there regularly through the season with her youngest and only unappropriated girl, Bluebell, in tow. Bluebell being very timid and wobbly, the Duke of Dulwich undertook to help her and show her how it's done. *Entre nous*, my dear, he's only a wobbler *himself*, but there's no point on which people are so self-deceived as their skating—except, perhaps, their profiles! Well, Bluebell (her mother's own daughter!) made the very best use of her time, flattering poor Dulwich about his prowess on rollers and the *immense help* he'd given her; and now that their engagement's announced and the wedding-day fixed it comes out that the Manœuvrer girl is *quite* one of the best amateur skaters of the day, can do the Donkey's Ears, Mustard and Cress, and all the most diffy club figures—in short, that what she *can't* do on rollers or blades isn't worth doing!

Aunt Goldie hasn't come to town yet. She sends Norty an occasional sixpenny wire from Devonshire (answer prepaid), asking him if he remembers that he has a wife! I don't know whether the answer is in the affirmative, as they say in the House. Talking of that dreadful House, Norty says the way Private Members are being used is simply *scandalous*, and that there's not been such a state of affairs since PITT, or somebody. The plan of giving them jig-saws to keep them quiet and prevent them from noticing what's going on is a failure. Norty says Private Members might just as well send *messenger-boys* to sit in their places, and a great many of them mean to do so. He's only had the chance to speak once since Parliament met. *Wasn't* that a lovely speech of his? and *didn't* he let them have it straight about this proposal to give Australia to Japan and the Isle of Wight to Germany?

Such a funny affair at the Wimbushes', my dear! You know them, don't you? He's Sir Peter Wimbush, Ltd., the great bristle man of Thames Street; but one meets them everywhere, for they're simply rolling, and bristles—*quâ* bristles—so long as they don't make themselves into brooms and brushes—are visited and may visit! George, the elder son, followed his father into bristles and his mother to parties, and was just like other young

men. But Leonard, the younger one, has suffered acutely from "views." He wouldn't live at home, dressed anyhow, spelt people with a big P, wore a red tie, addressed open-air meetings, and led about dingy processions that wanted things. The old people and George were horribly angry and ashamed. Not long ago, George's engagement to Torfrida Saxonbury was announced. She's the Mercias' second girl, pretty and popular and an enthusiastic Daffodil-Leaguer (her brothers, Hengist and Horsa, are two of the nicest boys I know). The old W.'s were in raptures with George's engagement, and asked their dear future daughter to use "a sister's influence" with Leonard to win him from the error of his ways. She set to work obediently. George and his parents used to leave her *tête-à-tête* with Leonard, that she might argue and coax and win him back to the right way; and so the arguing and coaxing and "sister's influence" went on—till, two days before she was to have married George, Torfrida ran away with Leonard, and then wrote to say she *had* won him back to the right way, that his views had proved to be dissolving-views, that he'd thrown away his red ties and spelt people with a small p again, but that they'd found that they couldn't live without each other, and so they were married, and they hoped George and the parents would forgive them!

The old Wimbushes had nothing to forgive, of course. On the contrary, they were overjoyed to have Leonard won back. But their joy was short. George, in his rage, has become a worse Socialist than Leonard ever was, vows vengeance against society, and not only wears a red tie but a red revolutionary cap! I hear that he addressed a meeting in the Park last week and advocated the abolition of *almost everything*, and particularly of *parents, brothers, and fiancées*!

Lala Middleshire gets on splendidly with her *Maison de Deuil*. The Bullyon-Boundermere woman has been heard to say that she wishes "the dear duchess had gone into a business where one would have had more opportunity of dealing with her!" Norty says Mr. B.-B. had better keep a sharp eye on his better half and a bright look-out on what he eats, as wifely affection may go down before the longing to give Lala a job!

Oh, my dearest and best! I'd such a dilly evening a week or so ago! I went to the great fight between Basher Briggs and Kid Billings. (I gave a big tea for them the afternoon before, and

everybody voted them *simply* and *absolutely charming*).

The fight itself was just a little bit rather a disappointment, the poor dear Kid being knocked out in the sixth round. Beryl Clarges was quite *furios* about it, said she'd expected a thirty-round contest *at least*, and had given ten guineas for nothing!—which I considered distinctly bloodthirsty of her. We've got the victor, Basher Briggs, for our next *Causerie du Mardi*. He's going to talk to us about upper-cuts and body-blows, and all delicious things of that sort, for the especial benefit of women who were too nervy to go to the fight.

So all that tiresome nonsense about SHAKSPEARE and BACON is up again, and they're positively groping in a river for writings to prove that it was BACON! But I can just tell them *this*:—If they *do* find any writings in the river, it will prove the case for *Shakspeare*, for you know, my dearest, in one of his plays he mentions "books in running brooks," and that was evidently after he'd *put* some there. Nothing like a woman's wit for settling these matters!

I asked dear Professor Dimsdale what *he* thinks about it, and he says that, for his part, he holds that not only was there no such person as SHAKSPEARE, but that there was no such man as BACON either, and that QUEEN ELIZABETH did it all! I thanked him in the name of all my sex for having such a tip-top opinion of one of us, and he said, "Not at all. It's my fixed belief that QUEEN ELIZABETH was a man!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—Wee-Wee has taken to the new skirt, and Bosh refuses to go anywhere with her in consequence. "Why?" she asked him. "What's your objection to it?" "My objection to it," he said, "is that it's *not it*—it's *them*!"

The Sybarites.

"There was again a very large crowd of residents present at the recital by the Y and L Band at the Frere Hall band stand on Saturday night. The members of the band brought their own ginger beer with them, as usual."

Sind Gazette.

None of your cheap brands for the Y and L.

"Wanted, smart youth; ride bicycle and go up ladder; regular job."

Advt. in "Ipswich Evening Star."

In this age of specialisation there should be no difficulty about filling the double post.

"Wanted a Gardener, who will be required to make himself generally useful. Wages £20 weekly."—Advt. in "Church Times."

There are plums in every profession.

THE BROODINGS OF CAMBERLEY.

SECOND SERIES.*

(After "The Comments of Bagshot.")

September 9th, 1837.—While waiting for my 'bus this morning I had the good luck to fall in with a window-cleaner. Sitting by me all the way to my office, he talked of his profession; and he was, I think, the wisest man I ever met, and certainly the most modest. "Yes," he said, in response to one of my questions, "it's certainly dangerous. But, then, so is life. Life's dangerous, life is. It's dangerous for us to sit here. The horses may run away; the wheel may come off; something may barge into us; we may be catching cold; for all I know to the contrary, you've got the diphtheria, and I shall get it too. Window-cleaning, no doubt, is perilous work; but what I say is this: everything's perilous, come to think about it. Look at the blokes what have died in bed. That's what I say, and that's why I'm not afraid when I'm cleaning the third floor front or the fourth floor back." I call that heroic common-sense. Ever since then I have been racking my brain to imagine what he would say if he fell.

June 6th, 1852.—Last night I had a curious dream, as indeed I often do. I dreamt that I had gone to a swimming bath and had undressed, but could not find any bath with more than one foot or possibly eighteen inches of water in it. They were splendid large baths, and I was looking for a good swim, but it was no use. I went from one to another and always the same want of water.

It is impossible for my pen to convey the disappointment that I felt in being thus defrauded of the natation I had so eagerly anticipated. I woke thoroughly unrefreshed, and have often thought since how remarkable dreams are and wondered whence they draw their inspiration.

November 5th, 1871.—I saw an odd sight in the street to-day. A number

* The first series appeared in the *Peagreen Incurruptible* during 1907 and literally swept the world. Letters poured in on the editor from every quarter of the universe. Thus, among Camberley's new papers I found a stout and bitter note-book labelled "My Reminiscences." I seized it with avidity, hoping for spicy anecdotes of the leaders of his historic times, but instead it was filled with such entries as these:—"We send sincere thanks for the new 'Broodings of Camberley'—compellingly interesting and stimulating gas of old." This from old England ever staunch and true. The next from Co. necticut: "You can hardly realise how much I enjoy the coming of your paper twice a week. We all stand on the piazza and cheer." The next from the Territory of Payma: "Your bright little paper." The last from Koweit: "That darling wise Camberley."



Flustered Traveller. "PORTER, DOES THIS TRAIN CLAP AT STOPHAM JUNCTION?"

of boys wearing funny clothes and masks were pushing a perambulator along Holborn, in which was what I took to be a baby, also wearing a mask. They were singing some song about remembering something, which, as it is what I am always doing or trying to do, naturally interested me.

But all my humanity was roused by the spectacle of the child being thus exposed not only to the elements and the ridicule of the passers-by, but also to the ordinary danger of vehicular traffic in this vast and busy city of ours, and, acting on an impulse, I dashed at the perambulator, intending to snatch the baby from it. This, however, was not easy, as it was tied in. But I quickly drew my pen, that being

much mightier than my knife, and slashed the cords. Meanwhile the boys were saying things that would set the readers of this reminiscence screaming were I to repeat them; but I was not silenced, and bore the baby swiftly to my office. There, however, to my disgust I discovered that it was only a stuffed dummy. I have been wondering ever since what I should have done with it had it been real.

March 8, 1881.—The: died to-day, aged a hundred and one, my father's oldest friend, D. E. F. His proudest recollection was that he once saw Porson sober.

April 1, 1898.—Being to-day on a 'bus in Cheaps'd, I heard an excellent thing, as can always can if one keeps

one's ears open and one's eyes wide. A heavily-laden waggon, containing I do not know what, but evidently merchandise of considerable avoirdupois, drew across our way. Our driver, without a moment's hesitation, called out, "Why don't you get your old woman to come out and drive for you?" The expression of mortification on the waggoner's face, as he realized that he had no fitting reply, would require the pencil of a CLAUDE to do it justice. I have often wondered since, not only what the best retort would have been, but also what the waggon contained.

March 15th, 1904.—Walking down Southampton Row this morning, I noticed three little boys playing the game which I believe is called tipcat. One of the urchins struck the cat with such violence that it flew through the window of a solicitor's office; but before the indignant clerk emerged, the boys had disappeared. I am still wondering what would have happened if the "cat" had been alive, or, worse still, had had nine lives and nine tails.

March 17th, 1911.—I was walking down the Strand to-day, and passed a party of girls going westward on the north side, opposite the Savoy. One of them, pretty, daintily dressed, aged about eighteen, and apparently quite sane, suddenly detached herself from the others and planted a fervent kiss on the window of *The Globe* office. All to-night I have been racking my brain to imagine why, if she had to kiss any evening paper, she kissed that. As if there were no others!

It is fortunate, is it not, that these are merely extracts from Camberley's note-book, and not my own? This thought keeps me busy and happy most of the spare time I get.

According to Father BERNARD VAUGHAN, as reported in *The Morning Post*, "the Twentieth Century would be known to a future generation as the age of the childless home." If the present generation is childless we don't at first see how a future one is going to get born. Possibly it will be managed away from home.

"Before her marriage to Lord Camden in 1898 she was the daughter of Lord and Lady Henry Nevill."—*Evening News*.
Was the marriage as unpopular as that?

"Mr. G. H. Riley, in proposing 'The Host,' said they were all perfectly agreed that the dinner had been most perfectly served, and all present had thoroughly enjoyed it. (Applause.) Song, 'Your eyes have told me so.'—*Buxton Advertiser*.
That's where it shows.

A DEFENCE OF THE FELINE.

[The Reverend Head Master of Eton, a prominent vegetarian, recently attacked the domestic cat at the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. "The harmless necessary cat," he declared, "is neither harmless nor necessary. Could not the public be compelled to check the multiplication of cats? . . . Could any tragedy be more wanton than the devastation of a goldfinch's nest by a prowling brute that nobody wanted to live."]

STRONG indignation fires my soul,
With strength my Muse apparels;
Come here, ye kittens! Caracole,
And fill your furry barrels;
Tush to the reverend pedagogue's control!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Persian, roll
And rend the night with carols.

Have I no sympathy with larks
And nightingales and throstles,
Who love my Tiger's purred remarks
When round my boots he jostles?
I would not suffocate his vital sparks
For all the thunders of the Church's clerks,
Backed by the twelve Apostles.

What if he takes a tit or two
Or other tiny trillers,
The feathered victims that he slew
Were they not also killers?
Shall we not weep for gentlemen who rue
The flush unborn of wings that never flew—
Who keep pet caterpillars?

Has not the anguish of the worm,
His mute eyes turned to heaven
(Beast who, the scientists affirm,
Is nature's salt and heaven),
By the rathe blackbird's beak compelled to squirm,
Sometimes prevented boys for half the term
From getting up at seven?

No, if the gods have been unkind
And filled the world with riot,
It scarce becomes a sage's mind
To add to this disquiet.
Better to found some academe designed
To teach both birds and cats the more refined,
The vegetarian diet.

Two consecutive advertisements in
The Rangoon Gazette :—

"Lost, Fox Terrier, six months old, white with black and tan marks, answers to the name of Rags. Anyone bringing to above address will be rewarded.

Notice. With reference to the above notice I did not leave the protection of my husband of my own accord; the separation was not of my seeking."

There is some mystery here.

OUR NEW PATRICIANS. PALACES WHILE YOU WAIT.

THE superb palace which Lord Ockstein, the famous South African magnate, is building on his Surrey estate of Hankley Hall, midway between the Devil's Jumps and the Hog's Back, is not only remarkable as a typical specimen of modern rococo domestic architecture of the most advanced order, but as constituting a record in rapid construction. The Hankley Hall Estate, it may be mentioned at the outset, was for some four hundred years in the possession of the old Surrey family of Tilford, but was purchased for a song in 1896 by Mr. Nathan Frankel, the well-known City financier, who sold it two years ago to Lord Ockstein for £750,000. The estate lies in the heart of the most picturesque tract of what is still known as wild Surrey, and the view from the site of the new house is one of the finest in England.

The old Elizabethan manor-house which Lord Ockstein took over with the property occupied a beautiful tree-sheltered position facing South over the Wey valley, and was pronounced by Mr. REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A., to be an even finer specimen of late Tudor style than the superb Norfolk manor-house which was recently pulled down by Lord Lumley of Peckham. Hankley Old Hall, which was begun in 1576 and finished in 1613, was demolished in two days by Messrs. Wallop, the famous contractors, who are pushing on the construction of the new palace at such a high rate of speed that it is expected the whole work will be finished in less than three months. Since the days of the Great Pyramid of CHEOPS there has never been so large an army of workmen simultaneously employed on the same work. Already the shell of the gigantic building is complete, and in a week or two the battalions of masons, stone-cutters, &c., will be replaced by fresh hordes of skilled craftsmen from the Tottenham Court Road, who will complete the internal fitting, decorating and upholstery.

As for externals, it may be at once admitted that Messrs. Gotch and Knackfuss, the architects, have resolutely refused to retain any of the features of the old building. The new palace is entirely in the neo-Guelphian style, and is built from end to end of collo-concrete blocks of condensed *pâté de foie gras* faced with Parian marble. The portico, supported by Ionic columns, is a fine specimen of the Debased Byzantine school, and the mixture of Gothic arches, Norman



Passer-by (to despondent tin-whistle player). "WHY SO SAD, CHARLIE?"
 Player. "JUST FAHND AHT I BIN PLAYIN' FOR A GOOD 'ARF-HOUR AHTSIDE A HOFF-LICENCE."

pillars and gilt Oriental cupolas and minarets is quite indescribable. The frontage is just five feet wider than that of the Crystal Palace. The great central hall, which is almost as beautiful as the Queen's Hall, is profusely decorated with historic frescoes illustrating scenes in the lives of the heroes of finance—MIDAS, CRESUS, CRASSUS, &c.—and is provided with a noiseless sliding roof. On the north wing there is a magnificent roof winter garden, with a real ice rink, toboggan slide and bobsleigh run. A special feature of the dining-hall is a device by which it can suddenly be converted into a swimming-bath for the entertainment of high-spirited guests, should conversation flag. There are ninety best bedrooms, each with a private cellar attached, and each servant's room is equipped with a complete set of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* and a plaster cast of the editor, Dr. HUGH CHISHOLM. The Plover's Egg Store is the second largest in Europe, the Caviare Pit is sixty feet in diameter and eighty feet deep, and the Turtle Tank is very nearly as large as the Round Pond. The Cold Storage Crypt is a stately hall, in which the panels are to be filled with appropriate Arctic landscapes by Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE. The gardens, which cover six square

miles, unite the most solemn features of the Euston Road with the colour scheme of a Kensington High Street ladies' hat-shop front. The statues have been imported from Italy and Sicily, the Japanese summer-houses from Birmingham, and the gold fish from the Gold Coast. The Dutch garden is enclosed by rows of yew trees brought from Holland, some of which have taken a hundred years of trimming by Dutch topiarists to acquire their present fantastic shapes. The great salt-water lake is stocked with tarpon from the coast of Florida and eels carefully selected by Mr. CONGER, the late American Ambassador at Constantinople. The private golf-links have been laid down regardless of expense with a layer of turf and sand ten feet deep, brought from the coast of Fife in a vessel built especially for the purpose. The bents are from the Austrian bentwoods, but the professional, ground-men, club-maker, and a corps of sixteen caddies are all natives of St. Andrews.

The number of *Dreadnoughts* belonging to Germany threatens to become more than the North Sea can hold, and there is talk in German official circles of increasing its accommodation by the submersion of Holland.

THE LOVER ON THE LINKS.

Now all delights of living meet
 When I behold her thus, my sweet,
 Planting with care her dainty feet,
 Swinging the driver high.
 On me she throws one radiant glance,
 Then eagerly she smites (her stance,
 Is rotten, by-the-by).

She's missed! Ah, well, the love I bear
 Can pardon that, with some to spare
 (Confound that silly rotter there
 Grinning like one insane).
 Her eyes grow bright, her temples flush,
 The club swoops downwards with a
 rush,—

Moses! She's missed again!

Have I done well to bring her here,
 Exposed to every idle jeer,
 Causing strange wrinkles to appear
 Upon the caddie's brow?
 Consummate ass (for such I am),
 I might have realised—Oh, ———!
 She's smashed the driver now!

How different was the game she played
 When first love's spell on me she laid!
 No ineffective strokes were made
 The day that feat was done;
 Fixing it with a keen regard,
 She hit the helpless object hard,
 And did the whole in one.



Little Girl (fortissimo). "MOTHER! DO LOOK AT THAT 'STROODINARY LADY!" (Notices mother's look of horror.) "SORRY, MOTHER; I FORGOT I OUGHTN'T TO POINT."

THE MARTYRS.

My cousins, the Metcalfes, have just returned from wintering in Switzerland. I say this without fear of contradiction, because each of them, at his or her own time, has told me all about it. Yes, all and a little bit more besides. I have marvelled much, and with never-failing politeness. I have uttered many a "Really?" many a "You don't say so," many a "How delightful!" My face has ached from the incessant strain of a concentrated expression. Ah! I have suffered.

My relatives-in-law, the Addenbokes, invited me to dine with them last night. I went. "They are talkative," I admitted to myself, "but they do not like snow. They cannot have been to Switzerland. With them I shall, at any rate, find relief from the never-ceasing information of my cousins, the Metcalfes." But upon greeting my hostess I received the worst news. My relatives-in-law, the

Addenbokes, had, it appeared, been wintering in Egypt, and it was for me to take the youngest and the worst of them in to dinner. This I reluctantly did.

"Tell me all about Egypt," I said, "and get through with it as quickly as possible."

She started telling me all about Egypt, beginning with the crossing from Dover to Calais. "That," I told her, "is more or less familiar. Come to the detailed glories of the Orient as expeditiously as may be. One travels to Switzerland also *via* Dover and Calais."

She tarried at Naples. "Have we much further to go?" I asked, swallowing a yawn.

We arrived at Cairo with the entrée and had only left Egypt with the savoury. We just managed to reach England again by dessert-time, and I had scarcely been put out upon Charing Cross platform and had the luggage examined, when the ladies with-

drew, Egyptian cigarettes (smuggled) appeared, and John Addenbroke drew his chair up to mine. At once I was re-embarked at Dover. From Dover, it seems, one sails to Calais.

"Pardon," I interrupted, "but a thought occurs to me which demands instant utterance. Has it ever occurred to you that history omits all reference to its real heroes, its genuine martyrs?"

"Talking about our journey to Egypt," he replied irrelevantly.

"I was thinking rather," I persisted, "of another man's journey to America. In no book of history have I even seen their names mentioned, but what agonies they must have been through!"

"Who are 'they'?" he asked impatiently. I answered him with great deliberation.

"The relatives," I said, "and the relatives-in-law of COLUMBUS."

IRREGULAR ANNIVERSARIES.

["It being twelve years and a half ago to-day since Queen Wilhelmina ascended the throne, celebrations are being held throughout the country."—"Daily Mail."]

As it is now exactly twenty-seven years, three months and a half since Mr. ROOSEVELT shot his first grizzly, the anniversary is being suitably celebrated at Oyster Bay.

Precisely nineteen years, nine months and three quarters have elapsed since Mr. BART KENNEDY arrived at the epoch-making decision to eliminate verbs from his narrative style. In commemoration of this joyous date the Bermondsey Quick Speech League have decided to entertain the eminent *littérateur* at a quick lunch at the Cassowary Restaurant.

Close on thirty-two years have winged their way into the past since Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, during a sojourn in the Bavarian Highlands, acquired the fascinating accomplishment of jodelling. The Incorporated Society of Bavarian Highlanders have very properly decided to signalise this auspicious anniversary by an *al-fresco* concert in Trafalgar Square, at which Sir HERBERT has kindly promised to render the *Ranz des Vaches* in costume to an accompaniment on the xylophone, performed by Sir HENRY J. WOOD.

Just eleven years and eleven months ago Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN narrowly escaped being run over by an omnibus in Piccadilly. To celebrate the anniversary of this happy escape, his fellow-members of the Omar Khayyâm Club have decided to serenade him with an Ode, which has been written by Mr. CHARLES GEAKE and set to music by the Queen of ROUMANIA, assisted by the Chevalier LE QUEUX.



A LITTLE-NAVY EXHIBIT.

DESIGN FOR A FIGURE OF BRITANNIA, AS CERTAIN PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HER.

[See reports of debate on the proposal to reduce expenditure on the Navy.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday March 13.

—SPEAKER coming back to Chair after nearly week's retirement more or less cheerfully spent in company of an old family friend finds hanging low over House an appreciable, though indescribable, cloud of dulness. Something to do, perhaps, with absence of PREMIER, called away by illness of his daughter, and sight of empty seat rarely occupied by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER since Session opened. Gaps in other quarters of House, occupants not caring to face wintry March, who, having failed to come in like a lion, assumes aspect of polar bear. PRINCE ARTHUR drops in punctually when Questions nearly over. EDWARD GREY, understood to be in charge of forthcoming debate, strategically makes himself master of situation by viewing its early development from retirement of his room behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.

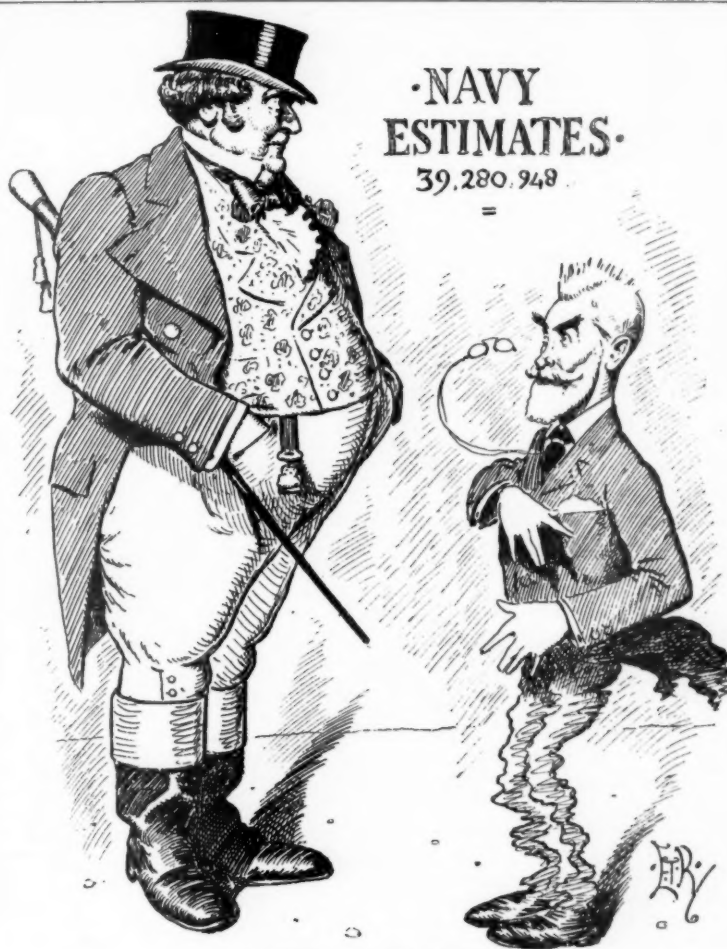
WINSOME WINSTON, wide awake after being up all Thursday night, appears at Table, bearer of Royal message. No demonstration greets his first official reappearance on the scene. Varied opinions expressed upon his conduct of affairs during all-night sitting. Some say more generous distillation of his characteristic winsomeness would have shortened proceedings. Others discern in succession of stormy scenes an organised plot above Gangway of posite Treasury bench to "take it out of" an obnoxious Minister.

From that point of view WINSTON'S bellicose attitude defensible. The worst that may be said of him has already been hymned by a French poet:

Cet animal est très méchant ;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

However that be, here he is at Table, submitting in suavest manner "another proof of the gracious consideration HIS MAJESTY shows for the convenience of his faithful Commons." Goes on to explain that it takes the form of desiring that the House shall be represented by Mr. SPEAKER at the solemnities of the Coronation. "Leaving other Members to go to Westminster in the manner most convenient to themselves," WINSTON cheerily adds, thinking of the scramble for the best places.

When debate opened, explanation forthcoming of depression weighing down spirits of Members in opening hour of sitting. Due to intelligent, almost supernatural, anticipation of what was in store for them. Debate on "enormous increase during recent



ANOTHER "NAVY SCARE."

Mr. Murray Macdonald. "This is very alarming!"

John Bull. "What is it?"

Mr. M. M. "Why, all this big, expensive Navy!"

John Bull. "We'll, you might find it even more alarming if it were a little cheap one!"

years in expenditure of the Army and Navy" started by MURRAY MACDONALD. In his Resolution says he "views it with alarm," and asks House to join him in access of trepidation. To do him justice, alarm the last emotion one would connect with his placid countenance, his measured monotony of utterance, the level flow of what promised to be interminable verbiage.

The MEMBER FOR SARK estimates that in time of threatened invasion MURRAY MACDONALD'S services to the State would be equal in value to at least one *Dreadnought*. If he were to go down, accost the enemy and threaten to talk for an hour's length in the manner and matter of to-night's speech, the invader would, at end of first twenty minutes, fold his tents like the Arab and as silently steal away.

PONSONBY, who seconded motion, a trifle better. But not much. Once he arrested, for a moment held, wavering attention of House. It was when, dropping into one of those personal allusions which delight the House, he informed it that he had been born and brought up in a despatch box.

Business done.—Motion demanding diminution of expenditure on Army and Navy found support of 56 Members in muster of 332. Ministerial majority run up to 220.

Thursday.—Through the week quarter of House occupied by Irish Nationalists has borne resemblance to armed camp. Effort decorously made to conceal state of things under ordinary parliamentary forms. But it has been unmistakable.

Arose out of remark made by CAPTAIN CRAIG at break of day after all-night



CAPT. CRAIG STARTS WITH LONG JOHN O'CONNOR.

sitting. Irish Members thoroughly enjoyed the outing. Reminded them of old times when JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR was yet with them. With glistening eyes they told each other of the morning when JOEY B., having slept for a couple of hours on two chairs in the Library, returned to the wearied House and, drawing himself up to his full height of five feet, addressing the Chair, remarked, "MR. SPEAKER, Sir, I have had a comfortable sleep and have come back like a giant refreshed."

Other times, other manners. At present epoch not for Irish Members to play the part of obstruction. Theirs rather to sit and watch amateurs at the game, refraining from speechmaking but contributing to uproar the blast of three-score voices brought into fine condition at recent General Election. It was after one such outburst that CRAIG interposed.

"If it is of any assistance to you, Sir," he said, addressing DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, "we will, if you only give the word, put the whole of the Nationalist Party out of the House."

Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the gallant CAPTAIN'S way of putting

the thing, or the blandness of his manner. Had he been volunteering to go and get an orange for the tired DEPUTY CHAIRMAN he would have spoken just so. Observe also the deference to constituted authority. Possibly nothing would please the CAPTAIN more than full liberty to cross the Gangway and engage Mr. McVEAGH and Mr. DEVLIN in a bout of fisticuffs, "one down the other come on," as we used to say at school. But he was not the man to press personal predilection unduly. It was for the DEPUTY CHAIRMAN to decide. "If it is of any assistance to you, Sir."

WHITLEY in Chair at the moment, not recalling any precedent for proposed procedure, made no sign of acquiescence. After brief pause, their breath almost literally taken away by audacity of suggestion, the Redmondites broke into a howl of defiance that would have shaken the rafters had there chanced to be any.

There the matter ended for the time. But Party below Gangway too old campaigners to be taken at disadvantage. No one knows what may happen when two desperadoes from Ulster like Captains CRAIG and WILLIAM

MOORE (6 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. in his socks) put their heads together. Accordingly Irish camp put in condition of defence ready to resist any attempt to carry it by storm.

At council of war held at Headquarters (Committee-room No. 15) it was resolved that LONG JOHN O'CONNOR should be placed in forefront of expected battle. If in pursuance of the sporting offer of Friday morning CRAIG and MOORE swoop down with intent to "put the whole of the Nationalist Party out of the House," they will have to begin with LONG JOHN. His exit will necessarily be slow, and during process of effecting it opportunity will be afforded to consider second move in defensive tactics.

Probably Mr. SLAVIN will next be the Ulsterman's burden. Experience nothing new to him. Years ago, in time of Mr. GULLY'S Speakership, he was carried out on the shoulders of eight policemen, trolling forth as he went the plaintive melody, "God save Ireland." Has never been quite the same man since. Provoking air of respectability, apparently resultant upon this close contact with constituted authority, has taken the place of earlier exuberance. Possibly fresh experience on altered lines may have effect of shaking him up into semblance of his former self.

Business done.—FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY moves Navy Estimate. Five new *Eradsnoughts* to be added to Fleet next year. Opposition still harps on desirability of eight.

"CAREERS."

"LATENT GENIUS" writes: "Dear Mr. Punch, I am glad to see your article on the new publication that is coming out in parts under the above title.

It seems as if its authors have pierced the veil that hides the secrets of my innermost soul.

'Are you,' they ask, 'wasting your time earning a mere pittance'—

I am.

'When,' they continue, with surprising intuition, 'you possess the energy and brain which, properly applied, would lead you to fortune?'

That is so.

I feel hurt that it should be left to strangers to discover a fact to which my friends and relatives have been blind so long, but the knowledge that someone believes in me, that is to say, confirms my own opinion of my abilities, is undoubtedly encouraging.

The point is—what shall I be?

I look over the Index to Part I.

It is difficult to choose.

I begin by crossing off the careers that I can possibly do without, and am just about to decide whether I will be an Actor or an Actress, an Aeronaut or an Art needleworker, when a sad and bitter thought distracts me.

How many born Almoners, Actuaries and Antique furniture dealers may there be who, through lack of the necessary sevenpence, will eke out their lives earning a mere pittance and wasting "the energy and brain which, properly applied, would lead them to fortune?"

It is in the midst of this sorrowful reflection that my own tragedy becomes apparent to me.

On bringing to the surface my latent ambition (as requested by the promoters of this noble scheme) I find that I crave for fame and fortune only as a Xylographer, a Yachtsman or a Zoologist. In any other profession I should be wasting my time; my heart would not be in my work. But find me a position in any of the above capacities—tell me 'How to start,' 'What I shall earn,' and 'My prospects of great success,' and I am willing, nay, anxious, to put my whole soul into the work to-morrow.

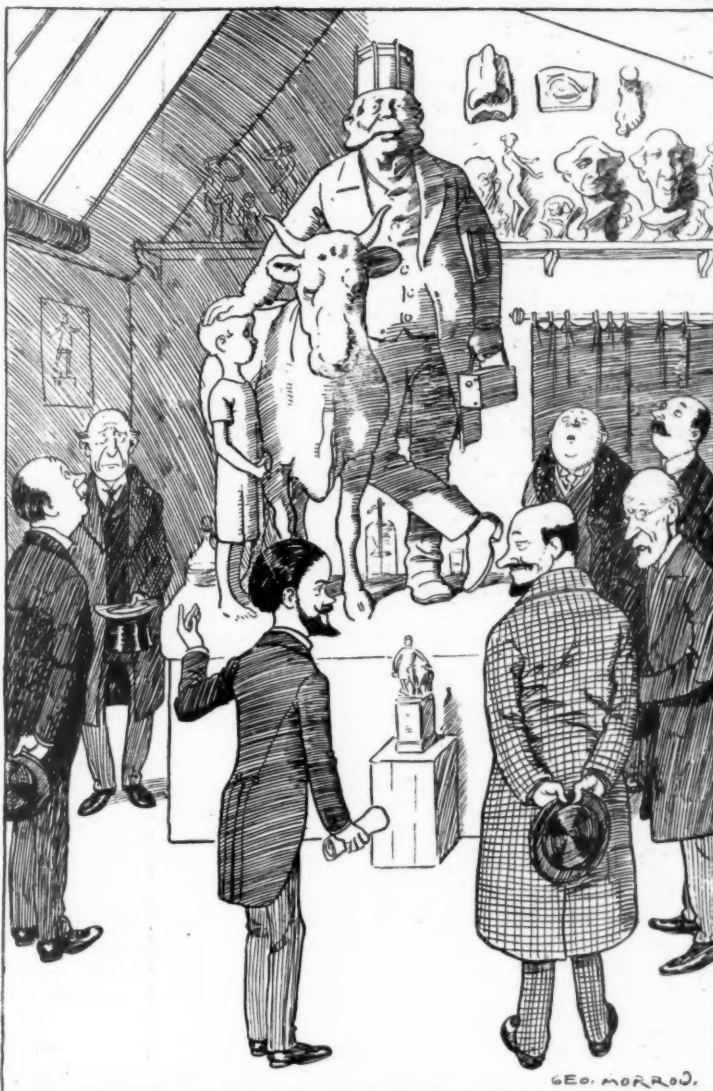
But—

A cruel fate has decreed that for a whole year I must curb my impatience, for a whole year I must wait, for a whole year I must watch our future Admiralty Officials, Bush-rangers, Curates, etc., being put upon the path to fortune before my need can be considered.

There is, however, one consolation that remains to me. With '750 well-paid professions' welcoming the career-seekers with open arms I am inclined to hope that by the time we reach 'X' I shall meet with little or no competition."

The publication of *Careers* renders it unnecessary for us to answer correspondence from persons anxious to change their profession. "NAVY" who wishes to be a Beertaster; "UNDERTAKER'S MUTE" who has a secret ambition to become a Feuilletonist; "AUTOMATIC-MACHINE COLLECTOR" who has designs upon the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; and "BILL-POSTER" who wants to go into Actor-Management, are all referred to the new work in question. Its publishers, we understand, have received some very flattering testimonials: Thus Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER writes: "Your treatment of 'How to become a Multi-Millionaire,' is truly remarkable. It took me forty years to achieve what you explain in ten lines."

"A GAIETY GIRL" writes: "I have read Part I. as far as 'Actress,' and am



Sculptor (to Committee inspecting statue of Eminent Fellow-townsmen). "YOU OBSERVE, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN CARRYING OUT YOUR IDEA OF SUGGESTING THAT SIR JAMES WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE GAS COMPANY, THAT HE PRESENTED A FREE LIBRARY, WAS INTERESTED IN IMPROVING THE BREED OF CATTLE, ENDOWED AN ORPHANAGE, AND WAS AN ARDENT AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER."

dying to get into the N's—' Nobility,' I mean."

"My Friend LANSBURY," writes: "The only fault I have to find with *Careers* is that it offers too wide a field of activity for the worker. I believe in one man one job, except where two can do it easier. But why have you omitted from Part I. the profession of Agitator?"

"WEARY WILLIF" says: "The number of ways you give for earning a living fairly makes my head reel."

"A CURATE" says: "Most excellent in Parts."

Commercial Candour.

"A Rarely Comfortable Modern Detached Residence."—Advt. in "Irish Times."

"The Earl of Halsbury, who is eighty-four years of age, always believed that five was his lucky number. Curiously enough, he was born in 1825."—*Birmingham Pictorial*.

Very odd indeed, unless his handicap is 2.

The Royal Mint attains its centenary this year, and a proposal is on foot for celebrating the event by holding "The First Clearance Sale for One Hundred Years." This would undoubtedly be a most popular function.

DISILLUSIONED.

THE card was just an ordinary card,
The letter just an ordinary letter.
The letter simply said, "Dear Mr. Brown,
I'm asked by Mrs. Phipp to send you this;"
The card said, "Mrs. Philby Phipp At Home,"
And in a corner, "Dancing, 10 P.M.,"
No more—except a date, a hint in French
That a reply would not be deemed offensive,
And, most important, Mrs. Phipp's address.
Destiny, as the poets have observed
(Or will do shortly) is a mighty thing.
It takes us by the ear and lugs us firmly
Down different paths towards one common goal,
Paths pre-appointed, not of our own choosing;
Or sometimes throws two travellers together,
Marches them side by side for half a mile,
Then snatches them apart and hauls them onward.
Thus happened it that Mrs. Phipp and I
Had never met to any great extent,
Had never met, as far as I remembered,
At all . . . And yet there must have been a time
When she and I were very near together,
When someone told her, "That is Mr. Brown,"
Or introduced us "This is Mr. Brown,"
Or asked her if she'd heard of Mr. Brown;
I know not what, I only know that now
She stood At Home in need of Mr. Brown,
And I had pledged myself to her assistance.

Behold me on the night, the latest word
In all that separates the gentleman
And waiters from the evening-dress-less mob,
And graced, moreover, by the latest word
In waistcoats such as mark one from the waiters.
My shirt, I must not speak about my shirt;
My tie, I cannot dwell upon my tie—
Enough that all was neat, harmonious,
And suitable to Mrs. Philby Phipp.
Behold me, then, complete. A hasty search
To find the card, and reassure myself
That this is certainly the day—(It is)—
And 10 P.M. the hour; "P.M.," not "A.M.,"
Not after breakfast—good; and then outside
To jump into a cab and take the winds,
The cold east winds of March, with beauty. So.
Let us get on more quickly. Looms ahead
Tragedy. Let us on and have it over.

I hung with men and women on the stairs
And watched the tall white footman take the names,
And heard him shout them out, and there I shaped
My own name ready for him, "Mr. Brown."
And Mrs. Philby Phipp, hearing the name,
Would, I imagined, brighten suddenly
And smile and say, "How are you, Mr. Brown?"
And in an instant I'd remember her,
And where we met, and who was Mr. Phipp,
And all the jolly time at Grindelwald
(If that was where it was); and she and I
Would talk of Art and Politics and things
As we had talked these many years ago. . . .
So "Mr. Brown" I murmured to the footman,
And he—the fool!—he took a mighty breath
And shouted, "Mr. BROWNIE!" — Brownie! Yes,
He shouted "Mr. BROWNIE" to the roof.
And Mrs. Philby Phipp, hearing the name,
Brightened up suddenly and smiled and said,

"How are you, Mr. Brownie?"—(Brownie! Lord!)
And, while my mouth was open to protest,
"How do you do?" to some one at the back.
So I was passed along into the crowd
As Brownie!

Who on earth is Mr. Brownie?
Did he, I wonder, he and Mrs. Phipp
Talk Art and Politics at Grindelwald,
Or did one simply point him out to her
With "That is Mr. Brownie"? Were they friends,
Dear friends or casual acquaintances?
She brightened at his name, some memory
Came back to her that brought a happy smile—
Why surely they were friends! But I am Brown,
A stranger, all unknown to Mrs. Phipp,
As she to me, a common interloper—
I see it now—an uninvited guest,
Whose card was clearly meant for Mr. Brownie.

Soft music fell, and the kaleidoscope
Of lovely woman glided, swayed and turned
Beneath the shaded lights; but Mr. Brownie
(Né Brown, not Brownie) stood upon one side
And brooded silently. Some spoke to him;
Whether to Brown or Brownie mattered not,
He did not answer, did not notice them,
Just stood and brooded . . . Then went home to bed.
A. A. M.

TRAPPED.

SCENE—The Drawing Room; Time, 3.15 p.m. He is writing
at a small table with his back to Her. She is sitting
in an arm-chair working at a piece of embroidery.

He. What awful pens. This is the third I've tried and
it's the scratchiest of the lot.

She. They suit me well enough.

He. But they don't suit me.

She. They're not meant to: they're my pens; and that's
my table, too.

He. Yes, and it's the waggiest little humbug of a
writing-table I ever sat at.

She. Don't you dare to say another word against my pet
table. It wasn't meant for your great sprawly handwriting.
Besides, any self-respecting writing-table would object to a
man who wears hob-nailed boots on his feet.

He. You don't want me to wear them on my hands,
do you?

She. Charles, this is getting serious. You must check
this fatal tendency to be humorous. It'll wreck—

He. Do, for Heaven's sake, give me one minute of
complete silence. How do you expect me to finish this
letter if you keep on talking all the time?

She. Bless you, I don't mind whether you finish it or
not. Anyhow, I'm going. I've got to see Lady Lampeter
at half-past three, and it's nearly that already.

[She gets up and begins to put her work together.]

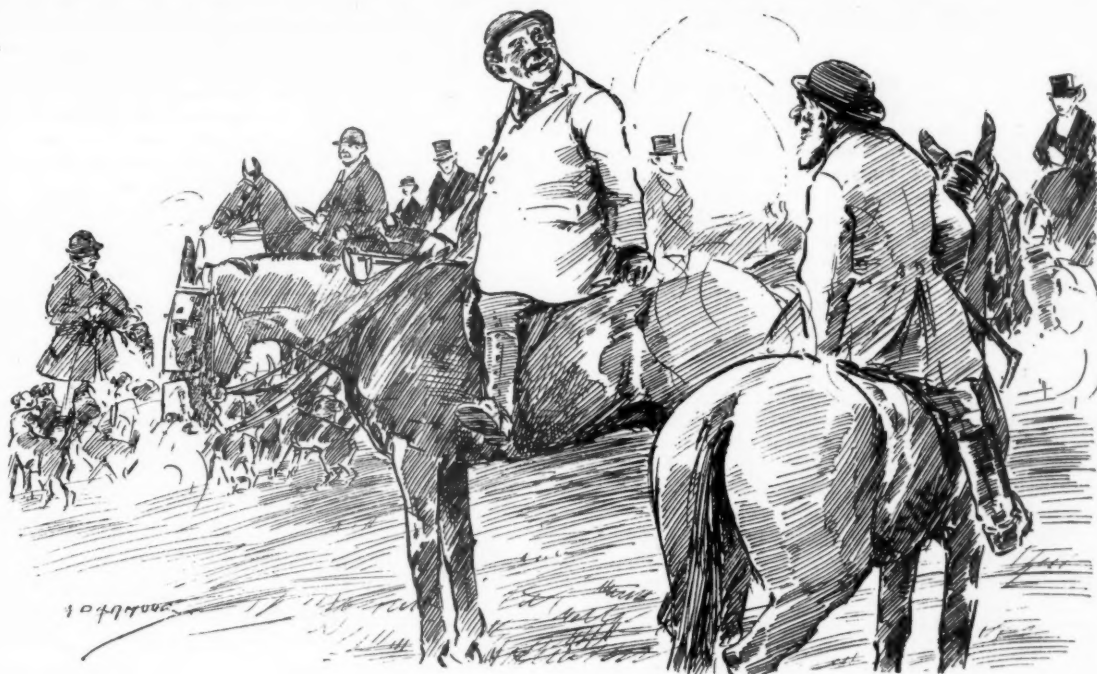
He. Does Parkins know you're going out?

She. Ye-es—at least I told Polly to tell him. But then
this is Parkins's sacred time. He always locks himself up
in the pantry for an hour every afternoon and goes to sleep,
and there's dreadful trouble if he's disturbed.

He. Well, I hope he won't let anybody in on me. I'll
have a word or two with him if he does.

She. You've only got to go into your library and you'll
be quite safe.

He. I'm going to finish this letter here, whatever hap-
pens. Besides, he'd track me into the library just the
same.



AFTER THE HUNT BREAKFAST.

Sporting Farmer. "BLESS US, DAN, A THOUGHT A KNAWED THIS COUNTRY PRETTY WELL, BUT A NEVER KNAWED AS HOW THERE WAS SO MANY DOUBLES IN IT; WE BIN A-JUMPIN' NOTHIN' ELSE ALL MORNIN'!"

She. Well, I'm off. Be good and write prettily.

[Exit *She*. He heaves a sigh of relief and continues writing.]

He (to himself, sticking a stamp on his envelope). There, that's done; and now I'll nip out before—

Parkins (throwing open the door). Mrs. Boxer and Miss Hepplethwag!

[He glares balefully at *Parkins* and then with a swift change composes his face into a cheerful welcome as two ladies of mature age and of an aspect both genial and severe are ushered into the room.]

He. How do you do, Mrs. Boxer? How do you do, Miss Hepplethwag?

Mrs. Boxer. Hepplethwaite. My sister, Miss Hepplethwaite.

He. Ah yes, of course. How do you do, Miss Hepplethwaite? I'm so sorry, but my wife has only this moment gone out.

Mrs. B. We're very sorry, I'm sure.

He. She can't have got to the bottom of the garden yet. Perhaps if I were to run after her I could catch her.

[He makes for the door as though to carry out his intention of running after her.]

Mrs. B. Pray, pray, Mr. Bromley, do not give yourself the trouble. We couldn't dream of it.

He. I could do it easily, you know.

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, no. We shall no doubt have further opportunities of seeing Mrs. Bromley.

He. Of course, of course. Won't you sit down?

Mrs. B. and Miss H. Oh, thank you. [They sit.]

He. I'm sure it's very good of you to call.

Mrs. B. These little return courtesies are, of course, essential.

He. Oh, yes, of course.

Mrs. B. Especially on the part of new-comers like ourselves.

He. Yes, of course, I'm sure I'm—that is—how does Lowmead strike you? It's a small place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. That is exactly what I was saying to Matilda as we came along. Lowmead, I said, is a small place, much smaller than Mantleborough, where we have hitherto resided, and it is necessary to be careful—did I not, Matilda?

Miss H. Yes, we both thought it a small place.

He. Yes, I'm afraid there's no doubt about it. It is a small place. [A pause.]

Mrs. B. Do you know Mantleborough, Mr. Bromley?

He. I'm sorry to say I don't. Charming place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. To some it may be; but we had to leave it on account of the new Vicar.

He. Really? I'm awfully sorry. Bad lot, was he?

Mrs. B. No, not that, Mr. Bromley, I am thankful to say, but High, dreadfully High.

He. Ah, they will be like that sometimes. But you're safe in Lowmead. Our man's as sound as they make 'em in that way.

Mrs. B. That is what really attracted us to Lowmead.

[A pause.]

He. Won't you have some tea?

Mrs. B. Thank you, Mr. Bromley; but pray do not give yourself the trouble.

He. No trouble, I'm sure.

[He rings.]

[A pause.]

Parkins (opening the door). Did you ring, Sir?

He (glaring). Yes. Tea for three; and look sharp. (To *Mrs. B.*) Yes, as you say, Lowmead is a small place, but the Vicar's Low Church, and that makes up for a lot.

Mrs. B. Indeed it does.

[Left conversing.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. SMALLEY has brought the business of London Letter-writing nearer to the sacred skirts of Literature than any practitioner I know. A keen observer, with a perhaps uniquely wide range of acquaintance with men who make history, his style has a recurrent mordancy probably more agreeable to the reader than to the subject of his commentary. In *Anglo-American Memories* (Duckworth) he has culled from his weekly contributions to a New York newspaper the flower of his writing continued throughout more than half a century.

English readers may possibly be most interested in his crystallised talk about persons on this side of the Atlantic. They include Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Lord MINTO, Lord GREY, Lord KITCHENER, Sir GEORGE LEWIS, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Lord GLENESK and Lord ST. HELIER. Nor, greatly daring, does he shrink from dealing with the personality of some ladies, stars in the firmament of London Society. I confess I find deeper and more abiding interest in the first half of the volume, in which from personal knowledge he traces the growth of the American Civil War and vividly describes his experience in the field as Special Correspondent. In power and picturesqueness these passages recall the writing of ARCHIBALD FORBES. The chapter recording the fatal indecision of McCLELLAN and the impetuosity of Fighting JOE HOOKER throws a flood of light on a critical epoch of the war, revealing to the present generation how nearly the issue of the struggle justified Mr. GLADSTONE's memorable indiscretion, when he hailed JEFFERSON DAVIS as the creator of a nation.

Mr. SMALLEY's greatest achievement as a newspaper correspondent was his interview with BISMARCK in 1866, when after Königgrätz Prussia emerged from long obscurity. Of quite other kind, scarcely less interesting, are the intimate picture-portraits of EMERSON, WENDEL PHILLIPS and CHARLES SUMNER. These letters, when they appeared in a Sunday newspaper, commanded wide attention and wielded much influence on public affairs. Proof of their rare quality is found in the fact that they are fresh in interest to-day.

The *succès fou* of sheer impudence is no new theme, but it has remained for Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT to appreciate the exact feelings of the pusher and to trace the true origin of his push. *Denry* was not naturally impudent (he was far too shrewd and calculating for that), but he was, in business and love alike, subject to fits of impulse which led him willy-nilly into acts of extreme cheekiness. Inasmuch as these impulses always conduced to the most profitable ends, he felt bound to obey them all, cursing himself the while for the most unhappily obsessed of fools. Time after

time, and each time is more surprising than the last, the martyr of the outrageous idea became the hero of the astounding achievement, till people came to wonder what he would do next and to be of opinion that he was a remarkable fellow. *Denry*, having always shared the general wonder, is not long in fully endorsing the popular opinion. His real name was *Edward Henry*, and, from that name and the nickname into which it was contracted, you may guess what an offensive creature he was and yet how there was something very likeable about him. He tails off a little towards the end of his career, but there he is only human; for to succeed is one thing, but to go on being successful is another and much less amusing. If you have a right appreciation of the author, you will prefer to make for yourself the acquaintance of his *Denry*. Be duly grateful to me, therefore, for telling you that the book in which this may be done is *The Card* (METHUEN).

One may well overlook a certain light-hearted looseness of design in *John Winterbourne's Family* (CONSTABLE) for joy of the fresh originality of characterisation which gives to

ALICE BROWN's latest novel a distinction above that of all her previous work; and this is about as high praise as I can think of. In *Country Neighbors*, her recent collection of short stories (also published by CONSTABLE), it was matter for marvel with how sure and swift a touch of humanity she made one know and love her simple folk almost at sight. It is not so here; for nearly all the characters in her new novel seem not only to be outside one's experience, but to demand some pains for their right

appreciation. One of them—*Celia*—remained for me a mystery to the end; but most of the others, even if some of them could never have existed in fact, are a triumph of pure creative force. Her sense of unspoiled beauty in the virgin type that comes nearest to the heart of savage Nature recalls the art of Mr. THOMAS HARDY; and her way with children Mr. BARRIE himself could not better. But there are chapters in this book of hers that neither of these masters, nor both of them together, could have achieved. *Winterbourne's* personality, in its relation to little children, to Mother Earth, to THEOCRITUS, to the adopted girl who dumbly adored him, and to the wife whose intrusions, sentimental or worldly, roused him alternately to Olympian laughter and Olympian wrath, would arrest the imagination in any company of the memorable characters of fiction. I don't know what proportion of due honour is enjoyed by ALICE BROWN as a prophet in her own country, but I know I sincerely envy America the possession of her genius.

"It is understood that Mr. Justice Griffin intends taking the summer out of India."—*Pioneer*.
Let's hope he'll bring it to England.



TRADE SECRETS.

"NOW THEN, LOOK IT; HERE COMES A CUSTOMER."

CHARIVARIA.

FOLLOWING upon the success of his venture with Sir IAN HAMILTON's brochure, it is rumoured that Mr. HALDANE intends to have an organ of his own for circulating his views. So look out for *The Warminister Gazette*.

It is officially denied that Mr. BIRRELL is to be made a Judge. There was, however, nothing improbable in the rumour, for, in spite of his recent disclaimer, Mr. BIRRELL makes excellent jokes.

Mr. BIRRELL has also denied that he is to be made a Peer. It is evidently very difficult to know what to make of Mr. BIRRELL.

With reference to Sir ALMROTH WRIGHT's opinion that, from an hygienic point of view, washing is an evil, it is interesting to note that children have always shown a wonderful instinct in this respect.

And there is plenty of evidence to show that Turkish Baths, which Sir ALMROTH attacked, are undoubtedly dangerous. For example, the deposed Sultan ABDUL HAMID was in the habit of prescribing baths in the Bosphorus for certain of his acquaintances, and we are told that in every case this treatment had a fatal result.

The welcome announcement is made that Mr. STANFORTH SMITH, the explorer, has not, as was reported, been eaten by cannibals. He has reached Thursday Island in safety, and not so much as a single bite has been taken out of him.

The Oxford crew, while practising, had an exciting experience one day at Putney. The river was so rough that their boat filled with water and almost sank. This draws attention to the scandal that there is no lifeboat station nearer to London than the one at Southend.

A hatred of innovations is, we fear, characteristic of our nation. A thrush which possessed neither legs nor thighs has, *The Express* informs us, been killed at Aylsham, Norfolk.

By a curious coincidence a day after the jury at the Old Bailey had protested

against being "snap-shotted," we came across the following heading over a telegram from Italy in *The Daily Mail*:—

"SHY JURORS AND THE CAMORRA."

Professor ARTHUR KEITH, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, declared that a giant is a diseased product, and we are sorry to hear that several small boys are now in hospital owing to their having drawn the attention of giants to this fact.

The Professor, in discussing the problem of growth, went on to state that it was not impossible that the time might come when a doctor would be able to make a nose grow to any

THE FELINE INFLUENZA.

["A large number of cats in the South of England are suffering from an epidemic disease which has been diagnosed as a kind of influenza. . . It does not seem to be commonly realized that the cat is an exceedingly delicate animal. . . It droops and dies with hardly a struggle."—*The Times*.]

THOMAS is looking rather queer to-day,

Do you observe?—

He's lost his verve,

He's off his feed,

He does not deign to plead

For milk or fish-bones in his usual way.

What do you think's the matter?

Can it be,

As 'twould appear,

That Thomas here,

Our faithful cat

(No, no! don't say it's that!),

Has got the flue? Our Thomas! Even he?

The Joneses' cat, you know, who was of yore

In splendid form,

Taken by storm

(But, I regret,

Not taken to the vet.),

Has turned his toes up.

So have plenty more.

You wouldn't think that cats

who gambol through

Life after life

In sin and strife

Would yet succumb

Without a kick to some

Untimely epidemic; but they do.

Look at our Thomas there, the hefty beast!

Who knows his plight?

To-morrow night

May see him lie

Drooping and fit to die.

Sturdy and healthy? Bless you, not the least.

And that is why I look at him and say That grief and dole

Assail my soul.

Life's but a flower,

And flue is full of power . . .

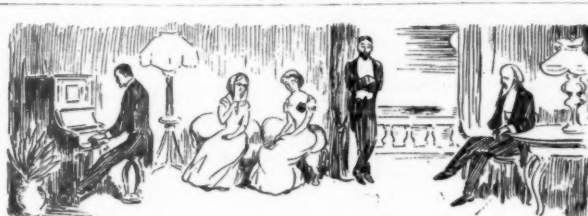
And Thomas does look jolly rum to-day.

"Some 120 children were in attendance at the Band of Hope on Thursday, when 'The Pilgrim's Progress' was shown by the aid of the microscope."

We are afraid that this pilgrim was only making very slow progress.

"The result of the census for the city for the Argentine Government has been launched at Brakenhead."

If we hadn't seen this by a lucky chance in the *Bradford Daily Argus* we should never have known.



BERT SMART'S MUSIC EMPORIUM,
MOZART ST., CLERKENWELL,
AGENT FOR THE PIANOTO.

To the PIANOTO Co., W.

DEAR SIRS,—Re your Pianoto show-cards, while no doubt they are very suitable for your West-end trade, I fear they are hardly cheerful enough for Clerkenwell. I venture to suggest a few alterations, and remain

Yours faithfully,
BERT SMART.

desired shape. A Society for the Promotion of Nose Culture is now in process of formation.

Exception has been taken at the Alhambra to the following head-lines in a contemporary:—

"THE MAD PIERROT.

PRETTY NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA."

We are informed that it is not correct to call the ballet pretty new. It is absolutely new.

Mr. DRAKE and Mr. BRUNSKILL, Masters of the Old Berkeley West Hunt, have, it is announced, resigned their positions owing to the shortage of foxes. Frankly, if people give up hunting them, the foxes have only themselves to blame. Up-to-date foxes, it seems, have no children.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

ON ARBITRATION.

"WELL," I said, "I hope you approve of the TAFT-GREY scheme of arbitration?"

"My dear fellow," said Prenderby, "of course I approve of it. I am all for schemes of that sort—the Millennium, for instance, and Utopia and Paradise. But I permit myself to doubt whether a family arrangement of this kind between two nations who have already practised the habit of arbitration for the settlement of their trifling differences is going to be allowed to serve as a lofty example to a world not yet prepared to follow lofty examples. I'm afraid I have a very poor opinion of national morality. Governments may consist of very honourable Christian gentlemen, but do they, in their composite capacity, ever behave to other Governments like gentlemen, not to say Christians? One does not expect them to love their neighbours better than themselves, but are they ever actuated by any but the most crudely savage instincts? do they ever 'forbear their own advantage,' or decline to hit a rival when he's down or looking the other way, if it suits their convenience? The very qualities which in an individual would be regarded as the mark of an impossible bounder, are in a Government accounted for virtue and patriotism. 'God and my Right,' as we say (cheerfully implicating the Deity); not *the* Right, if you please, but *my* Right."

"But surely," said I, "whether they follow our example or not, other nations must regard our motives in this matter as purely humane?"

"Dear fellow," said Prenderby, "does any nation ever regard the motives of another nation as purely humane? When the two great Teutonic Powers agreed to settle their differences in a lasting alliance, did we acclaim their motives as purely humane? And these peoples, in their turn, whatever praise they may publicly bestow on our scheme, will tell one another privately that our motives to-day are a matter of mere expediency; that England is saying to America, 'Look here; you and I speak the same language or something like it; let us agree to put our differences to arbitration and abide by the results, however obnoxious to either party, *that so we may hold our own together against the rest of the world!*'"

"Well," I said, "I daresay that's what is at the back of some of our heads. But neither nation is ready for it yet. Indeed, it seems doubtful whether the American Senate is ready even for a harmless treaty of arbitration. That's the worst of these Second Chambers!"

"Your observation," said Prenderby, "interests me strangely, for it starts me on our own Second Chamber, a topic germane to our theme. Here is EDWARD GREY propounding, to the open applause of the civilised world with its motto *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, a scheme which he hopes may lead eventually to the universal reduction of armaments. But what is his attitude in regard to a domestic matter equally clamorous for a peaceful adjustment? He belongs to, and apparently endorses the policy of, a Party which has no idea of submitting the case of the House of Lords to arbitration, but proposes to destroy it by the sheer brutal force of superior numbers."

"At any rate," said I, "as between the various components of that Party you find the spirit of mutual concession. You find Liberals, Labour Members and Irish Nationalists compromising their own differences for the common good."

"But for whose 'common good'?" said Prenderby petulantly. "For the common good of the State? Not at all. They combine for the common good of the Party

as against the Party's common foe—the very motive which Europe will attribute to us in our scheme for an Anglo-American treaty of arbitration."

"Well," I said smartly, "don't the Tories do the same thing when they get the chance?"

"No doubt," replied Prenderby judiciously. "In general I have no greater regard for one side than for the other. But in the case of the House of Lords even you will admit that the Tories have in this Parliament offered to assist the Government in arriving at a compromise by consent, and that their overtures have been ignored."

"My point is this:—If your prophet (whom I honestly respect) claims to be leading a crusade not merely for the particular advantage of his own country, or even that of the English-speaking race; if he asserts a higher and broader motive; if it is the acceleration of Universal Peace that he is after; then let him ask himself whether England might not contrive to set the nations an example with the sort of piety that begins at home. We talk at large of the intolerable burden and extravagance of bloated armaments, but never seem to worry ourselves about the infamous waste of time and material and energy that is the curse of a Parliamentary system which in the end always decides things by the mere weight of heavier battalions. There is not a single controversial matter in our home politics that could not be settled by twelve good men and true endowed with common sense and impartiality. We are willing to leave the question of a man's life or death in the hands of a common jury, but the destiny of a nation is left to the mercy of a voting-machine. On the day when we establish a domestic Hague tribunal at our doors I shall begin to have some hope for the Dutch one."

"At this point," I said, "I will break it to you that my purpose in coming to see you to-day was to procure copy for a humorous paper. You haven't helped me much."

"I am laughing all right," said Prenderby, "at the pitifulness and poverty of national ideals; but in my sleeve, for decency's sake. But you, with your visions of a New Earth, a land flowing with milk and arbitration—I wonder that you complain of my dulness. In Utopia there will be no accommodation for humour."

"That's all right," said I cheerfully; "it won't be in my time." O. S.

The following epigram is attributed by a calendar to LÃO-TSZE, whose works we must certainly read again:—

"Intelligence is formed by minute observation; and strength by the conversation of the germs of vital energy."

Conversation between Two Germs:—

1st Germ: Well, we've managed to give our man a cold at last. He's sneezing like anything.

2nd Germ: He's not really sneezing; he's only saying "LÃO-TSZE" to himself.

From a Manchester newspaper:—

"Anything that will set the blood into active circulation is good for a cold. Bathe the feet in hot water and drink hot water, or hot lemonade, on going to bed; take a salt water sponge bath and remain in a warm room. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour or so. Snuff hot salt water up the nose every hour or two. Four or five hours' exercise in the open air is often effective. Four or five grains of quinine taken at night will usually have a good effect. A vapour bath, followed by a cold sponge bath, is good." The great thing seems to be—Keep it moving.

"Even in this old university town we can step from noble colleges, which are graced by antique chapels, quaint cloisters, perfect lawns, and stately trees, into foul sums which are the incarnation of ugliness."

Manchester Evening News.

So we found when going in for the Mathematical Tripos.



CORONATION SEATS

MAY NOW BE BOOKED

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
AND THE PROCESSION

PLAN



ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

PARLIAMENT BILL. "THEY PROMISED ME I SHOULD BE A BUTTERFLY BY THE CORONATION, BUT IF I'M STILL TO BE CRAWLING ABOUT LIKE THIS I SHALL WANT TO BOOK A SEAT."



Extract from "West-End Whispers":—"A PROPOS OF THE REIGN OF THE BIG HAT, THE ECONOMICAL LADY NEEDMORE HAS HIT ON QUITE AN IDEA FOR REDUCING HER MILLINERY BILLS AND AT THE SAME TIME ATTRACTING ATTENTION TO HER PRETTY TWINS, VERA AND VIVIENNE, WHO APPEARED THE OTHER DAY AT THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS-IN-INDIAN-INK, SHARING AN ENORMOUS HAT OF TAGEL-STRAW WITH DROOPING LONG-FRONDED OSTRICH PLUMES. THEY MADE AN IMMENSE SENSATION, AND ARE NOW BOTH ENGAGED, I HEAR!"

"SPORT" (SO TO SPEAK).

Just three short years ago—no more than three—

When yet our faith was perfectly intact,
Upwards we soared on wings of prophecy,
Beaming like Cheshire kittens in the act.

That flight was wasted, Thomas;
The Chicks have not fulfilled their dazzling promise.

We had good cause, old boy, for hopeful pride—

The Chicks, our Chirpy Chicks, were runners-up!
And rapturously we rose and prophesied

That in a year or two they'd win the Cup.

But did they? Not a bit.

Each time since then they've made a hash of it.

We've never failed them, Tom. We're not to blame.

We've done our duty; what can man do more?

We've spared no sacrifice to see each game
(Proving that we are sportsmen to the core);

We've yelled like crazy fellows,
And cheered until we nearly burst our bellows.

We've stuck to them through changes. We have seen
Old favourites sold, whose strength we ill could spare;

We've hailed new men from Bristol, Aberdeen,
From Wales, from Ireland, from the Lord knows where;

We've even helped, my son,
To purchase them, and now they haven't won!

And so you'll chuck the Chicks; you've lost your wool;

Henceforth the Bluebirds have your whole support.

Thomas, I share your anger to the full;

Don't think I blame you—nothing of the sort;

But, for at least a season,

I'll hold my ground. I have a sporting reason.

It's Local Sentiment. The Chirpy Chicks'

Headquarters are but thirty miles away;

The Bluebirds', as you know, are fifty-six;

That is the reason, Thomas, why I stay

(If there's another loss,

I'll throw them up and come and join you, Thos.).

Commercial Candour.

From an advt.:—

"While the seal is on the bottle, the collar round the neck, the cork (with —'s brand) inside and the capsule over that, you are absolutely safe."

Are we to understand that it is when the bottle is opened that the danger begins?

"There is a remarkable family at Rosedale, in which for a period of 35 years there has not been a death. Five of the sons have played various instruments in the Brotton Brass Band."—*Malton Messenger*.

If the band is as brotton as it sounds this immunity is indeed surprising.

A HALF-TOLD TALE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your reputation for sympathy with those in trouble is growing daily. It extends now from Finchley in the north to Hayes in the south, and perhaps further. I will state my trouble and then we shall see if you can help me.

Do you know Hayes at all? It is, I believe, a village or suburban town in Kent or Surrey. I have never been to Hayes, but I can tell a good story about it. It is not the sort of good story with which you cap the other man's good story about WINSTON CHURCHILL; nor is it just an ordinary joke which a friend might borrow and narrate as having happened to himself. It is simply a little personal adventure connecting myself with Hayes, pleasant, if a trifle subtle in its humour; and while it is not necessary to know Hayes well in order to appreciate it, it is, I think, necessary to know me.

I was calling on Mrs. X. last Sunday. There were only three or four people in the drawing-room, so that the conversation was general. My modest share in it had been temporarily cut short by a large slice of cake, when suddenly my ears caught the word "Hayes." It happens sometimes that the word Hayes is spoken in my presence, and that, before I have time to do anything about it, the conversation is switched on to some other topic. Such certainly might have been the case upon this occasion; but by great good luck quite a little argument arose about Hayes. One said it was near Croydon, and another knew it was in Buckinghamshire, and Mrs. X. smoothed matters over by suggesting that there were probably two or three towns of that name.

I wonder if you can realise, Mr. Punch, all that this meant to me—for by this time I had finished my piece of cake. My story, subtle, delicate gossamer thing that it is, depends absolutely for its success upon the conditions under which it is told. It cannot, it simply cannot be dragged in. There are some houses to which one may go for years without ever hearing the place Hayes so much as mentioned, and to attempt to tell the story in houses like these is simply to ruin it. So now to hear Hayes not only mentioned but dwelt upon, better even than that (for the point of my story depends largely upon the exact position in the map of Hayes), actually to hear doubts expressed as to its locality—this was, Mr. Punch, the chance of my life.

"I've often wondered where Hayes

was," I said with a little laugh, "because—well, it was rather funny;" and I smiled reminiscently to myself.

They all looked at me inquiringly. They seemed to know somehow that a good story was coming. I took a sip of tea and began.

As I have said, it is simply a pleasant little story connecting myself with Hayes. The interest in Hayes was by this time at fever-heat, and I knew the few people in the room well enough to assume at any rate a temporary and polite interest in myself. But this much must be admitted. Good story though it is, it begins badly. The first few minutes of it are very dull indeed. The first few minutes descend of necessity to depths of apparently pointless autobiography such as nobody should permit himself to dive into before a mixed company—unless for vital reasons. My own reasons, of course, were that the finish would more than reward my hearers' patience; but also I began to feel this: I began to feel that the mere fact of having ready an appropriate story, however dull, about such an unlikely place as Hayes was in itself a justification. It was the duty of my audience to regard me as a man who could tell a story of some sort about any town on the map.

Well, Mr. Punch, I had cleared the ground of the necessary introductory matter, and I was just arriving at the point where I get the anonymous letter from Finchley—in other words, my story was on the verge of becoming interesting, which interest would steadily increase henceforward to the *dénouement*—when an interruption took place. The door opened and about half-a-dozen fresh people were announced. There were greetings, some introductions, and a little handing of refreshments. We were too many now for general conversation, and I found myself paired with one of the newcomers upon a very comfortable sofa. We talked, I think, about theatres. It was a very pleasant talk . . . but I was not happy. I left about half-an-hour later.

You see, my story stopped at the wrong moment. I don't blame anybody. I could hardly have been asked to go on with it in front of half-a-dozen strangers who had missed the opening; and I am not sure that I should have cared to have begun it all over again. The beginning is so very dull. Besides it is too autobiographical to tell to a complete stranger; you would want to have talked to her for ten minutes or so first about general matters. But I repeat that my story stopped at the wrong moment. There is a little lull before the anonymous letter from

Finchley, and it seemed to stop there quite naturally. I have not the slightest doubt that my audience thought that it was meant to stop there—that what I told them was the whole story.

Mr. Punch, we all have moments of black doubt when even the things dearest and most familiar to us assume strange shapes. At some such black moment I may have doubted whether my Hayes story was quite as brilliant as I have sometimes thought it. But never have I had any doubt that the first half of the story, regarded as a complete whole, was the most utterly futile thing ever told by man. That is the story which the X.'s think I sat down deliberately to tell them. . . .

When I began this letter I had meant to ask you to help me. I had thought that if you gave us a cartoon on Hayes next Wednesday I might call on Mrs. X. on the Thursday, mention *Punch* casually, and so get by way of the cartoon up to my own connection with Hayes. But I see now that I shall never tell the X.'s the Hayes story again. I might be stopped a second time at the same place. That would be too terrible. They may think me an egoistic bore if they like; they mustn't think me an obsessed lunatic. Your unhappy friend,

A. A. M.

THE SENSATIONAL WINKLE CASE.

["At a meeting of the Kent and Essex Fisheries Committee it was reported that the Board of Fisheries had been appealed to on the subject of the protection of winkles on private grounds, a Kentish bench of magistrates having held that winkles were wild animals, and for that reason they dismissed a charge of stealing. The Committee was advised that the cultivation of winkles on private grounds would tame them."—*Daily Pop. r.*]

In the course of proceedings before the Board of Fisheries evidence was heard on behalf of the Kentish magistrates, the owner of the grounds from which the winkles were abducted, and the colony of winkles occupying those grounds. Counsel for the magistrates maintained that such abduction did not amount to stealing, inasmuch as winkles were wild animals.

A member of the Board: That is what you have to prove.

Counsel: I propose to do so.

In an impassioned address counsel declared that he would bring evidence to prove that winkles were a most ferocious species of mollusc, a social pest, and in particular a positive menace to the lives of little children. For years it had been their brutal practice to lie in wait for passers-by on solitary parts of the coast at low tide. They would seize upon their victims in overwhelming numbers, and

adhere to them with fierce tenacity. The sight of a bather's bare foot was always sufficient to rouse them to a lust for blood. In fact, he maintained that no human being was safe in the presence of a wrinkle unless armed with a sledge-hammer or a pin.

Evidence having been taken in support of counsel's statements, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Perry Winkle, who had been much affected by the aspersions cast upon their tribe, were then examined.

A member of the Board: You are a representative of the colony in question?—Mr. Winkle: I am.

Have you any answer to make to the evidence adduced with regard to your attacks on human beings—particularly the bathing episodes which have been referred to?—Mr. Winkle: I maintain they are gross perversions of the truth. Human beings act in the most ungentlemanly manner towards us, coming upon us almost invariably at meal-times, and not giving us time to move out of the way.

Mr. Winkle was followed by Mr. Perry Winkle, who complained bitterly and with genuine feeling of the protection afforded to whelks and mussels, whom he characterised as "abandoned Borgias," and declared that it was their practice to feed upon the unoffending wrinkle tribe after they (the whelks and mussels) had poisoned them (the wrinkles) by means of the sulphuric acid they (the whelks and mussels) were in the habit of secreting.

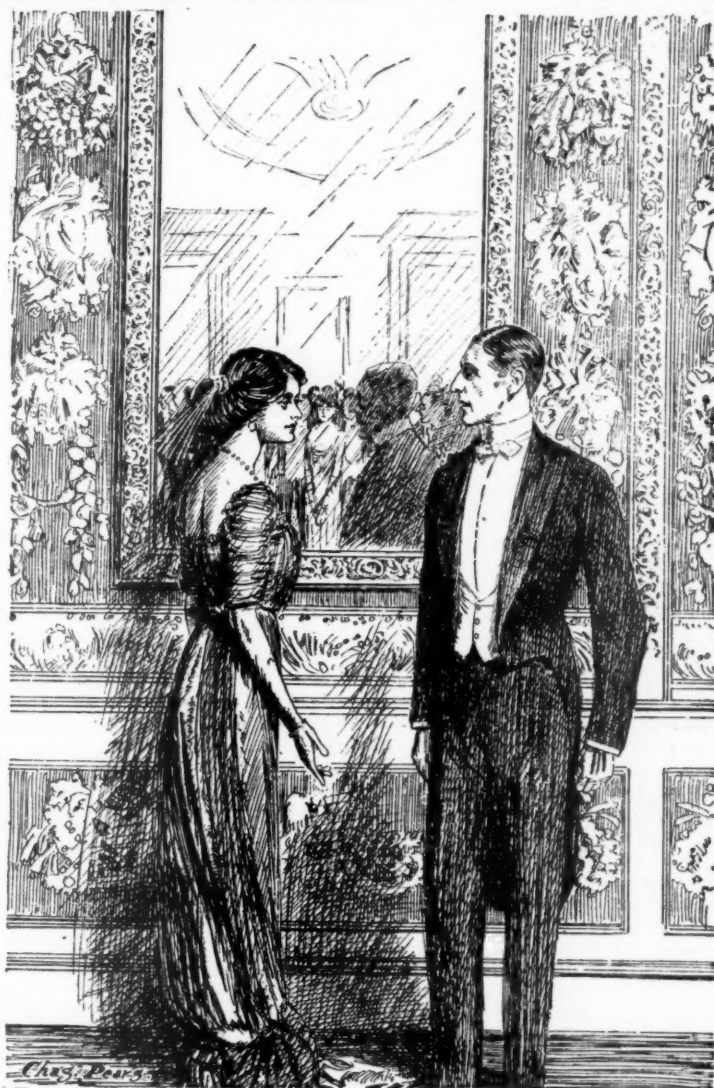
Mr. Perry Winkle, whose evidence caused a great sensation, was followed by Mr. Snodgrass, the owner of the grounds from which the wrinkles had been abducted. Questioned whether he thought that wrinkles, even though originally wild, could be tamed by cultivation on private grounds, Mr. Snodgrass, who was evidently regarded with great affection both by Mr. Winkle and Mr. Perry Winkle, answered warmly in the affirmative. He stated that he had always considered the wrinkles on his property as personal friends, and would unhesitatingly trust his children in their company for hours at a time. They were so tame that they would eat out of his hand and come to him when he whistled. He regarded this matter of their abduction with the utmost horror and consternation.

Case still being heard when our representative left.

Beating His Sword into a Ploughshare.

MR. H. S. PEARSON ON CHARLES DICKENS:—

"The sword he had drawn against social abuse was still ploughing its way towards the goal he had set himself to reach."



Radical Guest. "BY THE WAY, DUCHESS, IF WE ABOLISH THE LORDS THIS SESSION, WON'T THE DUKE BE AWFULLY UPSET?"

Duchess. "OH, I EXPECT HE WOULD; BUT I SHAN'T LET HIM KNOW, YOU KNOW!"

A Chance for Tussaud's.

From *The Evening News* advt. column:—

"RELIC of Old Newgate Prison, washing-bowl from cell; what offers?
8-FT. GUILLOTINE for sale, cheap.
SAWDUST supplied, cheap."

Quite an attractive little lot, all on the market in one breath, for any go-ahead community spoiling for a revolution, or commencing in the "Only Way" line of business. Mexican and Portuguese papers, please copy.

"CAMEL WON RACE BUT DISQUALIFIED."

Montr. a! Gazette.

We are not surprised.

The Home Secretary's New Hobby.

"Mr. Churchill informed Mr. Nield that he was considering the question of taking snapshot photographs in civil and criminal courts during the progress of proceedings."

Manchester Evening News.

There is no end to MR. CHURCHILL'S activities.

"Some one blundered and blundered badly. Frankly, the men were not fit to start rowing a trial of such importance after the subsequent fooling about which took place."

Pail Mall Gazette.

We agree that "someone blundered," though not really very "badly," and have ventured to mark the place in italics.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

NO. IV.—THE MINER'S ADVENTURE.

My Uncle ses he likes stories of desprit deeds of dairing so he will like this one it is the despritest I kno Thire wos wunce a gardners boy hoose name wos George he wos a nise perlite boy and wen he sor yung ladies warking in his garden he stud up strate and tutchted his cap and sed Good morning miss and sumtimes he shod them his nife so evrybody liked him and sed this boy will sumday see wunderfull things and be as ritch as a jooler Wen he wos quite yung about the age of a baby he had met the grate french lady Jone Vark when she wos chasing the enmy out of France and shed tort him how to be brave and giv him a sord and a soot of armer he kep them in a box in his cottige.

One morning George wos working at the cabbiges wen he sor a fairy dressd in gold lace and a purpel vail George stud up strate and tutchted his cap and sed Good morning miss.

Good morning said the fairy your perliter than the gardner.

Wots he dun sed George.

He throd a stone at me wen I wos a sparrer yestday and I shall punsh him for it.

Yes du sed George he ort to catch it.

Im going to giv you welth and all you wont said the fairy quick quick pull up that big cabbage thers a colemine under it.

And wen George pulled up the cabbage loan bold ther wos the entrinse to a colemine and wen George enterd the entrinse the fairy wos gorn and he wos lone in the colemine and in a minnit more hed got to the bottom of it.

Cheer up sed George to hisself and he bagen piking at the cole with sumbdy elses pikax wich had got left there 400 yeers ago he hadent bin piking verry long wen he sor sumthing gleeming away like mad in the dark and wen he put out his hand and cort hold of it it wos a gold box bigger than yur cigret box it wos as big as a tabel and there wos a ruby stuk in the lid the size of my hed.

Haha sed George Im geting on this is sumthing like and he gav it a blo with his pikax to sho he didnt care a bit and sudnly the lid flu open like a wotch wen you blo on it and a hole lot of Troles came tumbling out shouting firse battel cries and making awfle fases at George in the dark a Trole is an erthman.

Wen George sor the Troles he wosent afrade but he puld out his magic wond of ebny wich the fairy giv him and sed theres tu mutch torking here if you dont keep quite I shall send you upstares.

I forgot about the wond but hed got it alrite.

Then the cheef of the Troles kame up and bagen nelying at Georges feet and sed strike the ruby with your ebny wond and I bet youll see sumthing to sprise you and wen George struk the ruby there wos a flash of litening and thunder and the Troles all run into the gold box agen and the ruby sloly open and the butefdest prinsess in the wurd stept out.

Ive left my horse bahind she sed pleese get it for me and George put his hand in the ruby and puld out a milkwite steed with a silver Sadel.

Thank you so mutch sed the prinsess I think your the boy Ive got to marry are you a gardners boy cald George.

Yes I am sed George but they didnt tell me enything about a marrige.

Ive told you now sed the prinsess weel have it at harf past tu tomorrow.

Then George wayd his ebny wond and a lift kame doun for them and a man got out and open the gait and George tuk the gold box and he and the prinsess got in and the lift carred them to the top wens the fairy wos wating for them.

They were marrid tomorrow and livd verry haply in six splendid palises wich the Troles bilt for them George didnt du eny more gardning and wen he wonted munny he sent a Trole doun the colemine to get it.

The fairy wos Georges mother the name of the prinsess wos Ameelia.

THE HOUSE ON HOLIDAY.

[A certain newspaper has recently informed us that, "like the rest of humanity, the House of Commons has its moods," and there are times when "Members, both young and old, like boys just released from school, break out into boisterous mirth, and indulge in the most frolicsome antics."]

AND I was in the gallery that night! . . .

ASQUITH began it—mind you, it was but

The merest lull, succeeding some grim fight,

That turned them from their customary rut.

The House of Commons, like the rest of mortals

(Perhaps you never thought of that before?)

Has got its moods: within those sacred portals

Our legislators sometimes slough their lore

And try to make things hum, when life becomes a bore.

ASQUITH, I say, began it. Full of beans,

He hoisted up his slack and cried, "Ahoy!

BALFOUR, old man, suppose we find some means

Of killing time?" Said BALFOUR, "Done, dear boy!"

Nor yet was HALDANE loth, but, rising up, he

Offered the House a reckless challenge: "Who'll

Stake tuppence on a game of humble-puppy?"

And others gambolled too, like boys from school;

There were that leapt, and some that played at snooker pool.

CECIL and HORNE (SILVESTER), lithe of limb,

Requested REDMOND to "provide a back"

And played at leap-frog with the utmost vim

Till CECIL's head sustained a nasty crack.

WINSTON and F. E. SMITH, a wrestling couple,

Circled about to get a decent squeeze,

And both appeared distinctly fit and supple;

While all the time the SPEAKER sat at ease

And peppered everyone impartially with peas.

A game of marbles soon was going strong,

And WINTERTON and CARSON won applause

From all the cognoscenti in the throng

By artful knuckling of the alley-taws.

And here one might observe the stately AUSTEN,

Who, though at play, preserved a proper tone,

Poised on one nimble foot and wholly lost in

A little game of hopscotch on his own—

A topping game, but one inadequately known.

I did not mark the antics of the rest,

For, just as BIRRELL offered trifling odds

That F. E. SMITH would sit on WINSTON's chest,

The SPEAKER started potting at the gods.

We went confusedly, but as we hastened

From that high fane St. Stephen holds in fee

I cried aloud with joy, albeit chastened,

"These lofty men who write themselves M.P.

Enjoy their little jape even like you and me!"

From "Answers to Correspondents" in *The Birmingham Daily Post*:—

"'Anxious.'—The Bishop of Birmingham, who was born in 1853, is a bachelor."

We hope this is the good news that "Anxious" wanted.

NEO-PRANDIALISM.

MR. CHISHOLM, the Editor of the Greatest of Great Works, having presided at a series of dinners to its English contributors last autumn and being now engaged on a similar feat in America, is himself to be entertained at dinner on his return. And why not? Let there be dinners and then more dinners. Let a dinner celebrate everything.

As a contribution to the New Prandialism we suggest that the following banquets are more than due:—

A complimentary dinner to Mr. SHAW by the road hogs of England in honour of the courageous stand taken by him in *The Car* against the hysterical opposition to running over their pets which is displayed by too many dog-owners. Mr. SHAW candidly admits that he has run over thirteen and only twice has stopped to apologise. Such a lead from so eminent a humanitarian cannot be too cordially acknowledged.

A dinner to Lady SELBORNE to be given by sympathisers with her on the trying time she has recently undergone in her endeavour to establish a new and more elastic method of correspondence in the papers. It has long been felt that to sign one's own name to a letter was at best mechanical. Lady SELBORNE has boldly come forward to put an end to this tedious practice by signing some one else's. Only a dinner—and a very good one—can properly bring home to her mind the benefit she has conferred both on the cause of women's franchise and woman at large. The Chair will be taken by Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON.

It has long been felt by the friends of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., the great Baconian *littérateur*, that public expression should be given to the gratitude and appreciation of his gigantic labours under which the cultured section of the community has so long groaned. This sentiment has now taken concrete shape in the proposal to entertain Sir EDWIN at a banquet, at which the Chair will be taken by Dr. O. OWEN, the eminent American *savant*, who is now assiduously delving in the bed of the Wye, near Chepstow, for BACON's lost notebooks. Mr. G. G. GREENWOOD has also kindly promised to attend and will oblige with the sentiment, "It's a long lane that knows no Durning."

Any attempt to enliven the drab monotony of male attire is always to be welcomed, and it is with great pleasure that we learn of the general support lent to the suggestion to give a fancy-dress dinner to Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P., for his noble attempt



"WELL, TOMMY, CAUGHT ANYTHING?"

"No, I DON'T BELIEVE THE SILLY WORM WAS TRYING."

to introduce velvet coats into the House of Commons. Mr. L. GINNELL, M.P., who has consented to take the Chair, will appear as an Irish cow-puncher, and Mr. JEREMIAH MACVEAGH, M.P., will probably assume the engaging disguise of a South Down shepherd. Velvet or velveteen will be *de rigueur* for all who attend the banquet, at which it is understood there will be no Speakers.

As side issues of the revival in commemorative dining we may state that the Savoy Hotel is about to open a new grill room to be known as the Chisholm, with a twenty-five shilling inclusive lunch for scholars. Be sure to ask for Encyclo. Brut champagne.

The Great Eastern Railway Company are adding to the Cambridge noon ex-

press every day a dining car especially reserved for officials of the University. Press and contributors to the Phenomenal Compilation.

Lastly we may note, as a pleasing illustration of the popularity of the New Prandialism, the inclusion at more than one of the leading music-halls of a turn in which the performer, *à propos* of nothing in particular, eats three large dinners one after another, championing his teeth in perfect time with the music. At the same time we understand there is no truth in the report that the charming Mlle. BRITTA has assumed the Christian name of ENCY.

Festina Lente—"Easter will soon be here."



Absent-minded Householder (who takes the Census returns very seriously). "Ah, MARTHA JAMES—ER, WIDOW?—ER, AGE? H'M—THIRTY-FIVE, H'M—MALE OR FEMALE?"
Cook (indignantly). "FEMALE!"

THE INTELLIGENT METHOD.

[It is announced that another attempt to abolish compulsory Greek in Responses is to be made shortly. It will doubtless be as unsuccessful as the others have been.]

PETER, arrived at the age of eight,
 Was sent to a school that was up to date,
 A wonderful school where the teaching ran
 On the most enlightened and modern plan.
 Each teacher there was passing rich
 In FROEBEL, COMENIUS, LOCKE and FITCH,
 Had studied psychology well, and knew
 All about logical processes too.
 What though his notions of δ , η , $\tau\acute{o}$,
 And *hic, hæc, hoc* might be somewhat foggy?
 The method 's the thing, and each could show
 His London Diploma in pedagogy.

It goes without saying the teaching went
 On the plan that is known as "intelligent;"
 No learning by rote—not a single word
 That savoured of dogma was ever heard.
 The brats were not brainlessly taught to state
 As a crude, bald fact that twice four 's eight;
 The first few weeks that they spent at school
 They measured up things with a three-foot rule,
 Until they learnt this truth and treasured it—
 That twice four varied each time that you measured it—
 A piece of priceless and sound instruction
 Gained by a process of pure deduction.

Of course they were only allowed to turn
 To subjects they eagerly wished to learn.
 No forcing the young idea to stammer

The verbs in $-\mu$ or the Latin grammar.
 Instead of Euclid and rule of three
 They nature-studied the bumble-bee;
 They made little models in clay, and went
 To visit St. Paul's and the Monument;
 And after each highly instructive trip
 They wrote little essays on citizenship.

Thus Peter continued evolving knowledge
 Until he was ready to go to college;
 He hoped to let old Isis see
 What Education ought to be,
 For he heard that at last the dons intended
 The farce of compulsory Greek to be ended.

Alas, I fear when the day comes round
 His hopes will be cruelly dashed to the ground.
 From curacy, canonry, rectory, deanery,
 From Lancashire slums and from Devonshire scenery,
 Black coats have flocked before in force
 To fight for the antediluvian course;
 And now, as before, they will doubtless go
 To fight in their hundreds for δ , η , $\tau\acute{o}$,
 And the youth who sighs for Oxford halls
 Will still have to tackle the old, old Smalls.

Now δ , η , $\tau\acute{o}$ is death to a man
 Brought up on the latest enlightened plan.
 However hard his brain may try
 It never can master the verbs in $-\mu$,
 While up-to-date methods unite to avoid a
 Lucid account of a freak like $\alpha\delta\alpha$.
 So Smalls are a still insurmountable fence
 To a man of modern intelligence.



DISARMAGEDDON.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—Heard much of late of the millennium near at hand, when Ireland, refusing to be happy till she gets it, shall have Home Rule. Captain CRAIG, back again after carrying out LONG JOHN, not disposed to regard prospect with unqualified pleasure.

"What about Irish stocks?" he asks. "Does the PRIME MINISTER know that since Home Rule was mentioned by the Government the price of Irish securities has appreciably fallen?"

Later LONSDALE raises similar objection. Like bonnets, tin, bootlaces and other industries whose condition was noticed at time of launching Tariff Reform propaganda, Irish bank stock is "going" — down. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL points out that price of Bank of Ireland stock is subject to causes affecting similar stock in United Kingdom. Only that, and nothing more.

LONSDALE shook his head incredulously. A student of history, he remembers how in times past the policy of the Whigs at a particular juncture led to disastrous multiplication of large bluebottle flies in butchers' shops. The Whigs of the day strenuously denied that they were in any measure responsible for the incursion, just as a member of a Government placed and kept in power by a discreditable Coalition attempts to shirk responsibility for market price of Bank of Ireland stock.

Even while this controversy was in progress an object-lesson was presented possibility of which would, thirty years ago, have been scornfully challenged. On second bench below Gangway, the very one whence in good old days PARNELL and JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR were accustomed to rise, defy authority of Chair and outrage treasured traditions of Parliament, sat WILLIAM O'BRIEN, fully clothed, in friendly conversation with WALTER GUINNESS, representative of that English wealth, landlordism and aristocracy that since and before the Union have

blighted the hopes of Ireland. ST. AUGUSTINE'S glance resting upon the pretty scene was dimmed by a tear of sympathy. It was a slight thing, incidentally arising out of accidental contiguity. The seeing eye discerned in it token of millennium.

"By-and-by," ST. AUGUSTINE murmured, "we shall see JOHN REDMOND walking on the Terrace with Captain CRAIG, passing by a table at which are seated WILLIAM MOORE and JOHN DILLON, while, like, great Anna (since dead), whom three realms obey, they 'sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.'"

more amazed than he at sensation created by his utterance. Intended as expression of personal feeling, welcoming suggestion thrown out by PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES. And lo! it turns out to have been a trumpet call, not summoning to war but to peace on earth and goodwill among the nations.

GREY instinctively shrinks from private congratulations, public compliments, and the like. Has much in common with the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE long known to Commons as LORD HARTINGTON. HARTINGTON did not care a brass farthing for anything people said or thought or wrote about him.

At the bottom of his heart, more particularly at outset of his career, he disliked public life, was bored by attendance in House of Commons. But for four hundred years the CAVENTISHES have had a hand in directing public affairs, and it did not become the latest heir to the Dukedom to shirk the hereditary task. Equally a GREY of Northumberland, grandson of Sir GEORGE, grand-nephew of the second Earl GREY, was bound to take his place in Parliament, in due time his seat on one or other of the Front Benches.

EDWARD GREY obeyed the call of duty, and from the first made his mark upon an Assembly which is the shrewdest judge of character in the world. A man of sublimely judicial mind, he never in the quarter of a

century he has sat for Berwick-on-Tweed raised a cheer by delivery of a partisan attack. In this respect some eager spirits find him lacking. SARK tells me that during his fighting time NELSON was actuated by ungovernable personal hatred of the French as individuals and as a nation. Whilst waiting to knock up against their ships in the Mediterranean he wrote home: "I trust Almighty God will, in Egypt, overthrow these pests of the human race." That was unreasonable, illogical. But the personal feeling lent force and energy to NELSON'S arm at Aboukir and Trafalgar.

EDWARD GREY is absolutely free from private prejudices and animosities of



CORK-ED STOUT;

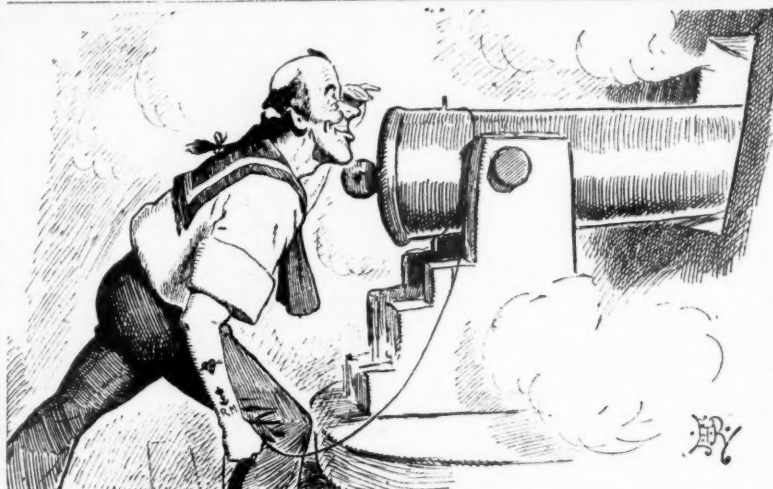
OR "MISERY ACQUAINTS A MAN WITH STRANGE BENCH-FELLOWS."

Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, being hard up for congenial society just at present, joins the "jeunesse dorée" and communes light-heartedly with Mr. WALTER GUINNESS."

Business done.—Navy Estimates on again in Committee of Supply.

Wednesday.—EDWARD GREY suddenly finds himself under fierce light beating upon him from two hemispheres. Kindled by his memorable speech on arbitration interpolated ten days ago in debate on Army and Navy expenditure. Present generation cannot recall parallel case of address in House of Commons commanding such world-wide attention, welcomed with equal unanimity of enthusiasm. True Mr. BARNES regards it as "a mockery and a snare." Against that EDWARD GREY may, if he pleases, place the approval of civilised world.

Not likely to take the trouble. None



FIRING H.S. "STERN-CHASER."

Mr. McKenna, while vigorously engaging the enemy, is compelled to go aft and pour a withering fire into mutinous vessels astern to teach them a much-needed lesson in real patriotism."

that character. It makes him less effective in party warfare. It leaves him on his rare pedestal—a man trusted and looked up to by all parties and sections of parties in the House of Commons.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Under sub-head "S" of vote 6 in class 4 of Civil Service Estimates for current financial year, will be found interesting item: "Grant in aid of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910, £20,000."

It means that the wealthiest nation in the world has out of its total expenditure of a trifle under 172 millions contributed so much to the cost of expedition led by Captain Scott in search of South Pole. Better than nothing, it is less than one-half of actual cost, estimated at a minimum of £50,000. Gallant little New Zealand has planked down £1,000; United South Africa, £500; a princely Australian subscribes £2,500, which, with contributions from the public, brings up amount to nearly £44,000, leaving deficit of £6,000.

This a weight which throughout his perilous journey over trackless waste of snow Captain Scott will find heavier to draw than the most fully-laden sleigh. He started on his enterprise cheered by national applause, but depressed by consciousness that he was handicapped by what, if matters remain as they stand, means impending bankruptcy.

Long ago Mr. *Micawber* put great economical truth in classical nutshell. "Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £19 19s. 6d.; result, happiness. Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £20 ought six; result, misery."

In the lengthened night under Antarctic skies Captain Scott will be doing an analogous sum: "Expenditure, £50,000; cash subscribed, £44,000; result, misery. Cost of expedition, £50,000; subscriptions, say £55,000 to cover emergencies: result, happiness."

The first news from England that can reach the little party of explorers will as near as can be calculated arrive on Christmas day, 1912, when the *Terra Nova* returns from New Zealand to the Antarctic to take fresh stores to the expedition. It would be a pleasant kind of a Christmas card if CAPTAIN SCOTT's wife, who remains in London, were able to send him word that the full amount has been made up, leaving him to go on his way unhampered by the thought that every weary mile achieved on the way to the Pole adds to the burden of his indebtedness.

Business done.—Still winding up estimates of financial year closing on the 31st inst.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT CÆSAR KNEW.

"LET me have men about me that are fat," cried JULIUS CÆSAR in an inspired moment. This is one of the most illuminating utterances recorded in the history of the world.

Why did so great a statesman, general, and *littérateur* as CÆSAR express this desire for an adipose entourage? Because he knew by experience that for general trustworthiness and honest ability fat people were second to none. Other men, in other ages, may have discovered the same truth;

but CÆSAR was the first to crystallise it into a policy, to make it the guiding principle of his wonderful career.

To-day, however, we are in danger of forgetting the message left to us by the illustrious Roman. In this country, indeed, we have largely given up the deliberate cultivation of corpulency, and are even beguiled at times into removing some of our so-called "superfluous" adiposity by means of remedies of the "Antitum" type. Herein the appeal is all to the eye, to the sense of form, rather than to the heart and brain. The ancient Greeks made precisely the same mistake—they cultivated external beauty, demanding fineness of figure, at the expense of substance—and what is Greece to-day? On the other hand, how has the Turk been able to defy the Powers all these years? Because he has developed to the utmost his capacity for sitting tight.

Englishmen, in the mass, seem to have stopped their ears to the call of fat. And yet some of our most successful modern men follow the cult of the obese. In almost every department of public and private activity it will be found that, sooner or later, rotundity comes out on top; and once there it stays there.

Would you increase your efficiency tenfold? Would you become a Man of Weight in the affairs of the Empire? Then

TRY PHATOGEN,

the Great Girth-Expander.

Would you sit in the Seats of the Mighty? Then

TRY PHATOGEN,

the Universal Inflator.

Did you ever know a fat person to become destitute?

PHATOGEN

is the one insurance against poverty, the one solution of the Unemployment problem.

Had Mr. BALFOUR undergone a course of this wonderful treatment, he would not now be in Opposition.

Think of CÆSAR, and insist on having PHATOGEN.

In the palace as in the cottage, in the club as in the casual ward, its effect is proclaimed to be nothing short of miraculous. Take it, and the Blue Bird is yours at last.

PHATOGEN.

Of all chemists, grocers, and bath-chair manufacturers.

From a testimonial in *The Autocar*:

"I swear by th— Cars, and am a walking advertisement for you."

But, oh! why "walking"?



Peuniless Suitor (anxious to propitiate millionaire, whose daughter's hand he has just asked in marriage). "B-B-BUT, OF COURSE, D-DON'T IF YOU DON'T WANT TO!"

PAN-PIPES.

PAN—did you say he was dead, that he'd gone, and for good—
Gone with the Dryads and all of the shy forest faces?

Who was it then plucked your sleeve as you came through the wood,
What of the whisper that waits in the oddest of places?

Pan of the garden, the fold,
Pan of the bird and the beast,
Kindly, he lives as of old,
He isn't dead in the least!

Yes, you may find him to-day (how the reeds twitter on,
Tuneful, as once when he followed young Bacchus's leopards);
Stiffer he may be, perhaps, since our moonlight has shone

Centuries long on his goat-horns—
old Pan of the shepherds!

Brown are his tatters, his tan
Roughened from tillage and toil,
Pagan and homely, but Pan—
Pan of the sap and the soil!

Find him, in fact, in the Park when the first crocus cowers;
Cockney is he when it suits him, I know that he knocks his

Crook at my window at times o'er six-penn'orth of flowers,
Gives me his blessing anew with my fresh window-boxes!

Piping the leaf on the larch,
Piping the nymphs (in the Row),
Piping a magic of March,
Just as he did long ago!

THE TONSURE TOUCH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A good deal has been said about the pathos surrounding the struggles of middle-aged women to preserve their youth, but I feel that members of your own sex similarly engaged deserve even greater sympathy because they have fewer adventitious aids and less opportunity for practising them. So I have invented a little arrangement by which the out-of-doors-man on the wrong side of fifty can knock at least fifteen years off his age. You will have noticed, when through work or worry a man loses his back hair, the line of demarcation often appears just under his hat at the back, and gives him away, however studiously youthful the rest of his appearance may be. Few men will wear a toupee, in spite of the pathetic efforts of their

hairdressers to make them, but there is neither trouble nor risk attached to my little invention.

"The Tonsure Touch" (for so I have named it) consists of a crescent-shaped *bandeau* of hair fastened inside the hat-brim at the back, and is so placed that it not only completely covers the exposed bald area, but blends naturally with the wearer's own hair. When social or other duties necessitate the lifting of the hat, the right thumb presses a stud on the under side of the right brim (this is, of course, reversed in the case of left-handed wearers). The stud is connected with a spring, which causes the "scalpetto" to fly up inside the hat as it is raised, while the releasing of the stud causes the hair-flap to spring back again in correct position as the hat is replaced on the head.

"The Tonsure Touch" is made in all sizes and shades, and it is only due to myself to add that my invention will be placed on the market at cost price, my idea being not to make profit but merely to add to the comfort and happiness of a sex for which I have a sincere respect and esteem.

Truly yours, SYMPATHETIC SPINSTER.

AT THE PLAY.

"ONE OF THE DUKES."

MR. "GEORGE PLEYDELL'S" satire on the tendency among British Peers to marry American heiresses surely comes rather late in the day, and his ridicule of dukes as dukes is not the freshest of fun. A year or so ago it might possibly have been amusing to revive the CHANCELLOR'S Limehouse manner and to say that "Mr. Welshman had called the Duke of Rye the chief of backwoodsmen," but to-day it is the oldest of old game. And even a year ago his worst enemy never suspected the backwoodsman of being totally ignorant in the matter of sport. He was supposed to be spending all his leisure time in the slaughter of innocent creatures, knee-deep in "blood" instead of "bloom." And, after all, where is your backwoodcraft if you can't tell a pet-dog from a partridge? Yet that was the error committed by the Duke of Rye in the excitement of hearing the familiar cry, "Mark over," which seems to have struck him as a novelty. Another weakness of his was a private taste for the bassoon; and a third his custom of breaking off his engagement with any girl who employed artificial aids to beauty. His attempt to test the hips of one lady with the point of an alpenstock was fortunately made before the curtain rose. Poor material even for a farce, but MR. CYRIL MAUDE braved it out, using his well-known and popular voice-trick for all it was worth to carry off the mildest mirth that ever was. But it cost him many a bead of perspiration.

To give the author his due, I admit a fresh effect in his representation of the interior of a parched well, with the Duke and his *fiancée* in a cage descending in search of her engagement ring. M. MATTERLINCK had, of course, anticipated this dropping of a ring into a well, but never thought of sending *Pelléas* and *Mélisaunde* down after it. His well was too wet. In *Salomé*, again, we were not privileged to see through a brick wall into the interior of the prophet's retreat at the bottom of the cavity. So this was quite a fresh scheme.

Whether it will serve to impose the play upon the general taste I dare not conjecture. The kindly audience of the first night were hard put to it to counterfeit enthusiasm. MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH worked hard at his pipe,

and Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE said "Geel" and "Ginger!" very pleasantly, but it was poor sport for them.

As for Miss KATE BISHOP, she was required to pronounce every *s* as *sh*: that was where *her* fun came in. She would have done well in the shibboleth test at the ford of Jordan, but it left us

this play. That I, for one, cannot penetrate it may simply mean that with proper modesty he hides his virtues from the common eye.

I imagine that the gloomy little curtain raiser, *The Hand on the Latch*—a mild sort of Guignol horror—was designed to put the audience in a receptive frame of mind for the farce that followed. It had a moment's strength in the final situation, where the wife disowns her dead thief of a husband, either to shield his name or because, as she had *sh wn* at an earlier stage, she could not forgive dishonesty. But much of the silent action of the piece was trivial and tedious, for all the naturalness of Miss WINIFRED EMERY, and I did not find that the tragedy had much excuse for itself on the ground of inevitability. If I had been the man and wanted to appropriate the taxes I had been collecting, I should never have been at the pains first to screw them up under the floor and then to break into my own house at midnight to steal them. I should have just shifted them from one pocket to the other.

It seems so easy that there must be a catch somewhere, and I shall try to believe that that charming writer, Miss MARY CHOLMONDELEY, knew what she was about. O. S.

"THE FOLLIES."

The Follies are most effective when they are least ambitious. A casual conversation between MR. PÉLISSIER and MR. LEWIS SIDNEY conveys more of their own peculiar atmosphere than all the potted pageants and imitations of MAUD ALLAN. When MR. SIDNEY arrives at the Voice Trial with his cello, and before beginning asks MR. PÉLISSIER casually if he knows how cellos are made, to which MR. PÉLISSIER says in tones of surprise: "Do they make them?" whereupon MR. SIDNEY assures him earnestly that they make quite a number, and explains that they always make the "S" holes first—why then, it seems to me, you have the Follies at their best. This particular little bit of dialogue was omitted from the Voice Trial last Wednesday; perhaps for the reason that it came spontaneously on the night, some months ago, when I heard it, and the Follies are artists enough to know that a spontaneous joke cannot always be repeated. But I was sorry that a whole turn in the first part of the pro-



Duke of Rye. "I say, I'm afraid I'm a very poor backwoodsman. Is that what they call an axe?"

Duke of Rye MR. CYRIL MAUDE.
Lord George Thurburn MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

very cold. Finally, Miss NELL CARTER looked so pretty in her nurse's uniform that it didn't much matter what she said; and this was well, for she had the dullest things to say.

I am confident that MR. MAUDE had some good motive for the selection of



THE CURTAIN LECTURER.

MR. PÉLISSIER.



BEFORE THE POINT TO POINT.

Lady. "HALLOA, FREDDY, WHAT A FUNNY HORSE!"

Freddy (on new chaser, his proudest possession). "IT'S ONE I'VE JUST BROUGHT OUT TO QUALIFY."

Lady. "I DON'T UNDERSTAND."

Freddy. "JUST OUT TO LET THE MASTER SEE HIM, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

Lady. "OH, I SEE; FOR THE KENNELS, POOR BEAST."

gramme, "Mr. PÉLISSIER and Mr. LEWIS SIDNEY will sing to each other," was also omitted; I have such very pleasant memories of their previous duets.

Of the new Potted Plays I thought *Count Hannibal* the funniest; maybe because I have not seen the original. I have noticed before that the plays which one has not seen are the ones which "pot" best. I suppose we are led to expect too much from the others. And, anyhow, I'm afraid it is true that the Follies are better served by their interpreters than by their authors. There must, for instance, be at least fifty people in London who could write Mr. PÉLISSIER a set of verses ten times cleverer than those which serve him for his topical song in the first part of the programme.

Miss GWENNIE MABS has one charming turn as a dear old grandmother trying to tell three inquisitive children a fairy tale. I could wish that she and the other ladies of the company had more to do in the Potted Plays,

even if it meant that Mr. PÉLISSIER had to forswear female impersonations for the future. And I should have liked to hear more of Mr. DAN EVERARD—he can be so delightfully alive.

But that is the worst of the Follies. We all want different things from them, and whatever we get we shall never be quite satisfied. M.

"Half-time came with the score standing—
IRELAND 1 Goal
SCOTLAND 1 Goal
Result—Scotland 2, Ireland nil."

Ireland's Saturday Night.

We can only suppose that Scotland pinched Ireland's goal when she wasn't looking. This is hardly playing the game.

From *The Weekly Dispatch* :—

"He gives an excellent account of himself in the 'Lasso' song, and would do still better if the absurd business of having him carried off on Miss May's back was abolished. He is good enough to walk off on his own."

If he can really walk off on his own back he must be very good indeed.

The Compensations of a University Education.

"University man, bachelor, young, desires pretty little comfortably furnished seaside Cottage. Rent free or quite nominal."

Advt. in "Church Times."

"LUDLOW COUNTY POLICE.—Tuesday.
(BEFORE MR. T. H. ATHERDEN.)"

NOR MUCH TO BE FRIGHTENED OF."

The sub-editor of the paper which makes this announcement must not build upon any former lenience of Mr. ATHERDEN's to members of the Press.

A paragraph in *The Westminster Gazette* begins as follows :—

"The customer who went into the Ludgate Circus, E.C., Post Office for a penny stamp yesterday and felt the insignificance of his order when he saw the messenger of a big City firm order 78,000 halfpenny stamps and hand over £164 in payment might receive a somewhat similar surprise every day."

But with a really smart man at the head of the firm, it couldn't go on long. We ourselves know of a much smaller post office where 78,000 halfpenny stamps can be purchased for £162 10s.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WRITERS of random "memories" are apt to pose rather dishonestly as authors of a connected literary narrative, so that it was not a bad idea of Professor POULTON's to throw this pretence to the winds and figure in different parts of the same book in the separate rôles of biographer, essayist and general remembrancer. Calling his compilation *John Viriamu Jones, and other Oxford Memories* (LONGMANS), he begins with a sketch of the life and work of the late Principal of Cardiff University College, goes on to various recollections of Oxford life in the seventies, inserts a short memoir on Professor GEORGE ROLLESTON, and concludes with a treatise on Oxford Reform and the British Examination system, which it would ill become me to criticise. His stories are not always very good ones: on Proctors, for instance, he makes the following note:—

"I remember ALFRED MILNER, when a B.A., telling us that he had been 'proctorized' the night before and even reminded that he was still *in statu pupillari*. 'I was fully aware of the fact,' he had replied to the Proctor." Friends of mine who have met and even been pursued by these Erinyes have brought back much more interesting narratives than this. But perhaps Lord MILNER made up a better retort by the time he paid his fine next morning. On the whole the most interesting chapters to the profane or lay reader are an essay by VIRIAMU JONES on EDGAR ALLAN POE's "Ulalume" and some amusing reconstructions of debates at the Union from a period when, amongst other famous personages, the present PRIME MINISTER was a speaking member. There are no very stirring accounts of athletic achievements in the volume, but that deficiency will be supplied, I imagine, by the present generation when Professor POULTON's own son, the famous Rugby Blue, becomes in turn a Recollector of Oxford days.

Let A. be in love with B., and let B., having no objection to A., but a latent passion for C., come into her million and a half; and let D. be not only the fond mother of A., but also in need of a little cash for her own uses; and let all that is necessary to make B. marry A. and finance D. be a rumour of C.'s engagement elsewhere; and let Mr. E. F. BENSON be managing the whole affair; then it is an assured thing that D. will tell the essential lie, that she and A., B. and C. will be very much alive, and that in the course of their history the diligent student will learn what motives conduce to what ends and how one may be comparatively happy on fifty thousand a year. No one describes with more relish and success the big and little luxuries of plutocracy than does Mr. BENSON, and few do

such justice to the diverse temperaments and complex states of mind of humanity in crucial situations. It is to be observed that in this case what he makes up in thoroughness he lacks in spontaneity, that his plot produces his character rather than his character his plot, and that neither the one nor the other is strikingly original. But if it is inevitable to criticise, it is by no means necessary to disparage his half-yearly production, and *Account Rendered* (HEINEMANN), though nothing to boast about as a work of art, may with all confidence be recommended as a pastime.

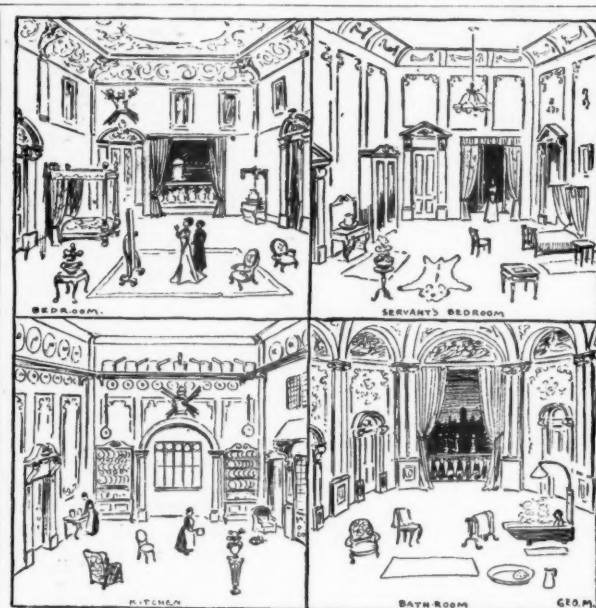
In the first chapter of *Adventure* (NELSON) we are introduced to David Sheldon riding pick-a-back "on a woolly-headed, black-skinned savage," and giving medicine to the man-er-ting, dysentery-stricken cannibals employed by him in the Solomon Islands. As Sheldon was also such a very sick man that these amiable cannibals were

merely waiting an opportunity to kill him, the greediest of sensation-mongers cannot fail to be satisfied with Mr. JACK LONDON's opening. In fact all the signals are down for a book of horrors, until *Joan Lackland* arrives—in Chapter iv. and a boat—and proceeds to show what an American girl of the "get on or get out" brigade can do. *Joan* had all the virile, and some of the feminine, virtues, and she arrived in the nick of time to save Sheldon's life; but I resented her early appearance, for I could not help guessing that in spite of head-hunters and jealous white men Sheldon was destined to be her husband. Many things happened before she said, "I am ready, Dave," but the thrill which Mr. LONDON can produce so admirably is not in them. *Adventure* is a good enough

story for me to read, but it is scarcely good enough for the author to have written.

It needs some pluck, I think, to take,
Adapt and utilise unwincing
A theme that SHAKESPEARE couldn't make
In all particulars convincing;
Yet Mr. F. J. RANDALL, in
His latest novel (LANE), essays it;
The Bermondsey (he calls it) *Twin*,
And, spite of faults, I'm bound to praise it.

The theme, as you'll have guessed, presents
Two brothers, each the other's image,
Embarrassing predicaments—
A catch-as-catch-can sort of scrimmage.
The thing's improbable, you'll say;
It is, and so's the exploitation;
But Mr. RANDALL has a way
Which laughs you into admiration.



SOME ROOMS IN A TYPICAL LONDON FLAT, AS THEY WOULD BE REPRESENTED AT ONE OF OUR PALATIAL MUSIC-HALLS.

CHARIVARIA.

It is now practically certain that the Coronation Decorations in Piccadilly will be designed by Mr. BRANGWYN and other artists. In decoration circles, we understand, this introduction of actual artists is considered something of an intrusion.

"The name of WESLEY," says *The Daily Mail*, "boomed large in the musical scheme of the last Coronation." The misprint is pardonable. Something is always booming in our bright little contemporary.

Lord HALDANE declares that he goes rather reluctantly to the House of Lords. We would, however, respectfully point out that the promotion may have its compensations. If one's figure should ever be inclined to be a little bit too generous, what more tactful costume is there than a peer's robe?

Mr. ASQUITH's reply to a question from Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, "You had better wait," is nothing like so good as his "Wait and see," and we are not surprised that it has not caught on. It's so difficult to repeat a success.

"Man," says Dr. ROBERT BELL, "is the only animal on the face of the earth who cooks his food, and therefore destroys its value." The Simple Life movement is spreading. Washing has gone, and now it is the turn of cooking.

Mr. F. W. HILL, lecturing before the Royal Photographic Society on "The Open-Air Statues of London," mentioned that the Waterlow statue in Waterlow Park was the only one that had an umbrella. Since the publication of this statement the authorities, we hear, have received quite a quantity of o'd gingham from kind-hearted ladies for the other statues.

A contemporary gives a description of one of Mr. JOHN COLLIER'S Academy pictures. It represents EVE, and the canvas shows, we are told, "the nude figure of a beautiful girl fleeing through an orchard. The eyes are widely opened with fear." Is it a portrayal of EVE before she plucked the apple, or after? we are asked. Obviously the latter, we should say, and the apple was not ripe.

At a meeting held under the auspices of the Selborne Society it was proposed that a tract of wild country should be



THE SEX QUESTION.

(A STUDY IN BOND STREET.)

acquired, in which rare and persecuted birds could find a safe retreat. The only difficulty, we take it, would be to discover a method for bringing the sanctuary to the notice of such birds as cannot read.

A letter has been sent to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, suggesting that the plague of seals in the Wash should be dealt with by a cruiser being sent down to shoot them. The Board, we understand, is in favour of waiting to see the effect of the mere threat.

Frankly, we cannot help being amused at the wearing of trousers by women being stigmatised as improper. Supposing that women had always been accustomed to wear trousers, and some of them had suddenly appeared in skirts—surely that would have been held to be even more improper?

At Cardiff a lady has been sent to prison for ten months for pouring

paraffin oil over her husband and attempting to set fire to him. As a husband ourselves, we are glad that at last something has been done to discourage this foolish and dangerous practice.

A proposal to make measles a notifiable disease has been rejected by the Metropolitan Asylums Board. This is a richly-deserved snub for the measles, which have been distinctly giving themselves airs of late.

M. MESSENGER, the Director of the Paris Opera House, has, it is said, just engaged "the greatest tenor in the world, Caruso included." CARUSO, we understand, is of the opinion that this will be found to be an exaggeration.

"No country in the world," says *The Outfitter*, "can produce a silk hat of such high quality as the English." It is in what the hat covers that we are sometimes outclassed.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

No. V.—THE CATS WHO COULDN'T MEW.

THERE was wunce a boy and a girl named Tom and Nan she was 15 yeers old and Tom was tu weeks older than her he was 17 but she was hansimer her nose was strater and not so round. These 2 children livd in a house it was jest an ornary house with a kichen a nursry a dining room a libary and a fu bedrooms there wer other peepel in the house fathers and mothers and guvnisses but we wont say enthing about them becas they don't cum in the story.

These childern had 2 cats Santyclaws brort them last Crismas wen he came down the chimly wun was lukiug out of wun pocket and the uther was lukiug out of the uther they were nise tortshel cats and thire names were Hariland and Alcherine Tom and Nan luvd them and fed them on milk and bits of fish and they slep in a bastick in the nursry they wer jest like uther cats they skratshd yur fingers and plade with peeces of paper and run after thire tales and climed up the kurtins but the funny thing about them was they never meewd most cats make a horble nois wen they get lost in cubberds or wont to get in at a winder but these cats dident they jest lukd at you and wagd thire tales but they never meewd.

One nite Tom woke up and sed wots that.

Wots wot sed Nan.

There a nois sed Tom hark dident you hear it.

No sed Nan wots it like.

Its like peepel shouting and bellerin in the nex room sed Tom.

I think I herd a bit of it then sed Nan quick quick lets get up.

So they got up and crep into the nex room and wot dyou think they sor.

They sor Hariland and Alcherine gettin out of thire bastick and then they stud up on thire hine legs and bagen to take orf thire skins they tuk them all orf and wen theyd dun Hariland was a prinse and Alcherine was a prinsess.

Haha sed Tom springing forwerd weve got you now and Nan tuk hold of the 2 skins and rolld them up under her arm.

Wot have you got to say sed Tom we dont like cats changing thireselves like this do we Nan.

No sed Nan we dont and wots more we wont have it.

Pardon sir pardon sed Hariland crying at the same time but we dident meen it.

Then wy did you do it sed Tom.

Its the old wich sed Hariland she livs in the worlnut tree and shes bewiched us weer properly cats but she makes us be a prinse and prinsess at nites when nobdys lukiug and we dont like it we want to be cats all the time.

Lets hear you meew then sed Tom.

We cant meew sed Alcherine all along of the wich shes stopd our meewing becas she sed she coudent bare the orfle noise.

Theres no use in your been cats then sed Tom taking up his bo and arrer from the corner.

Wel sed Hariland weve tride to kill the wich but we cant if youll kill her for us weel go on been cats and meew tu if you like.

How shall I kill her sed Tom.

Dip your arrer in the creem sed Hariland and then shute it into the midel of the worlnut tree youll hear her giv a loud shreek and thatl be the end of her and a good riduns.

Then Tom tuk his best arrer and he dipt it in the

creem jug and shot it strate into the midel of the worlnut tree and then they all wated. Ferst they dident heer enything but at last they herd a littel teeny wisper of a shreek.

Thats not it sed Alcherine you muster misst her.

No sed Tom Ive hit her olrite hark.

And wen they harkd they herd a reglar shreek it went on for ten minnits and then it stopd so that was the end of the old black wich in the worlnut tree.

And wen the children lukd round loanbold the prinse and prinsess was gorn and the cats had cum back agen but they hadent got their skins on then. Nan gave them thire skins and the cats was very grateffe and put them on and crep back into thire bastick.

After this they coud meew like enthing and there was lots of kittns evry yeer.

Nex yeer Tom and Nan gru up and went and livd in anuther house but they tuk Hariland and Alcherins with them and they never forgot the nite wen they sor the prinse and prinsess and herd the old wich shreek.

TO THE GOD OF LOVE.

COME to me, Eros, if you needs must come

This year, with milder twinges;

Aim not your arrow at the bull's-eye plumb,

But let the outer pericardium

Be where the point impinges.

Garishly beautiful I watch them wane,

Like sunsets in a pink west,

The passions of the past; but O their pain!

You recollect that nice affair with Jane?

We nearly had an inquest.

I want some mellower romance than these,

Something that shall not waken

The bosom of the bard from midnight ease,

Nor spoil his appetite for breakfast, please

(Porridge and eggs and bacon).

Something that shall not steep the soul in gall,

Nor plant it *in excelsis*,

Nor quite prevent the bondman in its thrall

From biffing off the tee as good a ball

As anybody else's;

But rather, when the world is dull and gray

And everything seems horrid,

And books are impotent to charm away

The leaden-footed hours, shall make me say,

"My hat!" (and strike my forehead)

"I am in love, O circumstance how sweet!

O ne'er to be forgot knot!"

And praise the damsel's eyebrows, and repeat

Her name out loud, until it's time to eat,

Or go to bed, or what not.

This is the kind of desultory bolt,

Eros, I bid you shoot me;

One with no barb to agitate and jolt,

One where the feathers have begun to moult—

Any old sort will suit me.

EVOE.

Save us from our Friends.

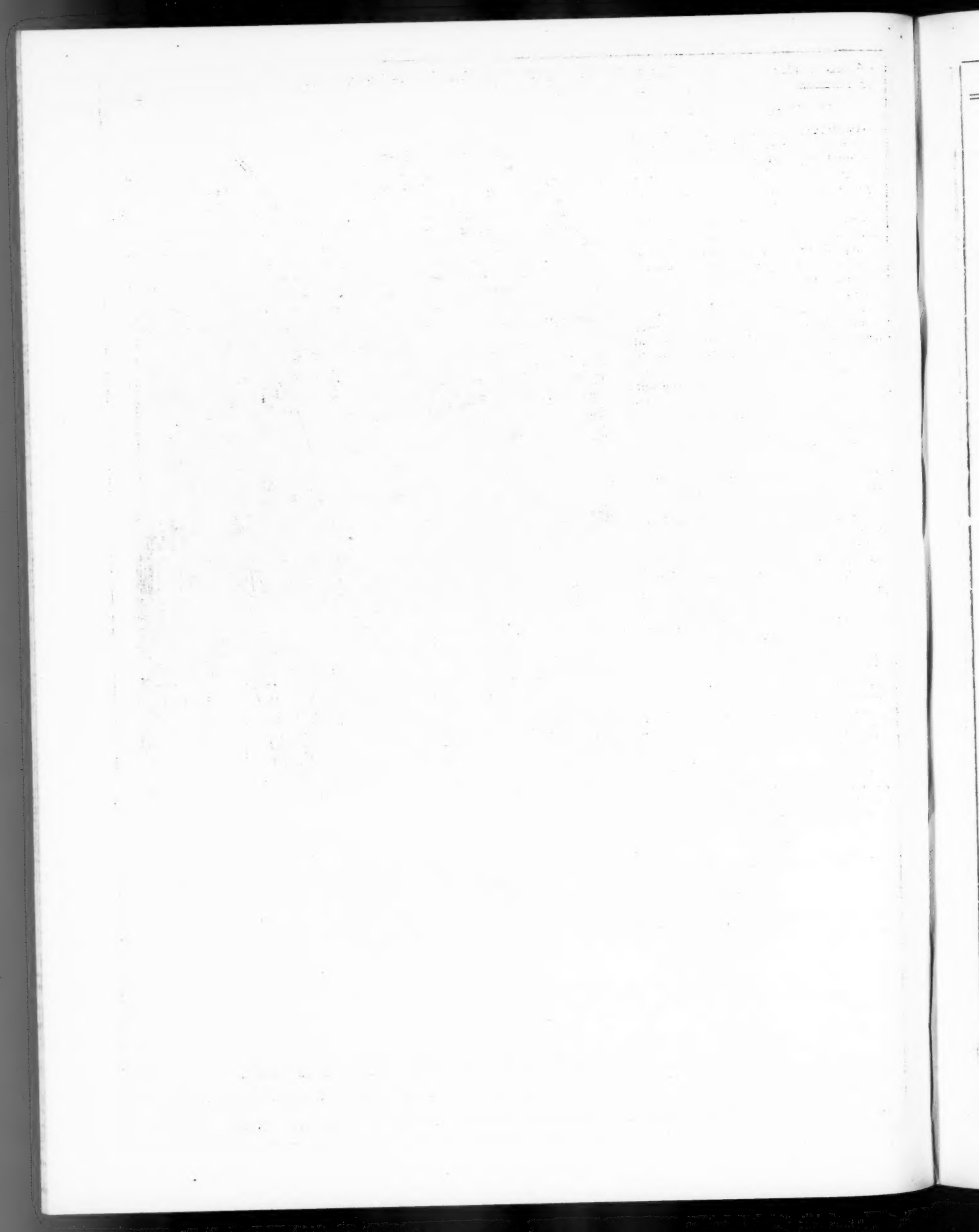
"Mr. 'Charlie' Gibbs passed through Valparaiso on Monday en route from Collahuasi to England. His brief stay in this port was regretted by his many friends here."—*South Pacific Mail*.

Next time he must go straight through.



"DELIGHT OF BATTLE WITH HIS PEERS."

THE VISCOUNT HALDANE (*aloud, in hearing of the horse*). "NOW FOR THE POST OF DANGER!
(*Aside*) I SHALL FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE WHEN THE FIVE HUNDRED COME UP."





Child (during pause in sad song rendered with much expression). "OH, MUMMY, THE POOR LADY HERSELF ISN'T LIKING IT EITHER!"

ANCESTOR WORSHIP EXTRAORDINARY.

A NEW biography of CHARLES II. is promised for immediate publication by Messrs. STANLEY PAUL & Co. "The author," we are informed by the publishers, "is Miss DOROTHY SENIOR, who claims descent from CHARLES II. She has entitled her work *The Gay King*, but she endeavours to show that beneath the superficial gaiety of CHARLES there was a deep vein of melancholy."

Simultaneously with this gratifying announcement we have received intimations of a somewhat similar character from several other leading publishers.

Thus a new memoir of HANNIBAL, the celebrated Carthaginian general (*dux Carthaginiensis*, as dear old LIVY has it) is announced by Messrs. Odder and Odder. The author is Miss Dido Barker, who is a collateral descendant of the famous warrior, and has brought to her task an hereditary affection coupled with literary ability of a high order. Her biography connects the famous incident of the manner in which her ancestor crossed the Alps with his having at one time been a large dealer in Tarragon vinegar during his sojourn in Spain, but she

endeavours to show that beneath the superficial acidity of his manner there was an exuberant vein of frolicsome humour.

Miss Ida March, so we learn from a *communiqué* just issued from the firm of Thicker and Thicker, has now completed her exhaustive monograph on JULIUS CÆSAR. As Miss Ida March claims descent in an unbroken line from the tyrannicide BRUTUS, it would be too much to expect that she should take as favourable a view of the great Roman as that embodied by the late Mr. FROUDE in his famous appreciation. The title of her work, *Great Cæsar's Ghost!* sufficiently indicates the viewpoint from which Miss March approaches her task. At the same time she in no way subscribes to the popular theory that CÆSAR was an austere or strait-laced man. On the contrary, she aims at showing that underneath his somewhat grim features there lurked an element of *diablerie* for which we look in vain in the pages of his laconic Commentaries.

Special interest attaches to the long-promised biography of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR which Messrs. Pougher and Blower hope to publish in Coronation week. It is from the pen of Mr.

Otho Long-i'-th'-Nose, who traces his descent from the great Duke of NORMANDY through Rebecca FitzMoses, the morganatic wife of WILLIAM RUFUS. Although his Norman sympathies are naturally pronounced, Mr. Long-i'-th'-Nose makes no attempt to whitewash his ancestor, yet endeavours to show that, underlying his semblance of ruthless force, there was a deep vein of almost "sloppy" tenderness.

The Dickens Stamp.

The popularity of the above movement has led to the association of other pedestrian gestures with the names of writers of genius. Thus, the following vogues are shortly to be established:—

THE BELLOC GLIDE,
THE CORELLI SKIP,
THE BART KENNEDY HOP (TWO-STEP),
AND
THE BEGGIE BUMP.

"A group of well-known racing men snapped at Brooklands. The names from left to right are W. H. Bashall, A. Bashall, J. T. Bashall, and J. H. Slaughter."—*Motor Cycling*.

We are not over-sensitive about names, but, frankly, this looks very bad.

THE CELEBBITY.

I GOT into a third-class carriage about one hundred miles from Town, and that is how we met. He was the only other occupant of the carriage—a nice clean old rustic, with a patriarchal beard. I sat down opposite him, and, producing a newspaper from my pocket, began to read.

After a time I became aware, subconsciously, that the old fellow was perusing the other side of the paper which faced him. Soon he began to fidget and to show signs of some little excitement. I was the first to speak. I had finished the front page and wished to get on to the second, but, realising that the other reader might be in the thick of a very entertaining paragraph, I enquired politely, "May I?" At that he cried, "Accuse me, Sir, accuse me, but that's Me!" (I give his lingo throughout to the best of my recollection, but cannot guarantee its accuracy, for I am not an expert in dialects and have no memory.)

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Why that, Sir!" and he pointed to an advertisement of "Professor Ball's Sweet Essence of Anti-Rheum." I still looked puzzled, and he specified a portrait—a "muzzotint"—over a testimonial, signed "William Rackstreet," entitled "Cured after Eighty Years of Suffering." "That's me!" he cried triumphantly; "I am a Celebbity." I looked at the portrait and I looked at the old man. The latter might have been the rough design for the former. I had never quite realised before that these "cures" were real people, and might be met in the flesh.

"Yes, that's very interesting," I said; "I see the resemblance."

"My old 'oman says I get more like every day," remarked my travelling companion.

"Well, you must persevere," I said, and with that I thought the incident had closed. But no, the old man was not going to let the matter drop.

"It's a wonderful fine thing to be a Celebbity, Sir," he continued. "I'm the talk of my part o' the country, and that envied. Folks all points at me,

and my old 'oman likes goin' out with me. Still I don't let it make me uplifted, Sir—but it's a mighty fine feelin' to be a Celebbity—to be in the papers along o' the King and Lord CHARLES BEERSFORD and 'ARRY LAUDER and SANDOW, and the rest o' the nobbs. Ah, my old 'oman thinks summot o' me now, and I don't get so much naggin' from 'er as I used to. And the other women 's that jealous of 'er cos she 's married to a Celebbity! Ah, women 's funny cattle."



Scotch Sexton (who has shown old lady over church and followed her to the gate without getting a tip). "WEE, MA LEDDY, GIN YE FIND WHEN YE GANG HAME YE'VE LOST YER PURSE, YE'LL MEBBE MIND YE DIDNA HAE IT OOT HERE."

He was over-estimating the interest I took in him, but I had to listen.

"Yes, my old 'oman 's married to a great man, she is. There 's only one of us ever 'ad 'is pictur' in a paper afore, an' that was Feyther's cousin John. 'E was a clurk, and 'e 'ad to do somethink to money to get 's pictur' in the papers. I'm no scholar, Sir, and I can't tell you what 'e did to the money, but the word made a noise like a humble-bee."

"Embezzled," I suggested.

"Ah, you 're a clever un. That was it. And 'e got put away for it; but I've come by my pictur' honourable, Sir."

It would have been churlish to go on reading my paper. "And how did it all come about?" I asked.

"Ah, that be a long tale, Sir. You see I was well known up our way for my rheumatiz, even afore this. And one day the Genkleman—what was 'is name, Sir? I can never memory it."

"Professor Ball's Sweet Essence of Anti-Rheum," I said.

"Ah, you 're a knowing one; that 's it. Well, 'e call when I was out a-work, and 'e give my old woman

a bottle for me for to try. And then 'e calls arterwards, and asks if I feels better, and I tells 'im as maybe I does. It was one o' my good days it so 'appened. I didn't tell 'im I 'adn't swallered 'is mixtur'. You see I don't never take no physicks, Sir. I don't 'old with 'em. I ain't 'eld with 'em since the show-up of Dr. Smith's Cure-All."

"Oh, what was that?" I asked.

"Why, I used to take that reg'lar, Sir, until a paper what never printed 'is advertisings showed 'im up. It seems 'e wasn't really no doctor at all, Sir, and 'e first brought 'is stuff out as a Happendising Sauce for whittles, and it didn't ketch on as that, an' 'e then turns it into a 'Air Lotion, but folks complained as it was too sticky, an' then 'e advertises it as a Cure-all, and it goes off like 'ot cakes—until the paper gives it away. The pigs 'ad the rest o' mine."

"Ah," I said.

"Well, the Genkleman, Sir, 'e told me 'is mixtur' 'ad done me a power o' good, and o' course it wasn't for the likes o' me to argify with an eddicated genkleman in a 'igh 'at."

An' 'e was a very knowin' genkleman. 'E seemed to know at wonst I wasn't a teetotum, and we ups and goes to the King's 'Ead.' And then the Genkleman brings out the letter for me to signify."

"You must have earned the Professor a good many hundred pounds," I said.

"And if I 'ave, I don't begrudge it 'im, Sir, for 'e was a very nice genkleman . . . Ah, I often wish my Feyther was alive, Sir. There was two of us, James and me, and Feyther always called me the stoopid one, yet 'ere 's me a Celebbity, and James—oo 's ever 'eard of James, Sir? 'Ave you ever 'eard of James Rackstreet, Sir?"



Guttersnipe. "OO, PLEASE—WILL YER RUN IN—THE BLOKE—WOT PINCHED MY CAP!"

Policeman. "WHO IS HE?"

Guttersnipe. "OI DUNNO—BUT YOU CAN 'AVE YOUNG BILL 'ERE AS A CLUE. THE BLOKE LEFT 'IS FINGER-PRINTS ON THE KID'S FACE!"

I shook my head.

The train was slackening, and the old man rose—with difficulty. "I gets out 'ere," he said.

The train drew up with a jolt, and the old man groaned. "Ah, that jerkin's bad when you're a mass of rheumatiz," he explained as he bade me Good Day.

THE OFFICE PAIN.

(With renewed apologies to the sprightly paragraphist of "The Daily Chronicle.")

WHAT a strange world it is, to be sure! Last week it was quite fine, and a day or so later we were buttoning up our coats and shivering as though at the North Pole. No wonder that the American said that England had no climate, only samples. There is, however, no use in grumbling, and this writer has always found consolation in the old couplet:

"Whether it's cold or whether it's hot,
You've got to weather it, whether or not."

What, however, he has never rightly understood is how the last "whether"

should be spelt. Should it be "whether or not" or "weather or not"? At the Club lunch opinion is divided, but the ablest man there inclines to "whether," as in the version above. Asked to state his reason, he replied, "Wild wethers wouldn't extract it from me."

When you come to think of it the great bore about life is dressing. If we could rise from our beds in the morning, like dogs, all ready for the day, and retire as easily, and never have the need of a new coat of hair, how easy everything would be! At the same time it must be admitted that a new coat is by no means unknown to our canine friends, and at this moment the writer's coat is covered with hairs from one of his pets. Such a state of things naturally did not pass without comment at the Club lunch, where, after various sarcasms had been discharged, the whole company joined in the hymn, "Dare to be a Spaniel."

Descending yesterday from his bus, this writer was requested by a news-

paper boy to purchase the latest edition. Although totally lacking any military distinction, the writer was addressed by the boy as "Keptin," and the question arises, why does it please a civilian, no matter what he is, whether grocer or journalist, to have a military title conferred upon him? An interesting volume could be written upon this particular human foible. Referring to the matter later in the day at the Club lunch, this writer obtained some valuable suggestions. But it was left for the Club lunch wit (as usual) to say the best thing. "The reason why we like being called 'major,'" he said, "is that we know ourselves to be so — minor."

It has often been asked why this column (conducted by this writer) is called "The Office Pain." No one who has ever eaten the Club lunch can fail to understand the reason.

NEW TITLE FOR LORD HALDANE:—
The All-British Schopenhauer.

COMMEMORATION.

"If this is spring," said Jeremy—"b-r-r-r-r—give me—give me—well, give me the matches, anyhow."

"Catch," said Mrs. Jeremy. "And tell me the news, if there is any."

Jeremy lit his pipe and began to explore the paper.

"There is a most important announcement about the Coronation that I caught a glimpse of a moment ago," he said, "only it keeps on slipping past me. Ah, here it is—in large print. 'Book your seats for the Coronation now!' What do you think of that?"

"Oh, Jerry, shall we book three seats now?"

"Two seats," said Jeremy.

"Jeremy!" said his wife indignantly. "Have you forgotten Baby?"

"I don't think Baby wants to go. She hasn't said anything to me about it."

"You don't understand her, that's what it is. I told her all about it yesterday."

"If she could only say 'Gee-gee,'" said Jeremy, "that would be something. I mean it would keep her busy while the procession was on. As it is—"

"She did say 'Gee-gee' once."

"Not in a competition—only in practice. That doesn't count."

"But think how nice it would be for her when she's grown up to be able to say that she remembers seeing GEORGE THE FIFTH'S Coronation."

"She won't remember it. People never remember things that happened to them before they were one. That's what makes it so nice to own quite a young baby. You don't have to be so careful."

"But of course we should tell her that she saw it."

"I shall probably tell her that anyhow. You get the same results at less expense. I don't think you realise, dear, how expensive it's going to be."

"I suppose it depends where we see it from?"

"To a certain extent I suppose it does. Some places are fairly cheap. For instance, here is something for forty pounds the day in—oh, well, it isn't actually on the best part of the route—in Willesden."

"I don't think I've ever been to Willesden," said Mrs. Jeremy.

"Then we shall be able to bring off the double event in one day—Willesden and the Coronation."

"I think I'd rather be a little nearer, dear, if it's possible."

"Well, what about Brixton? Here's a house at Brixton being given away in Coronation week for five hundred

guineas. Within several miles of the procession. Can you see three or four miles, dear?"

"I don't know, I've never been to Brixton."

"You don't seem to have been anywhere. You should travel, darling. Now, have you ever heard of Hampstead? For a thousand pounds you can get an upper part in Hampstead, from which a view of St. Paul's Cathedral and other points along the route can readily be obtained."

"It's going to cost a lot of money," sighed Mrs. Jeremy.

"It is indeed. Aren't you glad now that we decided not to take Baby? Oh, look here, this is all right! Two guineas a week! It's in—Oh, that's too far off. We must draw the line at Devonshire. Oh, I see, I've got on to the wrong column. It's for Easter."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Jeremy, "we couldn't go up for the day and stand in the crowd, and get back here the same night?"

"I don't know. I'm full of loyalty, but six hours in the train and six more in the gutter in a broiling sun—or a beastly blizzard, or whatever weather it is—will strain my loyalty to the breaking point. How would Baby like to be woken up that night by a Republican father?"

"Then we won't go. We'll celebrate it in the country by ourselves."

"Right," said Jeremy. "And I will now take a brisk walk round the garden and work out something brilliant. Loyal but brilliant."

He finished his paper, read one column over again, and then walked thoughtfully out into the garden. In spite of the bitter wind he strolled down the deserted pergola and stood a moment looking at the little stream which divided the lawns from the cabbages. Then he surveyed the herbaceous border with a careful eye, nodded his head three times, and came back into the house at a brisk trot.

"My dear," he said, bursting enthusiastically into his wife's room, "I have it! Put on all the clothes you've got and come out with me." He dashed into his dressing-room and dashed out again, doing up buttons. "Six of my knitted waistcoats are missing," he said. "If I catch a chill it will be because I could only find four. Come on."

When they got outside, Jeremy paused. "This is a momentous occasion," he said. "I rather think we ought to have Baby here. Is it too cold for her?"

"Much," said Mrs. Jeremy firmly.

"Then we'll waive that point. Now then, this is my idea. We are agreed, are we not, that we ought to celebrate

KING GEORGE'S coronation in a loyal and lasting manner?"

"We are."

"Very well. Then this is how we'll do it. You see this silly pergola, with its ugly wooden posts and grass walk leading to nowhere? We'll pull it down and replace it with nice stone pillars and gravel. How does that strike you?"

"Beautiful, dear."

"'Beautiful' is the word. Then this bridge over the stream. It's nothing but an old log. Now what do you say to a nice stone bridge into the kitchen garden?"

"That would be rather sweet."

"You see, what I feel is that, as things are, a person approaching from the cabbages might easily miss the sundial at the top of the herbaceous border simply because he didn't know it was there. Even if he did know and wanted to get to it he might fall off the bridge into the stream on his way. Now if we have this strong stone bridge first, then the broad gravel walk, and then turn the herbaceous border into a macadam road, why then nobody would have any excuse for not getting to the end of it."

"All the same the sun-dial is rather pretty."

"Yes," said Jeremy; "I feel that that is the weak part of the scheme. Perhaps we'd better have an iron summer-house there instead."

When the great Coronation scheme had been thoroughly explained to her and they were before the fire again, Mrs. Jeremy said, looking up from the paper:

"You were being sarcastic just now, weren't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Jeremy, "but I shall be all right after lunch."

"Well, but what is your idea of a beautiful Edward Memorial?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jeremy. "I think I should re-turf the Mall and pull down Buckingham Palace."

A. A. M.

The Way to Promotion.

From a poster outside the London Scottish Headquarters:—

"A REGIMENTAL WHIST DRIVE

Under the patronage of the Commanding Officer (Promoted by the Sergeants of the Battalion)."

It's well to keep in with the sergeants, if you're an ambitious officer.

"Even more strange, however, is that he writes from the top to the bottom of the paper instead of from right to left, as most people do."
Weekly Dispatch.

We too must be very peculiar—for that's just what we do.

DERRING-DO.

As it is I have a bad cold in the head and it might have been much worse. Also I feel that I cannot now marry Diana. For that however I care little; she has no nice feelings and would make but an indifferent wife.

It was a few days ago that I went a solitary walk upon the sands. The sea was rough and there were few people about. It is a little difficult to explain what I was doing. My readers will think it was a somewhat childish proceeding. The fact was, I was amusing myself by approaching to the very jaws of a wave and, when it broke, endeavouring to escape it. The practice requires no little skill and dexterity and is moreover attended by some considerable personal risk; but that is, of course, an element in all true sport and makes us Englishmen what we are.

So absorbed was I in this occupation that in the very midst of a critical retreat I had the most hairbreadth escape from being run over and killed by Diana, who came prancing up on a beastly horse. I uncovered and asked her with biting sarcasm whether she had bought the sea-shore.

Being at a loss for a telling repartee she panted and made a great show of being out of breath. "Glorious! glorious!" she shouted at last, brushing the golden hair out of her eyes. "James, why do you never come and ride with me?"

I said that my stud of horses was wintering in the South of France.

"You can hire one," she replied; "but I believe you're afraid."

I confess that I had no leaning towards equestrianism, but her suggestion put me on my mettle. "I'm not," I said; "I'm as brave as two lions."

So we arranged a ride for the following morning, and she scampered off, covering me with sand from head to foot.

The next day accordingly found me at the livery stables with a riding-crop under my arm. I spoke to the seedy individual in charge. "I want a small tame horse," I said.

"Yes, Sir," quoth he, and thereupon presented me with an enormous animal, which moreover had a roving eye that was exceedingly distasteful. I never realized before how large horses are.

"Can you ride, Sir?" he asked impertinently.

"Can I ride!" As a matter of fact I did not know, as it was my first experiment, though I work a car rather decently. However I had seen people mount, and grasping a bunch of its

hair in my left hand I vaulted lightly into the stirrup. The ostler then put in some assistance and I presently arrived upon its back.

"Where's the brake?" I asked.

He gave me a sinister grin.

"'Orses don't 'ave no brakes," he said.

A feeling of disquiet came upon me, but as I went gently down the High Street on the first speed I gained confidence.

"People talk a lot of rot about learning to ride," I thought.

At the next moment a tram passed and the brute got automatically into its second gear. With great promptness I pulled the reins and it stopped

dead and sneezed so violently that I all but slid down its neck.

For some time we remained stationary and then a bystander very kindly started it again for me.

After that I soon found that I had the beast well under control, and took several corners in good style.

On reaching the "Laurels," Diana's abode, I was in a quandary. It seemed impossible to dismount, but how else could I ring the bell? Fortunately they have no silly front-door steps, and after some skilful manœuvring I managed to ring it with my foot. As soon as the door opened my horse made a foolish attempt to enter the vestibule

**THE UNDEFEATED SALESMAN.**

"THAT STONE, SIR, WAS THE EYE OF AN IDOL."

"WHERE'S THE IDOL?"

"RETURNED, SIR, TO THE HEATHENS TO PREVENT COMPLICATIONS."



Time—Early Spring. Weather—Wintery.

Rebald Spectator (to energetic Territorial busily flag-wagging). "FANNIN' YERSELF, CAPTAIN?"

or lobby. The trim maid retreated in alarm. With great presence of mind I grasped some ivy that grew upon the wall.

At that moment Diana opened a window above me.

"Leave your horse outside, James; surely you know it isn't etiquette—"

"I did not intend the horse to enter," I protested. "I trust sincerely it is not eating the umbrellas. It is almost beyond my power to control its actions, for it is very wild. I fear I must abandon it and climb into the ivy."

However, at this point the horse suddenly tired of the interior and backed out of its own accord.

Diana was tactless enough to suggest again that I should dismount.

"I cannot descend," I said. "It would leap from my hands if I did and speedily be lost in the woods. It is a horse of the most deplorable character."

Diana's steed was shortly brought round from the stables, and, after putting her arms about its neck and kissing its ear, she was mounted by a groom, and we set forth.

For a time all went well. I rode along beside her at a gentle pace and told her how frightfully pretty she was and how her horse matched her hair.

We were a striking couple as we rode through the town. Small wonder that the people on the tram-cars leant

over the side as one man to look at us. My only anxiety was lest my horse should sneeze again.

However, when we reached the seashore, another difficulty beset me.

Diana suggested that we should gallop.

"Gallop," I said. "Yes—perhaps. The only thing is, I don't think my horse does that."

"Then I should beat him till he does," she answered helpfully.

Somehow I felt opposed to this course.

"Do you know," I said, "I think kindness is the better treatment. If you beat a horse it doesn't understand; it only resents it."

"Well, let's try," she said, and, leaning over, she gave it an enormous bang.

What exactly happened I don't know, but the sands whizzed round me, the sky appeared to vanish into the sea, and the next moment I was in the middle of a large wave.

When I sat up I found myself drifting about in the surf, while Diana was on the shore, lying upon her horse's neck and shouting with laughter.

I might have been willing to forgive the girl for her senseless joke had she not subsequently made me a present of a bucket and spade. In the circumstances I feel that the only possible course is to stand on my dignity.

LOYALTY UP-TO-DATE.

[Mr. WALTER ISAAC, an official of a mysterious league for the abolition of the Lords' Veto, is said to have issued a circular previous to the opening of Parliament, calling upon the people to line the streets as His Majesty went by; and by adding to their loyal shout of "God save the King" vociferations of "and down with the Lords," show that this time the Government meant business. If the gentleman proposes similarly to improve the shining hour at Coronation-time, the following amended version of the National Anthem may be just the thing he wants.]

God save our gracious King,
And above everything
Down with the Lords!
Prosper the Government,
Steel them lest they relent,
Oh! let their bows be bent,
Guide their good swords.

Long live our CHANCELLOR,
May he hold office for
Ages untold.
Long may his righteous hand
Govern (and tax) our land,
Gathering kudos and
Publican gold.

Down with the Veto crew,
And with Protection too;
Crush the vile thing!
Hasten the glorious day
Of single chamber sway—
Oh, yes! and, by the way,
God save the KING.



QUID PRO QUO.

MR. JOHN REDMOND. "SUPPOSE I MUST PATRONISE THIS ESTABLISHMENT. I SHALL WANT THE COMPLIMENT RETURNED NEXT YEAR WHEN I START MY ALL-REDMOND SHOW."

1844
The following is a list of the
names of the persons who have
been admitted to the
membership of the
Society since the
last meeting of the
Board of Directors.
The names are given in
alphabetical order.
The names of the persons
who have been admitted
to the membership of the
Society since the
last meeting of the
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alphabetical order.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday March 27.

—Curious how sudden impulse unexpectedly seizes a man, embarking him on enterprise which when he rose in the morning was far from his mind. Here's AINSWORTH, for example, one of best groomed men in the House, has decorated it these eight years and not disturbed its serenity by making a single speech. With characteristic originality when he broke the spell he chose unauthorised opportunity. Generally understood that there exists ancient ordinance forbidding making of speeches at Question time. Nothing easier, few proceedings more frequent, than evasion of this rule. If in course of Question hour a Member rose and, addressing the MINISTER, remarked, "I should like to inform the right honourable gentleman that two and two make four," there would be angry shout of "Order! Order!" SPEAKER would interfere, and the rule-breaker would have to resume his seat. But if he put his great thought into interrogative form, thus: "Is the right honourable gentleman aware that two and two make four?" he would be perfectly in order. The Minister would reply at greater or less length; other Members below and above the Gangway would nip in with supplementary questions; and the SPEAKER would benevolently preside over regular debate.

AINSWORTH, by this time quite an elderly young Member, well aware of this regulation. Observed it throughout the greater part of his speech. In fact, it was somewhat inartistic deference to formula that led to his downfall.

Occasion of this memorable address appropriate in its noteworthiness. Captain WARING asked SECRETARY TO TREASURY "whether he is aware that the method of assessing licence duty on the basis of alcoholic trade done has the approval of the licensed trade in Scotland as the fairest way of raising the money required; and whether, in view of the fact that the licensing law in Scotland has always differed from that which obtains in England, he will consider the advisability of adopting a different system of assessment in the present case?"

HOBHOUSE, Martha of the Treasury Bench, troubled about many things, made due answer. From midway along the Front Bench below Gangway on Ministerial side rose the good grey head of the Member for Argyllshire. But WARING's conundrum had excited emulation in several parts of the House. When others jumped up AINSWORTH, pink of courtesy, always

ready to efface himself, dropped back in his seat. Debate carried a little further he rose again, and this time caught the SPEAKER's eye.

Began his address very well, introducing it with the consecrated formula: "Is the honourable gentleman aware that—?" Went on with his Secondly and Thirdly safeguarded by similar device. There was some murmuring at his Fourthly; had he not been so absorbed in the profundity of problem set forth in original question he would have noted ominous rustling in SPEAKER's Chair.

Where he made mistake was in reiterating the phrase "Also whether" when introducing fresh section of the



NIPPED IN THE BUD—AS IT WERE!

The maiden-speech of the Member for Argyllshire entirely ruined by the unfeeling intervention of the SPEAKER!

(MR. J. S. AINSWORTH.)

speech. If he had varied it on turning to his fifth point, all might have been well. When once more it resounded the SPEAKER was on his legs with stern cry of "Order! Order!" AINSWORTH dropped back in his seat with suddenness that recalled action of the American gentleman, whose name I for the moment forget, who in the course of animated conversation received in the abdomen a chunk of red sandstone.

Regarded as a maiden speech it was full of promise, which the House will look forward with interest to see fulfilled on some not far distant occasion.

Business done.—PREMIER moved Resolution authorising use of guillotine with view to completing Budget business before close of financial year. Under its provisions Report stage to be accomplished on Wednesday; Third Reading taken forthwith. Opposition bitterly complain that allotted time is insufficient. Accordingly they make denunciatory speeches which, commencing at a quarter to four, conclude at sound of dinner-bell ringing at eight o'clock. Having thus occupied more than four hours lamenting inadequacy of time for dealing with important subject, House emptied, something like score of Members remaining to deal with Bill in Committee. Progress reported at 2.27 A.M.

Tuesday.—At a moment when union of hearts between Irish Nationalists and Liberals seems on verge of consummation unhappy incident arises that threatens to undo labour of many months. From question addressed to POSTMASTER-GENERAL by Mr. CRUMLEY it appears that on the 17th inst., being St. Patrick's Day, a tyrannous postmaster, hireling of Saxon Government, ordered a telegraph messenger boy to remove a bunch of shamrock from his cap. When not engaged in direction of Imperial affairs at Westminster, the Member for South Fermanagh carries on the business of a butcher in Enniskillen, the ancient and renowned city, scene of this alleged outrage. Pretty to see, as Mr. PEPPS was wont to observe, how, when sternly addressing the hapless POSTMASTER-GENERAL, Mr. CRUMLEY's hands moved with almost imperceptible gesture as if he were sharpening a knife on a steel.

Had already privily engaged POSTMASTER-GENERAL's attention on subject. What he now desired to know was whether the Minister "has yet completed his enquiries into the matter; whether he found the allegation to be true; and if so" (observe the variety of interrogation in contrast with AINSWORTH's slavish, fatal adherence to his "also whether") "how has he dealt or proposes to deal with the postmaster who so far exceeded his duty?"

The INFANT SAMUEL met with plain unvarnished tale this damaging charge, which has shaken South Fermanagh to its centre and threatens, as hinted, to break up the *entente cordiale* between the Irish Members and Downing Street. The boy, it appeared, had, in excess of patriotic zeal presented himself at the post office all on St. Patrick's morning not only with a sprig of shamrock in his button-hole but with a generous wreath twined about his cap. The postmaster felt the line must be drawn somewhere. Raised no objection to the buttonhole.



"NAPOLEON B." sadly passes the House of Commons en route for the Lords.
(Viscount HALDANE.)

But, really, before the boy went forth to convey a sixpenny telegram the wreath must be discarded. This was done, and before night fell Enniskillen was on the verge of rebellion.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL's explanation received in silence in Nationalist camp. Not certain we have heard last of matter, or of its possible influence on fortunes of Ministers.

Business done.—Budget Bill through Committee.

House of Lords, Thursday.—"So your friend NAPOLEON B. HALDANE has gone to Elba, eh?" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "Perhaps it would be more exact to say to St. Helena, for he can never come back again."

SARK here lacks something of his habitual accuracy. Removals of the other NAPOLEON B. were compulsory, consequent upon failure. HALDANE's peerage

is a mark of special favour, reward of supreme success. Its price is placed above rubies by the universal acclaim hailing announcement. Liberals, Conservatives, Nationalists, Labour Members, whatever we be, we are each all one in our homage to the new VISCOUNT's capacity.

In the Commons gratification is modified by reflection that we shall no more be sunned by his presence on Treasury Bench, nor hear again his lucid, if occasionally lengthy, exposition of the art of making an Army, Territorial or otherwise.

Outside the range of one or two families, aristocratic and commercial, advancement in House of Commons is exclusively due to sheer merit. Thus HALDANE won his way, at first slowly, his pace quickening when once he got into stride. Remember how,

little more than a score years ago, his rising from bench behind that on which Mr. G. and his colleagues sat had effect of dinner-bell. Members streamed out with confident assurance that if they returned any time within an hour they would not lose opportunity of hearing something of what the Member for Haddingtonshire had to say.

His first marked success was displayed in the ease and swiftness with which he carried through some useful Bills: In the late Eighties Mr. BIGGAR was in full career as an Obstructionist. His shrill "I 'bject" rang out whenever a Member, official or private, sought to make progress with a Bill after midnight. HALDANE had much at heart a measure he with characteristic brevity named "The Land Purchase, Registration, and Searches Bill." Midnight had struck, and in accordance with Standing Order then in vogue no opposed business might be taken. With a pair of spectacles adding last touch of benevolence to his countenance, with pencil in right hand, copy of the Orders firmly grasped in his left, Mr. BIGGAR sat on guard in his familiar place below Gangway. He had only to utter his magic formula and HALDANE and his Registration Bill would lose their opportunity. To the amazement of the House, he said never a word, and the Bill passed through Committee.

Whether HALDANE had privily suborned him and by what process are secrets the new Viscount has carried to the House of Lords.

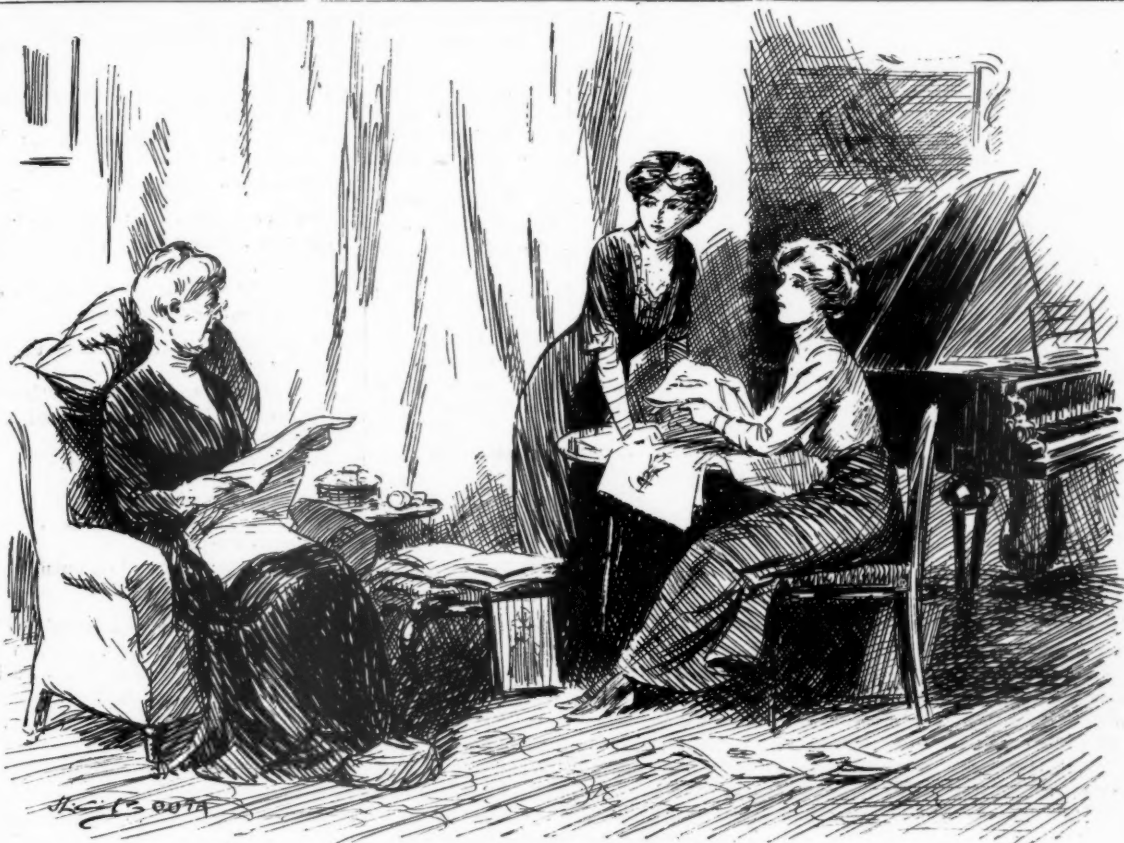
Still young as statesmen are rated, Lord HALDANE may have fresh triumphs in store. His renown will last, broadly based on his services to the Army which equal, if they do not exceed, those associated with the name of CARDWELL.

Business Done.—Viscount HALDANE takes the oath and his seat.

"HUNTING PARTY.—On the 13th inst., a rabbit hunting party consisting Mr. Hinenō, Mr. Shimizudani, Chamberlains, and other officials in the Household Department, proceeded to the Imperial hunting reserve at Narashino, Chiba prefecture. Taking local hunters as guides, the party at once commenced hunting with nets, catching 10 rabbits during the day. In the course of hunting, an old fox suddenly appeared and was killed with a stick by Mr. Shimizudani, while Mr. Harada who separated from the party shot 8 pigeons in the adjacent woods."—*Japan Times.*

A nice mixed bag. And so home to tea, brave hearts.

"Reuter wires from Teheran that two Englishmen, Messrs. Kay and Haycock, travelling in the direction of Teheran, have been robbed of everything north of Ispahan."—*Times of India.* Let's hope that some of the south of Ispahan remains intact.



AN AWFUL CONTINGENCY.

"WHAT ARE YOU GIRLS DOING?"

"SETTLING OUR COSTUMES FOR THE SHAKESPEARE BALL, MOTHER."

"TAKE MY ADVICE AND WAIT. THEY MAY DIG UP SOMETHING AT ANY MOMENT TO PROVE THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A PERSON, AND THEN WHERE WOULD YOUR ROSALIND AND CELIA BE?"

DUTY AMONG THIEVES.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT FOR A TARIFF.

[Even the poor British burglar was not allowed to carry on his trade without competition from abroad.]—Recent speech, received with laughter.]

Who'll buy a jemmy? who would like
An outfit with a good connection,
Complete with lantern, file and tyke?
I and my mates are out on strike;

We want a *métier* where there's more
protection.

What profit now to crouch and crawl,
Risking the most acute lumbago?
It's ten to one that, after all,
You come in time to see the haul
Being transplanted by a nasty Dago.

But there it is. If English folk
Condemn the methods we have hit on,
Would rather have their houses broke
By some dishonest foreign bloke

Than see it managed by a healthy
Briton,

All right. But if it isn't that;

If you prefer a man who washes,

Who wipes his feet upon the mat
Before he saunters round the flat,
To some foul oaf with mud on his
goloshes,

Let's have it down in white and black,
A Duty on our burgling neighbour.
While there are British cribs to crack
And British thieves retain the knack,

Let's have them cracked by honest
British labour!

THE HONOUR OF THE NAVY.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—As an Imperialist I feel that I am almost entitled to encroach upon your valuable space and appeal through you to the Naval Authorities, begging them to mark this "year of years," as *The Daily Mail* so aptly puts it, by some alteration in the dress or equipment of the Navy.

Why should the Army alone have fresh buttons and braids and caps, etc., every other month, and the Navy remain completely neglected *in statu quo*?

Only to-day I see in my morning paper that Infantry officers in future are to exchange the plain red sash for a handsome cummerbund of gold and red (price, £5 15s. 0d. spot cash, to £7 7s. 0d. credit).

What, I ask, has been done for the Navy? Absolutely nothing! The last honour conferred upon the Senior Service was after the death of NELSON, when the men were given a black sash and three white lines on their collar to denote his three great victories. Surely the introduction of the Torpedo might have suggested an alteration in the cocked hat, whilst the launching of the *Super-Dreadnought* would have been an excellent opportunity for a further row of gold lace all round.

I am,

Yours obediently,

"DISINTERESTED."

(From Messrs. Heave and Hitch, Naval Outfitters. Card enclosed not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.)

THE RECOGNITION.

I HAVE not always lived in the country. Once upon a time I lived in London. When I lived in London I had many friends. Sometimes I remember them. Sometimes they remember me.

It was not really a fog. My train had only attained that exact degree of lateness which betokens a fog for the following day. The Strand was hazy; the air was raw. I walked quickly.

"Hullo!" cried a voice at my elbow. "Hullo!"

I stopped and glanced back. He came forward and held out his hand. I took it.

"By Jove," he exclaimed. "Fancy meeting you again here! The very last man I expected to see! Talking about you to the wife only yesterday! Know I'm married, don't you?"

"No," I replied quite truthfully, "I didn't."

"Well, how are you?" he continued. "How do you like the country? 'Pon my soul, you haven't changed a bit! Seen any of the boys lately?"

"What boys? Whose boys?" I asked, hoping for a clue to his identity.

"Why, all the old crowd. Why didn't you let me know? We'd have had a rare old time."

His face seemed dimly familiar to me. I had met him somewhere before.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I know you, of course, but I'm hanged if I can think what your name is for the moment."

He stepped back a pace and looked at me in pained reproof. "Well," he exclaimed, "I never thought *you* would forget me! If I'd been asked—oh, well—!"

"What is your name?"

"I shan't tell you," he replied shortly. "If you can't remember me I'm not going to help you."

"Well, then, where did we meet? Tell me that."

"Warwickshire. Do you remember me now?"

Yes—I remembered him then, perfectly.

"Great Scott!" I cried. "Of course I do! It's years since we met!"

"Time *does* move," he assented.

"It's Captain Brimmacombe, isn't it?"

"That's me," he replied, drawing himself up. "I thought you'd remember me all right."

"Of course you were in pink last time."

"Pink what?" he inquired—and then added hastily, "Oh, yes, of course I was!"

"Out with the Tamworth beagles, eh? Two stags that day, wasn't it?"

"And nearly another," amended Brimmacombe. "Very nearly another."

"Only it got to earth and we'd no ferrets, so we rode back from the meet and had a snipe drive at Lord Blackacre's."

"That's it," cried Brimmacombe. "Lord—how it all comes back to one. There weren't many huntsmen could touch us that day! Not much!"

"Done much hunting lately?" I inquired.

He shook his head mournfully. "My days with the dogs are over," he replied. "I was thrown off my horse and had to very reluctantly give it up."

"Split your infinitive, didn't you?"

"I did. Hospital for six weeks, and had to leave the Army."

"What regiment was it?"

"Ugh!" he shuddered, "it's cold out here. Come in and have a drink. Just one. I never have more than one in the middle of the day. Must have something to warm one in this weather. Ugh!"

I learned a great deal about British sport during that one drink—and a great deal that was new concerning crack cavalry regiments.

"Shall we do as they do on board ship?" inquired Brimmacombe when our glasses were empty. "Just the one drink and toss who pays for it?" He produced a handful of silver coins and counted them, turning one or two over in the process. "Seven. That's right. You call."

He turned his hand, palm downwards, over the coins. "Shall we have a bob on it, too? Just for luck."

"Why not half-a-sovereign?" I suggested.

"Done," he shouted. "You call, that's fair enough, eh? You call."

My eye fell on the glass door of the bar-room. I stared in amazement.

"By Jove!" I cried, "there is Lord Blackacre! I'll bring him in!"

The day was raw and I walked quickly. I don't know Warwickshire; I don't know anyone of the name of Brimmacombe; I don't know Lord Blackacre. I know that I had only met this old friend once before. That was three years ago at the same spot, and I lost the toss. I know that, on the present occasion, when I left him, three of the coins beneath his palm lay with their heads uppermost, and three with their tails on top. I don't know how long the seventh one stood on its edge between his fingers. I don't know what he said when he paid for the drinks.

But I do know that we shall never meet again.

DOUBLE-FACED DEVOTION.

He was a poet of the minor kind,
He felt the thrill of springtime stir
his blood,
The country called him, though his
polished mind
Abominated mud.

He took a cab (the Tube his temper tried
Electric manners were a thought too
brisk),
And fared to a suburban country-side
To see the lambkins frisk.

With tasselled tails that flicked at every
bound,
With juvenile and fascinating "baas,"
With arching backs they bucked, and
romped around
Their undisturbed Mammas.

And, as the fleeces frolicked with a will,
Through their spectator's inmost
bosom swept
A gush of sympathetic joy, until
He very nearly wept;

And, filled vicariously with vernal youth,
Returned, to render as a poet can
In dithyrambic verse the artless truth
That lambkins teach to man.

Nor could they tempt him from his
proof-strewn den
To take his tea or snatch a moment's
rest
Until on foolscap, with a fountain pen,
He'd got it off his chest.

When, later, pale but satisfied, he dined,
His words, curt and compendious,
were these
(They show the poet's latitude of mind),
"The mint-sauce, if you please."

Great Thoughts.

"The lock-out of cotton operatives, following on the partial strike of the workers, has come to an end through the meditation of the chairman of the District Council."—*Times of India*.
He seems to have had a strong thinking part, something like Lord Burleigh's.

"Mr. E. sat biting a pen with his census paper before him. 'What is your age, Mrs. E.?' '34 years.' 'I should not have believed it. Do you know that the united ages of yourself and me equals exactly the united ages of our two children, and that the united ages of myself and the younger child is the same as that of yours and the elder child's? Altogether our ages amount to 96 years. Can any reader give the age of each of the four members of the family?'—From 'Yes or No.'"

Yes, we can. Mr. E., if the above is to be believed, is 14, and his younger child is 34, the elder child being only 14. But if he starts filling in his census paper like that he'll get himself into trouble.

AN ERROR IN DIET.

GWENDOLEN, it appears, is extremely annoyed with me: but, sorry as I am, the mistake, I maintain, was just one of those which might have been made by anybody. There was no doubt that her rabbit was getting monstrously fat (when it was first given to her on her ninth birthday it was I who suggested calling it Bernard, on account of its vegetarian diet; but as time went on it became clear that Gilbert would have been a more appropriate name). Anyhow, she seems to regard me as a kind of godfather to it, and in some way responsible for its behaviour. We had just seen it consume something like its own weight in lettuce and cabbage leaves, with an occasional monkey-nut thrown in to vary the monotony, and it still seemed ravenously hungry. Its eyes were glassy but determined.

"What it wants," I said at last, "is some exercise; what can you expect when it's cooped up like that? You ought to take it out on a lead every morning."

"But then some big dog might get it," she objected.

"It would have to be a very big one," I said. "Besides, I don't suppose any dog would take it for a rabbit at all: with those lop ears and that waist measurement it would probably be mistaken for one of the pigmy elephants that explorers see in Africa. By the way, how long have you had it?"

"A year and a half," she told me, "and when it came it was only a teeny—just so high. And Nurse says they live eight years," she added rather solemnly.

"In that case," I said, "by the time you're seventeen it will have eaten you out of house and home. You will have to have a new stable built for it. Still, it might have been worse, you know. Suppose it had been a tortoise: they live for a thousand years, and at that rate of growth, if the present Government were still in, just think of the land-taxes your descendants would have to pay."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Gwendolen.

"No," I said, "I suppose not. By Jove, though, I have it: the very thing."

On my way home I bought a bottle of "Makelene," that infallible remedy for reducing the flesh which forms (if one may judge from the advertisements) almost the sole topic of conversation on golf-courses and skating-rinks and even at receptions and balls. I judged that it would meet Bernard's case exactly.

About three weeks later I had a letter



"How do you like the Vicar?"

"Not at all; he's so fat—and in Lent, too!"

from Marjorie (she is Gwendolen's sister and about three years older). "I am writing," she said, "because Gwendolen is too angry. We gave Bernard that stuff you sent, and he is worse than ever. We have to feed him all day long, and he is grown about two inches all round. Nurse says he couldn't eat more if he was a Christian, and he will probably die of epilepsy."

This was very puzzling. Could those advertisements have lied? And then a wave of horror swept over me. I went into my bedroom and found it was only too true. The "Makelene" was still there. I had accidentally sent Bernard a bottle of "Robusto," the great nerve- tonic and appetite-

restorer, which (in common with the crowned heads of Europe) I have been taking lately. Well, well. Bernard is evidently one of those who have greatness thrust upon them. I have not dared to ask for any more reports of him—there is only too much fear that the next may be the last, and possibly a very loud one.

"The spelling of the designation of the 12th Pioneers, the Kelat-I-Ghilzai Regiment, shall be the 12th Pioneers, the Kelat-I-Ghilzai Regiment, to accord with the form of spelling notified in Army Department Notification No. 1079, dated the 30th December, 1910, for the honorary distinction Kelat-I-Ghilzai."—*The Pioneer*.

What was the trouble?

AT THE PLAY.

"LADY PATRICIA."

I HOPE MR. BERNARD SHAW will snatch a little leisure from his arduous compositions to go to the Haymarket Theatre and see this delightful comedy of mock-sentiment. He will there find how the thing should be done. Paradox, but without too crude an insistence upon this ancient device; ridicule, but never in the wrong place, nor offensive to possible prejudices; freedom from long-winded homilies on extraneous

attractions not too obvious, but supposed to be of an intellectual order, seeks diversion in the pursuit of his opposite, a young barbarian by whom her best lyrical utterances are characterised as "corking." The fact that she is at pains to keep this affair secret from a husband of whose devotion she is confident, seems to her mind to sanctify the intrigue, which for the rest is sufficiently innocent. The husband, in turn, seeks distraction in the pursuit of her opposite—a sporting flapper, indifferently responsive. He

one another's arms. They succeed; and the Dean, threatening to embody in his morrow's sermon a treatise on conjugal perfidy drawn from his personal observations, brings the married couple to their knees. In the Deanery garden, an unusually picturesque frame for a confessional, each is admitted to a knowledge of the other's indiscretion, and the play ends with the promise of a reluctant reunion on the old intellectual basis.

Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL was adorable as *Lady Patricia* and spoke every



Michael Cosway
(MR. ARTHUR WONTNER).

CHANGING PARTNERS.
Clare Lesley Bill O'Farrel
(Miss ATHENE SEYLER). (MR. CHARLES MAUDE).

Lady Patricia Cosway
(MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL).

themes and from intrusion of the author's own personality; humour, and everything else, kept under restraint and in the service of the main design—add to these virtues, positive or negative, a very fresh and original setting, and you have in *Lady Patricia* a model for the makers of light comedy.

It had its defects, but they were almost unavoidable. A certain mechanical repetition of situations was necessary to a scheme made up of parallels. But these echoes were of the very essence of the irony of things. *Lady Patricia*, who has married Michael Cosway on the strength of

too is greatly concerned to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of a partner of whose whole-hearted fidelity he is equally assured.

However, in course of time Nature has her way; youth turns to youth, the young barbarian to the flapper, and both set themselves to elude the attentions of their senior admirers. Pursuers and pursued, they follow and fly across the stage, in a veritable *Midsummer Night's Dream* of cross-purposes. Meanwhile there is much espionage on the part of a Reverend Dean (father of the boy) and a châtelaine (mother of the girl), who work hard, in collusion, to throw the young pair into

word of her part as if she really enjoyed it. It is no detraction from the merit of Mr. RUDOLPH BESIER's exquisitely humorous dialogue to say that her personality was necessary to his triumph. Her recitation of jewelled verse in the presence of an embarrassed footman was a thing to be remembered always. Mr. ERIC LEWIS as the Dean was superbly in his element; and Miss ROSINA FILIPPI played up to him in the brusque business-like way that one associates with the work of this sound and virile artist.

MR. ARTHUR WONTNER, as the husband, seemed a little outclassed, and MR. CHARLES MAUDE, as the boy, was



First Boy (watching digging operations). "WHAT BE 'EM DOIN' THERE, TOM?"

Second Boy. "DON'T 'EE KNOW, STOOPID! THEY'VE BEEN AND CATCHED A VOX, AND NOW THEY'M DIGGIN' A 'OLE FOR TO BURY 'IM IN!"

perhaps rather too mature and refined for the raw article. But I heartily commend Miss ATHENE SEYLER's flapper; she played with just the desired *gaucherie*, and cleverly avoided all attempts to be conventionally attractive. The chorus consisted of Mr. C. V. FRANCE, the most perfect gardener that ever clipped an oak or begat thirteen children. Apparently blind and deaf to his surroundings, he took quiet note of many strange occurrences, and I shall not soon forget the pregnant comparison which he established between the singing of *Lady Patricia* and the call of an amorous tabby.

Two of the three Acts were laid on the first floor of an oak that might have accommodated half the survivors of Worcester. You could climb higher up, as the young folk did, into the actual branches, if you wanted to; but the inconvenience of this way of retreat from intruders was early recognized by *Lady Patricia*, who had a separate exit-ladder built during the five weeks that intervened between the First and Second Acts; and this was subsequently utilized to great advantage. It was a roomy oak, as I have hinted, and not

only did it serve for tea parties, but it supported a summer-house that was in large request with eavesdroppers and others whose behaviour was not for the general eye.

It may be that the subtleties of Mr. BESIER's play will tell against its popularity. Even the first-night audience was not too quick at taking the points: But I shall hope that the freshness of its dialogue and *mise-en-scène* and above all the enchanting performance of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL will give it the success it deserves.

I have only two small complaints to make to the author. I said that his ridicule was never ill-placed, but I make one exception. He should not have laughed at the little novice's song in *Guinevere*—"Late, late, so late." This, I am certain, was a lapse from right taste. And, secondly, before his next call, he must learn to make a better bow.

O. S.

"Cat!" she said forcefully. "Odious cat."
(TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.)
"Daily Mail" Feuilleton.

But can she improve on this, even after a night's rest?

REFLECTIONS.

To you, O faithful friend who never change,

I raise my brimming glass and cry,
"Live long!"

No jealousy can ever us estrange,
No quarrel snap a tie so staunch and strong.

No other soul in this wide weary earth
Is worth a moment's serious thought but you,

Who share my sorrows, mingle in my mirth,
And give me—what the world denies
—my due.

For you alone perceive my virtues rare,
My store of wit, my touch of classic grace,

My mellow wisdom and my courtly air,
The strength that gives distinction to my face.

Yet, on reflection, with the morning light
Sometimes there's disillusion in the air;

For when I shave my mirror shows a sight

That almost makes me cut you then and there.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SMITH, ELDER are getting well forward with their "Centenary Biographical Edition of the Works of THACKERAY." It is to be completed in twenty-six volumes. The issue commenced in November of last year, will finish in mid-October. Nos. 8 and 9, recently published, enshrine contributions to *Punch*. Many of them are illustrated by those quaint drawings which THACKERAY in his secret heart prized more highly than chapters of *Vanity Fair* or *Esmond*. By way of frontispiece is reproduced a cartoon by JOHN TENNIEL entitled "The Punch Cricket Team." It is dated 1854. Save the artist who the other day celebrated his ninety-first birthday, none of those whose portraits are included still lives. THACKERAY, SHIRLEY BROOKS, MARK LEMON, HORACE MAYHEW, TOM TAYLOR, GIL. A'BECKETT, PERCIVAL LEIGH, DOUGLAS JERROLD, JOHN LEECH—all, all are gone. Mr. Punch himself still remains, now as then keeping wicket and not less keen of eye and hand. In respect of paper, print and illustrations, with the added value of personal reminiscences of her father contributed by Lady RITCHIE, this edition leaves nothing to be desired. "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*" is the proud epitaph of CHRISTOPHER WREN buried in St. Paul's. If one seeks a worthy monument of THACKERAY, he will find it in this complete collection of his life's work.

The awkward thing about novels that are written with a destructive purpose is that too often the particular Aunt Sally chosen for overthrow is apt to revenge herself by upsetting the balance and credibility of the plot. It is thus all the more credit to Mrs. MAUD that, setting out to expose the errors of the creed (or superstition, if you prefer it) known as Christian Science, she has incidentally produced a most clever and interesting story. *The Expiation of John Court* (METHUEN) is all this, and more; speaking for myself, I can say that it holds the attention of the reader from the first page to the last. *John Court* was a young English tea-planter in Ceylon, to marry whom, *Prudence*, the heroine, comes out from England. *Prudence* is, and *John* was when they last met, just an attractive example of ordinary, well-educated, healthy-minded humanity; judge therefore of her surprise when, expecting to be met by a lover, she finds instead a fanatic. *John*, on his own voyage out, has met with one *Hinton*, under the influence of whose arguments, and still more his personality, the lad has been "brought into science." At first he thinks it his duty to abandon his intended union with *Prudence*; it takes place, however, and what follows is the story of Mrs. MAUD's book. It seems to me to be exceedingly well written; the author has the skill to avoid all appearance of exaggeration in dealing with her opponents;

indeed, the chief scientist, *Hinton*, is in many ways the best and most understandingly-drawn character in the book. I am wondering what the believers will think of it. Probably very little; the effect of most controversial fiction is, as I remember Mr. BELLOC once saying of a religious meeting in Oxford, "wonderfully to strengthen all present in whatever beliefs they might previously have entertained."

It is possible that *Splendid Zipporah* (METHUEN) would have been more acceptable to some readers if Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON had been a little less generous with the band accompaniment; but to all-lovers of the violin, 'cello, oboe, trombone, clarinet, and every kind of music the book may be cordially recommended. *Zipporah* was as big of heart as she was immense of stature, and the way in which she let men—varying from a horn-blower to a prince—know that she was not going to stand any nonsense gains my most profound respect. To create a hero who did not appear pigmy-like by the side of such a lady was bound to

be a difficulty; but, after granting that Agamemnons and Hectors are scarce in these degenerate days, I still think that something more Homeric might have been found for her than the man who turned up—on page 11—in "superb evening dress." This, however, is a trifling matter in a novel which reveals an intimate knowledge both of music and the lives of musicians, and where men from start to finish are condemned to play the second fiddle.



Sergeant of Police (in pursuance of instructions). "STAND FOUR DEEF ACROST 'ERE, PLEASE."

Perpetua (ALSTON RIVIER) is all that a woman should be,

but much that a novel should not be. To take the worst first, the melodrama is appalling, and the villains, with their blackmails, swindles, and even poisons, are so unmitigated as to be positively wooden. There is only this to be said for them, that they obtrude themselves as late and as little as villains well could. Apart from them, the tale is capricious, idyllic, tender, and entirely human. *Perpetua* is through all her years the irresistible child; *Brian O'Cree*, whom she adopts for father, is exactly the boy that a man ought to be, and the heterogeneous friends and the divers adventures of them teem with humour and are above reproach. As for *M. Lamballe*, the Circus proprietor with the big heart and the innumerable poses, he is a sheer delight. The sub-title of the book is *The Way to Treat a Woman*. It opens with a mad impulse, runs riot through all the moods of irresponsible youth, hints merrily at most of the greater truths, and concludes (what became of the real Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP at this point passes understanding) with dipsomania, drug habits, murder, and a suggestion of sex problems. On the whole it reminds me of nothing so much as a delicious pear with an over-ripe centre. If you can trust yourself to eat round the bad bit and intend to take the risk, then I can promise you that you are in for a first-rate meal.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that, after all, the German Chancellor has decided to show that he is not entirely unsympathetic to the Peace spirit which is abroad. The next German *Dreadnought* is to be named *The Peace-Maker*.

Our Local Government Board has been holding an enquiry in the course of which the question of "Sea Water for Flushing" was considered; and the Dutch in return are arranging for a few coals to be sent to Newcastle.

We understand that, if only they had been quite sure that the entire sum required to secure "The Mill" for the National Gallery would not be subscribed, many persons would have expressed their willingness to give handsome donations to the fund—subject to the fact being announced in the newspapers.

We are glad that our officers are not, after all, to wear a new crimson-and-gold sash, for we feel sure that the more we men go in for sashes and similar feminine fal-lals, the more difficult it will be for us to say that the ladies must not have our trousers.

One result of the Census, we hear, will be a medical inquiry into the alarming number of cases which the returns disclose of "arrested development" among women. Although ten years have elapsed since the previous Census, the age of a great many females alive then has not progressed in anything like due proportion.

"The whole county of Sussex," says a correspondent in *The Daily News*, "has only produced twelve centenarians in fifteen years to Brighton's twenty-seven." This is a nasty blow to those ill-informed persons who have been imagining that Brighton is in Sussex.

The total number of marriages in England and Wales during 1910, according to a return just issued, was 267,416; and although the figures are not given, we understand that a very large number of men only just escaped.

The revival of *The Sins of Society* is, we hear, doing well. There was some fear at first lest the Sins which the play treats of should be found to have lost their popularity.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY's next production at the Prince of Wales's Theatre is to be called *Better Not Enquire*, and Mr. ASQUITH understands that this taking title was suggested by certain familiar Ministerial answers at Question-time.

Mr. ZANGWILL's statement, that we have very few real actresses, has called forth many expressions of surprise at his ignorance. There is not an actress

windows of houses, and showed every sign of panic and bewilderment. This draws attention once more to the absolute necessity of guiding marks and lights for aviators.

The Daily Dispatch, in an article on Patronage, after drawing attention to the number of salaried officials rendered necessary by the establishment of Labour Exchanges, goes on to state: "Every one of these young men owes his appointment to his berth." No, no, no. Surely it should be, "owes his berth to his appointment"?

The HOME SECRETARY has asked the police to make reports to him regarding "Mormon activities and propaganda." Nothing, however, was said about impromaganda.

The Mormon missionaries in this country, it seems, take upon themselves the title of "Latter-day Saints." If half one hears about them be true the distinction certainly seems only fair to the Saints of former days.

"Fish never have toothache," said Mr. J. G. TURNER, F.R.C.S., in a lecture at the Royal Dental Hospital. We would rather like to hear how Mr. TURNER knows this. Our experience of fish is that they are extremely reserved, and one never hears them complain; but this is no proof that they do not suffer in silence.

Answer to a correspondent:—We fancy that in

order to qualify for membership of the Royal Automobile Club you will have to purchase, anyhow, a pair of motor-goggles.

"A curious barometer used in Germany and Switzerland consists of a pan of water with a frog and a little step-ladder in it. When the frog comes out of the water and sits on the steps it is said infallibly to indicate rain."

Evening Telegraph.

And when it climbs down into the water it will be wet again.

"The weight of Awake II. goes up to 7st. 9lb. for the Cup Course Selling Hand cap to-morrow, and this raises her burden to 7st. 9lb.—"

Glasgow News.

There is no shirking the relentless logic of this.



THE CAMERA IN SOCIETY.

STRIKING LIKENESS OF THE DUCHESS OF —, LADY — AND VISCOUNTESS —, AT A RECENT POINT TO POINT.

in the country who could not tell him of at least one.

Owing to the fact that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS has been practising boxing, an absurd rumour has got abroad to the effect that this talented actor is about to appear in WAGNER's *Ring*.

"As our civilisation advances," says M. JEAN FINST, "the number of broad heads increases, and for this simple reason, that our heads must grow larger in order to hold more facts and ideas." Fatheads are now smiling all over.

A great flock of starlings, which had evidently lost their bearings, descended on the town of New Ross, in Ireland, the other day, and entered the open

"LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

[Studies in the poignant manner of Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S "Satires of Circumstance" in the April number of *The Fortnightly Review*.]

IN SIX MISFYTTES.

I.

AT THE MOTHER-IN-LAW'S.

"Your son deserts me on Tuesday next,"

Remarks the wife in a wailing croon;

"I cannot disguise I am greatly vext

That he should be at it again so soon;

He only eloped with me last year,

And the anniversary's not yet here."

"I warned you once," says the mother-in-law;

"'Tis in his blood; he is not to blame;

His heritage had this fatal flaw,

For his poor dear father was just the same;

From the first time out, when he ran with me,

He was always eloping with somebody.

II.

AT THE FAIR.

They meet at a fair where the hot booths steam,

The girl and her rival, muslin-gowned;

Says one: "He stood me a large ice-cream!"

And the other, "We rode on the merry-go-round!"

"He patted my cheek and he pulled my hair!"

"He kept on pinching my arm, so there!"

A woman's shadow is thrown between,

And her breath comes sharp through the gas-jets' reek;

"I'm wife," she says, "to the man you mean

Who mauled your arm and your hair and cheek;

But I know that he loves me best, and why?

Three nights running he blacked my eye!"

III.

IN THE LOUNGE.

The peer's heir sits on his honeymoon

In a loud hotel with his chorus-bride.

A gramophone grinds a rasping tune

That tickles the page-boys. Deep inside,

The future baron is thrilled right through,

And "Dearest," he says, "it sounds like you."

Her lips relax from the toothsome smile

That smirks through the picture-postcard panes;

"I sang it," says she; "I used to beguile

"The only lover that stirred my veins.

I married you just for your rank, old dear,

But the song is my true love's souvenir;

I breathed it into the gramophone

When I bade good-bye to the First Trombone!"

(To be continued.)

O. S.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

NO. VI.—THE SILVER HORSE.

WUNCE ther was a King he livd in a cassel bilt on a big rock and he had menny butlers and a hunderd housemades and 2 hunderd cuks his arme was the bigest in the world and they all had gold armer all over them and wen he wonted a ship he jest elaped his hands and the ship kame saling round to his frunt dore he had wun dorter and she was butifler than the butifest peacock you ever sor her hare was the kuller of the sun shiny gold with red bits and her nose was as strate as a stik she brushd her teeth fore times evry day and had creemtarts for brekfus the King

ludv her very mutsh but he coudent get her marrid becos she woudent have enbody this made the King angrer than a gardner.

Wun morning the King cald his dorter her name was Murel.

Good morning Murel sed the King.

Good morning papa sed Murel bloing her nose she hadent got a cold but she pertended.

I wont to tork to you bout a husben sed King Fredrick.

O bother husbens said Murel I wont to snees and she sneesd ten times runing.

Youll snees yourself away sed the King dyou cal that perlite.

I cant help it sed the gerl all your tork bout husbens tikels my nose and then Ive got to snees I cal it verry crule of you.

Wen the King herd this he was angrer than ever and flames flasht outof his eys and ferst he gots red as a tirky and then he gots yellor as a norringe.

This is tu mutch sed the King git outof my site you wiked gerl no stay Ive got a werse punishment for you.

Then King Fredrick claped his hands and loan bold thire was a ship of wor at the frunt dore.

Take her away sed the King and the salers all kame round Murel and tide up her arms and leggs and stufed a piller in her mouth sos to stop her skreems and then they dropt her in the bottom of the ship and saled away to Australyer or sumwher.

Of korse Murel coudent do mutsh ther wer tu menny salers but sudnly she remberd the magic jool her fairy godmuther giv her.

Haha she sed Ill sune be outof this and she kep rubing the jool like mad at ferst nothing hapend but then thir was a nois like a moterkar and a grate silver horse kame fine thru the are and sefeld down at her feet.

Ive been to your father sed the horse and I giv him a kick.

Thats rite sed Murel but I hope you didnt hurt him mutsh.

Not mutsh sed the horse but I think hell rember it and not do so anuther time.

Im sure I hope so said Murel now carre me away from here quick quick.

Then she got on the horse and he opend his wings they were lite blu and in a minnit Murel and the horse wer up in the are wher the salers coudent tutsh them.

They went on and on and sor ever so menny countrys but Murel didnt see enny she liked as mutsh as her oan old cassel at last she told the horse to take her bak ther and wen they got ther she found her father in bed with grate bandidges all over his bak and ten dokters round his bed Ive cum bak papa she sed.

So you have sed the King now I can git better and he tuk orf the bandidges and sent away the dokters.

We wont tork enny more about husbens sed the King.

But Ive found a husben said Murel and she shod the King her silver horse he was standing by hisself in a korner lukiing verry proud.

But you cant marre a horse sed the King.

Weel sune see bout that sed Murel so she rubed her magic jool and if you gess it was a prinse or a duke youll be rite.

So they were marrid and wen they wonted to go enwher the prinse could alwis change hisself into a silver horse and take Murel on his bak and they were verry kind to pore peepel and had a famly of ten boys and ate gerls they were all verry butife and evryboddy was sory when Murel dide fore years after they wer marrid the prinse lived six yeers more.



PAX GERMANICA; OR, THE TEUTON DOVECOTE.

GERMAN EAGLE (*to Arbitration Bird*). "NO FOREIGN DOVES REQUIRED; WE HATCH OUR OWN, THANKYOU."

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ANY PORT IN A STORM.

Furniture Remover. "AND WHERE SHALL I PUT ALL THESE 'ERE, MUM, PLEASE?"

Distracted Lady. "OH—ER—THOSE? WELL—ER—WHICH ROOMS WOULD YOU PUT THEM IN IF YOU WERE ME?"

THE RUBBER-SOLED RUSSIANS.

IN view of the engagement of the famous *corps de ballet* of the Imperial Theatres of St. Petersburg and Moscow for the Coronation season at the Bolosseum Music-hall, some personal details about the most illustrious members of the troupe should not be without interest to our readers. They have been obtained at great expense and no little risk by our representative, who has attended most of the dinner-dances given by the *Russkiy Encyclopedicheskiy Slovar* on its tour through Great, White, and Little Russia.

The ladies are headed by Mlle. Dushenka Nosovich whose pedal prestidigitation places her in a class quite apart. She is, in the charming phrase of our Transatlantic cousins, a very lovely-appearing woman of some twenty-two summers, a fine classical scholar, and from her earliest childhood she has subsisted entirely on Koumiss, Edelweiss and Standard bread made of ground jumping beans inoculated with the *Bacillus Bulgaricus*. She studied music under Napravnik and Khanikin, and singing under Klinika.

Mlle. Eugénie Gherkin, who hails from Nijni-Novgorod, where her father was Professor of Experimental Toxicology, excels in the *macabre* style. Her figure is slim and willowy and she is famous for the size and colour of her eyes, which have an emerald lustre that is all their own. Mlle. Gherkin originally intended to embrace the literary calling, and it is rumoured that she has been approached with a view to her undertaking the editorship of *The Times'* daily Dancing Supplement. As, however, she has never dined at any of the *Ency. Brit.* dinners, negotiations were reluctantly abandoned.

Prominent amongst the male dancers is the far-famed Marko Vovchok, who since the lamented death of Prosper Shevchenko has stood at the head of the saltatory confraternity. Vovchok, who is of Ugro-Finnish descent, has long been hailed by experts as the greatest living executant of the autocephalous school of dogmatic choreography. He was destined for the stage in infancy and studied for ten years under Kirsha Pypin, Sviatogorskiy, Pososhkov and Bogdan Khmel'nibski before making his debut at Pskov.

Vovchok is a confirmed vegetarian and deeply versed in the lore of the Midrash. His great recreation is sturgeon-fishing on the Volga.

As a grotesque dancer Stenka Shusherin has no equal. It is he who enraptured the fastidious French critics by his rocking turns in mid-air, and though not yet twenty-three he has qualified for an old-age pension at thirty-five. His youth was spent among the Polabs and he is a great authority on the palatalisation of the Proto-Slavonic nasals. (See *Ency. Brit.*, vol. xxiii., p. 912.) He has already dined seventeen times with Dr. HUGH CHISHOLM, whom he presented on the occasion of their last meeting with a magnificent silver-plated *tundra*.

M. Shusherin, it may be added, is deeply mortified that, along with the Rhodes Scholars, he is unable to take part in the All-British Hopping week which will be held in Kent later in the year.

Great Unionist Triumph.

"Another outstanding feature of yesterday's game was the referee dum."—*Liverpool Echo*.

THE POLITICS OF MÈNYA.

A PREHISTORIC PRECEDENT.

It will be news to many that in the days of Atlantis there was in that remarkable continent a country called Mènya, which was at one time in a political condition exactly similar to that in which we find ourselves to-day. Like our own, that fortunate land possessed two Houses of Assembly—the upper and hereditary, and the lower and elective. It was also fortunate in possessing a party system; it is known that the peoples of Atlantis were in an advanced state of civilisation. As our two Houses are at present quarrelling, so were those of Mènya, and for a precisely similar reason; while, to carry the parallel still further, the party which was temporarily "top-dog" (as they called it in their quaint phrase) in the lower assembly, finding themselves in a permanent minority in the upper house, had arranged to get over the difficulty by the creation of a large number of hereditary legislators of their own way of thinking, thus transferring the preponderance in that element from their opponents to themselves. To the British patriot of to-day a knowledge of how things turned out in that far-off epoch ought to be a matter of absorbing interest; and such knowledge we are enabled to place before our readers.*

To employ our modern terminology of "peers" and "peerage," it is recorded that the new creation of Mènyak peers amounted in number to some six hundred. This gave a very comfortable majority, besides allowing quite a handsome margin for casualties, such as backsliding. The experiment was, for a time, entirely successful. More so, indeed, than appeared to the careless eye; for, as the giving of a peerage was conditional on the payment by the recipient of a large sum into what was called the party chest, the Government of the day found themselves provided with a considerable addition to those sinews of war by which they proposed to keep the voters up to a conviction of their superior virtues. But good things do not last for ever. That notorious enemy of Governments, the swing of the pendulum, occurred, and a time came when the rival party found themselves in office, with a great majority in the lower, and an equally decisive minority in the upper, house. The new Government were no less wily

* Never mind how.

than their opponents had been. In their turn they created a large batch of new peers, to the loudly expressed indignation of the enemy, who hotly condemned such methods as unconstitutional. Not only that, but by way of going one better, they doubled, in their favour, the majority their predecessors had possessed. This, too, worked well for a while; but again there came a change, and the original reformers returned to power. The first thing they did was to make some new

accelerated. At last the day came when the final batch of commoners had to be taken to reinforce the Government in the upper assembly; and the entire male adult population of Mènya had become peers.

The result, which ought to have been foreseen from the first, was extremely beautiful. Everyone was satisfied. The power of the hereditary element, instead of being annihilated, became universal. At the same time the country had arrived at that perfect form of Socialism where all men are equal. As there were no general elections, the party system died a natural death. All proposed legislation automatically underwent a referendum of the whole country; and the result invariably tallied with the vote of the House of Lords. DUM-DUM.

MY SON JOHN.

THE bravest knight the sun shines on

Is not so brave as my son John;
The lion bold, the tiger slim,
No terrors seem to have for him.
The worries which would upset me
Don't shake his equanimity.

With well-aimed shot his game he'd
pot
Nor cease until he'd killed the lot.

A valiant wight to look upon!
With shouldered gun and cartridge
belt,

A very second ROOSEVELT
Is my son John.

With pirates I've had little truck;
I never thought they'd bring me
luck.

But my son John, he loves them
well,

When black and ear-ringed like a
belle;

He'd face the horde if chance
occurred,

I know it, for I have his word.

With slash and parry, cut and thrust,

He'd make the beggars lick the dust.

Brave scion of a race that's gone!

A bold and burly buccaneer

Whose eye unflinching knows no fear
Is my son John.

Yet I have heard of heroes too

Who turn at times a little blue;

Of V.C.'s nonchalant and calm

Who'd dare the death without a qualm

Yet shiver like a jelly at

The presence of the homely cat;

While others—'tis perchance a fable—
Refuse to sit thirteen at table.

A thought to muse and ponder on

When in the dark the hand I keep,

And hold until he falls asleep,

Of my son John.



AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

Bertie. "I'VE BEEN HAVING A LOVELY GAME WITH THIS POST OFFICE SET YOU GAVE ME, AUNTIE. I'VE TAKEN A REAL LETTER TO EVERY HOUSE IN THE ROAD."

Auntie. "HOW NICE! AND WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THE LETTERS?"

Bertie. "OH, I FOUND A BIG BUNDLE TIED UP WITH PINK RIBBON IN YOUR DESK!"

peers. Not only did they treble their previous majority but they further allowed a very considerable percentage to make up for the continual drain due to backsliding. And now we can begin to see our way to a logical conclusion. With each transfer of popular power the hereditary element of Mènya continued to increase in a kind of geometrical progression, till in time there were more Mènyak peers than Mènyak commoners. As voters became fewer, owing to the elevation of so many of their number, most of the proletariat took to voting for the party out of office, in the hope of getting made peers themselves on a change of Government; thus the pendulum was



Clergyman (taking friend round poor parish). "YES, A NERVOUS LITTLE FELLOW. I REMEMBER HIS FATHER WAS HIGHLY STRUNG." Woman. "YE REMEMBER WRONG, THEN. 'E GOT OFF WIV TEN YEARS!"

THE CYNIC'S TRAGEDY.

[Cynicism, we are informed, is out of date, and optimism has come to its own.]

WHEN I was in the zenith of my youth,
And all the world was, so to speak, my oyster,
I asked myself the question: "What is Truth?"
And from her native well essayed to hoist her.

Each week with some new problem I'd contend,
With some new-found philosophy I'd finnick;
I tried all ways of life and in the end
I wore an eyeglass and became a cynic.

At orthodox beliefs I flung my glove;
On heresy alone I spoke a benison;
I scoffed at art, at politics, at love,
At chivalry, at honour, and at TENNYSON.

At dinner-parties, when I aired my mind,
The general conversation always halted;
Waving aside the sweets, I underlined
Each comment with an almond, highly salted.

At dances, sitting out, I played the part
Of an uncompromising woman-hater;
The ladies loved to dally with a heart
Reputed colder than a worn-out crater.

They hung upon my lips to catch the gall,
Noted my epigrams, in albums stored 'em;
Alas! those golden days are past recall;

Now, when I speak, they simply gape with boredom.

The cynic's had his day, like other dogs;
And yet I can't throw off that fatal manner,
Don a new set of philosophic togs
And wave about the optimistic banner.

Death sooner than disgrace!—as someone said
When unforeseen disaster overthrew his side,
And, flourishing his sword above his head,
Unhesitatingly committed suicide.

But even in my end (since Fashion's rule
Leaves nothing else for him who disobeys her)
I'll guard the best traditions of my school
And slit my gullet with a safety-razor.

The Craving for Sensation.

"The carriage passenger train from Forfar to Brechin was derailed on Wednesday afternoon, but unfortunately no person was hurt."
Montrose Standard.

"The Standard Dictionary does not pose as an authority on ecclesiastical history; still it should not blunder to the extent of saying that Joan of Arc was canonized in 1904. The truth is, she was beautified in April 1909, and is not yet canonized."—*The Xaverian (N.S.)*

We dislike these quibbling distinctions. Besides, according to Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, JOAN was always a rather attractive person, even when she was alive.

"From this flour a sweet, heavy, flat cake is made. It resembles the oaken cakes so popular among Scottish peasants."

Liverpool Week'y Mercury.

No wonder it weighed so much.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

THE House went into Committee on the Parliament Bill at 2.30, with Mr. EMMOTT in the Chair.

Mr. BOOLE (U., Tottenham Corner) moved an amendment to substitute the word "notwithstanding" for the word "although." He said that the Government had forced this quarrel on the House of Lords (*Opposition cheers*) contrary to the wishes of the country (*loud Opposition cheers*), which was perfectly content with the present state of things. If this Bill became law the country would practically be under Single Chamber government. (*Loud and prolonged Opposition cheers*.) In these circumstances he felt it was only his duty as a patriotic Englishman (*Opposition cheers*) to move that the word "although" be deleted in favour of the word "notwithstanding."

Mr. ASQUITH said that the Government could not accept the amendment. This was the seven hundred and ninety-fifth amendment moved by the Opposition, to seventy-three of which the honourable gentleman had felt it was only his duty to stand godfather. (*Laughter*.) The Government welcomed criticism, but they would not tolerate idle obstruction. (*Loud Ministerial cheers*.)

Mr. BALFOUR said that, speaking as one who had sat in that House for nearly forty years, he was bound to say that never in the whole course of his Parliamentary career had he known an honest amendment to have been treated in the cavalier, the contemptuously cavalier, manner in which this had been treated by the Prime Minister. (*Loud Opposition cheers*.)

Mr. CROOKS (Lab., Woolwich) said that everybody knew that the Opposition was only out for obstruction. Why couldn't they be honest about it?

Earl WINTERTON (U., Horsham). Manners!

Mr. BULKIE (U., Piccadilly Circus) thought the Parliament Bill was a mistake.

Mr. LUDD (L., Paddington Baths) thought it wasn't.

Lord HUGH CECIL (U., Oxford University) said that the PRIME MINISTER had once again broken all his pledges. (*Loud cries of "Withdraw."*)

Mr. TILBY (L., Clapham Junction). The gentlemanly party!

Mr. O'CALLAGHAN (N., Killaloo). Sure it's only the Oxford mannerr.

Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY (L., East Northamptonshire) rose to a point of order. Was the noble lord in order in accusing the PRIME MINISTER of breaking his word?

The CHAIRMAN said that to make a

serious charge against the right honourable gentleman in his personal capacity would not be in order, but one could accuse a Prime Minister of anything.

Lord HUGH CECIL, resuming his speech, said that the Opposition could not do less than insist upon the substitution of the word "notwithstanding" for the word "although."

Sir WILLIAM WINKS (U., Regent's Park) rose to continue the debate, and Mr. ASQUITH moved the closure.

The Committee divided and there voted:

For the closure	312
Against	201

Government majority . 111

The Committee then divided on the amendment:

For the amendment	201
Against	312

Government majority . 111

Mr. WHISTLE (U., Preston North End) moved an amendment to delete the word "and." He said that if this Bill became law the country would to all intents be under Single Chamber government. The Government had forced this resolution on the country and entirely contrary to the wishes of the country. He had consulted with his friends and they had come to the conclusion that it was their duty to move that the word "and" be deleted. (*Loud Opposition cheers*.)

Mr. ASQUITH said that the Government could not accept the amendment.

Mr. BALFOUR said that, speaking as one who had sat in that House for more than thirty-five years, he was bound to say that never in the whole course of his Parliamentary career had he known the House to be treated in the contumelious manner affected by the PRIME MINISTER. (*Loud Opposition cheers*.)

Mr. GOFFIN (U., Brooklands) said that this Bill was the beginning of the end.

Mr. BUTTERY (L., Golders Green) ridiculed the idea that the Bill had not been before the country. He said that in 1874—

Earl WINTERTON. Manners!

Mr. BUTTERY having resumed his seat, Lord HUGH CECIL rose to continue the debate. He said that although they could no longer expect the PRIME MINISTER to observe the ordinary standards of honour customary in polite society they did not expect him deliberately to deceive the House. (*Prolonged uproar, all the Members speaking at once*.)

The CHAIRMAN said that he gathered that the accusations of the honourable Member for Oxford University were

merely academic. He appealed to Liberals to allow him a hearing. When the time came for them to be in Opposition they would be considerably handicapped if they could not accuse the Government of deliberate deception.

Lord HUGH CECIL said that the Opposition insisted on the omission of the word "and."

Sir WILLIAM WINKS rising to continue the debate, Mr. ASQUITH moved the closure. This was accepted, and the Committee then voted on the amendment:

For the amendment	203
Against	311

Government majority . 109

The reduction in the Government's majority was received with loud and prolonged cheers by the Opposition.

Mr. DIBBS (U., Scafell Pike) moved that an exclamation mark be substituted for the full-stop at the end of the clause. He said that under the present Government the defences of the country were starved. (*Loud Opposition cheers*.) The country had never properly discussed the Parliament Bill. Home Rule was the first step to the disintegration of the Empire.

Mr. ASQUITH, on behalf of the Government, declined the amendment.

Earl WINTERTON. Manners!

Mr. BALFOUR said that, speaking as one who had sat in that House for nearly forty years, he was bound to say that, never in the whole course of his Parliamentary career, a career extending over more than thirty-five years, had he known the House to be treated in such a—he would not say outrageous—such an unprecedented manner, as it had been on this occasion.

Mr. TOOKE (L., Chesil Beach) said that his constituency, at any rate, was in favour of the Parliament Bill.

Lord HUGH CECIL said that among gentlemen, when one gentleman gave his word to another gentleman, it was customary for that word to be kept. In a corrupt assembly like the House of Commons the word gentleman was defined differently.

An Irish Member. Don't you play with them, Hughie.

Earl WINTERTON. Manners, there, manners!

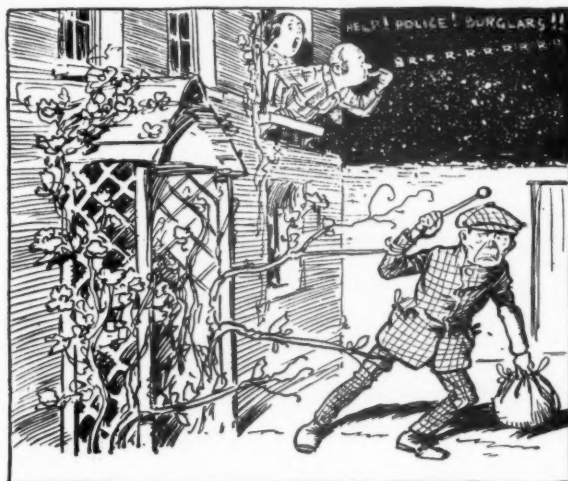
Lord HUGH CECIL, finishing his argument, said that the least the PRIME MINISTER could do now was to substitute an exclamation mark for the full-stop.

Sir WILLIAM WINKS rising to continue the debate, Mr. ASQUITH moved the closure.

(*And so on till the Coronation.*)

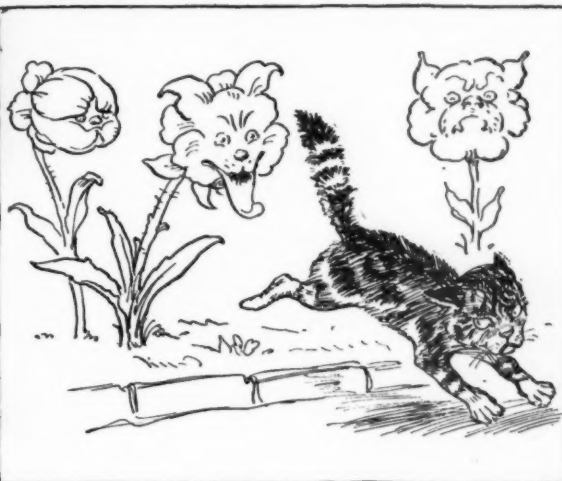
A. A. M.

FROM OUR SEEDSMAN'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SENSITIVE AND INTELLIGENT PLANTS.



THE BURGLARIA CREEPER.

HOLDS THIEVES UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE.



FELISCUOTUM.

SCARLS AWAY CATS—BARKS LIKE A DOG.



ARUM PHONOGRAPHICUM, OR SINGING LILY.

SPEAKS THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.



ALARUM MATUTINUM.

VARIETY OF THE CANTERBURY BELL.

AN ENDEMIC.

[Lines suggested to a distracted pedagogue by the outbreak of Conjunctivitis, "popularly mis-called Pink-eye," at Osborne.]

We know it well: with us the taint
Is chronic, and I rather think I
Can diagnose that sore complaint
Known to the vulgar herd as "Pink-
eye;"

For if the Primer, rich in terms
And rules for guidance, only right is,
We've plenty suffering from the germs
Of virulent Conjunctivitis.

Indicative should indicate,
Conjunctive should conjo'n (says
Grammar),

But youngsters don't appreciate
How diverse *peto* and *petam* are.

Non regitis for "do not rule"

Still supersedes *ne rexeritis*:

It isn't that the lad's a fool;

He's touched with mild Conjunc-
tivitis.

The microbe of the final *ut*
Spreads sickness only very few shun;
Obliqua-plague wrecks any but
The very toughest constitution.

Even the Sixth are not immune:

They, the immaculates, the mighties,
See on their noses lightly strewn
Red spots, which means Conjuncti-
vitis.

O, brimming with discoveries new,
Science, with what delight you'd
thrill us,

Could you but isolate the true
Conjunctivitical bacillus!

Then, when by pathologic purge
Our Latin convalescent quite is,
Try Greek, and quell that deadly
securge,
Congenital Optativitis.

"Effie" in *The People's Friend*:—

"If nicely cooked and stewed, baked haddock
is very good."

The truth about "baked" haddock at
last!



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

Sportsman (assisting Jockey who has been knocked out). "STAND BACK, PLEASE; A LITTLE MORE AIR! AND HURRY UP WITH THAT BRANDY!"

Faint voice from Patient. "NEVER MIND 'BOUT THE AIR."

THE OVERSIGHT.

THERE was a subtle change in Archibald's demeanour. I have known Archibald since he was seven, and for ten years our friendship had been a beautiful and wondrous thing. Never before had the slightest shadow fallen between us. Since his return we were outwardly as good friends as ever, but—!

Archibald obviously expected something. There was something which I ought to have done and had not done. Perhaps it was something I should have said or noticed or grasped instinctively. That I was in some way remiss was obvious. That Archibald felt disappointed in me was equally plain. In vain I waited to pounce upon the slightest elusive clue. One thing only I realised—that the mystery must be solved by intuition. Our relations, if I had been tactless enough to put a direct question, could never have been the same again.

Was it something which had happened during that month in Switzerland?

His sunburn? No, I had congratulated him on that. I had inquired tenderly after the heights and difficulties of the mountains he had scaled; I had noticed the hotel labels on his bag; I had listened with adequate interest to his accounts of "her" and his casual references to the other girl; I had admired his snap-shots and perjured myself with reference to the authenticity of the chamois horns. Up to this point I knew that I had merited his approval; but there was something else!

The solution came from Archibald himself. I felt instinctively, even before he opened his lips, that he was about to tell me. "Er," he began. "Er—ah." Then I knew he was going to.

He gave me one last despairing look. There was still time for me to retrieve myself in his eyes. I lit my pipe deliberately and then confessed myself beaten. "Well?" I encouraged him.

"Er—I—er—I," he began again, and then broke off into a falsetto laugh.

"I grew a moustache when I was in Switzerland."

I felt relieved. "My dear old chap," I cried heartily, "how splendid! How simply splendid! But what on earth have you shaved it off again for?"

Archibald regarded me in silence for a full half-minute. "I haven't," he remarked shortly.

GELERT.

TESTED and staunch through many a changing year,

Gelert, his master's faithful hound, lies here.

Humble in friendship, but in service proud,

He gave to man whate'er his lot allowed;

And, rich in love, on each well-trusted friend

Spent all his wealth and still had more to spend.

Now, reft beyond the unfriendly Stygian tide,

For these he yearns and has no wish beside.

R. C. L.



THE OLD ORDER CHANGING.

MR. ASQUITH. "I'LL DO ANYTHING IN REASON, MY DEAR ARTHUR, BUT I WILL NOT PUT THE HORSE BEFORE THE CART."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 3, —173 Questions on the Paper. With accustomed supplementary interrogations this means a minimum of 250. "Which," as EUCLID might say, "is absurd." A special feature of to-day's industry is the swelling number personally addressed to PRIME MINISTER. These run up to 26, representing a serious tax upon time and attention of already overworked statesman.

As the performance, with rarest exceptions absolutely devoid of public interest or service, goes forward House thinks gratefully of what PRINCE ARTHUR has done, if not absolutely to free it from the plague, at least to limit its extension. It was he, born and bred a Conservative, Leader of Conservative Party, who with bold hand at various times pruned and trimmed the hedge of parliamentary procedure. One result is that House, faced by this long list of personal advertisements printed at public expense, knows the worst. On stroke of quarter to four, Questions, commencing to reel off at twenty minutes to three, are automatically and absolutely interrupted, and the business of the sitting begins.

The putting of Questions is at once the cheapest and the most effective form of parliamentary advertising. A Member may have been at pains to prepare a speech, and if he has the good fortune to catch the SPEAKER'S eye he may deliver it. Looking over reports of debate in morning papers with desire to check any misapprehension on the part of the reporter, he will find it written, "After a few words from Mr. PUGHKEEPSY," someone else got up. But if he addresses a question to a Minister he is, unless he drifts too far down the list, bound to be called upon, and, more especially if he seasons it with a spice of personality, the incident will be reported verbatim. The best chance for such advertisement, equivalent to back page of daily or weekly paper, is when ad-

ressed to PRIME MINISTER personally. Hence these twenty-six questions on to-day's list, a number equal to average aggregate addressed at single sitting to full muster of Ministers before the Parnellites appeared on the scene, changing complexion of Question hour and much else in Parliamentary procedure.

and not one of them containing a superfluous word.

Had Mr. G. been still with us leading the House to-day, we should have had twenty-six speeches, probably raising by Supplementary Questions as many miniature debates. Truly, as SARK says, Speech is silvern but Brevity is golden.

Business done.—Amid murmur of sympathy and regret, writ ordered to issue for Haddingtonshire, to fill vacancy created by HALDANE'S acceptance of peerage. Apart from sorrow at severance of old ties of association, this incident of moving new writ, common enough in itself, comes home to some of us with awakening stroke. If Government could get their five hundred new Peers "made in Germany," as are sausages, Sheffield steel knives, and other domestic commodities, all would be well. But we know that many Ministerialists must, if things come to the worst, join Viscount HALDANE in another place, leaving terrible gaps.

Tuesday.—House buckled to in Committee on Parliament Bill. Engagement opened under fire of nine hundred amendments directed against modest measure of five clauses. Peculiarity about debate as far as it has gone is persistent effort by Opposition to discuss a question not before Committee.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:

Euphelia serves to grace my measure,

But Chloe is my real flame.

So, whilst Opposition, from PRINCE ARTHUR downward, move amendments to the operative clauses of the Bill and profess to discuss them, the Preamble is their real flame.

Happens that, in accordance with Standing Order 35, the Preamble—if there be one; its appearance on a Public Bill is unusual and unnecessary—is set on one side till operative clauses have been discussed. The first question put by Chairman on going into Committee is "That the Preamble be postponed." Thus relegated to the rear, it may not be debated; to be exact, should not



THE GOOD YOUNG MEN.

"Look at the sponsors of the Bill—the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, the UNDER-SECRETARY (of the Home Department), and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. He did not believe any one of them in his most hilarious moments had ever been guilty of a smile that would have been discreditable to a stained-glass window." (Loud laughter.)—*The Member for South Hackney on the Shops Bill.*

(Mr. MASTERMAN, Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL, and Sir JOHN SIMON.)

Happily, in this form of encounter, as in others, ASQUITH is a hard nut to crack. Some of the Questions he delegated for reply by the Minister whose department was most closely concerned, and who more properly ought to have been addressed. Others he grouped by the half-dozen, making one answer. To all he offered unimpeachable replies, direct and lucid,

be mentioned in discussion until in due time it is reached.

This technical disability only adds to concern of Members. Comfort was nearer to Rachel weeping for her children than it is to COUSIN HUGH, CASTLEREAGH, CRIPPS and others bereft of the company of the Preamble. Not quite certain that it is well with the child. Distrustful of dubious intention of its parents. This disposition lends touch of comedy to what is otherwise, considering its importance, dull debate.

Business done.—In Committee on Parliament Bill.

Thursday.—In pursuance of determination to avert spoliation of St. James's Park by any proposal to over-

kangaroo said when it contemplated a somersault over the elephant's back, would have been no joke.

In this conspicuous act of public service WASON had whole House with him. Forgetful of Veto Bills, Budgets, Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, Members united in determination to save one of the most precious possessions bequeathed to London since Stuart times. PREMIER, unfailingly shrewd reader of temper of House, early gave pledge that proposals of Mansion House Committee should not be carried out before they were submitted to judgment of House. This was equivalent to saying they were dead. St. James's Park was as good as saved.

Journalistic Candour.

"An apology seems due, and I have the greatest possible pleasure in tendering it, to a distinguished rowing critic, some of whose remarks appeared quite unconsciously in these notes last Sunday and without acknowledgment."—"Pollex" in "The Observer."

From the Civil Service Stores Catalogue:—

"Iron Saucepans .. 347
"Sausages in tins 160"

Is this the result of displacing cab-horses by taxis?

"Defendant... struck witness in the face and knocked off her spectacles, which were bent on falling to the ground."—*The Daily Telegraph*. If they were really bent on it we can only congratulate them on at last achieving their object.



Tommy (after the correction). "I FINK I'LL GO BACK TO HEAVEN WHERE I CAME FROM!"

load it with statues, to destroy its simple bridge, to build highways broad or narrow athwart its bosky dells, Committee of Members who have taken matter in hand summoned to meet this evening. Gathering unnecessary since victory is already won. Mansion House Committee responsible for threatened vandalism have capitulated. Scheme is abandoned.

Have hazy notion of reading somewhere—was it in *Tit Bits*?—how in days of old a patriot threw his body athwart the chariot of captain of invading host and so tipped it and him over convenient precipice. Inequally lofty spirit CATHCART WASON laid his full length across roadway LORD MAYOR'S coach was expected to pass, with its Committee and its Scheme. Had it continued its journey it must have passed over his body, and that, as the

That is no reason why a memorial which the nation desires to see erected to the honour of a great King should not find a place in the scenes that he loved so well.

Like Popkin in one of DIZZY'S early speeches, like General TROCHU at the siege of Paris, the MEMBER FOR SARK has his plan. Why not set it up in the Green Park, in the broad thoroughfare at present uselessly confined to foot-passengers, and convert this into a carriage highway? The monument would be seen of all men, whilst a carriage drive connecting the foot of Constitution Hill with Piccadilly would be an immense boon to busy Londoners.

First Commissioner and his colleagues on Memorial Committee might think this over.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

"At a meeting of the Tynemouth Junior Unionist Association, Mr. Joseph Knowles, the secretary, was speaking of the advisability of organising the ladies of the borough. "We should embrace the ladies," he said seriously, and an uproarious shout of approval greeted his sentiments. Of course, Mr. Knowles was speaking figuratively."—*Newcastle Journal*.

We are not sure that "figuratively" makes things much better for Mr. KNOWLES, but it freshens up an old jest.

From a report in *The Hampshire Observer* of a public meeting of the inhabitants of Old Alresford:—

"Mr. E. Broad then proposed that the Coronation be celebrated on the same lines as that of the late King, viz., by festivities and general rejoicing. On being put to the meeting this was carried unanimously. The question of the actual day was then considered. After some discussion Mr. Mills proposed the 22nd June—Coronation Day."

Old Alresford is full of bright ideas.

PENELOPE'S STORY.

"I HAVE just written a wonderful story," wrote Penelope, "and I want you to criticise it for me. I was going to send it to you, but haven't an envelope that will take it. So come to tea on Tuesday, and you can read it here."

"If you haven't an envelope that will fit your story," I replied, "you should write a story that will fit your envelope. However, I'll come."

I found Penelope in the cupboard she is pleased to call her study, sitting in the one armchair that could be coaxed into the den and in an obviously rehearsed attitude. At the moment of my entry she was writhing, it was made to appear, in the throes of incipient inspiration.

"So glad you could come," she said. "Now have something to eat, and then you can read the story. Only don't take too long over your tea. I'm sure you'll like it."

"I'm certain I shall," I replied. "Fortunately I had a light lunch."

"I meant the story. Sugar?"

"Several. What delicious sandwiches!"

Penelope, who took nothing herself, eyed every morsel I ate with impatience. "Finished?" she asked, when I had had but three sandwiches.

I dislike being hurried over my food; besides, I really was hungry, and there were buttered buns and cherry-cake to come. So I munched resolutely on, until Penelope was on the verge of tears.

"What a pig you are!" she exclaimed. "Pass me one of those buns."

I passed the dish in injured silence, had another cup of tea and a slice of cake, and then heaved a sigh of satisfaction. Penelope hailed the movement with undisguised relief. "Now for the story," she said, as she took a pile of smudged and blotted paper out of a drawer and put the pages in order. "Here it is, and here's a blue pencil for you."

"Why a blue pencil?" I asked.

"You must have a blue pencil to make the alterations. All the best editors use them."

"But I never can write with a blue pencil," I protested. "Besides, they're so unpleasant to lick."

She threw the implement with a gesture of contempt into the waste-paper basket and handed me the manuscript. Penelope's writing is evil enough at the best of times, but here there was hardly a sentence that had not been crossed out and re-written—some of them several times over. The whole thing was a nightmare palimpsest.



Tourist (at Irish hotel). "YOU SEEM TIRED, PAT!"

Waiter. "YISS, SORR. UP VERY EARLY THIS MORNING—HALF-FAST SIX!"

Tourist. "I DON'T CALL HALF-FAST SIX EARLY!"

Waiter (quickly). "WELL, HALF-FAST FIVE, THEN!"

"Supposing," I suggested politely, "you were to read it to me instead; I could get the hang of the thing better. Or, better still, supposing you were to begin with an outline of the plot."

"If you like. Well, it's all about the struggle between two men for the love of a girl. Do you like it?"

"It sounds fresh," I said.

"Well, listen. The hero's name is Jasper Lascelles, and the villain is Dick Ferrers."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "That

will never do. No hero is ever called Jasper, and no Dick could possibly be a villain—not in a story. You must make it the other way about."

"But why?" asked Penelope.

"It's one of the laws of literature. No magazine would accept your story if you trifled with tradition like that. You'll be telling me next that your hero is dark-complexioned and your villain curly-haired and Saxon."

"Well, why shouldn't they be? I

like dark men and I hate curly Saxon

hair. And I like the name Jasper and I hate Dick. So there."

When Penelope clinches a statement with "So there," it is useless to argue the matter further. Meekly enough I invited her to continue her synopsis.

"The heroine," she resumed, "is Carmencita Delafontaine. Both her parents died when she was a child. Her mother was an Italian opera-singer and her father an English artist of Huguenot extraction. Their marriage was a very romantic one. While sketching one day in Venice, Maurice Delafontaine—that's the father; he was really a great artist, but was not properly appreciated until after his death. He used to have awful rows with the critics, and wrote very clever sarcastic letters about them to the papers; so of course that made them all the more bitter against him. And he wouldn't sell any of his pictures, but left them all to Carmencita when he died of a broken heart a few months after his wife's death. And the pictures came to be worth thousands of pounds each, and CHRISTIES went down on their knees to Carmencita to sell them, but she wouldn't, because she worshipped her father's memory and was very strong-minded and wrote stories at ten guineas a thousand words. Do you like it?"

I made a non-committal gurgle.

"I thought you would. Well, I was telling you about the romantic way in which Carmencita's parents got married. He was sketching one day from a gondola which was moored to the wall of an old castle when he heard a most exquisite voice singing the what-d'you-call-it from *Traviata*. The voice came from a window right above him, and he was so entranced that he climbed up the wall—"

"Fortunately there happened to be a rope-ladder suspended from the window," I suggested.

"Oh, something of the sort; or else he clambered up the ivy. Do they have ivy in Venice? Find out for me, will you? However, he got on to the window-ledge, and just as the singer had finished he chimed in with the tenor's part. He had a naturally fine baritone voice—"

"Baritone?" I inquired.

"Oh, well, it must have been the baritone's part he sang. He certainly was a baritone, because he had an auburn beard, and it needn't have been the thing from *Traviata*, but something from something else. You mustn't worry about these trivial points just now; the main thing is the plot."

"Yes, the main thing is the plot," I assented. "Suppose you drop Car-

mencita's parents for the present and come to it. What's the story all about?"

"I'm telling you: you can't gain a proper impression of Carmencita's extraordinary character unless you know something about her parents and her upbringing. She was educated on entirely novel lines. Until she was seventeen—"

"No, no," I insisted firmly; "I want the plot, and nothing but the plot. What about Jasper and Dick?"

"I was coming to them. Jasper Lascelles is the editor of the magazine that takes Carmencita's stories, and fell in love with her, long before he had ever seen her, through reading her manuscripts. Dick Ferrers had the education of a gentleman, but chose to become an art-dealer, and makes love to Carmencita in order to obtain possession of her father's pictures, which are worth millions. Now you see how necessary the other part is."

"Yes; but what do the rivals do? What of their struggle?"

"Well, that's as far as I've got at present. I haven't quite thought out the rest of the plot, except that Jasper, of course, marries Carmencita in the end, after a misunderstanding, because Dick had prompted Carmencita to send in a story under an assumed name, and Jasper had rejected it. Only it wasn't really his fault, because Dick had altered it before it reached him, making it bad grammar and not quite the kind of story a nice girl would write. It's just here that I want your help. But of course you must read the whole thing first, so as to know exactly the sort of girl Carmencita is, and then you can suggest the best way to work out the plot."

"I'm fearfully sorry," I said, "but I haven't time to read it now; I'm expected home to dinner. What I should suggest is that you finish it off on your own lines, have it typed, and then send it on to me, and I may be able to make a few suggestions."

"Well, I don't think you're very helpful; besides, it costs such a lot to get things typed. But if you really like the story I suppose it's worth while. I'll send it on in a day or two."

It was over a fortnight before I received an untidy brown-paper parcel from Penelope. On opening it I found the manuscript in the very self-same state of disreputability that had so repelled me on the occasion of my visit, together with a note in Penelope's most impossible scrawl.

"I'm afraid," she wrote, "that I shan't be able to find time to finish off the story, as I have just joined some

ducky art-classes. So let's corroborate over the story. You finish it and send it somewhere, and we'll halve the profits."

But I make it a rule never to "corroborate"—even with so versatile a creature as Penelope.

MOMUS AND PLASTER.

[Mr. J. M. BARRIE's gift of a bronze statue of Peter Pan to Kensington Gardens has had some amusing results.]

MR. G. B. SHAW has arranged with M. RODIN for a nude mammoth statue of himself, accompanied by a pigmy SHAKSPEARE, to be erected opposite whatever site is chosen for the SHAKSPEARE memorial, in honour of *Man and Superman*.

MR. GALSWORDTHY has commissioned Mr. ERSTEIN, the sculptor of the charming and sprightly figures on the façade at the corner of the Strand and Agar Street, to make a gigantic statue of Welcome, which is to be erected just inside the gates of Holloway Castle, with replicas at the entrance of gaols all over the country, in commemoration of *The Silver Box and Justice*.

In order to mark the prosperous renaissance of the British drama at Drury Lane, a statue of M. POIRET, the inventor of the harem skirt, is to be placed in the foyer of that theatre.

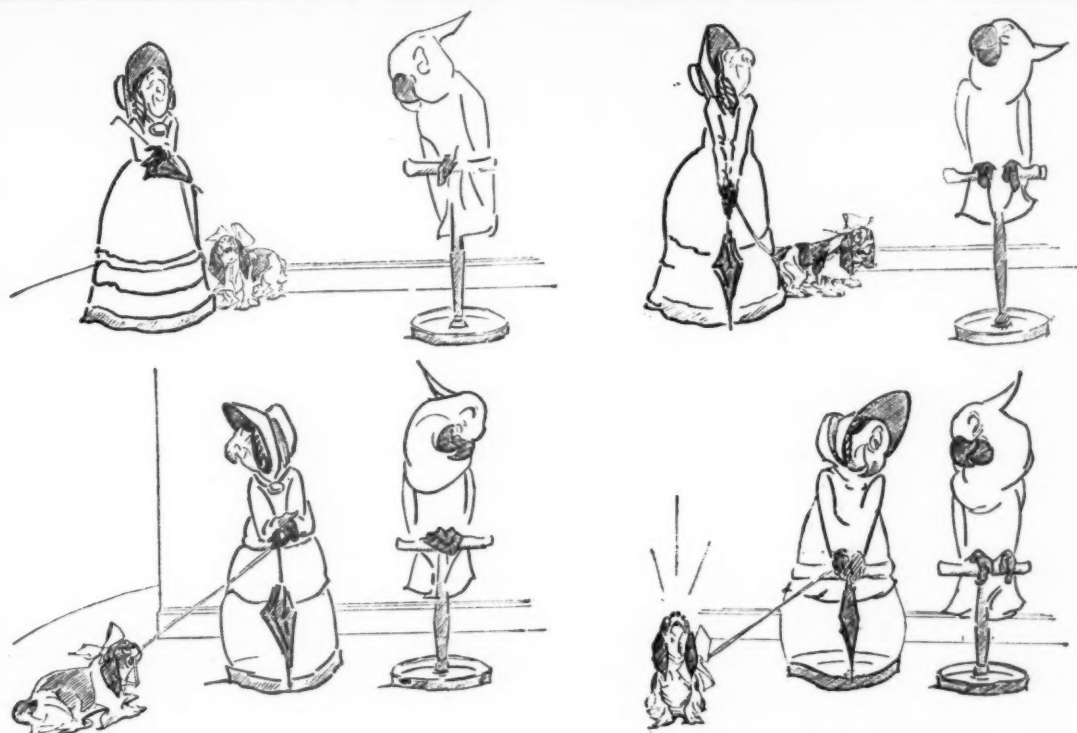
SIR ARTHUR PINERO has arranged for the great success of his latter-day dramatic career to be memorialised for all time, by a colossal statuary group which will be erected in the centre of the road immediately in front of the Garrick Club. The subject is LINDLEY MURRAY between Comedy and Tragedy.

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has arranged with Mr. DEWENT WOOD, A.R.A., to make a more than life-size statue of himself for erection in the centre of Leicester Square as a memorial of the success of certain Shakespearean revivals at His Majesty's Theatre. The first plaster sketch was so impressionistic that, according to a witty critic, "You could not see the Tree for the Wood;" but this defect has now been removed, and the great actor-manager promises to dominate the whole Square.

As a mark of the favour with which *The Quaker Girl* has been received at the Adelphi, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS will unveil a statue of GEORGE FOX to be erected at Bournville.

"It was a feminine sightseer who left her hotel in a taxicab."—*London Opinion*.

Just like a woman. Still she could always get it back from Scotland Yard.



THE OBSTRUCTER OF TRAFFIC.

It was a windy day and I was principally concerned with trying to keep my hat on; therefore it was not until the West Highland terrier had wound himself round my legs with the cunning and precision of an American *bolas* that I quite realized what was happening. Then I looked up and saw Miss Wilkinson at the other end of the lariat. "Oh, it's you, is it?" I said. "Do you think it quite nice to entrap single young men in this manner?"

"I'm so sorry," she explained, "he will do it; you're the third this morning, and the last was a policeman. Are you going this way? You might come home and lunch with us."

"Well, I wasn't, you know," I said; "but since you have roped me in, I may as well go quietly to the stockade. What's his name?"

"Alan Breck Stewart," she replied as I disentangled myself, "Breck for short."

"I see; Breck, Breck, Breck, like that poem of TENNYSON'S. What you ought really to do with a puppy that hasn't learnt to follow is to put him on a



LIKE TO LIKE.

little wheeled trolley, with his paws fastened down firmly, and drag him along. Then he would get the hang of the thing, you know."

At this point we cast anchor suddenly round the base of a lamp-post.

"It's so silly of him," said Miss Wilkinson; "he never can see that he must go back the way he came; he always will try to get round the other side."

"It is a case for firmness," I declared; "leave him to me a moment. First of all I am going to hold him up by the tail."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well it shows whether he's well-

bred to begin with; if not, of course his eyes would drop out. And, secondly, it makes the blood rush to the head, thereby enhancing the mental faculties. Now I'm going to take him off the lead, and speak to him quietly but distinctly."

Replaced upon the pavement, Alan Breck Stewart looked up at us with eyes that positively beamed with docile intelligence. For some minutes after he trotted quietly to heel, meditating.

"It's no use, really," said Miss Wilkinson, "he's certain to do something stupid: we've lost him twice already and had to pay two guineas reward.

He's quite a well-known contributor to the papers."

At this point the adventurer espied a sparrow in the middle of the road, and cantered briskly towards it with that peculiar slantwise action of his hind-quarters which he appears to think suits his style of beauty. At the same moment a huge touring-car came up the road, and jerked itself out of forty miles an hour with a wrench that must have taken a month's wear out of the tyres. It just managed to stop about a foot in front of Alan Breck, who, standing unperturbed on the spot where he had confidently marked his sparrow,

seemed puzzled but not annoyed. He sniffed the front of the car and trotted slowly back to us. Meanwhile the chauffeur was saying things softly to himself about dogs in general and Alan Breck in particular—things that reflected on the Scotchman's character and pride of pedigree. He also seemed to believe in a future life for animals. I apologised, and we put Alan Breck on the lead again. His bag for the rest of the way consisted of an errand-boy, a perambulator, his own front-paws (three times), and two ladies who, owing to the curious conformation of their skirts, seemed to have some difficulty in walking as it was. Each time Alan Breck looked up patiently and asked to be unwound. He had a good appetite for his puppy biscuit at lunch and, after thoroughly testing the china plate with his tongue to see whether leadless glaze had been employed, lay down with a sigh in front of the fire, probably to compose a new Scotch reel.

THE GRUMBLERS' CORNER.

Le Matin has established a column in which all kinds of grievances may be stated. *Mr. Punch* adopts the idea for his own dissatisfied countrymen.

MR. LANSBURY, M.P., writes: "There is no scandal to compare with the waste of time and energy in the House of Commons. I recently made a careful analysis of a day's proceedings, and I found that, of the seven hours occupied in speeches, two hours twenty-five minutes were given to idle forms of courtesy. Such a phrase as "Honourable Member for So-and-so" makes me mad. None of us think other Members honourable, and the sooner we cease to pretend that we do the better for England. The way to refer to another Member is by his surname only. I am plain LANSBURY, and I expect others to be the same. Again there is the absurd tradition of catching the SPEAKER'S eye. Every man should have as much right to speak as another, and should not have to wait to be called. In short, the House is not a place of legislation at all, but a museum of mediævalism. Coming now to the third, and perhaps worst scandal, I refer to the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD—"

[Not here. *Ed. Punch.*]

MR. JAY PENN writes: "I wish to protest with all my power against the modern practice of allowing publishers in their advertisements to eulogise their books. That privilege belongs to the reviewer and the reader, and to them alone. Publishers' advertisements become more disgusting every day. Each new book is a classic and a miracle,

until we don't know where we are, and the conscientious literary man who chances to have a publisher of decent restraint is lost."

MR. B. PUNTER writes: "A most unsatisfactory state of things which needs careful legislation is the irresponsibility of the Press. There are a number of papers, each assuming great authority and each making money by this authority, which are permitted by an apathetic and cynical Government to mislead exactly as they like. I will give you an example—racing tips. With one or two exceptions all our morning and evening papers offer their readers advice as to the horses that will win. And how often are they right? Almost never. Yet all do it and make money by it. Take, for example, the *Grand National*, recently run. Had I taken the advice of the seven daily papers which I read I should have backed seven horses not one of which reached the post at all. Is not this an abuse? And an indefensible one? I think so."

MR. LOWTHER BRIDGER writes: "Can nothing be done to combat the confusion which arises from two public men being allowed to bear the same, or practically the same, name. For many years MR. LLOYD GEORGE was allowed to enjoy the possession of this combination undisturbed. But now on the Unionist benches there sits a Member who has turned the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S name upside down—I refer to MR. GEORGE LLOYD. Unless this evil precedent is dealt with in summary fashion we may expect such further enormities as the appropriation of the names Churchill, Winston, Harcourt Lewis, and Buxton Sydney by the rank and file of the Opposition."

"An Indignant Father" writes from Hyde Park Gardens: "When I was a boy I, like most of my contemporaries, suffered from the measles. But I did so on the strict understanding that there should be no recurrence of the complaint; and this agreement, for which our family doctor went bail, has been strictly kept. For some thirty-eight years I have enjoyed a perfect immunity from this disorder. But now mark the difference. My son, aged fifteen, has had measles three times running in three successive years, and the doctor at his school—a very expensive public school—has refused to guarantee that he will not have it again. Apart from the serious expense in which I have been involved, this state of affairs casts a lurid light on our vaunted progress in bacteriological research. When we knew nothing about bacilli they were

relatively harmless; now that we have identified and named them, they display a revolting virulence."

PROFESSOR W. A. S. HEWINS writes: "It grieves me to have to record the painful fact that at all the instrumental concerts held during the All-British shopping week no effort was made to dispense with the French horn; worse still, that during the same period the native worth of the tenor oboe was still disguised under the gallicised title of the *cor anglais*."

THE POET'S RESOLVE.

Lo! the woods to life awaken;
Spears of green commence to sprout;
Dormice, from their trances shaken,
Simple nourishment have taken
Through the snout.

'Tis the Spring, and all the strikers
Of the heaven-descended lyre,
Padders of the hoof and bikers
Chant the open road: their ichor's
Filled with fire.

Only I have sworn by Hades,
By Olympus' snow-crowned peak,
By Damascus and by Gades
(Taking care, of course, no ladies
Heard me speak);—

Sworn that though the flowers invoke us
Flaming from the bulbs that hiss
(TENNYSON contains the *locus*
Classicus about the crocus
Doing this);—

Though the air with myriad voices
Cries aloud, "The chains are gone!"
Though in dells, where Pan rejoices,
Youthful herdsmen with their choices
Carry on;

Though the forked hoof of satyr
Treads the turf and fauns are seen;
Though the West winds rise and scatter
Golf-balls which should plump like batter
On the green;

I have sworn, I say (O printer,
Mark it as the type you fix),
By the Queen who dies in winter,
By her spouse, and by the inter-
Circling Styx,

Though ten thousand lyres are thrum-
ming,
Not one syllable to sing
On that threadbare, soul-benumbing,
Played-out topic of the coming
Of the Spring! EVOE.

"Fligh Class English Gentlemen butter with London e St.-Peterburg experience seeks position, highest references (speaks French)."
Advt. in "Novoe Vremya."
Good. Now he must try English.



REFLECTED GLORY.

Submerged Spectator (to Player). "'OW DO, TOM?'"—(as Player looks round)—"'SEE THAT, MATES! 'E RECKERNISED ME!'"

[NOTE.—Submerged Spectator indicated with a cross.

HOLMES TRUTH.

It was a little Circular
(Marked "Confidential" too)
Containing information
Painful, perhaps, but true.
But someone treacherously let
The cat out of the bag,
Which caused of late at Question time
A most unholy "rag."

It was a little Minister
Whose speech was one long cry:
"Please, Sir, I never did it;
Please, Sir, it wasn't I.
Please, Sir, it was another boy
Who ought to bear the blame,
But he's no longer with us—
Holmes, please, Sir, is his name."

It was the democratic press
That, in the following days,
Bedaubed the little Minister
With its most fulsome praise,
For nobly disavowing
The obscurantist creed
Embodied in the contents
Of this pernicious screed.

It was, if I may put it
In language bald and brief,
The story of an honest man
Imperilled by a thief,

And thrown instanter to the wolves
By a disloyal chief,
In whom extremists still profess
Their unimpaired belief.

THE TIME AND THE PLACE.

FOR THE CORONATION.—To Let in Westminster, handsomely furnished Flat, from which the sounds of the crowd, cheering, &c., can distinctly be heard, provided that the wind is in the right direction. For month, 80 guineas. For Coronation Day, 20 guineas.

FOR THE CORONATION.—Seats are now being fitted up on the top of the Nelson and Duke of York columns. Unequalled bird's-eye view of the procession. Everything visible except the interior of the Abbey. Prices from 5 to 50 guineas. Book early.—The Summit Syndicate Ltd.

FOR THE CORONATION.—Magnificent stand is now in course of construction opposite the City Temple in case plans should be altered and the Coronation be held there. One never knows. Seating for 5,000 from 10 shillings. Excellent view guaranteed.

FOR THE CORONATION.—To Let, for the summer, Old-World Residence, near Leeds. Four reception rooms, fourteen bedrooms, garage, billiard room, offices, &c. Within two miles of station, which is within 4 hours' journey of Westminster Abbey. Per month, 100 guineas. Bargain.

FOR THE CORONATION.—For Sale, Job Lot, American Flags, suitable for decoration of private houses. What offers?

FOR THE CORONATION.—Stilts of all sizes for obtaining good view above the heads of the crowd. From a guinea a pair. As used in the Landes—very practical.—Apply Messrs. Tich & Shorter.

FOR THE CORONATION.—A few seats still remaining in the Fleet of Tethered Balloons which will hover above the Abbey during the day. Price, including binoculars, champagne lunch and insurance ticket, 30 guineas. Apply, Enterprise Unltd.

"Hat, large, burnt straw, trimmed broad satin ribbon, pink roses, 5s. 6d.; age 19."

Advt. in "The Lady."

We prefer them newer.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JOHN TREVENA can see no good in a Radical and, politics being as they are, is without hope. Casting his student's mind a generation or two ahead, he has no difficulty in picturing an England devoted to hedonist Socialism, given over to blind worship of its players, practising violence, robbery and free love, slaughtering the remnants of its old aristocracy (in which alone the author has any confidence), stage-managed by an alien adventurer and eventually leased to Japan, with no condition save the prompt payment of a fat premium on the lease. There is undoubtedly something in the author's point, but his exaggeration could only have been excused by satire, and *The Reign of the Saints* (ALSTON RIVERS), being unrelieved by the grace of humour or any sense of the ridiculous, is not that. To show the climax of Female Suffrage attained in the advancement of a low-class virago, "usually chewing a cigar end," to the bishopric of Exeter is mere buffoonery. A logical exposition of the possible end of modern tendencies might have been undertaken on these lines, but this book, a realistic novel of the future, cannot seriously pretend even to logic. The narrative is graphic and the excitement is well maintained, but the moral of it all, upon which the Preface insists, is not convincing. I am a bit of a Tory myself, but I am left comfortably sure that things are not so bad as all that.

Humour comes more easily to Mrs. LEVERSON than to most women-writers.

Never too subtle, and sometimes, perhaps, a little too easy, it colours her work with a very natural gaiety. But she cannot always keep her own personality out of the dialogue; as when the adoring flapper says of her baby Guardsman: "Oh! the jolly way he has of saying 'Righto' and 'You're all right.'"
I am confident that the flapper thought it, but I am equally confident that she would never have said it. So Mrs. LEVERSON says it for her. In this new book, *The Limit* (GRANT RICHARDS), one recognises the pleasant *mot* about the golden-haired lady who darkened her locks at the roots; and I am glad that the author has at last embodied in print a repartee of her own from long ago that deserved to be enshrined. She does not attempt to analyse her characters very closely, but she can seize a rapid impression of a type. Her American, for instance, who is anxious to be very English and good form,

is sketched lightly, but with a sure hand. One or two of her people make palpable pretence of being drawn from actual models, and Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM may have a word to say about that.

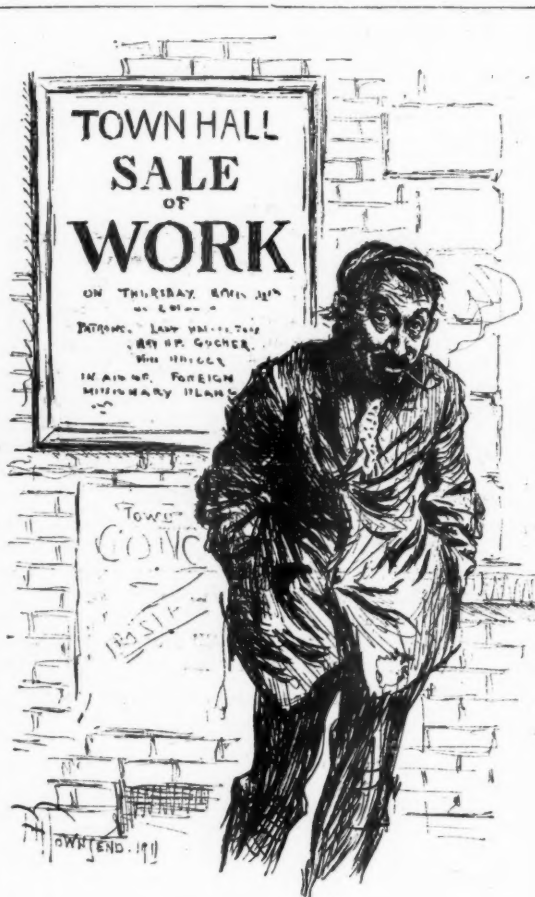
By her title she means the point beyond which the strong, silent husband will not go in his tolerance of the *tertium quid*. But Mrs. LEVERSON has her own "limit," and if she had followed the dictates of temperament she would have drawn the line on this side of serious developments instead of boldly grasping the fringe of tragedy, as she does towards the end. Here, I think, in her right effort to avoid obvious courses, she becomes improbable. Her earlier humour, with its appetising savour as of orange bitters, did not quite carry me over this piece of resistance.

If you anticipate anon
A journey in a train,
Purchase *Eliza Getting On*
(CASSELL), by BARRY PAINE.

'Twill smile away the time,
and you,
Grateful for that, will not
Too critically probe into
The characters and plot.

There is something wrong about the construction of *The Lady of the Bungalow* (STANLEY PAUL). If Miss EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN were to tell her story to a jury of British matrons, they would, I am inclined to think, smile it out of court. They might pass the sable-silver with which *Lady Veronica Glenalva* disguises the rich corn and bronzo colour of her gold locks in order to carry out her scheme of revenge on the famous traveller who had prevented her from marrying another explorer who happened also to be a scoundrel. But they would surely jib at the network of wrinkles with which she covered her face, and still more (I speak as a man)

at the mysterious removable pads, inflated with air, which gave her the bust and figure of a buxom Juno of sixty, in place of her own "admirable slenderness." And even if they allowed the possibility of the wig and the wrinkles and the pneumatic pads, and admitted that by their aid a slim young girl might day by day for weeks make a number of people, some of whom knew her quite well, take her for a stout old woman, an imaginary cousin of the noble house of the Glenalvas, they would be troubled by the reflection that someone would inevitably have looked her up in *Debrett*. And then her whole scheme would have fallen to the ground. The next time that Miss EVERETT-GREEN wishes one of her heroines to bowl out the public, I should recommend her to set the field in more orthodox fashion, and, above all, not to hamper her with "pads" in the wrong place.



"LUMME! FANCY BUYING IT!!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE position of poor MULAI HAFID is certainly one that calls for our sympathy. His capital is invested, but brings him in no income.

Lord HALDANE's statement, in the debate on Lord ROBERTS's motion, that he believed in standing up for our rights, has, we hear, given grave offence to many members of his party. The evil influence of the House of Lords is no doubt responsible for such a Jingo sentiment.

Now that the Executive Committee of the KING EDWARD Memorial have decided not to destroy the bridge in St. James's Park, might we point out the indisputable claims of Charing Cross Bridge to their attention?

A "Messing Adviser," it is announced, is to be appointed at the War Office. We suppose this is necessary. But surely they have had this kind of thing before.

The War Office has now ordered that in future all horses purchased for the Army shall have their Army numbers tattooed on their gums instead of being branded on their hoofs. This won't be much of an ordeal for the horse which is merely No. 1, but what of the poor brute which is, say, No. 10001?

We are not surprised to hear that ex-soldiers are growing in favour as chauffeurs. Experience shows that they are less likely than others to lose their heads on killing their man.

Hamlet without the Ghost again. Messrs. CONSTABLE have just published a book entitled "Shepherds of Britain," but it does not contain a word about Mr. CHURCHILL'S.

The Express draws attention to a remarkable case of suspended animation. "In 1661," our contemporary tells us, "the remains [of OLIVER CROMWELL] were disinterred by order of Parliament, the body being hung on the gallows at Tyburn, and the head set on a pole on the top of Westminster

Hall. A great deal of mystery attaches to the subsequent movements of the head."

A strange phenomenon is reported from the Criterion Theatre. *Baby Mine* is developing into a Gold Mine.

Our prisoners would appear to be strangely lacking in the valuable quality of tact. An official report has been issued, giving a list of their favourite



Customer (after a morning's shopping). "HAVE YOU ANY EELS?"

Fishmonger. "YES, MADAM. WHAT QUANTITY WOULD YOU REQUIRE?"

Customer. "WELL, THERE 'LL BE SIX OF US. . . D'YOU THINK A YARD AND A HALF WOULD BE SUFFICIENT?"

books. Not a single volume by the HOME SECRETARY figures in this list.

Meanwhile, in view of the fact that each year the Government issues a large number of Blue Books which have scarcely any circulation, an attempt, we hear, is to be made to get the convicts to read these.

We like a man who knows how to seize an opportunity, and have nothing but admiration for the Dentist who is advertising:—

"CORONATION YEAR.

Why not have your teeth crowned with gold?"

THE SMART SET.

HOW ANIMALS MAY GET INTO IT.

[*"HORSES.*—A Pair of remarkably handsome Brown Geldings with quality, fast, with high action; perfect manners."—*Advt.*]

If domestic animals do not increase the attractions of their manners and appearance, it is now their own fault.

HOW TO NEIGH CORRECTLY. IN TWELVE EASY LESSONS.—We teach you so that you may converse on an equality with the thoroughbred. Address, Training College for Animals, Holloway (Horse Voice Department).

BUTCHERS AND BAKERS' NAGS, CARTHORSES, ETC.—Would you like to improve your position, to rise to higher levels? Then learn Department as we teach it. Your manners may be impossible; but do not despair, we can cure you. A bus horse writes to us: "Three years ago I considered myself fortunate to be drawing the Liverpool Street—Putney bus. I am now ridden in the Row and know some of the smartest hacks in town."

Will you give us a trial? Trot round at once to the Training College for Animals.

WHOLE MEAL FODDER.—Neigh for it, and see that you get it! It was this fodder which made your grandsires, the old Mail horses, able to do their work. List of Mews where the Standard Fodder may be obtained sent on application. Endorsed by the Mare of Hackney.

SHOES.—The Smith Shoe is unequalled for style and fit. Are you among the smart gees who wear it?

WANTED A THOUSAND
MANX CATS
TO TRY
THATCHO FOR THE TAIL.

PIG-SKIN SOAP.—All stylish porkers who want a delightful rose-leaf complexion use it. Do you? Send for sample.

"CATT. — having been bitten by a Fox terrier chained up at the Lawrence Hall, on Saturday, at about 8.15 p.m., will be much obliged if the owner will kindly inform him as to the health of the Dog."

Advt. in "Civil and Military Gazette."
This is true courtesy.

"LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

[Studies in the poignant manner of Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S "Satires of Circumstance" in the April number of *The Fortnightly Review*.]

IN SIX MISFYTRES.

(Concluded.)

IV.

IN A PUBLIC PLACE.

THEY sit on a seat of the esplanade,
The buxom cook and the housemaid trim.
Spring-fashions, to left and right displayed,
Escape their eyes, which are all for him,
As he swaggers by in his martial gear,
A perfect dream of a bombardier.

"He gave me this bangle of gold to wear,"
Says the housemaid; "must have cost him a pound."
The cook says nothing, but sits in a stare,
Thinking, "I guess where the money was found;
It came from my hard-earned wage, no doubt—
Two shillings an hour to walk me out!"

V.

ON THE RIVER.

The barge swings slow on the slow stream's breast,
And the bargee leans to his oar, dull brute.
A curious apathy fills his chest,
Though his wife is trailing her off-side boot
In the ochreous ooze, and he hears her purr
As his mate at the tiller makes eyes at her.

A lurch and a slip—she is overboard,
And her lover dives in at the nearest place.
No sign on the part of her legal lord
As the waters close on their last embrace,
Except that he smiles, "I shall miss them both,"
And leans to his oar with a grateful oath.

VI.

AT THE WINNING-POST.

She waits in the grand-stand's grassy patch,
Externally cool, but her manner clothes
A throbbing heart, for they ride a match,
The man she loves and the man she loathes;
A hundred sovereigns they ride to win,
With a purse, her sewing, to put them in.

Neck and neck, at identical rates,
They ride to the finish, a clear dead-heat.
"Shall we run it off?" says the man she hates;
And the other, "Not me; I'm much too beat!"
Then the first: "There are prizes enough for two,
And the declaration I'll leave to you."
"Very well," says the man she loves, "you're free
To pocket the purse—the cash for me!"

O. S.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

NO. VII.—THE TWO DRAGONS.

The emper of Persha is a splendid emper and very hansim his empriss is as butife as a goldfish she has a luvly nose and blu eyes and wen she luks at you you fall down and begin to cri they hav foretin grone up childern and lots of servints butlers and futmen and cuks and housmads and a boy in butns to kleen the nives and butes the emper livs in a palis on the top of a hill buy a river

the palis is maid of marbl and gold with plenty of jools all over it and the rooms are of a mense size.

Ther are 2 dragins at the botm of the garden wun is a blu dragin his name is Bill and the uthar is a grin lady dragin her name is Sara thire very firse dragins with skails and wen they breeth flames cum out of ther mouths and ther teeth are orfle to luk at they luv the emper and foller him bout like a dog but they cant wark mutsh they can only woddel like swons or duks but they can fli like eegils.

Wun morning the emper wos warkin in the garden wen he sor the dragins lieing in the sun but they got up dreckly and sluted him with ther frunt pors.

Good morning Bill sed the emper good morning Sara.

Good morning your magety sed the dragins.

Hav you herd the nus sed the emper.

No sed Bill we havnt wot is it.

Thers a lion bout the plase sumwere sed the emper havent you seen him.

No sed Sara we havent wots he like.

Wel sed the emper hes like wot lions are like yellor with a big main and long teeth.

Wots he come bothring here for sed Bill.

Hes my wiked uncle sed the emper he wents to turn me outof been emper and I wont him kild.

O weel sune do that sed Bill and Sara tugether breething fire at the same time goodbye your magety.

Goodby sed the emper warking away you shal hav enthing you like for dinner wen youve kild him.

Wen the emper wos gorn the dragins flu up in a big tree and loked all over the plase.

Can you see him Sara sed Bill no sed Sara can you.

I think I can sed Bill hes cuming along by the cabbidges wistling.

Lions cant wistle sed Sara.

Wel this wuns wistling sed Bill Ill get down quick and pertend to be a rabbit.

Wots the yocs of that sed Sara.

Wel heel run arter me and then you can drop on him and ketch him and Ill help you.

No sed Sara weel both be dragins.

So they got down and wen the lion kame up he nooked agent Sara youve trod on my por sed Sara.

Pardon sed the lion I didnt meen it.

I dont kno bout that sed Bill woter you doing here.

Im jest warking sed the lion is that the palis.

Yes it is sed Sara but weer going to kil you arnt we Bill.

Yes sed Bill weer going to kil you your the emprers wiked uncle.

Wen the lion herd this he gav a terble rore and jumpd into the air to friten the dragins but they larfed at him they new he coudent bite thru ther skails and so they wer very brave but the lion was very brave tu then they had a dredfle fite ferst the lion tride to bite orf Bills tale but Sara bit him on the nose and he had to leev go and then they rold all over the cabbidges and got cuvd with mud at last the lion sed Ive had nuff Ill giv in and the dragins bit his hed orf thats finshd him sed Bill lets take his hed to the palis and sho it to the emper yes said Sara you take his hed and Ill take his body so they tuk the lion in ther mouths and woddeld to the palis.

Take orf his skin sed the emper we cant sed the dragins its tu tite its only butnd on sed the emper.

And when they unbutnd his skin and tuk it orf loan bold it wosent the wiked uncle it wos the emper of Afrika.

Its the rong man sed the emper but he gav the dragins a good dinner jest the same and the empriss wos ther tu and all the emprers slavs and genrals and nex week the dragins found the wiked uncle and kild him tu and then they livd in piece ever arter.



SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

JOHN BULL. "I TRUST IT WAS NOT SIMPLY MY FREE TRADE PRINCIPLES THAT MADE YOU LOVE ME?"

JAPAN. "DEAREST, LET US NOT PRY TOO CURIOUSLY INTO THE SOURCES OF OUR SACRED AFFECTION."



Brother. "BETTY, I WANT TO INTRODUCE MR. MUCKERGEE TO YOU."
Betty (shocked). "SSH! ALGIE, HE'LL HEAR YOU!"

THE GOLFER'S EXCUSE.

JAMES is one of those players who nearly always hit a tremendously long ball off the first tee just to dishearten their adversaries. But this time his "Albatross" flapped heavily over the undulating turf and beached itself securely in the shelving sand of the bunker, while my "Cormorant" bounced on the top, struggled gamely and went over into the Elysian fields. My heart swelled with joy and I talked gaily to James as we went forward to examine the site of his proposed excavations. His first error was the prelude (as they say in the Sporting Press) to a series of similar misfortunes, and at the fifth hole I was four up. As we walked to the next tee he was still rubbing sand out of his eyes, and after we had both driven off he said to me solemnly, "It's no use concealing it any longer, old man; I am in love."

Dissembling my inward jubilation so well that I actually assumed a mask of sorrow, I consoled with him. "So bad as that," I said; "have you tried Thanatogen? They say it's a wonderful thing for these internal complaints, and what's more puts beef into the

drive. I once wrote a little poem beginning:—

'There's nothing to beat Thanatogen;
It's better for golfers than Sloe Gin;
It's ———'

"Thank you," said James, "I will take it on trust."

Right up to the turn he continued to fizzle deplorably, and seemed incapable of keeping his eye on the ball ("Very possibly," I said to myself, "her name is Daisy or Celandine or something of that sort"); but at the tenth hole, when I was already lured into a sense of serene confidence and had even tried one or two chip-shots, he suddenly began to find his game. Somehow I mislaid mine at the same moment, and by the time we reached the fourteenth green I was only two up, and filled with bitter and cynical reflections. "Love," I muttered to my caddie, "love, indeed! He is probably out after her money, poor girl; or else she has a title. Ah! the hollowness of these so-called romances." It was just after this that I played an approach-shot into the female sand-box belonging to the next tee, and at the end of the round James was one up. He purred with satisfaction as we walked into the club-house,

and it was not until I had drunk four cups of tea that I felt better, and asked him gently, but reproachfully, "Who is she? You haven't told me anything about her yet."

"Who's who?" said James.

I reminded him sternly of his accident, but he only laughed. "Oh, that!" he said. "Well, I had to make some excuse for playing so atrociously at the start, and people never seem to believe you if you say you have a touch of liver or sat up late working the night before. It wasn't true. I say, you remember my last baffly shot but one?"

"No," I said, "I don't, and I don't want to."

Next time I play with James I shall tell him that I have just been medically examined and found to be in a galloping consumption, with only two more months to live. That will probably trick him into using his brassy out of rough lies, and with any luck I ought to down him.

Bodily and Spiritual Needs.

"Happy home at Dulwich to Paying Guest; lady, gentleman or student; best English meat; good evangelical ministry."

Advt. in "The Christian."

POSTO.

LIKE all great discoveries, the idea is in itself extremely simple. It is this beautiful simplicity, probably, that gains on the mind and eventually holds it in thrall.

But before I offer you generalisations you will like to know what it is I am talking about. It is Posto I speak of—

Posto, the new game. I say "game." Well, it is a game. But please understand that it is one of those games that dignify the word. Chess, Bridge, Golf, Billiards, Cricket—it will fall naturally into rank with games like these—games that satisfy something fundamental in the human mind, and in consequence live on indefinitely. True, the origin of Posto is not shrouded in antiquity. But even on this point our posterity's posterity may think otherwise.

Posto is a game that only admits of one player. The first thing he has to do is to learn the road to the dust-bin. This done he is ready for the Posto Spot. The Posto Spot is simply a moment of time. At this period of the game it has one dominant feature for the player. It is a moment that may on no account be actively approached, beckoned, or encouraged in any way. The player is therefore advised to return to the ordinary occupations of his life, and, as far as possible, to forget Posto.

Possibly on a Sunday afternoon—possibly on a muggy day during, say, influenza convalescence, when ordinary time seems a tinge more ordinary than usual, our player will realise abruptly that he is on the Posto Spot. No one can tell him when he is there. But there is no need for that.

A man that has once heard of the Posto Spot knows it instinctively. A feeling of contumely assails him; it passes over him in great waves that culminate in the gorge. The exciting cause is some inanimate object in the home—in simple language, some beastly thing (a vase, a picture, a photograph, an anti-macassar—it may, indeed, be absolutely anything) that the player has known and hated for years, that he has periodically made vain efforts to free himself from, efforts, by the way,

that have always been frustrated by some of the beastly thing's partisans. For it is peculiar to the objects we are speaking of that they always have somebody ready to furnish a reason for keeping them, somebody to say fatuously, "It cost so-much," "It was given to us by So-and-So," "It is an heirloom," "It might be useful if . . . or if . . ."

deliberation. To the casual observer he would seem quite unmoved. Now he takes the article, which is called technically "the stifier," in both hands; without any sign of hesitation he bears it forth along the familiar road to the dust-bin. He raises the lid. "Go," he whispers. "Be no more. Die." He then deposits "the stifier" in the dust-bin, closes the lid, and retraces his steps.

As he re-enters the room there is the light of victory in his eyes; his step, too, is crisp and confident; he is looking about him for a comfortable chair. Sinking into it he gives himself up to "the glow," which is the Posto player's reward. All I can say is, May everyone feel it for himself, for herself! It defies description. Relief, power, vengeance satisfied, space acquired—numerous sensations seem to join themselves happily to produce an entirely new feeling. This is "the glow." Try it for yourself and you will understand me.

Before I end, a word to the timid. The player does not meet anybody on the road to the dust-bin. No. It is quite a mistake to be afraid of this. The reason is that he acts at once. If he were to wait to think the matter over and act later, it is a 1000 to 1 that he would meet somebody, and 100 to 1 that it would be the somebody that he would most wish to avoid. Acting at once, however, he just catches the road clear. It is a peculiar thing. I can offer no theory to explain it. But to the practical Posto player it will suffice to know that this is one of the laws of Nature.

"The early work of Froude in applying athwartships tanks for the prevention of rolling is well-known. These, together with rolling ballast and the great moving weight of Thornycroft himself, all fall under the head of moving the centre of gravity of the ship in attempting to balance the wave effect."

—*Engineering.*
We should have thought the great moving weight of Mr. CHESTERTON would have been better for the job.

"Though most people, including many mornny sailors, do not know it, a sea song and a shdeas are by no means the same thing."
"Morning Post" on Sea-songs and Shanties.
Thus all one's oldest beliefs have to go. Well, well, we shall never believe a mornny sailor again.



Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by the train).
"YE MIGHT LIKE TAE LEAVE ME A BOB OR TWA TAE DRINK YE A SAFE JOURNEY, WULLIE."

Wullie (feigning regret). "MAN, I CANNA. A' MY SPARE SHULLIN'S I GIE TAE MY AULD MITHER."

Donald. "THAT'S STRANGE. BECAUSE YER MITHER TOLD ME YE NEVER GIE HER ONYTHING."

Wullie. "WEEL, IF I DINNA GIE MY AULD MITHER ONYTHING, WHAT SORT O' CHANCE DAE YE THINK YOU'VE GOT?"

Now that our friend plays Posto, however, all this is changed. The feeling of contumely that would have given place in the old days to an aching lowness of spirits, now makes way for a fine frenzy such as poets are accustomed to—in itself not at all an unpleasant experience, by the way, though it is a mood that requires some handling (the tyro should take note of this). The Posto player, however, is a sportsman, and he keeps steady under the sensation. See him leave his seat with

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write less for my amusement or yours than for the serious benefit of a generation to come.

The first point is this—One by one our large railway companies are abandoning the second-class compartment. Soon the second-class carriage will no more exist. Shed a tear for the decease of your respectable mediocrity and come along to point number two. The classes of compartment left will be first and third. Congratulate yourself on your mathematical ability in having anticipated that point, and consider number three. It is that infants always will be infants, and darned inquisitive infants at that.

In the blighted future I can see scores of harassed and overworked parents being cross-examined, on their journey to the seaside, by relentless children upon the seeming paradox. "Why first and third? Account, and account instantly for the apparent lacuna." Those who have lived to see the actual development for themselves will thereupon enter into the true and lengthy explanation, which the children will either not entertain or unhappily forget. But those children, in their turn becoming parents and going into the witness-box, will be put upon their powers of invention. I conceive the worst of them hazarding that the higher-class fare is three times the lower-class fare, and that the peculiar nomenclature is adopted to make that clear to intending speculators. This is a lie which will be easily discovered. I conceive others suggesting that "third" is an old Anglo-Saxon word meaning "second," and being dismissed immediately as deceptive and foolishly deceptive parents. I conceive yet others abandoning their annual seaside expedition so as to avoid impossible explanations and to maintain a false prestige. In the alternative I foresee infants being packed in portmanteaux and deposited in vans or forwarded as advance luggage. At the worst England must be prepared for a decrease in the birth-rate or an increase of infanticide.

You and I, Mr. Punch, have done our best, but there is always the danger, none the less to be feared because improbable, that the parent of 1950 to 2000 A.D. will not have upon his person at the critical moment this copy of your valuable paper to which to refer. We must therefore call upon the railway companies to remedy the evil they are bringing about. There are two ways of doing that. The one is not to bring it about; but, as they find it inevitable to have only two



Dog Dealer (describing mongrel). "PURE BRED UN, 'E IS. AIN'T NO BETTER BLOOD IN EUROPE."

Lady. "REALLY! WELL, I SUPPOSE HE'S TRAVELLING INCOG.!"

classes, that would involve their converting all their third-class carriages into second-class carriages. Your true democrat would resent that as an attempt to force him, like the miserable five hundred who are going to have nobility thrust upon them, into the despised upper classes (or one of them), and he would show his resentment by ceasing to go to and fro, which would be bad for the railway companies, and staying in his native town, which would be bad for his native town.

The second method, which I recommend, is to place in the carriage, beneath the well-known maxims that bottles should not be thrown out of the window and the communication

cord should not be pulled unless there is something to communicate, a further notice. This would read: "Little children are strictly forbidden to ask questions, and are to take it that there is quite a proper explanation for all they cannot understand." Of course every infant, on being informed of the contents and the prohibition, will ask, "Why?" But that is a question even a parent may be trusted to answer.

Let us congratulate ourselves, Mr. Punch, you and I, and hail ourselves as public benefactors, upon having discovered not only the solution of a problem, but also the problem itself.

Yours, as always,

AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE B.P.

THE SEASON'S PROSPECTS.

THE great question in the Mallory family just now is whether Dick will get into the eleven this year. Confident as he is himself, he is taking no risks.

"We're going to put the net up to-morrow," he said to me as soon as I arrived, "and then you'll be able to bowl to me. How long are you staying?"

"Till to-night," I said quickly.

"Rot! You're fixed up here till Tuesday, anyhow."

"My dear Dick, I've come down for a few days' rest. If the weather permits, I may have the croquet things out one afternoon and try a round, or possibly—"

"I don't believe you *can* bowl," said Bobby rudely. Bobby is twelve—five years younger than Dick. It is not my place to smack Bobby's head, but *somebody* might do it for him.

"Then that just shows how little you know about it," I retorted. "In a match last September I went on to bowl—"

"Why?"

"I knew the captain," I explained. "Well, as I say, he asked me to go on to bowl, and I took four wickets for thirteen runs. There!"

"Good man," said Dick.

"Was it against a girls' school?" said Bobby. (You know, Bobby is simply *asking* for it.)

"It was not. Nor were children of twelve allowed in without their perambulators."

"Well, anyhow," said Bobby, "I bet Phyllis can bowl better than you."

"Is this true?" I said to Phyllis. I asked her because in a general way my bowling is held to be superior to that of girls of fifteen. Of course, she might be something special.

"I can bowl Bobby out," she said modestly.

I looked at Bobby in surprise and then shook my head sadly.

"You jolly well shut up," he said, turning indignantly to his sister. "Just because you did it once when the sun was in my eyes—"

"Bobby, Bobby," I said, "this is painful hearing. Let us be thankful that we don't have to play against girls' schools. Let us—"

But Bobby was gone. Goaded to anger, he had put his hands in his pockets and made the general observation "Rice-pudding"—an observation inoffensive enough to a stranger, but evidently of such deep private significance to Phyllis that it was necessary for him to head a pursuit into the shrubbery without further delay.

"The children are gone," I said to Dick. "Now we can discuss the prospects for the season in peace." I took up *The Sportsman* again. "I see that Kent is going to—"

"The prospects are all right," said Dick, "if only I can get into form soon enough. Last year I didn't get going till the end of June. By the way, what sort of stuff do you bowl?"

"Ordinary sort of stuff," I said, "with one or two bounces in it. Do you see that Surrey—"

"Fast or slow?"

"Slow—that is, you know, when I do bowl at all. I'm not quite sure this season whether I hadn't better—"

"Slow," said Dick, thoughtfully; "that's really what I want. I want lots of that."

"You must get Phyllis to bowl to you," I said with detachment. "You know, I shouldn't be surprised if Lancashire—"

"My dear man, girls can't bowl. She fields jolly well, though."

"What about your father?"

"His bowling days are rather over. He was in the eleven, you know, thirty years ago. So there's really nobody but—"

"One's bowling days soon get over," I hastened to agree.

But I know now exactly what the prospects of the season—or, at any rate, of the first week of it—are.

MR. MALLORY.

The prospects here are on the whole encouraging. To dwell upon the bright side first, there will be half-an-hour's casual bowling, and an hour and a half's miscellaneous coaching, every day. On the other hand, some of his best plants will be disturbed, while there is more than a chance that he may lose the services of a library window.

MRS. MALLORY.

The prospects here are much as last year, except that her youngest born, Joan, is now five, and consequently rather more likely to wander in the way of a cricket ball or fall down in front of the roller than she was twelve months ago. Otherwise Mrs. Mallory faces the approaching season with calm, if not with complete appreciation.

DICK.

Of Dick's prospects there is no need to speak at length. He will have two hours' batting every day against, from a batsman's point of view, ideal bowling, and in addition the whole-hearted admiration of all of us. In short, the outlook here is distinctly hopeful.

PHYLLIS.

The prospects of this player are, from her own point of view, bright,

as she will be allowed to field for two hours a day to the beloved Dick. She is also fully qualified now to help with the heavy roller. A new experiment is to be tried this season, and she will be allowed to bowl for an odd five-minutes at the end of Dick's innings to me.

BOBBY

enters upon the coming season with confidence as he thinks there is a chance of my bowling to him too; but he is mistaken. As before, he will be in charge of the heavy roller, and he will also be required to slacken the ropes of the net at the end of the day. His prospects, however, are certainly improved this season, as he will be qualified to bowl for the whole two hours, but only on the distinct understanding (with Phyllis) that he does his own fielding for himself.

Of the prospects of

JOAN

I have already spoken above. There remain only the prospects of

MYSELF,

which are frankly rotten. They consist chiefly of two hours' bowling to the batting of Dick (who hits them back very hard), and ten minutes' batting to the bowling of Phyllis (slow, mild) and Bobby (fast wides); for Dick, having been ordered by the captain not to strain himself by trying to bowl, is not going to try. It is extremely doubtful whether Bobby will approve of my action, while if he or Phyllis should, by an unlucky accident, get me out, I should never hear the last of it. In this case, however, there must be added to Bobby's prospects the possibility of his getting his head definitely smacked.

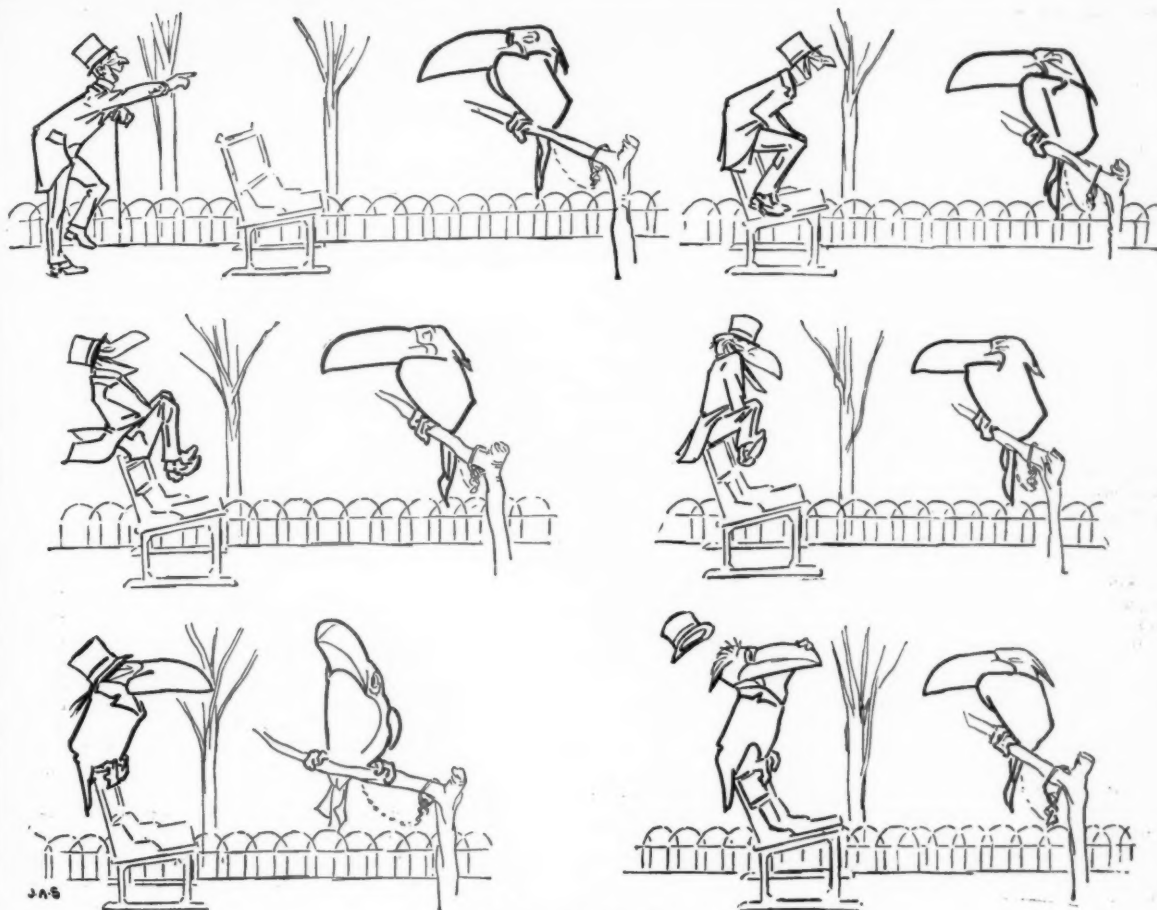
Fortunately—it is my only consolation—the season will be a short one. It ends on Tuesday. A. A. M.

A Rip among the Railways.

The rumour that that quaint old anachronism, the London and South-Western Railway, has waked up to the necessity of allowing through-tickets to be issued between the Tubes and stations on its own lines over which the District Railway has running powers is lacking in confirmation. It seems improbable that a Company which took years and years and years to arrange for the issue of through-tickets between these same lines and the Metropolitan Railway should recognise at this early stage the existence of the Tubes. After all, they are only a few years old.

"NO PARTY IN BREAD."—*"Daily Mail"* headline.

Then what about the Free-Trade Loaf?



LIKE TO LIKE.

GARDEN NOTES.

OWING to the enormous premium on the cultivation of sweet peas for the Coronation there will probably be very little garden land available for other purposes this year, but to those who have a few square inches left the following hints may be useful.

BULBS.—The worn-out ones will require weeding out, and these should be replaced by the newer varieties, which are said to give more light at less cost than the older kinds. Ordinary wiring can be used.

HARDY ANNUALS.—The Christmas kind already demands attention, though they will not be really out till the autumn, when good Press cuttings should be obtained.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.—Plant plenty of cabbages; they will be in great demand for the holiday season. The "Odoradora" (see Messrs. Toofers

Catalogue) is a variety much in favour now amongst growers, as the leaf dries quickly, rolls well, and has a rich aromatic flavour. Sprinkle with salt-petre in the spring.

If the parsnips are getting out of hand, they should be carefully pruned and trained to sticks. The old method of growing them nailed to a southerly wall has been abandoned by the most up-to-date vegeculturists.

Onions seem likely to show considerable strength this year. Last year's crop, on being opened, brought tears to many eyes.

Cauliflower has been almost entirely superseded by the new standard flour. Note that the old theory of "the white flour of a blameless loaf" is quite exploded.

The vegetable garden will not be complete without an abundance of green stuff, so lay down several yards of Brussels; use brass-headed nails.

GOOSEBERRIES.—The gooseberry bushes will require your earnest attention. Those intended to supply fruit for the early vintages should be carefully netted. Full many a magnum has been robbed of its richest qualities through inattention during the early stages.

STRAWBERRIES.—There should be a good show of strawberry leaves about the end of the summer, unless anything untoward happens to prevent the creation of new Dukes.

PATHS.—These should be thoroughly massaged with an iron roller, and all the weeds carefully picked out, and slowly burned. Some weeds require a lot of smoking. Give them to your friends.

LAWNS.—If you want these for wear, Peter Jones is showing a good selection at two-and-eleventhry.

If you don't want them to wear, play golf on them.

When you have finished gardening, replace all turf on the green.



Grandmother. "AND NOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TELL YOU A STORY, DEARS!"

Advanced Child. "OH, NO, GRANNY, NOT A STORY, PLEASE! THEY'RE SO STODGY AND UNCONVINCING AND AS OUT-OF-DATE AS TUNES IN MUSIC. WE SHOULD MUCH PREFER AN IMPRESSIONIST WORD-PICTURE, OR A SUBTLE CHARACTER-SKETCH."

THE PERFECT CONFIDANT.

[An application of one of the triumphs of modern progress to the needs of a romantic temperament.]

I NEVER use the little hutches
That house the public telephone
For ringing people up, though such is
Their estimable aim, I own;

For when I did I used to blunder;
My heart is in Pierian springs;
I never was much shakes at under-
Standing machinery and things.

Too often in a state of fever
(Induced by the celestial flame)
I clapped my ear to the receiver,
And talked into the what's-its-name.

It took me hours to get my number;
I used to hear strange voices round
Breathing the lotus-chant of slumber,
"An intermittent buzzing sound."

And, when I did get on to some one
After eternities of doubt,
A far-off voice, a faint and rum one,
Informed me that the boss was out.

Also I did not like the crazes
Of those who worked this wondrous
beast:

They used the most astounding phrases
That were not English in the least.

Deaf to the language that was JOHNSON'S
They made me say "One-double-O,"
Meaning a hundred (which was non-
sense),

And did they heed my censure? No.
I had no time to stop and bicker,
And so I cried, "The Muses call.
Farewell! I feel the heavenly flicker;
I shall not use your wires at all."

But sometimes, when I break the bubble
Of happiness, and life is drear,
When I am fain to pour my trouble
Into a soft and shell-like ear;

When I can find no handier harbours,
I foot it from the rough world's rage
To one of these delightful arbour
And make therein my hermitage.

Gently removing the transmitter
(But placing nothing in the slot)
I tell of love's sweet fruit grown bitter,
Of faith forlorn, of vows forgot.

I tell how sweet, in urban clamour,
It is to find this fairy dell;
I take great pains about my grammar,
I say I like their little bell.

I mourn the lapse of time that worsens
An intellect unmatched of yore;
I simply disregard the persons
Who congregate outside the door.

I say that snow-white hairs are
glistening
Fast on these (once how auburn!)
locks.

But by this time they are not listening,
And so I leave the wooden box.
EVON.

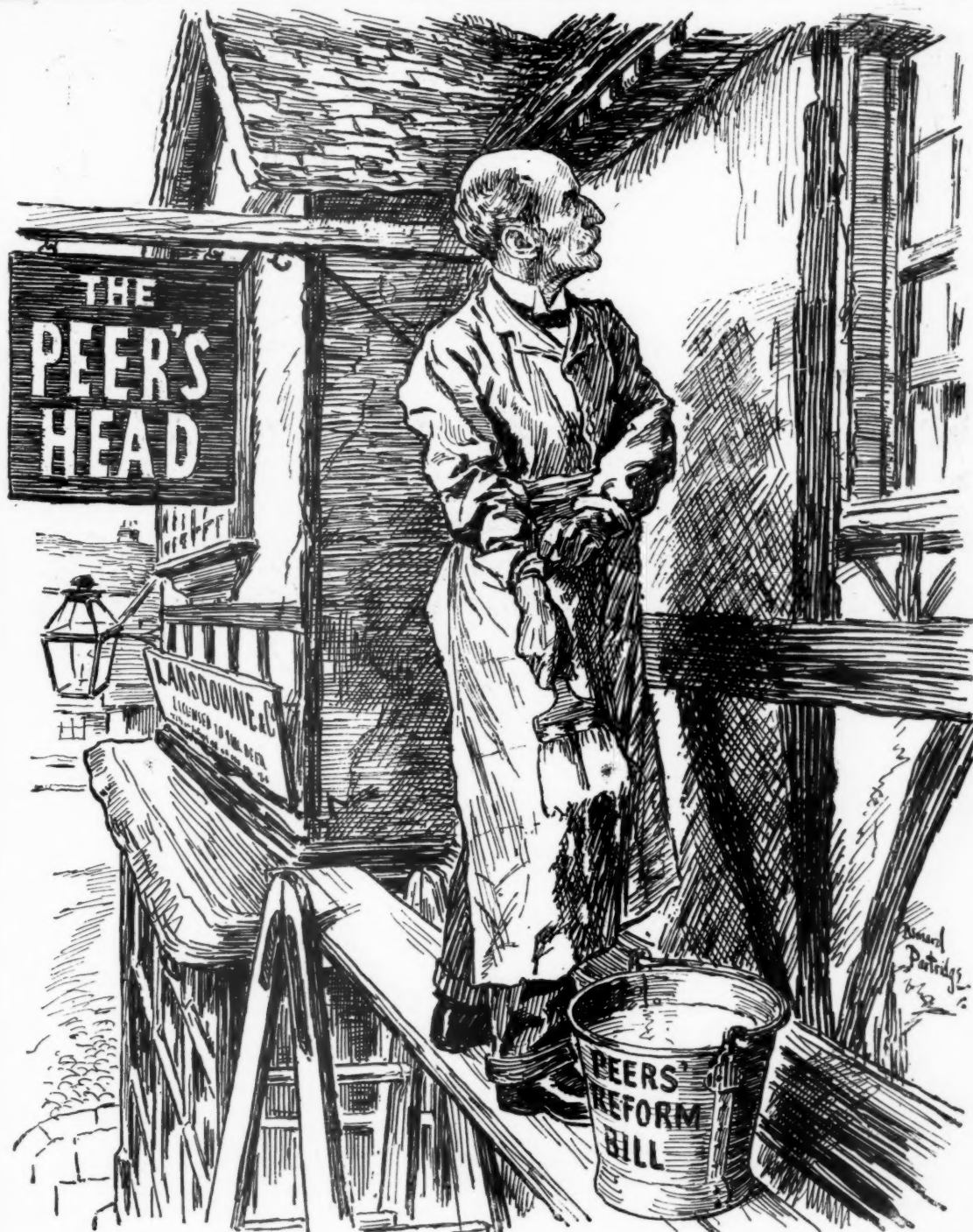
"The current year marks the birth of the
author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"
Westminster Gazette.

And yet it seems ages ago that we first
heard of the book. A preliminary
publisher's puff, no doubt.

Says a correspondent in the course
of his letters to *The Edinburgh Evening
Dispatch*:

"But what I really wanted to say—and have
taken a long time to do—is that in a certain
public stair within a biscuit toss of Princes
Street no census within biscuit toss of Princes
Street no census uplifting census papers."

Even now we are not sure that he has
really got his message off correctly.



PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON IT.

LORD LANSDOWNE. "SAY THIS HOUSE IS BADLY CONDUCTED, DO THEY? AND MEAN TO STOP THE LICENCE? AH, BUT THEY HAVEN'T SEEN MY COAT OF WHITEWASH YET. THAT OUGHT TO MAKE 'EM THINK TWICE."

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 11.—Looking across at WINTERTON's manly form, hearing his not infrequent speeches (sometimes monosyllabic) contributed to debate, recognising his remarkable parliamentary instinct, have sometimes wondered how it all came about. And he still so young and so fair! Secret disclosed in portly volume entitled *The Speakers of the House of Commons*, written by ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT and published by JOHN LANE.

Amid score of things learned in this storehouse of parliamentary erudition find that in the MEMBER FOR HORSHAM House has been entertaining unawares a descendant of a Speaker who filled the Chair in the decadent days of the STUARTS. Sir EDWARD TURNOUR presided over debate through the memorable epoch that lay between 1661 and 1670. This exceeded by three years LENTHALL's term of office, theretofore the longest period.

Seems almost a pity that the laws of nature did not permit concatenation of circumstance whereby our Lord WINTERTON might have been seated in Parliament to look after his somewhat rapacious progenitor. The Journals of House contain an order passed shortly before retirement of Mr. SPEAKER TURNOUR, possibly hastening the event, directing "That the Back Door of the Speaker's Chambers be nailed up and not opened during any sessions of Parliament." It was said at the time—in those days there was malicious gossip in the House—that this cryptic injunction had something to do with backstair influence. Howbeit there was much ado when discovery was made that Mr. SPEAKER was secretly in the pay of the East India Company.

To this day there hangs on the wall of the dining-room in the SPEAKER'S House, amongst other portraits of his predecessors, one of Sir EDWARD TURNOUR. It was presented more than a hundred years ago by the regnant Earl WINTERTON. No personal resemblance to be found in latest bearer of honoured name. SPEAKER TURNOUR of 1661 was shorter, stouter, not to speak of being balder, than his popular descendant. There is, however, one characteristic point. Sir EDWARD, in laager behind the Mace, holds uplifted

in right hand what looks like a sprig of shillelagh, apparently ready to bring it down on any deserving knuckle or head. Sort of accessory that would besit our noble Earl when remonstrating with WINSOME WINSTON on points of decorum and order.

Other links with old parliamentary times are provided in this fascinating book. Six hundred years before Mr. LOWTHER was conducted to the Chair whose high traditions he has splendidly maintained, one of his kith and kin sat in Parliament as Knight

longo intervallo. The greatest of these was ARTHUR, who with distinction filled the Chair in five successive Parliaments. Of Sir RICHARD ONSLOW, Speaker in 1708-10, it was recorded: "There was an ease and openness in his address that even at first sight gave him the heart of every man he spoke to." That might well have been written of the present Earl ONSLOW. All who know him will recognise the curious appositeness and accuracy of the characterization.

Regret to find the earliest recorded appearance in House of forbears of the MASTER OF ELIBANK led to what is to-day known in Parliamentary reports as "a scene." ALEXANDER MURRAY, brother to the Lord ELIBANK of that day, was summoned to Bar of House in order to be reprimanded for alleged riotous behaviour in Covent Garden during recent election for Borough of Westminster. Ordered by the SPEAKER to kneel whilst the right hon. gentleman addressed to him a few pregnant remarks, MURRAY refused to obey, and was forthwith haled to Newgate, where he remained till the Prorogation brought about his release.

Business done.—Progress reported in Committee on Veto Bill. Not much made. But if we wait till resumption of sittings after Easter we shall, as the PREMIER with characteristic brevity puts it, "see."

Wednesday.—Usual miscellaneous debate on Motion for adjourning over Recess. Good Friday too close at hand and holiday too brief for heart to be thrown into the business.

Business done.—Adjourned till Tuesday next. One of the briefest Easter holidays known in modern times. Members complain that arrangement hardly leaves them time to get up to Hampstead Heath for a donkey ride, or to Greenwich for a roll down its grassy slopes. This, COUSIN HUGH points out, comes of a truculent Ministry imperiously forcing the pace of revolutionary legislation. In spite of arctic weather prevalent of late, HUGH goes scattering round rare flowers of speech. Described the Mother of Parliaments as "in a large measure a corrupt assembly" wherein "Members are forced to put up with the vicarious insolences of a Deputy." This a backhander for WINSTON in charge of Parliament Bill during PREMIER'S absence.



ABUSE OF SANCTUARY.

Lord HUGH CECIL, safe within the battlements of Oxford University, sees clearly the frailty and "corruption" of other people, and assails them with the nearest approach to Limehouse and Billingsgate that blue blood permits.

of the Shire for Westmorland. In the Parliament of 1597 there was returned as Member for Brackley, Northants, one RANDOLPH CREWE, forbear of the statesman temporarily retired from the leadership of the House of Lords. Seventeen years later Sir RANDOLPH was elected Speaker. That is only half the story. He was, at due interval, succeeded in the Chair by his brother THOMAS, a unique distinction for a family.

More familiar is the fact that the Lord Chairman of the House of Lords, whose resignation is pending under circumstances of health everyone deplores, is a direct descendant of not fewer than three progenitors who sat in the Speaker's Chair. But they came

A BILLIARD FORECAST.

From *The Sportsman* of January 1, 1913.—The outstanding event of the past year, in the world of billiards, has undoubtedly been the new regulation about the losing hazard off the red. Mr. GEORGE GRAY's (unfinished) break of 10,179 at Leicester in June, on which occasion he occupied the table for three consecutive weeks, and his opponent felt justified in spending the week-ends in the country, has at last opened the eyes of the authorities. It is not generally known that in the course of this match the right-hand centre pocket had to be three times renewed by a local upholsterer. The stroke was repeated with such perfect precision that, after the first ten days, no objection whatever was raised to spectators placing their hats on the left-hand side of the table, and on one evening towards the close the umpire went so far as to take his tea off it. While heartily sympathising with Mr. GRAY, we feel sure that he will recognise that in the best interests of the game the new regulation could be no longer delayed, and his favourite stroke was bound to go the way of the spot-stroke and the anchor-stroke. Now that only ten such consecutive losing hazards off the red are permissible we look for a revival in the interest taken in the game.

From *The Sportsman* of January 1, 1915.—It has been a year of great unrest in the billiard world. There is no doubt that the advent of the Chilian champion, Signor Pianola, has shown up weak spots in the game as it is at present played. His wonderful new stroke, by which he makes the red ball run along the top of the cushion, off the spot, into one corner pocket, while his own ball screws back into the other, has led to some astounding scores. As he always makes six in this manner at a single stroke his figures mount rapidly, and he appears to be able to repeat the performance indefinitely, so that his (unfinished) break of 23,675 at Wolverhampton, in September, was compiled in the remarkably short period of seventeen days. The authorities are, however, looking into the matter, and drastic action is expected. It is abundantly clear that the game has become too easy.

From *The Sportsman* of January 1, 1925.—The redoubtable Scot, Alexander McKettrick, who has caused such a profound sensation by his (unfinished) break of 78,952 at Exeter, which began in October, and was suspended in the beginning of last week, when the umpire declared the spot ball no longer playable, informed our representative



ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

"To us who are old soldiers in the army of which you are the recruits, who have been engaged in difficult campaigns before you were born—"

(Mr. BALFOUR.)



ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE OLD GUARD.

(Mr. CHAPLIN.)

in the course of a chat last evening that he had spent no fewer than eight years in perfecting his new policy of chivving the white. He pointed out that the red ball was now so hampered and protected by limitations that he had found it best to tuck it out of the way under the bottom cushion while he goes in off the white into each of the six pockets in turn. It is understood that the special regulations for the coming season are now under discussion.

From *The Sportsman* of 1951.—The match between Mr. Percy Plump and Herr Hans Kartofflen for the world's championship, which begins at Widnes on February 3, will be played under the new regulations. That is to say, with the circular table, the oblique pockets, and the diminished red. It is, by the way, whispered in certain circles that Mr. Plump has been elaborating a new stroke off the bunker guarding the centre pocket, which may cause trouble. Herr Kartofflen has lodged a protest against the extension of the baulk, pointing out—not without reason—that being a man of small stature it makes it almost impossible for him to play from behind the popping-crease without the use of the long rest. There is something, we think, to be said on both sides of this question.

Much interest is manifested in the probable effect of the two new regulations—that which lays down that every stroke shall include a cannon off the red, and that which compels the player to use both ends of the cue alternately. It is hoped that they will not so far reduce the scoring as to cause any further marked curtailment in the leisure of the performer who is not in play. The old custom of paying a visit to the Continent has already fallen into desuetude, but short trips to British beauty-spots should still be possible.

The table will be tilted, as is customary, at an angle of 13 degrees.

THE GREAT MIND AT WORK.

ARTHUR is a novelist, and yet he is my husband. They all told me, when I allowed it to happen, that one should never marry novelists because they are always about the house when you don't want them, and of no use when you do. But after all it isn't as if I went into a showroom full of eligible young men (labelled) and said, "I will take that one." Besides, he didn't mention the novels at all until I had said Yes.

We have been married about a year now, but, not seeing why even the



Provincial Mayor (who is making a bid for popularity, to Representative of the Press). "COME IN; TAKE A SEAT. I ALWAYS TREATS REPORTERS AS IF THEY WAS GENTLEMEN."

newly-married wife of a novelist with private means should not have a few friends to dinner, I asked the Wentworths and Captain Prosser and old Miss Walker and one or two others for Tuesday night; but on Tuesday morning I could not for the life of me arrange how they were to sit at table. If I arranged it so that the people who ought to sit next to each other did, the people who ought not to sit next to each other also did; if so that the people who ought not to sit next to each other didn't, the people who ought to sit next to each other also didn't. Perhaps I should have done better if Arthur had not persisted in helping me. This is Arthur's idea of help.

"Bill Wentworth to take you in and sit on your right? Yes. No. I dare say. He will tell you all about himself and be very cross with you if you laugh at him. He doesn't like being ragged. His leg is like the communication cord, obviously pullable, but not really meant to be pulled. On the other hand, if you show sympathy he will want more. He will get you on to the subject of hot baths and tell you that he always has a cold one. The cold bath is the most arrogant form of martyrdom. I once knew a wife who had the cold tap

removed from her bathroom because she thought her husband was becoming a prig. I must mention her to Mrs. Bill."

"Thank you," I said, biting the pencil in despair, for we had been at it for nearly an hour and had not even started. "The question is rather, What about Captain Prosser? Ought not he to take me in? He is such a dear!"

In pressure of business Arthur follows every line except the right one. "Short-sighted husbands would take objection to that," he said, lighting a cigarette, "but not so I. I should never be jealous of another man. Just suppose, for instance, that you were to carry on with young Prosser. . . ."

"Arthur!" I exclaimed.

"Only suppose," he answered, taking up a position (horrors) before the fire. "I should not be alarmed. I should not even be angry. Husbands, my dear, are like collar studs. When you have them they only irritate you. To lose them is to find you cannot do without them."

I tried a fresh start. "There is old Miss Walker. What shall we do with her?"

"Yes," he murmured. "That is the question. Woman is an eternal pro-

blem. She may be divided into four classes. . . ."

"Darling," I interrupted, with my most flattering smile, "you are obviously inspired this morning. It is very nice to have your help like this, but isn't it rather wasted on the mere arrangement of a table? Why not sit down now and write some more novels?"

With a little persuasion Arthur came to believe that he really was inspired, and actually sat down at his desk and started putting new nibs in his pens. I put a nice sheet of clean paper before him, stroked his hair, and left him looking thoroughly important and businesslike. Thence to interview the cook about food.

* * * * *

But what about the arrangement of the table? you ask. Ah! I had no need to worry any more about that. I knew that when I went in again to see Arthur and ask him how the novel was getting on he would show me a beautiful plan of the table, drawn to scale by himself, with everybody put to sit in the only one place that everybody could possibly sit in. And of course he had. You know these Arthurs can be quite useful as long as they are not trying to be clever.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

[With acknowledgments to *The Times* and its South American Supplements.]

I.—BOLUMBIA.

BOLUMBIA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

It would be idle to pretend that Sir EDWARD GREY's recent great utterance attracted any notices in Bolumbia, either in the country at large or in the capital. This probably is due to the circumstance that the local papers pay no attention whatever to foreign affairs. But it may not be a misapplication of time to speculate a little as to what the Bolumbians would have thought had a translation of our FOREIGN SECRETARY's weighty words come their way. For Bolumbia, it has to be borne in mind, is a country of some millions of square miles, entirely surrounded either by an impassable chain of mountains or by the sea, and is thus to some extent safeguarded by nature from certain of the dangers that beset such a country, for example, as Germany—so near and accessible to France, Austria, Holland, Denmark, Russia, Belgium, and, last of all, to the bloodthirsty Swiss. Any talk of universal arbitration would necessarily set the pulses beating in Germany; but when you get a country like Bolumbia, with its natural bulwarks, why, then, any idealistic peace aspirations, were they to reach it at all, would fall on indifferent ears. But, as we have said, Bolumbia knew nothing about it.

OUR IMPRESSIONS OF URAJAY.

(By a Correspondent.)

Entering Urajay, the capital of Bolumbia, from the North, one is struck by the change from country to town. Where one had been seeing only the boundless prairie one sees now houses and streets. Nothing could be more different. The wild horses meanwhile give way to human beings.

One knows, moreover, at once that one is not in an English town. The walls are too white, the roofs too red. The head-dresses both of the men and women, to say nothing of their swarthy complexions, are against it. The whole air of the place, in short, is foreign.

The principal means of locomotion in Urajay is walking. One sees people walking in all directions. Carriages one sees too, and carts loaded with produce. The whole scene is animated: here a café, there a church; here a private house, there a shop.

Urajay is certainly smaller than London. It would be absurd to compare the two capitals, but it is larger than Epping. The Government House is in the centre, and here dwells the

President during his term of office, a cinematoscope being constantly trained on the back door to mark the succession of rulers. For the Bolumbians are a pleasure-loving race, and rather than have nothing to laugh at in their picture theatres they will improvise a drama whenever they catch sight of the muzzle of a camera. Every adult, and not a few of the children, carries a six-shooter, while the hat-pins of the women are all of tested steel. It is no uncommon thing in a restaurant to see a well-dressed woman refusing to pay her bill, and, if pressed, stabbing not only the waiter, but the proprietor to death.

No doubt the quick temper of the Urajayans is against them as neighbours; but it has to be confessed that by their energy and resource they have built up a wonderful city, which cannot be too widely discussed.

ENGLISHMEN IN BOLUMBIA.

I.—LORD BROADHEAD.

The brief and tempestuous life of Hercules Bulley, first Baron Broadhead, had many phases. It is barely twenty-five years since he was sent down from Christ Church for filling the basin of Mercury in Tom Quad with bottled beer and bathing in it in broad daylight. His exploits as a journalist, when he wrote simultaneously for *The Church Times*, *The Tablet* and *Reynolds's*, are still fresh in the memory of Fleet Street. From journalism he passed to politics, but here too the stormy petrel element in his character militated against enduring success. He accused the Speaker of gross partiality, and when rebuked by the Opposition he suddenly produced a corkscrew from his pocket and drove it into the calf of the Tory Leader. As a result of the litigation which followed, Mr. Bulley resigned his seat, but was shortly after raised to the Peerage. The atmosphere of the Upper House, however, was too chilling for his fervid temperament and he suddenly disappeared from England, re-emerging shortly afterwards as the ringleader of the revolutionary party in Bolumbia. At the head of the Franco-English legion he drove out the President, Dr. Jabon de Verbena, and installed himself as Dictator, celebrating his rule by a number of edicts which still render the Republic of Bolumbia the cynosure of the civilised world. One of his first acts was to expel all Jews and teetotalers from Bolumbia. He also made it a penal offence to sell methylated spirits for drinking purposes. When the United States declared war on Bolumbia, he led his forces into the field, chanting war-songs

in a high falsetto to the accompaniment of a ten-stringed lute, and so paralysed the American rough-riders that in less than a week the invaders had evacuated Bolumbia. The memory of his exploits still hangs about Oxford and St. Stephen's, but his most conspicuous services to humanity were rendered in Bolumbia, where the natives still allude to him by the affectionate nickname of "Fathead."

MUSIC IN BOLUMBIA.

By Dr. Ronald Bovey.

The musical instruments of Bolumbia are limited in number, being practically confined to the *Bom-bom*, a rude side-drum made of solid wood and struck alternately at each end with an implement called the *Kampang*; the *Tlexicoatl*, a rattle formed of shark skin, containing sea shells; and lastly a curious instrument of percussion, known as the *Popatopatop*, which consists of the bisected skull of the tapir with the skin of the pangolin stretched tightly across. This is also played with the *Kampang*, or sometimes with short sticks made of petrified asparagus. My colleague, Miss Slazenger, tells me that she has discovered documentary evidence that in the antediluvian period of Bolumbia, before the invasion of the Catepetlican hordes from Yucatan, no fewer than 378 distinct types of *Popatopatop* were in use, and I much regret that I am unable to reproduce them here. Readers, however, may be referred to the XCIXth volume of the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in which an article of 514 pages is devoted to this remarkable instrument.

For the rest it may be noted that the natives of Bolumbia have a fascinating habit of singing through their noses in absolutely unrelated keys, an accomplishment in which they are not excelled by any civilised nation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—It was stated of the Prefect of Bexillico, at the recent celebration of the foundation of the Republic of Bolumbia, that to the first President, the illustrious Don Ovadon, we owe the inestimable privilege of a two-risotto post. This is an error. Much as the ever-to-be-remembered President Ovadon did for his not-too-grateful country, this particular act escaped him. Throughout his whole fortnight's period of Presidency the cheapest stamp for a letter cost six risottos, and for a postcard, three risottos. The introduction of the two-risotto standard was inaugurated in the same year as Ovadon's Presidency, it is true, but by the fourth President to succeed him,



"SPEEDING UP" IN OUR VILLAGE.

Lady. "I WANT THREE PENNYWORTH OF CUTLET FRILLS, PLEASE."

Proprietor of our Only Shop. "AH! YES; THAT WILL BE IN OUR FOREIGN AND FANCY DEPARTMENT, MADAM. MISS JONES, MAY I ASK YOU TO GET OFF THE F. AND F. AND PROCURE THE LADY THE ARTICLE IN QUESTION!"

namely the austere and distinguished Nevadon. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,
April 1st. LERDO ONDERDON.

An Anglo-Bolumbian writes suggesting that the time has come for Bolumbia to be recognised at Shepherd's Bush. "In that way," he says, "people will get to hear of us and our vast resources for the emigrant, and we shall receive some of that influx of young ambitious blood that we so badly need. I would point out," he adds in conclusion, "that the Bolumbian President can be of any nationality, and often is; and that we have a proverb that every determined lad carries the President's six-shooter in his hip-pocket."

Fauna and Flora of the Far East.

"The Yangtzepoo property was supposed to supply the hotel with fresh vegetables. What were the facts? The only benefit the hotel derived was a few flowers from this otherwise white elephant."—*From speech reported in "The North China Daily News."*

MEN WHO COUNT:—The Census Officials.

TO DOROTHY.

I TAKE off my hat to you, Dolly!
By methods not easy to beat
You've proved the unspeakable folly
Of those who declare we're effete;
On the ways of the lords of creation
We needn't write funeral odes
So long as we've your imitation
Of man and his modes!

How neatly and nicely you flatter!
You've caught our imperious tone;
And the drawl that I note in your chatter
Might pass very well for my own;
In your figure, besides, there's a trace of
The spread of more masculine ways;
And I'm willing to wager a stray sov.
You never wear stays!

You look upon man as an equal,
As a "pal" who is trusty and true;
But a crude matrimonial sequel
Is not to be thought of for you;
With a cigarette-end in your fingers,
And no end of disdain in your glance,
There hovers around you and lingers
No silly romance!

Your watchword, dear Dolly, is
Freedom;

Your suitors, who want you to pair,
You leave to whoever may need 'em,
And pass with your nose in the air;
But though they lie lorn and forsaken
Yet their slouch and their slang are
your joys,

Till I think you might almost be taken
For one of the boys!

And yet with all diffident doubts I'd
Suggest you can learn from us still,
Though you imitate man on his outside
With more than a *Rosalind's* skill;
For, clever as may be your playing,
One point has eluded your ken—
The ancient and accurate saying
That manners make men!

"When an account for killing rats was rendered to the Thedwastre District Council by the Thurston, Suffolk, Parish Council, the District Council decided to disclaim liability."
—*Western Morning News.*

There is a precedent for this which no doubt the District Council has considered. Let us hope that Thedwastre will be more fortunate than Hamelin.

THE FIRE-ARMS DANGER.

SOME wives are wonderfully generous. They are ready to make a present of their husband to the first burglar who asks for him.

Take my own case. I am not strong. Of a studious nature, I have, I fear, thrown physique to the dogs. I have developed my brain at the expense of my muscle. In these circumstances I hold that, provided one is insured against the risk, one should allow burglars, if they call, to work undisturbed. It would be crass folly to interfere with them. My wife—who is considerably younger than I—holds different views in this respect. Well, I hope she has had her lesson now.

The incident which I am about to describe happened four weeks ago, but I only now feel well enough to set it down. My nerves are still all awry.

It started in the usual way. My wife woke me up, and said she heard noises downstairs. I listened, distinctly heard a movement, and told my wife that she must have been dreaming. She then sat up, listened hard again, and said it was no dream. At that I sat up, and said I thought I did hear something now, but it was obvious what it was: it was the wind making a door creak. "It's nothing of the sort," she said, "it's a man got into the house. Do go and see." I then went through all my stock arguments. "Granted," I said, "that it is a burglar, what then? We are insured; why not leave him alone? Moreover, think what an unequal contest it would be. Here am I awakened suddenly at two o'clock in the morning, when my vitality is at its very lowest, and asked to face an armed ruffian who is at his very best. He'll be able to see me coming before I can see him, and simply pot at me. Everything is in his favour. Why, he'd only have to stamp on my feet." "It may not be a burglar," said my wife feebly; "go and see." "And catch cold for nothing?" I added. "John," said my wife, "I believe you're afraid." "Anyone but a fool would be afraid," I retorted, getting slowly out of bed and donning my dressing-gown and slippers.

I went downstairs and listened, and could hear nothing now. "Well?" said my wife on my return. "You were right," I answered, as I playfully pinched her cheek; "there are fifteen burglars in the dining-room and three in the drawing-room." "Funny?" asked my wife. "Fairly," I replied, as I settled myself comfortably again in bed. But not for long. Scarcely had I let down my eyelids when she roused

me again. "I am quite certain this time," she said. "Do go down and see, or we shall have them going upstairs and frightening the servants." A husband, I suppose, is easier to get than a good cook. "Oh, leave them alone," I said. "All right, I'll go myself," she retorted, and she made as though she would get up. And I believe she would have done so had I not anticipated her. My wife is the very antipodes of me: she has not sufficient imagination to know what danger is, excels in sport, loves dress and pleasure, and would dance a dervish off his feet. She has just those qualities which I lack, and ours, I suspect, is the ideal union. I resolved to make one last fight for my life. "I'll go," I said; "but remember that black does not suit you." "Oh, go," she cried; "and take a stout stick, and, when you come back, don't slam the door, as I may be asleep;" and she turned over and composed herself.

When I got outside there was no doubt at all about it. I distinctly heard movements below. I was about to fetch a knobkerry which I keep among my curios, when a better idea struck me. Why not try bluff? There was my little sham pistol. After all, the fellow would as likely as not wrench the knobkerry, which I valued, from my grasp, and use it against me, for some burglars are shockingly dishonest. The sham pistol had been given me by a friend who bought it in Paris—though I have since seen them here in London at a shilling. It was rather an ingenious little thing. An exact reproduction, in black metal, of a magazine revolver, it was really a cigarette case. You pulled the trigger and it emitted a cigarette. Curiously enough, I remember someone remarking once: "A capital thing to frighten burglars with." So I fetched this from my dressing-room, went downstairs quietly, and threw open the dining-room door.

The electric light had been turned on, and sure enough, in the far corner of the room, there was an ugly-looking customer stowing away my silver in a bag. I surprised him as he had his hand on a silver épergne which had been given me by a friend for whom I had done some little service. I was peculiarly attached to this, as it had an inscription on it to which I would occasionally draw my wife's attention as showing that there was someone, anyhow, who had a high opinion of me.

"Hands up!" I cried, as I levelled the sham pistol at the fellow. To my surprise he complied with my request, and the épergne fell to the ground. "Don't shoot, guv'nor, and I'll come with you." "And now back out of the room," I said, "and out of the house."

He continued to obey me, and the more he backed the more I liked it. The majesty in man seemed to be aroused in me, and I remember wishing my wife could have seen me. Then, I suppose, I grew elated and reckless. We were in the hall now, and I quickened my pace. All the time I had my finger on the trigger. Suddenly an irresistible impulse made me pull it—and an innocuous cigarette shot out and fell gently at the burglar's feet.

* * * * *

To attempt to take a burglar by false pretences is a serious matter. The man resented it. With care, the doctors think, I shall be quite myself in another couple of months. My wife is nursing me, and I like to think that I am rather a troublesome patient.

MEN WITH A FUTURE.

["PROPHETIC Astrologist Required in connection with almanac publication."]

The following applications in answer to the above advertisement have been received.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to apply for the position advertised. I have long studied the stars, and frequently proved my ability as an anticipator of events. For instance I was a member of the Albert Hall audience addressed by Mr. BALFOUR last December, and have witnesses to prove that, when the great audience rose at his allusion to the Referendum and cried, "This will win the election," I made the remark, "I doubt it." There were 10,000 people present. I was right, and 9,999 people were wrong.—AULD LANG MOORE.

SIR,—Going upstairs last night and believing my bedroom door to be ajar, I stepped forward to enter the room. The door was closed. The next instant I saw a number of constellations in close relation to one another. At once I remarked to my wife, "I shall have a black mark on my forehead by to-morrow morning." I was correct in my anticipation.—STARSSON KNOX.

SIR,—I beg to offer myself. I am a student of the astral. Some weeks ago I was crossing from Southampton to Havre—it was midnight. As I counted the contents of my purse on deck, a sovereign fell from my hand into the sea. I observed to a friend at my side, "I do not suppose I shall ever see that sovereign again." I had no intention of saying anything remarkable at the time, but—believe me or not as you like—the fact remains that, though it is nine weeks since I uttered my prognostication, it still remains as prophetically true as when I made it.—GALILEO JONES.



GEO. MORROW.



THE CROWN OF MERIT.

THE COMPOSER HEARS A BOY WHISTLING A SELECTION FROM ONE OF HIS OPERAS.

THE PAINTER SEES HIS MASTERPIECE REPRODUCED BY A PAVEMENT ARTIST.

THE OFFICE BOUNCING BALL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have often heard the old cry, "What shall we do with our daughters?" haven't you? But what I want to know is, "What shall we do with our fathers?" Can nothing be done to make them pay more attention to their work and less to their play? I'm speaking of stout middle-aged gentlemen in general and papa in particular, who, instead of giving up his mind to his business and supporting his wife and daughter as he ought to (particularly his daughter), spends Saturday to Monday playing golf, and Monday to Saturday worrying over his handicap. Then he says, "Business isn't what it used to be;" and when I asked him for a new frock yesterday he declared he could hardly make enough to go round as it was, though it takes little enough to go round me, nowadays, in all conscience. Last night he woke Mamma up by shouting to her in his sleep "to get off the green, or did she think she was going to stop there all day?" Poor dear Mummy said she felt almost too disgusted to tell him what she thought of him, but made herself do it for the sake of the children.

But there's worse to come. After he'd gone to business this morning we saw an article in the paper by an

eminent nerve-specialist advocating bouncing ball games in City offices as a relaxation for the nerve-strain of brain-workers. "Well," as Mamma said, "if they're going to start that, we may as well go to the workhouse at once." So we burnt the paper.

However, about an hour later I heard my little nephew, who is staying with us, howling dismally in the nursery because he couldn't find the bouncing ball he had bought yesterday with his own money. I was just looking for it when his nurse came in and said that she had seen his grandpapa slip the ball in his great-coat pocket as he was starting to the City. Dear Mr. Punch, is there nothing to be done to stop this middle-aged madness? I don't know much about your family affairs, but I believe you are a father yourself; but don't let that prejudice you in Papa's favour. In any case I enclose my photograph, and hope you will be on my side.

Yours sincerely,
GOLF ORPHAN.

"German Gentleman wishes to exchange conversation with English Person."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*
Person yourself.

The Modern Xerxes.

"Dr. Rouse admitted caning the boy."—*Westminster Gazette.*

PERFECTION'S PRICE.

["Tea, the most perfect the world produces . . . per cup 2d."—*From the bill of fare at certain well-known tea-shops.*]

I HAVE been paying bills; upon my brow
You may observe there shines a
virtuous halo,

Yet virtue has its own defects, for now
My funds have fallen, I regret to say,
low:

This stream of gold turned to unusual
channels

Affects my pass-book's short and simple
annals.

Just now no solace can my custom
bring

To Madame Clicquot in her sad be-
reavement;

On humbler beverages I must sing
The fame of my exemplary achieve-
ment,

Nor seek to celebrate this day of gala
Even in just a pint of sound Marsala.

But, though your poet, coming down
a peg,

To altered circes, may feelingly al-
lude, he

Is fortunately not constrained to beg
While he can conjure up a nimble 2d.,
And quaff, to stimulate the gastric
juices,

"Tea, the most perfect that the world
produces."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Patrician* (HEINEMANN), MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY has made an admirable study of an ancient and honourable house, lavish of service to the state according to the traditions of its class, and now just beginning to be made uncomfortably aware of the existence of democracy. He is less happy with the characters that intrude upon the ordered serenity of its preserves. *Mrs. Noel*, who so nearly ruins the career of the eldest son, is never quite realisable. She is so content to be described by the author that she scarcely opens her lips lest she should disturb the effect by saying the wrong thing. *Charles Courtier* too, whose Radical tastes are tempered by birth and education and a large experience of men and wild beasts, is a rather shadowy figure, and we have to gauge his attractions by inference drawn from the woman whose heart he might have had for the asking. Worse still, we have only one person's evidence of the loveliness of the protagonist. Absorbed in himself and in the struggle that divides his heart between a secret passion and the claims of his career, he hardly says a gentle word from first to last. But the human charm of his sister, that lovely *Dian, Lady Babs*, makes irresistible amends for all.

As in his *Fraternity*, if the author had here any particular problem to solve, which I doubt, he has left it where it was. He is satisfied to make a very readable story out of types rightly observed or created, as he did in *The Country House*. Some of his minor characters are most appealing, notably the staunch old *Lady Casterley*, who brings the manner of an earlier generation to the stubborn defence of her caste. He has developed a fancy for elaborate word-pictures, and provided himself with a beautiful moor, always handy, like a lay-figure. All the same, his descriptions are touched with true feeling and imagination, even if they are sometimes worked in without any special regard to their proper object—the illumination of the human interest in the foreground. The worst of it is that his sense of style puts the critic sadly out of heart with the slipshod stuff of to-day.

IN *The Dweller on the Threshold* (METHUEN) MR. HICHENS—and his admirers—are to be congratulated on his escape from the rather unpleasant motive of his two previous novels, *Barbary Sheep* and *Bella Donna*. He now deals with a case of transferred will-power, and although he has handicapped his story by excess of explanation it should intrigue even those to whom anything of the nature of spiritualistic phenomena is usually distasteful. The rector of a fashionable church in the West-end succeeded, by a ruse, in forcing his adoring and cherubic curate to join with him in an attempt

to discover by occult means whether there is a future life or not. But the result of these secret séances was not at all what the rector expected. The curate had only been persuaded by the rector's assurances that the sole object of the sittings was to communicate to the weaker man some of the superfluous will-power of his superior, and this is what really happened. Gradually the curate gained in power while the rector lost; but the latter, instead of becoming an admiring cherub, was changed into a contemptible worm. There is a Professor who helps to unravel the mystery, and MR. HICHENS, who might well improve on such conventions, pictures him as a sartorial freak. Surely it is time that Professors in fiction ceased to dress as if their supplementary duty in life were to scare crows.

In contrasting the comforts of the American and British artisan I don't think any of our statisticians have laid stress on that fecundity of Homeric metaphor which must be a far more valuable possession to the former than mere trifles like food and clothes. "If that is a product of Protection, then give me

Tariff Reform," say I. *Jim Hands* (MACMILLAN) was only the foreman of a shoe-factory in New England, but, if Mr. RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD is to be trusted he had intellectual consolations which would make many of our poets and politicians turn olive with envy. "Well, Sir," says he in one place, "if you've ever seen a hen sitting on the safety-valve of an eighty-ton boiler, when she blew off pressure you've seen how I felt after I



CONSTERNATION OF TWO BURGLARS WHO, HAVING JUST SERVED TIME, FIND A BEAUTIFUL MODERN RESIDENCE BUILT UPON THE SPOT WHERE THEY HAD BURIED THEIR SWAG.

spoke to the Doctor that Thursday;" and again: "The other members of the troupe looked like last year's bird-nests, but she was like one of them lace valentines." And yet again of a loud cravat: "It sounded like the noise you make when you hammer iron pipe." These are mere random flowers from his garland of similes. For the rest, the pathos of *Jim Hands* is extremely homely, and the mystification which keeps two perfect lovers apart almost ridiculously trite and artificial. Yet it is one of those books which provoke genuine salt from the eyes of the reader in the places where the author has laid his humour aside. There is a "travelling doctor" in it who speaks of "a story that is all wool, a yard wide, and contains no shoddy or adulteration whatever;" and *Jim Hands* might, I think, respond, also in the vernacular, "I'm the goods."

We learn from *The World* that the "Oxford and Cambridge boat race is the first of the many important events of the Ranelagh Club Season." We are glad to be able to give the further information that the Club has arranged for a Coronation to be held on June 22nd, but no date has yet been fixed by the Committee for their next total eclipse of the sun. In 1912 it is hoped that the 'Varsity Crews will again place their services at the disposal of the Club.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE are some persons who refuse to look upon Mr. ST. MAUR as a model in the matter of behaviour to the Bench. "May the difference of opinion not divide friendship," remarked a prisoner after being sentenced by the magistrate at the Acton Police Court.

Why, asks a correspondent, do certain persons call themselves the Mormon Elders, and not the Brigham Youngers?

A request for the provision of sand plots for children in Hyde Park has been refused by the First Commissioner of Works. The children, we hear, are furious, and a Votes for Children League is to be formed. They realise that it is only by pressure of the franchise that one's rights can be secured.

"In golf," says *The County Gentleman*, "we have probably more first-class players than all the rest of the world put together." We hope that this statement will be well circulated in Germany, where people are apt to have a good conceit of themselves, just because that country happens to excel in armaments.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE has been writing about a type of man he calls "The Vampire Husband." When we mention that, according to Mr. ASCHE, the brute will not take his wife to the theatre, no one will be surprised that Mr. ASCHE does not like the fellow.

In a note on the preparations for the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace, *Hearth and Home* says:—"A scheme has been devised by which a cream-coloured canvas awning will hang gracefully below the entire length and breadth of the vast glass roof. This valerian, as it is called . . ." We fancy we smell a mistake here. Anyhow, we should say that the odour of a velarium would be more pleasant.

We shall be interested to see whether the cause of decreasing attendance at church has at last been discovered. The Rev. F. A. Adams, Rector of Doddinghurst, has invented an arrangement of wire clips to be fixed beneath the seats, which will take a silk hat and prevent its getting ruffled.

Children are delighted to hear of the proposed establishment of an Oil Exchange. What to do with their cod liver oil has been a problem which has hitherto baffled many of them.



(DURING THE CORONATION FESTIVITIES THE KING, WE UNDERSTAND, WILL RECEIVE OLD VOLUNTEER OFFICERS WHO JOINED THE FORCE NOT LATER THAN 1860. THOSE WHO POSSESS UNIFORMS OF THAT DATE MAY WEAR THEM.)

MR. PUNCH WOULD BE THE LAST PERSON TO RIDICULE THESE GALLANT VETERANS, BUT HE HOPES THAT THIS GRACIOUS PERMISSION IN REGARD TO UNIFORMS MAY BE USED WITH DISCRETION.

"If," says a correspondent in *The Express*, "at frequent intervals along the routes of processions bands—amateur or otherwise—were placed to play during the long waits, the ambulance corps would not be needed." We gather that this correspondent's experience of amateur bands must be somewhat restricted.

A painting by MURILLO has been sold in Spain for two shillings. The outlook

for modern art was never very bright, but if the Old Masters are going to take to undercutting like this!

Whatever women may say about us men, we certainly are not "catty," or jealous of one another's good looks. We had a pretty example of this the other day, when the Vicar of Stroud Green, in referring at a vestry meeting to his successor, said, "He is young, and his hair is curly."

A HOLIDAY GAMBLE.

"How fair this Eastertide!" I said,
 "How sweet to watch young April try on
 Her vernal suitings, with the thread
 Of faint green woven, having shed
 The hides of March, that horrid roaring lion!"

"To hear the blithe birds do their sums,
 Counting their Easter eggs together;
 To note the lambs with toothless gums
 Bleating to their respective mums
 In this extremely seasonable weather!"

"What child to-day but owns the need
 To find an exit for his feelings?
 To follow Nature's timely lead
 And gambol on the luscious mead
 Rending the welkin with his liquid peelings?"

"What youth but feels the Spring diffuse
 A passion in his veins to buy her
 A nosegay for her fancy blouse
 And illustrate his amorous views
 By swapping headgear with his chaste Marier?"

"Or what adult 'neath such a sun,
 In air so balmy, so caressing,
 But wants his feet once more to run
 By primrose ways—" "I don't, for one,"
 Replied the party I was just addressing.

Said he, "Let others romp about,
 But as for me, remaining placid
 I shall forgo this giddy rout
 Largely because I have the gout,
 Due, it appears, to crystallizing acid."

"You have perchance" ('twas thus I spake)
 "Mislaid the necessary buoyance;
 But though you may be old and ache
 Yet you can indirectly take
 A hearty pleasure in the general joyance."

"Thus, on your speaking face I see
 A rapture; ah! *beatus ille*
 Who tastes an altruistic glee!"

"Nay, there you do me wrong!" said he;
 "The joys of others leave me passing chilly."

"Humanity to me is naught—
 —Mere streams of railway-tripping atoms;
 But this fair Eastertide has wrought
 Bliss in my breast because I've bought
 An option for the rise in Little Chathams."*

O. S.

* The author is glad to say that, up to the time of going to press, little or no immediate profit seemed likely to accrue from this heartless speculation.

"Passenger flights," says a Brooklands advertisement, "can be arranged on the ground." It sounds safest.

"Mr. J. Nicolson appeared for the despondent."—*Natal Mercury*.
 We trust that the mental depression of his client or clients had nothing to do with the quality of Mr. NICOLSON'S defence.

"Sire-splitting comedy is interwoven into the play."—*Tyldesley Journal*.
 This may do for the provinces, but in London one can never raise a laugh nowadays by splitting one's father.

MORE MANNERS FROM OREGON.

SOME weeks ago I ventured, for the benefit of the curious, to set out the views of Miss PRUDENCE STANDISH (of Portland, Oregon) on the important subject of table manners. These views, it may be remembered, had been contributed in the form of an article to the columns of *The Oregonian*, of Portland. Did I describe them as being bland, passionate, and deeply religious? I cannot remember; but if I did not I now repair the omission. They are all that and a good deal more.

I had imagined that this high-toned discussion of spoons, forks, soups, vegetables and napkins was, if I may say so, a solitary burst on the part of PRUDENCE; that she had brooded long over the dreadful spectacle of napkins tucked into collars or waistcoats as soup-guards and sauce-diverters and had then, once and for all, rushed into print to correct, to stimulate, to exhort and to convert. I was mistaken. A friendly correspondent, dating from Portland, now informs me—I use his own somewhat disrespectful words—that "one of the leading features in the Sunday papers of Portland is a weekly effusion by PRUDENCE STANDISH;" and to prove what he says he encloses a cutting from *The Sunday Oregonian* of March 5th, of which more than a column is taken up with "Etiquette for the Engaged Person," by PRUDENCE STANDISH.

I feel that I must enter a preliminary objection. How can there be any etiquette for engaged persons? Before their engagement they may have been strict observers of every article of the social code. When their engagement is past they will, no doubt, revert to an attitude of well-disciplined submission. But during the engagement surely all the petty restrictions are thrown aside. PRUDENCE may have a larger experience than any I can pretend to; but I must state my opinion that etiquette and engagement are mutually destructive terms, and no one has a right to bring them, as PRUDENCE has done, into the same title.

No doubt there are certain great principles which may be gathered from the action of all engaged persons. For instance, they believe that the whole of the world outside themselves is leagued together to spy upon them and obstruct them, whereas, as a matter of cold fact, the outside world considers them a nuisance and wants to see as little as may be of them. Then again, having developed a strange liking for such remote and inaccessible places as drawing-rooms or summer-houses or country lanes, they are furious with housemaids or butlers or gardeners or postmen, upon whose observation they may have thrust themselves. And finally they imagine that the assumption of an air of foolish detachment will prevent everybody from drawing inferences from wildly ruffled hair and a necktie which has got itself tucked away under one ear. But this is not etiquette. Far from it.

Neither is this what PRUDENCE means. She has received (at any rate she declares in print that she has received) the following letter from a Southern girl:—"I have just become engaged to a young man I have known three years and will be married"—evidently a most determined young woman—"next October. It is the only love of my life, and I reckon I am pretty foolish sometimes and rude with friends and all that. How ought engaged people to behave generally? I am very ignorant and just eighteen."

Upon this, PRUDENCE observes that "the very fact that an engaged girl is so young as this—eighteen—should make her more careful to observe the niceties of conduct,"

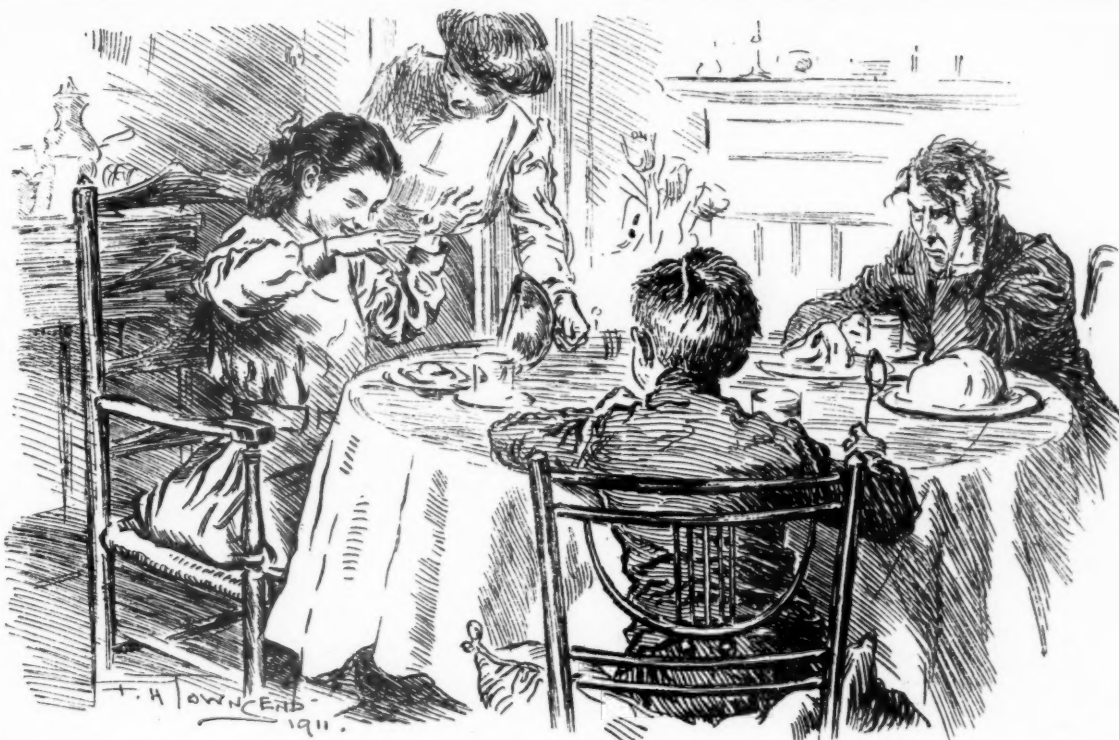


CALLING OUT THE RÉSERVE CUVÉE.

GOOSEBERRY. "AHA! THIS OUGHT TO BE MY RECORD YEAR! SEE ME SPARKLE!"

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Ruth (to parent who has just become a father for the fifth time). "OH, DADDY, AIN'T I A LUCKY GIRL? FANCY! A POACHED EGG FOR BREAKFAST AND A NEW BABY BROTHER BOTH ON THE SAME DAY!!"

and so she launches out upon her column of advice, in the course of which she explains in detail how a Southern girl ought to behave to her acquaintances, her friends and, above all, to her "fiance"—this dreadful word is throughout printed without an accent, as if it rhymed to dance or chance or finance, and possessed only two syllables, instead of the three that convention and the French have assigned to it.

My own advice to the Southern girl would be very shortly expressed. I should say, "Don't bother too much about your behaviour. If you're a nice girl—and I'm sure you are—you'll behave all right. Your friends won't be offended with you. They know you're slightly mad. They've all been slightly mad themselves, or they hope to be so in the future." But PRUDENCE would call that disgraceful flippancy. She says, "It is the greatest unwisdom to neglect friends if one wishes to keep them, for friendship is entirely a thing for consideration, kindness, and the most delicate courtesies. As an exquisite old lady of my acquaintance said on one occasion, 'Friendships are hard to make and very easy to lose.'" Upon my word, one need not be either exquisite or old to commit such a platitude as that—and, like most platitudes, it isn't even true.

"The girl must see all the girls, once so much to her, in the usual way, and not be merely content to sit and moon alone with her fiance. She must give him his own chance to see his masculine chums whenever the mood comes upon him for their society, and must not monopolize his movements until he feels for the briefest moment like kicking over the traces. She must certainly see that he does not

tyrannize over hers . . . The exacting lover, remember, is pretty apt to make a stern and disagreeable husband." He's every bit as likely to be a meek and henpecked one.

"As to the small material things the usual engaged girl thinks necessary to her happiness as the true sign of her fiance's affection—the flowers and candy and weekly amusement he offers—they represent a definite danger to both parties. The sensible man in love gives all he can afford, and very rarely anything over; but there are poor silly lads who do the other thing, buy presents and buy presents until, as a dear boy said to me once, 'there is nothing left to buy them with.'" I fancy this dear boy must have been old and exquisite too.

And so good-bye once more to PRUDENCE. I have no room for further extracts from her book of exquisite old wisdom. In her amiable Oregonian manner she is doing what the great American poetess, ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, once did in a more universal style in a book which it was my fortune to read. As Colonel Newcome put it (I quote from memory), *emolluit mores nec sinuisse feros*.

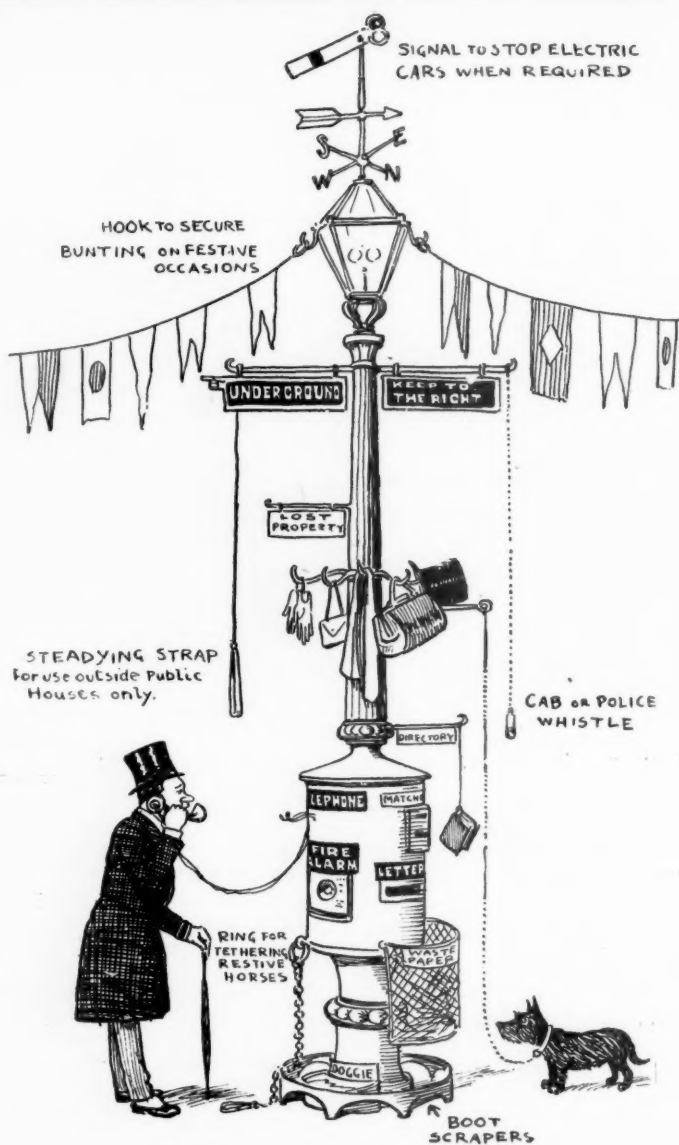
A woman explorer as reported in *The Daily Mirror* :—

"I found the Belgian officials very kind everywhere. I was given a special permit to shoot elephants, and used it. I killed a hippopotamus."

Not a good shot.

"Strayed, from Mutton Hall, Killington, Blackface Ewe."—Adet. in "*Westmoreland Gazette*."

No doubt the address struck her as ill-omened.



THE IDEAL PUBLIC UTILITY LAMP-POST.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SPADE-WORK AND OTHER DIVERSIONS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE.—The new cure for everything is to dig!—*et, par consequent*, we're all digging. We not only call a spade a spade; we catch hold of it and use it as such. Dear Sir William Kiddem, who's better than all the rest of Harley Street put together, says it's the cure for indy, and nerves, and brain-fag, and all those horrors that come of the strenuous life, and that it calls into play whole heaps of muscles that have been most shame-

fully neglected, and sets free a lot of nerve-centres and fearful things of that kind. He makes us dig in real earnest, putting a foot on the spade, and turning up the earth in style. There's nothing like it, my dear, for preserving the figure and compleck, and those who have neither dig in the hope of unearthing them. "Olga" is showing some simply sweet digging-suits, the coat fastening with little silver picks and spades, the skirt short and plain, high boots, gauntlet gloves, and a sort of coal-heaver's hat in dark-grey silk or satin, the little silver picks and spades being repeated again in the

hat-pins. Any afternoon you may see the old dowagers in Berkgrave Square, in full diggers' rig-out, going over to the square garden (with footmen carrying their spades and gauntlets), and setting to work, with the idea of digging up their far-away youth! Some of them shriek whenever they turn up a worm, —but they go on digging. Lord Berkgrave, who owns all that part, says they're spoiling his property, and that he'll go to law with them,—but they go on digging.

I hear that the Bullyon-Boundermere people had a week-end party down at Bullyon Towers at Easter, and one night after dinner everybody suddenly remembered that they hadn't done any digging that day, and they sent for spades, and all rushed off into the winter gardens, and the conservatories and the orangeries, and dug everything up, and left the place quite ruinous, and those poor wretches, the B.-B.s were trying to pretend they were enjoying it all!

Fluffy Thistledown is very much down on her luck just now. I drove round there one afternoon with darling Pompom, who left one of his teeny-weeny cards on Fluffy's Pekingese "to enquire," the poor little thingy-thing having been operated on for appendy. Fluffy sent out to ask me to come in, and I found her in the dolefullest of dismal, howling among the comfies and cosies of a couch in her chatting den.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is little Peki-peky worse?"

"Bother little Peki-peky!" she sobbed (only she used a shorter word than bother). "I'm the wretchedest woman on earth!"

"Don't speak of yourself as if you were an East-end drama at popular prices, my dear," I said. "What's the matter?"

"Blanche! Dulcie and Westshire have a boy—and I'm a—I'm a—I'm—I can't say it!"

"Oh, you poor dear!" I cried. "I see—you're a granny!" and she fairly shrieked among the downies, "I married her off, because I didn't want a grown-up daughter with me everywhere, and this is her revenge! After such a lovely autumn and winter up the Nile—to come back to this! All day cruel wretches have been ringing me up for congrats, and sending messages and telegrams—and I've had to answer—and pretend I'm in the seventh heaven;—but with you the mask is off—and you find me, dearest, try-try-trying to de-de-cide whether I'll take cyanide of something—or put a hatpin through my heart!—I've brought a heap of frocks and hats from Paris—that were a sheer delight to



Football Enthusiast. "PASS OUT TO THE WING, SONNY! YOU'LL NEVER GET IT BY HIM."

me—and now, where's the good of them?—They're—they're—granny's frocks and hats! Freddy won't love me any longer—and Lulu will never call me his little Dresden-china shepherdess again! And, oh, Blanche! Thistledown's been such a brute about it! He says we're fo—fo—fogeys now—and that I'm not to be called Fluffy any more—but by my horrible baptismal name—Ja—Ja—Ja—Jane! You lucky creature! you've no children to grow up and serve you this trick by-and-by—while you still look qui—qui—quite young—to make you a gug-gug-gug-gug-grandmother!"

Just then she was rung up again, and as I went away I heard her stifling her sobs and answering more congrats with "Thanks awfully! Isn't it perfectly lovely news!"

People are wondering about the sudden reconciliation of Billy St. Adrian and his father, who've been at daggers drawn for ages. Would you like to know the true inwardness of the matter, my dear? Well, so you shall.

Sir Richard St. Adrian, though (according to the newspapers of his own

way of thinking) "a statesman of colossal ideals and magnificent grip," has never been able to do anything with Billy, who's always been what people used to call "a trouble at home" (now-a-days they call it "having a temperament.") Ever and ever so many times he's touched old Sir Richard for big sums of money and tried different things that have always turned out failures. Then he has come back for more. (Norty says that at Eton the three St. Adrian boys were called after the three divisions of Arabia:—Dick was Happy St. Adrian, because he was the heir; Jack, who's very fair, was Sandy St. Adrian; and Billy was Stoney St. Adrian, and has been so ever since). Last time he came for money, the old man went into a rage, said it was the limit, and that he washed his hands of him. For quite a long time after this Billy made himself scarce, and people wondered what had become of him and what his latest venture was. My dear, it was *this*: disguising himself, and taking the professional name "Dr. Hymen," he

started a Marriage Bureau in Bond Street, on rather new lines, and for a time made it a *succès fou*! The fee for consulting "Dr. Hymen" was ten guineas, and he had a little *salon* in connection with the bureau, where he gave weekly teas, at which would-be bridegrooms could meet would-be brides. Heaps and heaps of people, without the least suspicion as to who "Dr. Hymen" really was, went there just for fun and with no matrimonial intentions. But at last poor Billy's luck began to peter out as usual, and just as he was wondering how he was to pay his rent, "Dr. Hymen" got a private and confidential letter from "an elderly gentleman, some years a widower, and anxious to meet a lady, young, loving and handsome, with a view to matrimony," making an appointment for a consultation. At the discreet hour of dusk the new client arrived on foot, and "Dr. Hymen," all ready, with his silvery locks and beard, and his long flowing robes, presently found himself, in his dimly lit consulting room, *tête-à-tête* with—his father! Whether old

Sir Richard really *was* looking for a second wife, or merely for *une plaisante aventure*, will remain as great a mystery as the Letters of the Man in the Iron Mask. Billy didn't give the show away at once; he played his fish for a time; and then he said, "You're looking for someone young, loving, and handsome. Well, Sir, you're now in the company of someone who is young and loving—as to handsome, that's a matter of opinion. This is Billy," he added, shedding his disguise, "your loving youngest son, into whose hands you've delivered yourself up, and whose price for not handing you over to the tender mercies of your admiring public, your dearest friends and enemies, and the halfpenny press, is that you overlook the past and finance him once more!"

And that, my dear, you may believe me, is the real secret of Sir Richard's reconciliation with his youngest son, of their *immensely* amicable relations, and of Billy's flourishing circles just now. Norty has a suggestion that he means to lay before Parliament as soon as ever he can get a chance. He's going to propose that snappy, impressionist, short stories shall be bound in with the parliamentary blue books and white books. Numbers of Members have said they'll support the measure, and would be only too glad to have bright, amusing fiction mixed in with the other kind! Oh, my dearest, I must tell you a thing he said the other evening at Popsy, Lady Ramsgate's big dance. Some bore remarked to him: "This is a fine Adam ball-room." "Yes," replied Norty; "and how well some of the women play up to it!" Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

THE PORTUGUESE CIGAR.

EVERYTHING promised well for my week-end with Charles. The weather was warm and sunny, I was bringing my golf clubs down with me, and I had just discovered (and meant to put into practice) an entirely new stance which made it impossible to miss the object ball. It was this that I was explaining to Charles and his wife at dinner on Friday, when the interruption occurred.

"By the way," said Charles, as I took out a cigarette, "I've got a cigar for you. Don't smoke that thing."

"You haven't let him go in for cigars?" I said reproachfully to Mrs. Charles. I can be very firm about other people's extravagances.

"This is one I picked up in Portugal," explained Charles. "You can get them absurdly cheap out there. Let's see, dear; where did I put it?"

"I saw it on your dressing-table last week," said his wife, getting up to leave us. He followed her out and went in search of it, while I waited with an interest which I made no effort to conceal. I had never heard before of a man going all the way to Portugal to buy one cigar for a friend.

"Here it is," said Charles, coming in again. He put down in front of me an ash-tray, the matches and a— and a— well, as I say, a cigar. I examined it slowly. Half of it looked very tired.

"Well," said Charles, "what do you think of it?"

"When you say you—er—*picked it up* in Portugal," I began carefully, "I suppose you don't mean—" I stopped and tried to bite the end off.

"Have a knife," said Charles.

I had another bite, and then I decided to be frank.

"*Why* did you pick it up?" I asked.

"The fact was," said Charles, "I found myself one day in Lisbon without my pipe, and so I bought that thing; I never smoke them in the ordinary way."

"Did you smoke this?" I asked. It was obvious that *something* had happened to it.

"No, you see, I found some cigarettes at the last moment, and so, knowing that you liked cigars, I thought I'd bring it home for you."

"It's very nice of you, Charles. Of course I can see that it has travelled. Well, we must do what we can with it."

I took the knife and started chipping away at the mahogany end. The other end—the brown-paper end, which had come ungummed—I intended to reserve for the match. When everything was ready I applied a light, leant back in my chair, and pulled.

"That's all right, isn't it?" said Charles. "And you'd be surprised if I told you what I paid for it."

"No, no, you mustn't think that," I protested. "Probably things are dearer in Portugal." I put it down by my plate for a moment's rest. "All I've got against it at present is that its pores don't act as freely as they should."

"I've got a cigar-cutter somewhere, if—"

"No, don't bother, I think I can do it with the nut-crackers. There's no doubt it was a good cigar once, but it hasn't wintered well."

I squeezed it as hard as I could, lit it again, pressed my feet against the table and pulled.

"Now it's going," said Charles.

"I'm afraid it keeps very reticent at my end. The follow-through is poor. Is your end alight still?"

"Burning beautifully."

"It's a pity that I should be missing all that. How would it be if we were to make a knitting-needle red-hot, and bore a tunnel from this end? We might establish a draught that way. Only there's always the danger, of course, of coming out at the side."

I took the cigar up and put it to my ear.

"I can't hear anything wrong," I said. "I expect what it really wants is massage."

Charles filled his pipe again and got up. "Let's go for a stroll," he said. "It's a beautiful night. Bring your cigar with you."

"It may prefer the open air," I said.

"There's always that. You know we mustn't lose sight of the fact that the Portuguese climate is different from ours. The thing's pores may have acted more readily in the South. On the other hand the unfastened end may have been more adhesive. I gather that though you have never actually met anybody who has smoked a cigar like this yet you understand that the experiment is a practicable one. As far as you know this had no brothers. No, no, Charles, I'm going on with it, but I should like to know all that you can tell me of its parentage. It had a Portuguese father and an American mother, I should say, and there has been a good deal of trouble in the family. One moment"—and as we went outside I stopped and cracked it in the door.

It was an inspiration. At the very next application of the match I found that I had established a connection with the lighted end. Not a long and steady connection, but one that came in gusts. After two gusts I decided that it was perhaps safer to blow from my end, and for a little while we had in this way as much smoke around us as the most fastidious cigar-smoker could want. Then I accidentally dropped it; something in the middle of it shifted, I suppose—and for the rest of my stay behind it only one end was at work.

"Well," said Charles, when we were back in the smoking-room, and I was giving the cigar a short breather, "it's not a bad one, is it?"

"I have enjoyed it," I said truthfully, for I like trying to get the mastery over a thing that defies me.

"You'll never guess what it cost," he chuckled.

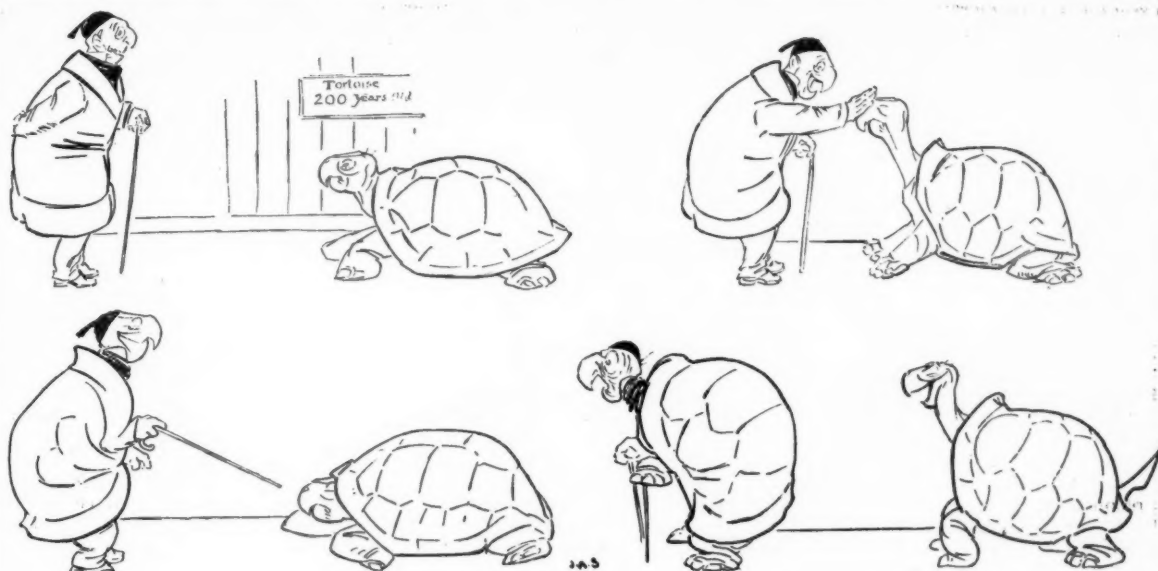
"Tell me," I said. "I daren't guess."

"Well, in English money it works out at exactly three farthings."

I looked at him for a long time and then shook my head sadly.

"Charles, old friend," I said, "you've been done."

A. A. M.



LIKE TO LIKE.

WHAT BECAME OF LADY TEAZLE?

[A correspondence which obviously ought to have gone to *The Westminster Gazette*.]

SIR,—It has often struck me as a great pity that our dramatists do not take the public (by whose kindly support they live) a little more into their confidence. They interest us (or not, as the case may be) in their puppets; the curtain falls, and we know no more. A little leaflet containing the subsequent history of those who are left alive, given away at the doors as the audience pass out, would do all that is necessary. To circulate it earlier would of course be a mistake, as it might rob the play of some of the elements of surprise. There is no doubt that we are entitled to a full account of the career of *Nora* after she has slammed the door at the end of *The Doll's House*, because her life was really only then beginning. We also want more information about *Lady Teazle*. Any of your readers who can tell me more about *Lady Teazle* will earn my deep gratitude.

Yours, etc., JOHN STODGE MEARS.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Mears, asks what became of *Lady Teazle*. There is, I think, very little doubt that she and *Sir Peter* "quarrelled again." I have known that kind of woman in real life, and she always quarrels again. *Sir Peter* probably died in the course of a few years, and his widow married *Joseph Surface*. A little later she

divorced him and settled down as a paragon of virtue at Bath, where she died at an advanced age. I enclose my card, and I am

Yours, etc., ANGUS STERLING.

SIR,—It pains me to read the cynical letter on the after-life of poor *Lady Teazle* which Mr. Sterling sends you. According to my reading of her character, *Lady Teazle* was not like that. She was a true woman. She had been a little flighty, no doubt, but only from the point of view of man. How is one to know oneself unless one is foolish as well as wise? Are women to have no off-moments? Are they to be eternally at their husbands' sides and obeying their husbands' orders? The whole idea is obnoxious. *Lady Teazle*, directly *Sir Peter* was dead—as he soon would be, for he ages at an incredible speed in all the representations of the play that I have seen—began to live her own life. Always a believer in the suffrage for women she devoted herself and *Sir Peter's* money to the cause, dressed entirely in green, purple and white, and spoke at public meetings. She also refused to fill up her Census paper. That is how I read dear *Lady Teazle*.

Yours, etc., MAY WINKLE.

SIR,—In my opinion *Lady Teazle* was a woman, a truly human one, and an identity. After her last and final row with *Sir Peter*, which quickly came, she went away to try and learn about that identity, which

was herself. Where she went, what she did, we don't know. But a woman who would face the world alone and unaided as she did, without accepting any of *Sir Peter's* money, would not be likely to fail. Quite possibly she took up type-writing. On *Sir Peter's* death she married again, became a lecturer on small holdings, and settled at the Garden City. Who is right, your correspondent or I, about the character and fate of *Lady Teazle*?

Yours truly, JULIA TUPMAN.

SIR,—The end of *Lady Teazle* was recently revealed to me by a crystal-gazer. Determined at all hazards to assert her ego, she took lessons from a French aeronaut, obtained a pilot's certificate, and was the first woman to cross the Channel in a balloon. She subsequently converted *Sir Peter* to Christian Science, adopted a rational dress, and died a vegetarian.

Yours faithfully,

LEVEEON TILES, M.A.

SIR,—You ask what became of *Lady Teazle*. I will tell you. At the fall of the curtain she went to her dressing-room, changed and washed, and had supper at the Savoy. The next day she was at the theatre again as usual.

Yours etc., OLD THESPIAN.

"The Inspector twisted one of his long red moustaches and smiled a little grimly at the other."—*Cassell's Magazine*.

Why this favouritism?



OUR AMBULANCE CLASS.

Fair First-Aider. "I SAY, WHAT'S THE POISON FOR WHICH YOU GIVE AN EPIDEMIC!"

FARMING NOTES.

(By our Agricultural Expert.)

ON WHEAT.

WHEAT is the only thing besides bulbs that you may talk about in the country at this time of year. There is an old saying that it should be high enough to "hide a hare in March." This is very true, but the farmer scores either way. In one case he gets the wheat, in the other he gets the hare.

ON SOWING.

Seed, as the little Irish girl said, should be sown three days before steady rain. Be very careful to arrange for this.

ON AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

This is what the farmers get when it rains, or it doesn't rain, or there's a little extra work to do. It is their custom to congregate on Saturday night in the village inn to try to forget it. They then become post-depressionists.

ON MANGOLD-WURZELS.

Most farmers stock them in three sizes at least. The big ones for the cows, the littler ones for the sheep,

and the littles ones for the children to play with.

ON RATS.

An evening paper recently asserted that the numbers of these could be greatly reduced "if farmers would put wire netting round their haystacks when they threshed them." Don't scorn these agricultural experts. Try it yourself when you are threshing the turnip-tops.

ON BOARD OF AGRICULTURE INSPECTORS.

They are good fellows, really. They get on best by posing as scientists to the farmer, and as farmers to the scientist.

ON POTATOES.

These are of two kinds—bad and good. The very bad ones are called "chats" because they really do talk a lot.

The good ones are eaten by the farmers, and the bad ones by the farm animals, except in Ireland, where the pigs have the good ones. It is thought by some authorities that the historic reply of the cottager—"Father's in the pig-sty; you'll know him by his hat"—has, in the course of centuries, been evolved, by careless repetition,

from a remark which originally ran as follows: "Father's in the pig-sty; you'll know him; he's eating the bad potatoes."

ON "SUPER."

This is stuff that you get in bags and spread on the ground.

There seems some doubt as to the origin of the name. Is it not possible that it may be derived from a similar Latin word meaning "above"? This would imply that it should be put on the top of the ground and not on the bottom.

A practical farmer once told me of a young man from Cambridge who called it $\text{CaH}_4(\text{CO}_2)_2$, but he very wisely asked him to move on to the next farm. He had a delicate baby and thought it might be infectious.

"NEW STEERING GEAR.

INVENTION THAT WILL EFFECT A REVOLUTION."
Daily Chronicle.

But any old gear will do this.

"A nearly new Turkey Carpet for £6 10s., cost double; lady moving into larger flat, measuring 14ft. 6in. by 9ft. 10in."

Advt. in "Highgate Express."

It looks as if her last lodging had been in a lift.



THE RT. HON. CALIGULA.

PRIME MINISTER. "O THAT THIS PEOPLE HAD BUT ONE NECK THAT I MIGHT SEVER IT AT A BLOW; WHEREAS IT WILL TAKE ME QUITE HALF-A-DOZEN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 18.—Whilst Lords still make holiday in anticipation of hard work ahead, Commons resume sitting after so-called Easter Recess. As one looked round scantily filled Benches when SPEAKER took the Chair, nothing in appearance suggested that we are actually in midst of revolution. Compared with methods in Mexico, for example, peaceful condition is really monotonous. Point of resemblance between two hemispheres comes in in respect of occasional shooting over the boundary and hitting the wrong man—generally in the back. BANBURY, however, was the right man. Up again with mitrailleuse discharge of questions about procrastinated payment of income-tax by railways, was himself bowled over by shot from the Chair.

House notes with marked satisfaction that the SPEAKER's forbearance with the plague of Supplementary Questions, marvellous in its tenacity, has at length broken down. Before adjournment for Recess he addressed stern reproof to one of the most persistent practitioners of this clumsy art. To-day BANBURY, nipping in with intent to extend shorter catechism which had already occupied some minutes of limited time, was brought up with what on board ship is called a round turn. Shifting his position under the coil of rope, he proposed to catechise the SPEAKER himself, asking whether he had not said so-and-so on earlier occasion?

"What I have said I have said," remarked the SPEAKER in warning voice.

BANBURY resumed his seat, wondering where he had heard that remark before.

Later came along WINTERTON with delightful affectation of judicial manner that adds charm to what Labour Members, jealous custodians of good manners, call his impertinences. Firing shot designed to bring down PRIME MINISTER on subject of proposal to pay Members, he hit group below Gangway.

"The object of the Labour Members," he said, in soothing voice and with bland manner suggestive that he was inviting them to high tea on the Terrace, "in coming to this House is to see that as much money as possible shall be taken from the pockets of the taxpayers and put into the pockets of themselves and their friends."

CHAIRMAN, amid strident cheers from Labour Party, declared the charge not a proper one to make.

"Charge?" cried WINTERTON, rais-

ing eyebrows in unaffected surprise. "What charge?"

Thought he was making a plain statement; if it was out of order he unreservedly withdrew it. But it was left to rankle, and Labour Members growled resentment in fashion suggestive of lively times for noble Earl if at any time they catch him up their street.

Business done.—Having spent two hours in discussing whether under pressure of business Government Bills shall have precedence on Wednesdays after Whitsuntide, House got into Committee on Parliament Bill. Kangaroo Resolution still in operation. CHAIRMAN skipped over batches of amendments with graceful agility not



"His memory is still cherished in both camps."

(The late Viscount Goschen.)

to be rivalled by his brethren in far-off Australia. Sat till after 4 A.M. and passed Clause I.

Wednesday night.—Been reading in Recess ARTHUR ELLIOT's *Life of Goschen*; recalls memories going back for nearly forty years. When I first knew Goschen he sat on Treasury Bench, First Lord of Admiralty, fervent admirer of the Chief who, recognising his great ability, first gave him Ministerial office. He lived long enough to take leading part in the revolt which in 1886 shattered the Liberal Party and broke the spell of GLADSTONE's long predominance.

Striking but appropriate coincidence that Goschen and his biographer twice at successive crises sacrificed position for conscience' sake. Both broke away from Liberal Party on Home Rule question. Having crossed floor of

House both again went into Opposition on question of Free Trade.

Nothing permanently barred Goschen's progress. Having broken with Mr. G. on Home Rule, he, "forgotten" by GRANDOLPH, was received with open arms by Conservative Cabinet. When DON JOSÉ ran up Protectionist flag from Unionist citadel, Goschen, retired from fighting line, his helmet now a hive for bees, took field again, and proved himself as redoubtable a combatant of DON JOSÉ's fiscal heresy as he had been in the case of Mr. G.'s political mistake. ARTHUR ELLIOT, equally impregnable in his honesty, marching step by step with Goschen in these excursions, by the first suffered long exile from Parliament; by second loss of Ministerial office and what has to present date been exclusion from Parliamentary life. Both examples are shining lights in occasionally mirk atmosphere of English politics.

Next to HARTINGTON, whom he much resembled, and with whom through his public life he always sympathized, Goschen was a statesman who in unobtrusive manner most largely influenced English politics in the period between 1885 and 1905. In one of the phrases of which he is master, JOHN MORLEY, writing of him on his quitting the live arena of the Commons for the sepulchre of the Lords, describes him as "a man who has done so much to keep a lofty standard both of the integrity and the dignity of public life."

Eleven years have sped since Goschen for the last time passed out behind the SPEAKER's Chair. His memory is still cherished in both camps as that of a fighting-man who never hit below the belt.

Business done.—Army Annual Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—For fully six years there have been heard in caves of Liberal Party murmurs of discontent with LORD CHANCELLOR's dealing with appointments to magisterial bench. Began whilst C.-B. was still with us. In earlier months of his Premiership JOHN BRUNNER led it to his room behind SPEAKER's chair a band of angry Ministerialists demanding LOREBURN's head on a charger.

Situation certainly curious. There was a sweet simplicity about HALSBURY's method that made it at least comprehensible. Honestly believing that no good could come out of the Nazareth of Liberalism he systematically packed the magisterial bench with good Conservatives. From time to time the matter was brought before notice of Commons. Stout HALSBURY, aware of their inability practically

to interfere, quietly went his way. Liberals, returned to power after long exile, entertained hope in their circles in town and country that matters would be put straight. Recognised that, owing to long prevalence of HALSBURY system, the balance might not straightway be redressed. But gradually, as opportunity presented itself, there would be attained something approaching equality in number of J.P.s as between one political Party and another.

To general consternation discovery was made that LOREBURN, so far from following in his predecessor's footsteps by giving preference to otherwise suitable and desirable members of his Party, was actually swelling the already predominant contingent of Conservatives. Matters recently reached crisis in circumstances described by NEIL PRIMROSE in vigorous letter addressed to LORD CHANCELLOR, which, since it has not been replied to, is presumably unanswerable. To-day matter formally brought under notice of PREMIER in shape of demand for early opportunity to have the matter fully discussed. A numerically large and personally influential division of Ministerial majority protest their determination to be satisfied with nothing less.

Business done.—Parliament Bill again taken in hand.

THE WISDOM OF THE MALE.

FIVE months had elapsed and still Aspodestera and I were engaged. We had every reason to be proud and grateful, I to be proud and she to be grateful. For the moment, however, we were in complete accord and were discussing the situation lightly in the abstract.

"If only I had made a note of the actual words I used at the fatal moment," I said, "I should be in a much better position now to argue. What I meant to say was, 'Will you marry me?' It certainly was not, 'May I marry you?' 'To marry,' I may add, means 'to love, honour and obey,' and I am almost sure you said that you would."

Aspodestera busied herself with her hair and the mirror over the mantel-

piece. "As a matter of fact," she answered, "you said nothing at all about marrying. I don't recollect your saying anything connected or intelligible. Besides, we aren't married yet; you are only my fiancé. 'Fiancer' in the original French means 'to improve the manners of,' or, as some dictionaries have it, 'to cultivate in—a quieter taste in socks.'"

I could see that she was leading up to something. "What is it?" I asked, miserably. "Out with it. Is it my

"this is going too far. Since this thing happened to me, I have so altered the course of my whole conduct as to be ready to open any number of doors at a given moment, to fetch all sorts of things from all sorts of places, and to express annoyance in new and wholly inadequate language. So much possibly you had a right to demand. Beyond that I have heightened my collars, omitted the nails from my shoes, and altered my whole scheme of external decoration. This much I have done as

an act of grace. Further, I have discarded a valuable and stalwart brand of tobacco for a pernicious and scented mixture, and even that I have consented to smoke only at off times. Moreover, I have . . ."

She interrupted me in a manner to be condemned for all time, but very tolerable at the moment. "No," I protested, "I will not go to the dentist, not till something aches. I will not take orders in this matter. What orders are necessary in our lives, I will issue. You shall supply all the looks, grace and charm; I all the wisdom of initiative, prudence of control. Now my wisdom tells me that the proper time for me to visit a dentist will be a year from to-day, approximately, and henceforth you and I must be guided by my wisdom alone."

Aspodestera said no more.

* * * * *
Early next morning I found myself sitting in the seat of destiny. A little stream of water trickled unceasingly into a blue bowl on my left and a little benzine lamp burned merrily near by. Meanwhile I had reason to believe that there was a man in my mouth looking for trouble with a pickaxe.

"Not every man," he said, supposing that this was flattery to me—"not every man would have had the sense to come to me in the very nick of time. That is what you have done. Half-a-dozen visits, and we shall have you with the finest mouth in the four kingdoms. Some of the little fellows must be stopped, and some pulled out. These wisdom teeth, for instance . . ."

"Wisdom teeth?" I cried bitterly. "Wisdom? Pull 'em all out. I have no further use for that class of article."



BLOW THE WIG!

(and blow the would-be Radical J.P.s!).

(Lord LOREBURN.)

clothes that are wrong, or only myself this time?"

I knew there was something coming when she thereupon took steps to comfort and exhilarate me and allowed her conversation to be, for a time, irrelevant but sweetly docile. Let me warn you against the irrelevance and sweet docility of Aspodestera and her kind. When the worst came, it came in a playful whisper from a head leaning, pleasantly enough, on my shoulder.

"What is the French for 'to-send-to-the-dentist-for-inspection-and-repair'?"

I abandoned her at once (she was not entirely unprepared) and assumed a commanding and defiant attitude before the fireplace. "No," I declared,

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.(With acknowledgments to *The Times*.)**II.—BILLIARDS.**

IN view of the heightened interest in billiards that is now being displayed it is felt that a brief history and survey of the game would be grateful and illuminating.

HISTORICAL.

The origin of billiards is wrapt in mystery. SAYCE claims to have found traces of the game in a rudimentary form in mural hieroglyphics at Luxor, and it cannot be denied that the name given to the most popular of the winning hazard variants—Pyramids—lends colour to his theory. SHAKSPEARE, too, in *Antony and Cleopatra* has the phrase, "Let's to billiards." At the beginning of the last century, however, the *savant* ROBERT ALLEN was positive that the game was first played in Lombardy; hence the Lombardy crest of three balls. The circumstance that these balls are all of brass, and not two white and one red, may be dismissed as an accident. Professor ALLEN held that the game was invented as a recreation for the great financiers of Lombardy after the fatigues of money-lending during the day.

Other investigators have other theories. Thus Sir ROBERT BALL assigns an Arabic origin to the game and sees in it an effort to symbolize the solar system, the red ball being obviously meant to indicate Mars, the pinkest of the planets.

As to the derivation of the word, Professor Topirambour, of the *École des Langues Orientales* at Paris, notes that the name is identical with *milliards*, when the latter is pronounced by a person with a cold in the head, for which billiards are an excellent tonic.

BILLIARD BALLS.

In the earliest days of the game in England, the balls were made of stone, on which very little work could be got. The cues were of iron, or, in the houses of the nobility, of steel. Ivory balls came in in the eighteenth century, cut from the tusks of elephants. The discovery of this use to which to put those appendages is due to the Dutch explorer, Van Winkle in 1783, who, confined to the jungle for some months and longing for 100 up, constructed, it is said, a whole billiard table and appliances from one elephant, flattening the back for the bed, retaining the legs *in situ*, turning the balls from the tusks, and after petrifying both using the tail as a cue and the trunk as a rest. With this alleviation he is said to have been so content that he refused to leave



Robinson (of the City). "WHAT A MODEST MAN MADDOX-JONES IS. I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS, AND NEVER KNEW TILL HE TOLD ME JUST NOW THAT HE EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY."

Burne-Brown (of Chelsea). "HE NEVER KNEW EITHER—TILL A DAY OR TWO AGO!"

his solitude when a relief party at last found him.

THE BONZO.

Ivory balls held the field until the opportune discovery of the bonzo in the forest of Swami by the late Sir H. M. STANLEY. The explorer came suddenly upon a huge herd of them in a clearing. The creature is practically all tusk, the merest thread of body with several hundred-weights of the hard glistening material attached to it. No

sooner did the bonzos see STANLEY than they made a huge break for cover—a happy augury. The herd, however, moved but slowly owing to their wealth of bonzoline (as it is now called), and it was an easy matter to round them up and secure them. Bonzo ranches now cover the Swami district and large fortunes are being made. Not only are the bonzo's tusks (which, we ought to explain, it drags behind, having insufficient strength to carry them) useful for billiard balls, but excellent false

teeth, almost like real, are made from them too, and the best professionals wear no others. Ex-President Roosevelt also keeps a set by him, in case of accident.

BILLIARDS IN FRANCE.

In France, where orthography runs riot, they have the word "billard," signifying merely the table on which the game is played. Hence a hotel or café proprietor will announce that he keeps two, three or whatever number it may be—"billards": which is absurd. The French table has no longer any pockets, a deprivation due, according to the same Professor ALLEN, to the circumstance that when there were pockets the Lombards could not keep their hands out of them. They were therefore removed under the *Code Napoléon*.

BILLIARDS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The game in Terra del Fuego is perhaps not worth consideration here, since they do not play it at all.

SHAKESPEARE AS A CUE-IST.

That our national poet knew the game is beyond question. Again and again in his Works we find references to his passion: direct, as in the instance given above, and indirect and more poetical, as when he says (*Love's Labour's Lost*), "My love is most immaculate white and red"; and again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "Such war of white and red"; in *Henry IV., Pt. I.*, "This cushion my crown!"; in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "When my cue comes call me and I will answer," and in *Lear* (after the balls had been running badly for him), "My cue is villainous melancholy."

SNOOKER'S POOL.

Snooker's Pool was invented by Alfred Snooker, marker at the "Green Posts" in Leicester Square, in 1843. The exact date is not known. Snooker lived to be quite an old man, dying in 1901 in a lodging in Camden Town. He took an interest in the game to the end, but seems to have wandered a little in his mind at the close of his life, for his last words were: "Two for his nob." Longevity was once practically assured to all good billiard players, but it is not thought that any of the many professionals of the present moment will ever be GRAY.

THE HALF-BUTT.

This interesting weapon, originally invented by the Duke of Malmsey, is now, by a delicate compliment to one of our leading vocalists, habitually described as "the semi-Clara."

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF AN INLAND REVENUE OFFICIAL.

OLD STYLE.

SIR,—Only a week now remains before the closing of the financial year, and I must press the immediate payment of your Income Tax, otherwise the amount will be lost to the Sinking Fund, and considerable inconvenience will thereby be caused to the Inland Revenue Department.

Yours faithfully, W. SNOOKS,
J. Brown, Esq. Surveyor of Taxes.

SIR,—I note that my demand of the 24th ult. has been ignored by you: your Income Tax has therefore been irretrievably lost to the Sinking Fund. I have now to inform you that unless it is paid within four days, I shall have the painful duty of putting in a distress upon your goods.

Yours faithfully, W. SNOOKS,
J. Brown, Esq. Surveyor of Taxes.

SIR,—Here, confound you, is your tax. I am glad to think the robbers of the Inland Revenue Department will have been put to considerable inconvenience by the loss of this sum to the Sinking Fund. I wish (for this reason only) that the amount had been larger.

Yours faithfully, J. BROWN.

NEW STYLE.

March 24th.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—May I ask you as a personal favour kindly to postpone the payment of your Income Tax for one month. I know and appreciate your accustomed regularity, but at present the Government has really more money than it knows what to do with. I am sure that you do not wish your hard-earned savings to be squandered on the mere repayment of debt. To force up the price of Consols is to inflict a grievous wrong on the saving classes of the community who wish to invest in them. I think I may promise you that next year your money will be devoted to much more romantic objects—the payment of your excellent Parliamentary representative and the creation of a large number of lucrative civil service posts. Trusting that you will see your way to comply with my request,

Believe me, with kindest regards,
Yours faithfully, W. SNOOKS,
Surveyor of Taxes.

DEAR MR. SNOOKS,—I have the greatest pleasure in complying with your very amiable request. I quite appreciate your point about the glut of money in the Exchequer, and if it will

be any help to you will postpone all payments till this time next year.

Yours faithfully, J. BROWN.

SIR,—In direct violation of instructions from the Department, you have obstinately and deliberately persisted in paying your Income Tax. It is obvious from your wish to rush the payment through and avoid enquiry that you have been assessed at far too low a rate. I enclose form relating to Super-tax, which please fill up and return instantly. In default thereof you will be assessed for Super-tax by the Commissioners.

Yours truly, W. SNOOKS,
J. Brown, Esq. Surveyor of Taxes.

DEAR MR. SNOOKS,—My ass of a cashier filled up cheque for Income Tax, and forwarded same without consulting me. I have discharged cashier and stopped cheque. Please accept my apologies.

Yours faithfully, J. BROWN.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—Please accept my apologies for the tone of my last note. I ought to have guessed that there was some mistake. I much appreciate the courteous and patriotic manner in which you stopped payment of the cheque. May I venture to intercede for your cashier. His conduct to my mind is more significant of slight mental weakness than direct moral obliquity. Pray do not trouble about that little matter of Super-tax. I wrote under the mistaken impression that you had grievously wronged the department. With kindest regards,

Yours cordially, W. SNOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I cannot leave my post (on promotion to an Inspectorship at our head office) without thanking you for the very kindly way in which you helped me departmentally. During the last week of the financial year my district achieved the unique record of paying nothing into the Exchequer. Without the help—so freely and generously given—of yourself and others such a result could never have been achieved. My one regret in leaving this district is that it involves separation from so many friendly non-tax payers. Believe me,

Yours very cordially, W. SNOOKS.

"After having shaken hands with those present on the platform the train steamed out punctually at 12 o'clock amid cheers."

Grosset's Penny Mail.

As long as these little courtesies on the part of our trains are not allowed to interfere with punctual attention to business we have nothing but praise for them.



Mon frae Peblies. "EH! YON WAUR MY BRITHER JOCK'S TRAIN, BUT I'LL KEEP MY BAWBEE FOR THE NEXT EDITION. IT WILL HA' THE FINAL RESULTS O' THE FOOTRA' IN AS WEE!"

PARTED.

PHYLLIS, farewell!—if that's the name
By which your people had you christened
Long ere that beauty flashed to flame;
And even if it isn't.

Farewell! I shall not die of woe
Nor sleep beneath the churchyard's stout yew
When you are gone. I do not know
Nearly enough about you.

Only at times a transient glimpse
Of hair, whose—well, whose Titian
glory

You decorate with curls and crimps
There in that upper storey,

Deep as Apollo's dying ray,
Betwixt the leafless elders carried,
Has charmed me greatly—by the way,
I wonder if you're married.

I wonder if the hair-comb's spike
Burns as it parts those locks asunder;
I wonder what your face is like,
Oh! heaps of things I wonder:

I wonder what asbestos cone,
What heat-proof hat enshrines those
tresses;

I wonder if they're all your own;
But where 's the use in guesses?

The fact remains, that now the Spring
Has stormed the heights and swept
the valleys
And Zephyrus, the year's gay king,
No longer shilly-shallies,

The flush that fills the world with green
And Winter's savage gripe unhardens,
Creates anew a toilet-screen
In opposite back gardens.

Farewell! but only till the leaves
Fall and the widowed woods grow
duller;
Except your mane meanwhile achieves
Some less conspicuous colour.

EVOE.

"Eight million eggs, weighing 60,000 tons,
are yearly consumed in London, the eaters
paying four million pounds for them."—
Liverpool Evening Express.

Breakfast is getting a very expensive
meal.

"Flat Burglary Sequel," announced
a poster of *The Globe*. The reaction
after these little excitements often
causes a sense of dulness.

STATESMEN UNBENT.

WE are glad to learn that the
excellent example of the HOME SECRE-
TARY, who enjoyed himself during his
Easter holiday by digging in the sands
near Holyhead, has not been thrown
away on his colleagues, most of whom
found relaxation from the cares of office
in various infantile pastimes.

THE PRIME MINISTER, who has spent
his Easter holidays in the neighbour-
hood of Godalming, passed the whole
of Easter Monday blowing soap
bubbles on the lawn of Sir HERBERT
JEKYLL's stately home. The largest
bubble blown by Mr. ASQUITH was
estimated to have a diameter of six-
teen inches and reached an altitude of
nearly thirty feet before disintegrating
into iridescent smithereens.

MR. URE, the Lord Advocate, gave
himself a complete holiday from
serious politics at Easter, and went
to recruit his energies in the Heart
of Midlothian, where he spent several
happy days making mud-pies of un-
paralleled magnitude. Every variety
of design was indulged in by the dis-
tinguished architect, but his happiest

effort was a gigantic ducal coronet, which has since been baked and presented to the Gladstone League, who propose to exhibit it at their head office before sending it round the country as an object lesson in the futility of the feudal system.

Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL invited several of the officials of St. Martin's-le-Grand to spend Easter with him. With a delicate consideration which cannot be too highly commended, Mr. SAMUEL insisted on playing General Post with his guests every day from 10 to 1 and from 2 to 5.

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON gave a charming Dolls' tea-party to the wives and children of the permanent staff of the Board of Trade. Mr. BUXTON, who presided at the feast, at which real tea, milk and sugar were used, enjoyed himself immensely, and drank no fewer than nineteen diminutive cups of China's fragrant herb.

Mr. RUNCIMAN's Easter recreation took the form of a carnival of round or "circular" games, in which he was joined by Sir ROBERT MORANT and several of the senior Inspectors of Schools. Boisterous merriment prevailed, which reached its climax in a game of consequences, in which one of the papers concluded, "The consequence was there was a conspiracy of silence, and the World said, 'He ought to have resigned.'"

AT THE PLAY.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

THE *clou* of Sir HERBERT TREE's so brilliant revival was his extremely clever troupe of tame rabbits. For a first night's performance they played with an extraordinary absence of nerves and self-consciousness. Not even the spectacle of Mr. BOURCHIER's legs, foreshortened in repose, disturbed their complacency. From the moment of their appearance in the forest scene, our gaze was diverted from the charm of *Oberon* and the gamineries of *Puck*; the rabbits became, if I may say it, the coneyshire of every eye. When *Bottom*, dazed with slumber and the vague memory of strange dreams, called aloud on *Peter Quince*, a piebald rabbit mistook himself for the Athenian prompter, and advanced, amid loud signs of approval, in the weaver's direction, and Mr. BOURCHIER, in a spasm of jealousy, beat a swift retreat under the guise of a very natural terror.

To the sporting mind it seemed a pity that the hounds of *Theseus*, "bred out of the Spartan kind," were not introduced in person. But Sir HERBERT has a tender heart, and, after all, the rabbits were too confiding.

Another fresh effect was the flight of doll-fairies across the background. This pleased me less, for from my seat I could not define the nature of these fluffy objects and took them for cockatoos or birds of paradise, my difficulty being increased by their tendency to fly upside down. Nor did I find the marvellous beauty of these sylvan scenes enhanced by so much trapeze-work on the part of the living children. For the rest I cannot imagine how things could have been bettered.

These dreamlike glimpses of faërie and the buffooneries of the local historians seem never to stale; and even the tediousness of the lovers' affairs, always unsympathetic, were made more than tolerable by the charm of their



Revised Stage Instructions:—Exit *Bottom* followed by piebald super.

Bottom ... Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
Rabbit ANON.

setting. Dull and artificial talk matters less when the speakers are so good to look on.

Of the fairies, Miss EVELYN D'ALROY bore herself with a very graceful dignity as *Oberon*, but in comparison with what one remembers of the virility of Miss JULIA NEILSON, she was perhaps not quite man enough for the part, and, indeed, beside the scurrilities of *Hermia* and the unmaidenlike advances of *Helena* her *Oberon* seemed the most womanly creation in the play. I shall not soon forget the exquisite beauty of the dying fall of her song as she moved away through the dimness of the forest—"I know a bank." Miss MARGERY MAUDE was a sweet and gracious *Titania*, but even allowing for her fairyhood she lacked a little the qual-

ity of queenliness. Master HAMPDEN's *Puck* was a very perfect imp.

As for the mortals, if in her *Hermia* one missed the piquancy of Miss LAURA COWIE's *Anne Bullen*, she showed an unexpected gift for feline amenities, and banded Billingsgate with the right fishwife's gusto. One almost overlooked the thanklessness of *Helena's* part for delight of Miss CRESSALL's beauty and the clinging charm of her Greek hobble-skirt. Miss FRANCES DILLON showed no false shame about the exposure of one of her nether limbs, but this did not deceive me into the belief that she was really an Amazon Queen.

To pass to the mechanics, Mr. EDWARD SASS, as *Starveling*, made an enduring impression with his yokel's smile that refused to come off. I shall hope to see it permanently secured on a picture-postcard. But, of course, Mr. BOURCHIER very properly overbore the rest of the company of comic tragedians. It was indeed a midsummer night out for him and he made it his business to go one better than all previous *Pyrami*. *Bottom* had been "translated" often enough; but this time he should be adapted with new effects under his (Mr. BOURCHIER's) personal supervision. Having no theatre just now under his own control he felt the less embarrassment in burlesquing those foibles of actor-management of which he enjoys a ripe experience. Naturally his weaver was more robust and bucolic than Sir HERBERT's, and still no subtlety escaped his grip. For a moment I thought that he had grown a fresh crop of facial hair for the part of *Pyramus* in the interval between the Second and Third Acts. But the colour, a deep sable, was against this view, and when his moustachios slipped below his under lip, and, later, were depressed beneath his chin with the idea of permitting a greater clarity of speech, I saw that I had over-rated his fertility. Later in the evening he kindly offered me, in an envelope, the relics of his Tudor beard, now permanently discarded; but I declined the generous gift, feeling that its proper place would be under glass in the new museum of Metropolitan treasures.

O. S.

"It may seem an anachronism to say that a 60lb. wether is as profitable as a 65lb. one, but if an average is taken, it will be found that the difference between cost of feeding, and the difference in the price obtained, of the two is greater in the first."—*The Land* (Sydney).

Whatever this means, it is too fresh for an anachronism.



PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

5. THE BIG GAME HUNTER IN HIS SANCTUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CANNOT question the loyalty of motive of those to whose labour of love we owe *The Life of John Oliver Hobbes* (MURRAY), but I do question, without using other argument than may be drawn from the internal evidence of her works and of her letters, whether Mrs. CRAIGIE herself would have desired the publication of her private correspondence. It is not as if her life had been spent in ways that allowed her no chance of self expression. She wrote for the public, and the public was at liberty to judge her, if it could, by her books. But she never invited it to make conjecture of herself from this source. She preserved, even in her most analytical moments, a fastidious detachment of manner, a nice distaste—temperamental as much as artistic—for the exposure of her own personality.

Was ich weiss kann jemann wissen ;
Mein Herz hab' ich allein.

At least she kept her heart for her intimate friends; and, for them the fascination of reading her letters to other intimate friends is tempered by a sense of intrusion, as if one were overhearing private speech or listening to the

betrayal of a confidence. The publication, however, of her purely literary letters is justifiable as adding something to the world's knowledge of her as a writer. Many of them contain criticisms of great and abiding value. But too much attention, as usual, is given to correspondence with her publisher and others about details of production, what one may call the commercial side of the author's work, a subject always best suppressed, and it is perhaps a pity that so many needless examples should have been given of her extreme sensitiveness to criticism and her insistence upon the need of less prejudice and more intelligence in English reviewers. Her appreciations of the work of other writers and artists, as shown in her letters to them, are marked by extraordinary generosity, and one can only marvel, in the case of one or two who shall be nameless, that their modesty permitted them to offer these flattering testimonials to the public eye.

Mrs. CRAIGIE's father, Mr. JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS, has done his work well, contributing a short but adequate sketch of her life that is marked by great simplicity and restraint. The friend who selected her letters has had a more difficult and delicate task, and if the result is unsatisfactory the fault is not his alone. Among other pleasant traits Mrs. CRAIGIE's habit, rare among women, of nearly always

taking the man's point of view, brought many men within the charmed circle of her intimate friends. Her letters to them breathed an air of delightful candour whether she touched on private matters or public affairs, and their reproduction would in many cases have been a breach of privilege. It follows that some of her closest friends are not represented—openly, at least—by any letters in this collection, and others but meagrely. The most self-revealing correspondence is that addressed, within the last two years of her life, to one who remains *inconnu* under the initial X. To him she writes: "I have had great attachments and great friendships, but something tragic within me never made it possible for me to 'avail myself of the glamour.'" And this was true of her art as well. She knew the craftsman's delight in doing good work, but she took no real joy in her art; to her it was a means of escape from life; she never "availed herself of the glamour" of it. The sadness and disillusionment of one who saw things too clearly and felt the inadequacy of the intellectual vision; who sought comfort in her Faith, but never found a perfect solace for the conviction that life, on its human side, had failed her; who, tired out before her time, foresaw, and gladly, the end and even the manner of it; these are the dominant notes in the correspondence of her later years. It may well be that they are accentuated out of all right proportion in the letters available for publication, for one certainly misses in this record the swift and unaffected sympathy which was the charm of her living speech; one misses her gay and sparkling vivacity. And if, which I doubt, these starry gifts were just a disguise which her courage and tact employed that she might hide her despondency from the world at large, and spare her friends the full knowledge of it, then that is the best of reasons why the veil she wore in life should have been left untouched with the seal of death upon it.

Messrs. NELSON's florins continue to display excellent quality and a fine catholicity of style. In *Sampson Rideout, Quaker*, the last to come under my notice, Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD has added to the list a volume that will probably be as popular as any; since it is of that category of quasi-historical-costume-romance (what R. L. S. used to call "tushery") that in these days, whether made for theatre or library, catches the great heart of the people in its tenderest spot. Perhaps the tale is not very new; it seems impossible to vary the ingredients of this kind of fiction—the high-born heroine, full of whims and captivating insolence, and the honest hero, "no lady's-man this, but a plain, outspoken, etc., etc.," who from their first meeting has obviously not a dog's chance of escaping his matrimonial destiny. You will find many familiar friends in

Miss SILBERRAD's briskly-written chapters. One feature, however, there is that redeems this story from being altogether a thing of formula; its picture of Quaker life in the seventeenth century has been drawn with evident knowledge and affection. For this alone the book is worth reading.

I cannot help thinking that ETHEL SIDGWICK has been rather ill-advised in choosing the title for her last book. The ordinary Island reader, on seeing the announcement of *Le Gentleman* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), and observing that it is by the author of *Promise*, would no doubt spring to the nearest bookseller's to buy it. He would say to the shop-assistant, "Will you please give me *Le* —?" and there he would stop. How can you

place a crude British noun after a French article? No, he would try a Gallic pronunciation, and then (as Mr. BELLOC would say) no more would be heard but "sounds of strong men struggling with a word." But if any such catastrophe does occur it will be a sad loss for the Island reader; for there is a peculiar charm and simplicity about the telling of this story which, though not easy to analyse, make themselves felt on the first page and keep the sympathies engaged until the last. It is almost as if we had met the characters before we were introduced to them by the writer. The plot (as may be divined) is laid in Paris, and is concerned with the not uncommon theme of a love that came too late, because the obligation of a previous tie was paramount. I shall not be so barbarous as to attempt to describe it further, but it will perhaps be enough to say that, inartistic though it would have been, I hoped against hope for a fatal accident in the

last few pages. By the way, that little difficulty which I mentioned at the beginning may be avoided by ordering *Le Gentleman* through the post.

Felons and frauds are all the rage in St. JOHN ADCOCK's latest book;

On almost every other page you meet a pigeon or a rook; Of all its people but a few can truly be described as winning,

And hardly one of all the crew is neither sinned against nor sinning.

And yet the tale (from STANLEY PAUL), *A Man with*, so it's named, *a Past*,

Is, curiously, not at all of the old shilling shocker cast.

Crime does not lure me as a rule, yet this book did, and that I read it

Through and enjoyed it is, as you'll acknowledge, to the author's credit.



"O J'AIME LES MILITAIRES!"

"MOTHER, DO LOOK. HERE ARE ALL NURSE'S COUSINS COMING DOWN THE STREET!"



Motorist. "WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THESE LITTLE TWO-SEATERS IS THAT ONE CAN SLIP IN AND OUT OF THE TRAFFIC SO EASILY."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. KEIR HARDIE describes the Durbar as "a glorified circus." And Mr. KEIR HARDIE knows what he is talking about, for it will be remembered that he played something rather like the clown in India himself.

"American Audiences," says Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, as reported in *The Daily Chronicle*, "are, on the whole, easier to make appeal to than English audiences. . . . They do not ask for forms and rules and dotted diagrams; they only ask to be interested." This accounts, we suppose, for the signal success, the other day, of the lynching of a negro on the stage of an Opera House in Kentucky.

England has hitherto been so free from the colour restrictions which prevail in America that we are sorry to read that the North-Eastern Railway Company has issued a circular prohibiting the carrying of chimney-sweeps in ordinary passenger carriages.

The Surrey County Council has passed a by-law making it an offence to use bad language in a house so that it can be heard by passers-by. It is thought that this give will an immense impetus to the movement in favour of sound-proof dwellings.

The National Theatre of Mexico, which is now nearing completion, has already cost over £2,000,000, and will, it is stated, be the finest theatre in the world. It is even said that the Revolution is merely being run to enable some interesting cinematograph pictures to be obtained for this new place of amusement.

Professor THOMAS SEE, the American astronomer, has declared it to be his absolute conviction that, wherever a star twinkles, there is life. We hope that steps will now be taken on the part of our planet to twinkle back.

While the Central London Railway is not prepared to fit up the Railophone to enable passengers to talk with persons at a distance, there is, we hear, some chance of its providing megaphones so that passengers sitting next to one another may converse and be heard above the roar of the train.

Much has been printed lately concerning "Underwriters' Risks." The risk of over-writing is also great, to judge by the way in which the sales of certain of our popular writers have fallen off recently.

It is rumoured that among the disappointed Liberal applicants for the office of Justice of the Peace is one

DAVID DAVIES, of Dartmoor and elsewhere, and this in spite of his considerable experience of judicial procedure.

In burgling circles very little has been discussed during the past week except the regrettable occurrence at Weybridge, where a poor housebreaker, feeling faint after he had finished his job, succumbed to the temptation afforded by some liqueurs, and was taken by the police in a drunken slumber in the house where he had been working. It is said that more burglars have taken the pledge during the last seven days than in any previous seven years.

"Wanted at once for permanent situation as Trapper, etc.," says an advertisement in *The Moray and Nairn Express*, "a man of between 25 and 35: man who can neither read nor write preferred." We foresee a little difficulty here in the search for the ideal type. How is the man to read the advertisement or write for the post? Has that ancient pleasantry—"Trespassers will be prosecuted; those who can't read apply at the blacksmith's"—only just penetrated so far North?

Headlines from *The Daily Mail*:—
THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.
REVOLT AGAINST MONOTONOUS ROWS.
One certainly prefers variety in one's domestic quarrels.

USES OF THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

THOMAS, I own it is a moving sight;
I understand your dazing sense of stupor
When you observe me in a newish light
Posturing as a Crystal Palace super.

To one who knows my unassuming ways
Nothing beneath the sun could well be droller
Than my appearance in the festal maze,
An ancient British warrior in a bowler.

Never before to-day have I been seen
Immersed in purely histrionic wassails,
Where 'neath Londinium's towers the tortured
green

Thrills to the megaphone of Mr. LASCELLES.

Yet 'tis the Empire calls, and I must do
Whate'er she asks me for the Great Idea;
Must paint myself with woad till all is blue,
And prance to battle under BOADICEA.

And there is Mabel. I am greatly cheered
To see her from a local shrine emerge in
A picture headpiece, having volunteered
To come and figure as a Roman virgin.

She serves Diana's altar, I remark;
And, suiting that vocation so ascetic, you'll
Notice her costume, fragrant of the Park,
And, pendant at her knee, a monstrous reticule.

Thomas, if these rehearsals lend a flame
To mould the links that Love so swiftly forges
In those conditions, frank and free of shame,
Which are the atmosphere of Thespian orgies,

Then, when the Pageant, at its final fling,
Has left us warriors lying dead by sections,
"Butchered to make" *et cetera*, I'll do a thing
Uncontemplated by the stage directions:

I shall break in upon her virgin rites,
Where smoke ascends before the plaster idol,
And, having veiled my prehistoric tights,
Carry her off to make a British bridal!

O. S.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

NO. VIII.—THE SEAL'S WEDDING.

WEN the fishes wanted to have a King they woodent hav the wale becos he was tu stupd he cood only make spouts of worter cum out of his nose and then evrybody new were he was and they woodent hav the shark becos he was tu crule he bites salers legs orf thers wun at Brighton got his leg bitn orf and peeple giv him pennies in a tin mugg.

Wel wen theyd told the wale and the shark they woodent hav them they sed lets chuse the seal and they chosed him dreckly and the seal was King of the Sea and he had a croun of korrills and a neckliss of perls and his septer was made of opels and emrilds and saphias his name was King Bartiman the ferst and he livd in a kristil palis and wen he wanted to see the wurld he got up on a rock and sat ther lukiing all round with his croun on his hed and all his other jools he was a verry magnisfant King and the name of his Vizzir was Musterpher but the King cald him Muster becos it was eesier.

Wun day Musterpher kame to the King's palis jest wen

the King was geting out of bed and he sed to the King good morning your magety.

Good morning Muster sed King Bartiman wot dyou wont.

Ive bin thinking your magety sed the Vizzir.

Oh sed the King wotve you bin thinking about.

I think your magety ort to be getting marrid sed Musterpher.

Wy sed the King lukiing verry angry at the same time dont you like me been a batshler.

No sed Musterpher I dont and sum peeple hav bin torking about it.

Whoos bin torking sed the King.

Wel sed Musterpher the wales bin torking I herd him yestday.

Wen the King herd this he was furus he tore round his palis and brok a lot of lukiing glases and throd the sope and the spungis at Musterpher but Musterpher didnt mind and at last the King sed your rite Muster Ill get marrid hav you got a wiph for me.

No sed Musterpher youd better clime up on your rock and see if you can find wun.

Wen the King got up on his rock he lukd round and at ferst he sor nuthing but sea all round him but he went on siting ther and they brort him his brekfus and his dinner on the rock and then they brort him his super and he gobbeld it up quick sos not to miss enthing and at last jest befor it got dark he sor a sale on the rizen and it got bigger and bigger and wen it kame close up to the rock loan bold it was the biggest steamer in the wurld and the King cald out to it and sed stop imegatly and the steamer stopd.

Hav you got a prinsess on bord sed the King.

Yes we hav sed the kaptin wot about her.

I wont her sed the King Im going to marre her.

Alrite sed the kaptin you can hav her shes bin a lot of trubble and he told the salers to thro her over and the salers kort hold of her and thru her over.

Wen the King sor this he jumpd into the sea to ketch her but the prinsess had a magic cap on her hed and wen she sor the King cumming she changed herself into a wite bear and bit him becos she didnt wont to marre a seel and then the King changed hisself into a lion and the prinsess becam a tiger and so they went on for 2 hours and all the passinjers on the steamer lukd on and thort it grate fun and Musterpher kep on shouting to the King not to giv in but go on changing hisself as fast as he cood.

At last all the magics of the prinsess was finshd and the King kort her wen she was a parrit and he was a eegil and brort her back to his rock and she got back to been a prinsess and he got back to a seel and he sed will you marre me now.

No sed the prinsess I cant my father made me proms not to marre a seel.

Wel sed the seel Ive got wun magic left Ill make myself a prinse and then we can be marrid alrite then he blu 3 blos out of his mouth and wen hed dun he was a butifle prinse in gold clothses and a velvit cap with a long ploom and he tuk the prinsess in his arms and flu thru the air with her they landed in England and wer marrid on Munday with grate joicings they never sor the rock agen but the King herd arterwads that Musterpher had got hisself made King but he and the prinsess didnt care they wer tu mutsh in luv and they bilt theirselves anuther palis in England and livd ther with thir famly.

We greatly regret to learn from the advertisement columns of a daily contemporary that an "enamelled seal" has been lost in the Zoological Gardens. This looks like sheer carelessness on the part of the authorities.



A FREE HAND.

SPANISH GENDARME (to French comrade). "DON'T LET ME EMBARRASS YOU. FOR MYSELF I SHALL PRESERVE AN EXPECTANT ATTITUDE."

[See speech of Spanish Premier on the Moroccan imbroglio.]



English Golfer. "I SAY, COUNT, YOU 'VE PLAYED MY BALL!"

M. le Comte. "MILLE PARDONS, M'SIEUR. 'AV ONE OF MICE."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

No. 1.—MY FIRST GOLF MATCH.

AFTER MR. W. T. STEAD.

I WAS 40 years old before I ever saw a bull-fight, and 55 before I first entered a circus. I am now 62, but I never saw a golf match till last Saturday, when Mr. Bedlam lured me to Hanger Hill to see an exhibition game. (I have not been to a roller-skating rink yet: I am keeping that experience until I complete the span of the Psalmist). There is a certain novelty about the impressions produced on the sane mind of mature age by sights familiar to most people from their childhood, and I accordingly jot down at random the thoughts that occurred to me as I followed the encounter.

First of all I was impressed by the physique and personality of the combatants—TAYLOR, sturdy, ruddy, sanguine and mercurial, with a pronounced prognathous development and of brachycephalous type: BRAID, tall, dark, reserved and somewhat sombre of visage; a profound thinker, I should say, with a strong turn for theology and metaphysics.

Golf is supposed to be a gentle game, yet the tools—the weapons, I prefer to

call them—are of a sinister, almost diabolic appearance. The head of a driver, when seen protruding from a bag, is exactly like that of a snake. There is something cruel in the very name of the mashie, and the sight of a niblick reminds me of the Inquisition. Starting from the first tee, TAYLOR hit the ball a cruel blow. BRAID responded with an even more vicious whack, whirling his club round his head with the abandon of a dervish. Then a terrible thing happened. BRAID's ball rolled into a bunker. When he came up to it, his face was black as night, and when he took the niblick from his caddie I confess I shuddered at the thought that he might use it on his opponent. But, with a restraint that was ethically admirable, he concentrated all his pent-up fury on the ball. Then in a lightning flash I realised the final cause and true justification of the game—as a safety-valve for the elemental passions of humanity.

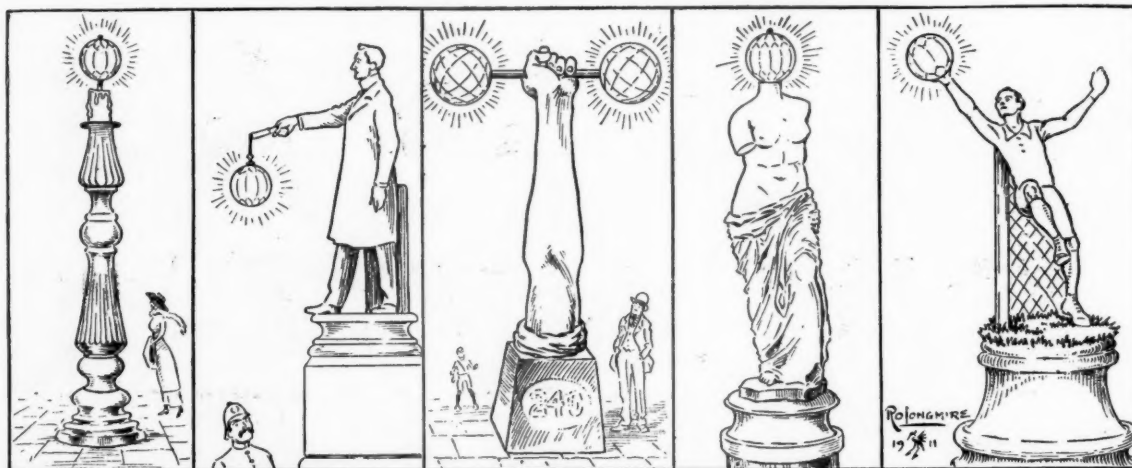
When BRAID had extricated the ball from the bunker, his face resumed its normal pensive expression. So later on, when TAYLOR's ball lodged in a rut, and his face became positively purple with emotion, I trembled for BRAID; but my tremors were unfounded.

Compared with bull-fighting or polo—which I hope to witness on my 80th birthday—golf is an unexciting game. Only once was a player temporarily placed *hors de combat*, and that was when, a supporting brace having given way, an improvised substitute for a waist-belt was needed to keep the nether garment in its place.

The bearing of the spectators filled me with amazement, their silence recalling that of a Quakers' meeting. Once a shiver ran through the crowd when BRAID missed a short putt, but otherwise they kept their feelings absolutely under control. One feature of the game struck me as profoundly touching. While BRAID (a Scotsman) wore a Norfolk jacket, TAYLOR (who hails from Devonshire) was clad in Harris tweeds. And they both of them played with balls of a pattern which, I am assured, had its origin in the inventive genius of Americans. This tribute to the solidarity of the Scoto-Anglo-American *entente* I regard as the most refreshing lesson of my visit to Hanger Hill. Next week I am to see a game of poker for the first time, and I hope that my impressions will be equally reassuring.

ARTISTIC LIGHTING OF LARGE TOWNS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO OUR CITY FATHERS.

THE CANDLESTICK
SCHEME.THE FAMOUS STATESMAN
DESIGN.THE PHYSICAL CULTURE
PATTERN.THE VENUS
DI MILO.THE CUP TIE HERO
STYLE.

SALUT À LA JEUNESSE.

(AFTER WALT WHITMAN.)

Queen's Club, April 19—22.

WHOEVER you are!

You young and natural persons!

You fine-profiled Etonian! You fair-hair'd Wykehamist!

You Carthusian! Harrovian! Haileyburian! Malvernian!

You Radleian of Radley! You Tonbridgian!

You Cheltonian and Cliftonian from the West! (I too am
an old Cliftonian.)

You voisin of the Abbey!

You stripling from the downs of Wiltshire!

You latent fighter from Wellington! You Rugbeian!

To you the first honours! (I got this list from *The Sportsman*.)*Elèves*, I salute you.

O crowding me closely and still more closely!

O infusing in me the tempo of your lusty bravuras!

This would be a tame show if it weren't for you.

I hear the same old indiscriminate applause;

I hear you acclaim your comrades' victory—

Or if your side loses you cheer all the louder, to drown the
other fellows.(How *résumé* it all is!)I hear you acclaim every ace won, by whatever kind of
shot;

Acclaim the crashing half-volley stroke, just above the board;

Acclaim the swift, heavily-cut service, that drops from the

back-wall like a stone, or pitches dead in the nick;

Acclaim the mis-hit off the wood, correlative in value to the
subtlest "drop"

(All these you acclaim, and the last more loudly than any).

I hear the marker twanging out the score—what a croupier
he would make!I see him ever and again doling out superb racket-balls, for
which somebody (probably a parent) will have to
pay a superb price;I see past and present giants of the game in the foremost
cunei!I see the referee in the middle, and the two umpires on
either side of him;I see WEBBE, ASHWORTH, BAERLEIN, MILES, DAMES-
LONGWORTH, NOEL and the Hon. C. N. BRUCE.

I see also three of the incomparable feuillage of FOSTERS;

I see strong-brawned *professori*, keenly these limber-hipped
young champions in embryo watching;For instance, "JUDY," LAKER, CROSBIE, HAWES, WILLIAMS,
JAMSETJEE;I see majestic, bearded habitués (say, old top-knot, what
was *your* school?);I see industrious journalists ticking off the service-runs
(one player made twelve aces in a single hand, but
oh, is *that* the best part of rackets?)—

All this I see;

And yet, what urged and impelled me hither,

The ball (mark you, this too is "standard" now), the
game, the cunning foot-work in taking the service,

The lightning kill off the back-wall,

The placing down the side-wall,

All the spontaneous joys and thrills of this superb pastime
(mercy, how the flukes splash!)These I have to take for granted, I up here in *arrière*,
playing *cache-cache* amidst the *en-masse*;

I must content myself with interior vistas (enough!);

I can but listen,

Can but imagine, fear, hope, despond, exult, shout,
Myself and my neighbours, our voices orotund and rever-
berant.*Allons!* The match is over!A little time vocal, and then—*camarado*, I give you my hand!
So long!

From a foreign contemporary:

"If a fine well educated (preferred musical dam) wants to take position
in a fine country-family without children to accompany the mrs and
give lessons in her own language; she is asked to drop a hire to
Mrs. —, Fjärrestadsgård."We hope some great painter will record the first meeting
between the dam and the mrs.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

"ARE you doing anything to-morrow?" said my friend Horace St. George Fitzroy de Vere Beauchamp.

"I expect I shall do something," I said cautiously.

"Come and lunch with me at the Automobile Club. Have you seen it yet?"

"Only from the outside, when trudging to my 'bus."

"Well, come early, and I'll show you the inside. Come about twelve."

"Right," I said, "I shall be there in my automobile."

I was a little late the next day, however, as my automobile (a Putney one) refused to take me further than Waterloo Place, and I had to make the rest of the journey on foot. Horace St. George, beautifully dressed, but looking extremely small on the horizon, was waiting for me among the marble pillars of the entrance hall.

"I suppose you're sure this is your little club," I asked. "We haven't met at the Louvre by mistake?"

"Come along," he said, and I followed him nervously downstairs to the garage, where we tethered my hat and stick. With these gone I felt shabbier than ever.

"Now then," began Horace, "what about a bath?"

I could see what it was. He wasn't satisfied with me.

"If it's the rule," I said doubtfully, "and you insist, of course I will; but I've only got these clothes to put on again."

"I meant a swim," he hastened to explain.

"Oh, I see," I said, extremely relieved. "Right you are."

"Or suppose we have a game of squash first, and a swim afterwards? Or would you like to try the rifle range?"

"You did ask me down for the day, didn't you? Let's do it all."

We did it all. By the time we were dressed again it was two o'clock.

"Lunch," said Horace. "Shall we go to the restaurant, or to one of the club dining-rooms, or—"

"Which is nearest?" I asked. "I don't want to walk very far."

We set out briskly and arrived at the restaurant with a splendid appetite. We lunched amidst rare old tapestries and to the sound of sweet music.

"Now," said Horace, "what would you like to do?"

By this time I was beginning to understand the spirit of the place.

"Let's go down to the archery butts," I suggested, "and put on a few



Young Lady. "EDWARD AND I HAVE BEEN ADMIRING YOUR HUSBAND'S LOVELY PICTURES. I SUPPOSE HE JUST PAINTS AWAY OUT OF HIS HEAD!"

Artist's Wife. "NO, INDEED! HE ALWAYS TAKES THE TROUBLE TO HAVE THE THING HE IS PAINTING IN FRONT OF HIM, BE IT EVER SO SLIGHT. FOR INSTANCE, THIS MORNING I WAS SITTING TO HIM FOR A SHADOW!"

golds. And after that I should like to have a game of shinty."

Horace was willing, but a little doubtful as to the way. We made enquiries; and, passing a signpost which said, "Billiard room, 3 miles—Card room, 2," turned sharp to the left at the bezique courts, kept the lacrosse sheds well on our right, and arrived at last on the archery ground.

I suppose it was the lunch, but, anyhow, I was not in my usual form. I never got a gold at all—only a couple or

so of yellow ochres. Horace was even worse. Once in the shinty tents, however, we made up for all this, and a fiercely contested match ended in my favour by the odd set in five.

"I should like another swim," I said, "Have you only the one bath in your club?"

Horace had to confess that this was so, but he was very nice about it. He promised to complain to the committee. It is a long and difficult way from the shinty tents to the one swimming bath,

particularly as there are, at present, no telegraph poles to steer by. However, I made the attempt, with the result that when I found Horace again I was thoroughly worn out.

"I must have absolute rest and quiet for a little," I said.

"So must I," he agreed. "Let's go to the silence room."

We joined a well-equipped party which was making a dash for the library, said good-bye to them there, and pushed on to the silence room. Not a sound penetrated the massive walls and the thick carpet. The carpet indeed was so luxurious that I completely lost Horace in it for some minutes, fortunately spying the top of his head just when I was giving up hope, and dragging him by the hair to a place of safety. Thereafter we slept till tea.

I am not sure where we had tea. I think it was brought to us in the Art Gallery. We had a round on the nine-hole course afterwards; and then, while Horace put in an hour with the marker at the ludo pits, I had my hair cut, and turned into the Cinematograph Theatre. We dined in the Italian gardens and danced in the ball-room till midnight.

"Well," said Horace, "what do you think of it?"

"It's a cosy little club," I said, "but I don't feel I've really explored it yet. You must ask me for the week-end next time. For one thing I want to see where you all keep your automobiles."

"You ought to join."

"Well, the fact is I am rather short of automobiles just for the moment. My aunt has an automobile veil, if you think I could get in on that. But thank you for a very delightful day, Horace. You must come and stay with me at the Stores some time."

"You're sure there's nothing else you'd like to do? It's quite early."

As a matter of fact there *was* something. I hesitated a moment, and then decided to take the plunge.

"Horace," I said, "it's a magnificent club. Do you think"—I hesitated again—"do you think I might"—I sank my voice to a whisper—"er—might I smoke a pipe in it?" A. A. M.

"INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA.

The Oxford defeated the Cambridge by 2½ lengths."—*Manchester Daily News*.

The Oxford was stroked by CHIRGWIN, the White-Eyed Kaffir—a RHODES Scholar.

"Boiling Owls, 4/- a pair."—*Hearth and Home*. Hence the expression: "looking like a boiled owl."

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

III.—THE MUSIC HALL.

THE decision to give in Edinburgh a gala music-hall performance to the KING and QUEEN after the Coronation has drawn every eye to the variety boards. The time then is opportune for a survey of this increasingly popular form of alleged entertainment.

HISTORY.

The origin of the music-hall is lost in the mists of prehistoric antiquity, but its existence can be traced back several thousand years B.C. Dr. ARTHUR EVANS, while excavating at Cnossus, in Crete, placed it beyond doubt that the Labyrinth was a music-hall, and the Minotaur a *monstre comique*. SEMIRAMIS is believed by the most learned German historians to have been a bare-back rider, and THEODORA, the wife of JUSTINIAN, was the VESTA TILLEY of her age, thus showing at an early epoch the close relations which have always prevailed between the Bar and the Stage. Music-halls have not been confined to one country or nation, but have flourished all over the world. There was an Alhambra in Spain, a Tivoli in the Campagna, and a Coliseum in Rome centuries before their names were associated with the palatial structures which adorn our Metropolis. The famous dynasty of Moss had its original seat at Mosul in Mossopotamia, where the original Mossosome still stands; but the Iceland Mosses have also long been famous in pharmaceutical circles. The name music-hall has been cited as the most perfect example of the kind of nomenclature to which the term *lucus a non lucendo* is applied, and it is noteworthy that in one of his rare lapses into inspired waggery the late JOHN MILTON emphasized this point in the phrase, "most music-hall, most melancholy," which later found a counterpart in RUSKIN's phrase, "all the agonies of a pantomime."

MANAGEMENT.

The motto of the music-hall is "one good turn deserves another—but rarely gets it." Clever managers are careful to mix the bad with the indifferent and to get as few good things as possible. By a curious psychical operation that has never been rightly explained, the members of every music-hall audience relinquish their taste and judgment automatically as they pass the pay-box, and then everything that they see seems to them equally meritorious and attractive. This is peculiarly true of writers of notices for the press. Hence it

would be a waste of time and money for managers to obtain real talent. This explains the success of a host of performers at the present day from whom, were audiences not hypnotised, they would run shrieking. Now and then, however, it chances by an accident that a decent performer creeps in; but were he to disappear no one would really miss him.

It should be added that the great managers are all men of remarkable culture. Thus Mr. OSWALD STOLL has written one of the most luminous commentaries extant on HERBERT SPENCER's Synthetic Philosophy, while Mr. ALFRED BUTT's occasional excursions into eschatology are greeted with rapture at the University of Tübingen.

TERMINOLOGY.

A male music-hall performer is called an "artist," and a female an "artiste." The old theory that an artist was a fellow who painted pictures has entirely broken down. A quick-change performer is called "A Protean artist." A dancing girl is "The rage of Paris," but whether Paris was in a rage to see her, or because it had seen her, is never stated.

Most *artistes*, it may be added, have names beginning with Z, such as ZÆO, ZAZEL, ZENA, ZONA, ZOE. The names of MOZART and TENNYSON are familiar to music-hall frequenters, but HOMER, VIRGIL and LUCRETIVUS are unaccountably absent.

SERIOS.

Serious singers wear evening dress, particularly at matinées: hence the epithet "dashing." The visitor who was asked to fill up a Confession Album, and against "The sweetest word I know" wrote "Exit," had just been listening to a serious singer. For the most part they are employed by distillers and brewers, who pay the music-hall management to allow them to sing. The worst of all at the present moment are—[No advertisements permitted. ED.]

COMEDIANS.

The ordinary music-hall comedian is a Cockney comedian. He wears a bad hat and worse clothes, smacks his leg with a tiny cane, and sings about drink. There are also comedians of all nationalities, which are easily detected. Scotch comedians have twisted walking-sticks and refer to lassies. Lancashire comedians say "roon" instead of "run," but otherwise are like comedians from any other country. *Entente cordiale* comedians sing too many songs. Rustic comedians say "oi" instead of "me," as in real



Mother. "WHY HAVE YOU LEFT THE OTHERS? WHAT DO YOU WANT, DEAR?"

Little Girl. "I'VE COME HERE BECAUSE ELLA'S SO AGGLAVATIN' (a pause). AT LEAST, SHE WILL BE WHEN SHE FINDS I'VE BROKEN THE LEG OFF HER NEW DOLL."

country life. American comedians say "Look-a-here." Jewish comedians wear bowler hats over their ears. Australian comedians seldom learn anything new. There are no Norfolk comedians.

SAUSAGES.

This article of food, without some reference to which no music-hall comedian is really funny, is of ancient origin. HERODOTUS mentions something of the kind, but the first allusion to the sausage more or less as we know it (or do not know it) now is in COPERNICUS. The Germans, always so ingenious, brought sausage-making to a high art, and it was the favourite food of HANS HOLBEIN, who introduced it to the Court of HENRY VIII., when he arrived here from Augsburg in 1526. It is said that he was so addicted to sausages that he could not paint without one, and sometimes would absent-mindedly employ it as a mahl-stick. While painting the "Duchess of Milan" he consumed eight dozen of the best.

Any reference to sausages, particu-

larly in association with dogs or the word mystery, convulses the audience in every hall. Hence, since man is an imitative animal, one gets plenty of it.

THE DANCE.

The Christian patron of the Dance is of course ST. VIRUS, a holy man who made his way through life with some very odd steps in the fifth century. There had been dances before, but ST. VIRUS brought the art before the public.

At the present moment the fashion is for Slavonic or Russian dancing, which, when the performers can be induced to perform together and bury their private hatchets, can be very effective.

SKETCHES.

The sketch is a play, either original or a condensation of an old drama, which may not by law last for more than twenty minutes and never lasts less than half-an-hour.

IMITATORS.

The music-hall imitator is the only form of pickpocket who is not locked up.

"It is almost needless to state that the sowing of kitchen garden seeds is now in full swing."—*Gardening Notes* in "*Alloa Journal*." We have certainly heard of some vegetable patches being "darned."

"The *Baltic* sailed for New York on Saturday, having on board Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Pettingill, and various others."—*The World*.

We are glad these "various others" were there too, if only for ballast.

"Lord Salisbury, who has not been very well, is taking a motoring tour in the South of France, by way of recruiting his health."—*The World*.

Without the assistance of this last phrase we should never have guessed his Lordship's motive, so we have great pleasure in putting it into italics.

From a testimonial:—

"After the second treatment she walked downstairs one foot at a time. She has not been able to walk downstairs before in the past five years, except by stepping down on each step with one foot at a time. This is remarkable. Send five more boxes."

The old jumping days of six years ago seem to be over.



IRISH ABSTINENCE.

Colonel at regimental races (entertaining some farmers). "WELL, WHAT WILL YOU ALL HAVE?"

Spokesman. "THERE'LL BE THREE WHISKEYS, YER HONOUR, AND THE OTHER TWO'S TAYTOTALERS; THEY'LL JUST BE TAKIN' A SHPOT AV WINE."

DISCOVERED—A SUPER-HERO.

TELL me no more the toils of Hercules!
 True to the triumphs that were ALEXANDER'S!
 Praise me no mariners that scoured the seas,
 Nor saints of sinless life who feared no slanders!
 I have unearthed a paragon by whom
 Their record is as dust, their ancient bloom
 The fodder of Oblivion's vacuum broom—
 A gentleman named SAUNDERS.

Fame with the silver bugle at her lips
 Hath not announced him yet, but here I warn her;
 The stars are unaware of their eclipse;
 Too heedless of the splendours that adorn her,
 Earth has rescinded not from coast to coast,
 But I have seen him in *The Morning Post*,
 Page 5 (while I was buttering some toast)—
 The left-hand bottom corner.

Wisdom is his undoubtedly, and worth;
 The day that brought him forth was bright and sunny;
 The gods, the Muses, smiled upon his birth,
 And well-to-do connections gave him money;
 He is a man, I think, of *savoir faire*,
 With courage to endure, with nerves to dare;
 I wonder if his brows are lorn of hair
 Through efforts to be funny?

It matters not. In all this earthly zone,
 Ay, and the vault above and 'neath the blue's ooze
 He hath no counterpart, he stands alone
 The most miraculous of Nature's *lusus*.
 I ask not of his race or rank or creed,
 The articles on which he likes to feed,
 His clubs, his recreations; I've no need
 To hunt him up in *Who's Who's*.

I shall not clasp him by the kingly hand,
 Nor meet his steadfast eyes—not if I know it—
 His eyes beneficent and mild and bland,
 I do but take the trump for him and blow it;
 I sing how great, how glorious he must be,
 How handsome, how impeccable, for he
 Has gained the heart of PHYLLIS BROWN, and she
 Refused the humble poet. EVOE.

"WATSONIAN CLUB OF GERMANY.—Mr. Leslie R. Grant, who held the combined offices of President, Secretary, and Committee, is the founder of the above Club. Mr. Grant, who is also the only member, was Captain of the Shooting VIII. last year."—*The Watsonian*.

Later on a hope is expressed that Mr. GRANT will continue to hold office for another year. As long as he takes care not to vote against himself by mistake his re-election to all these posts should be assured.

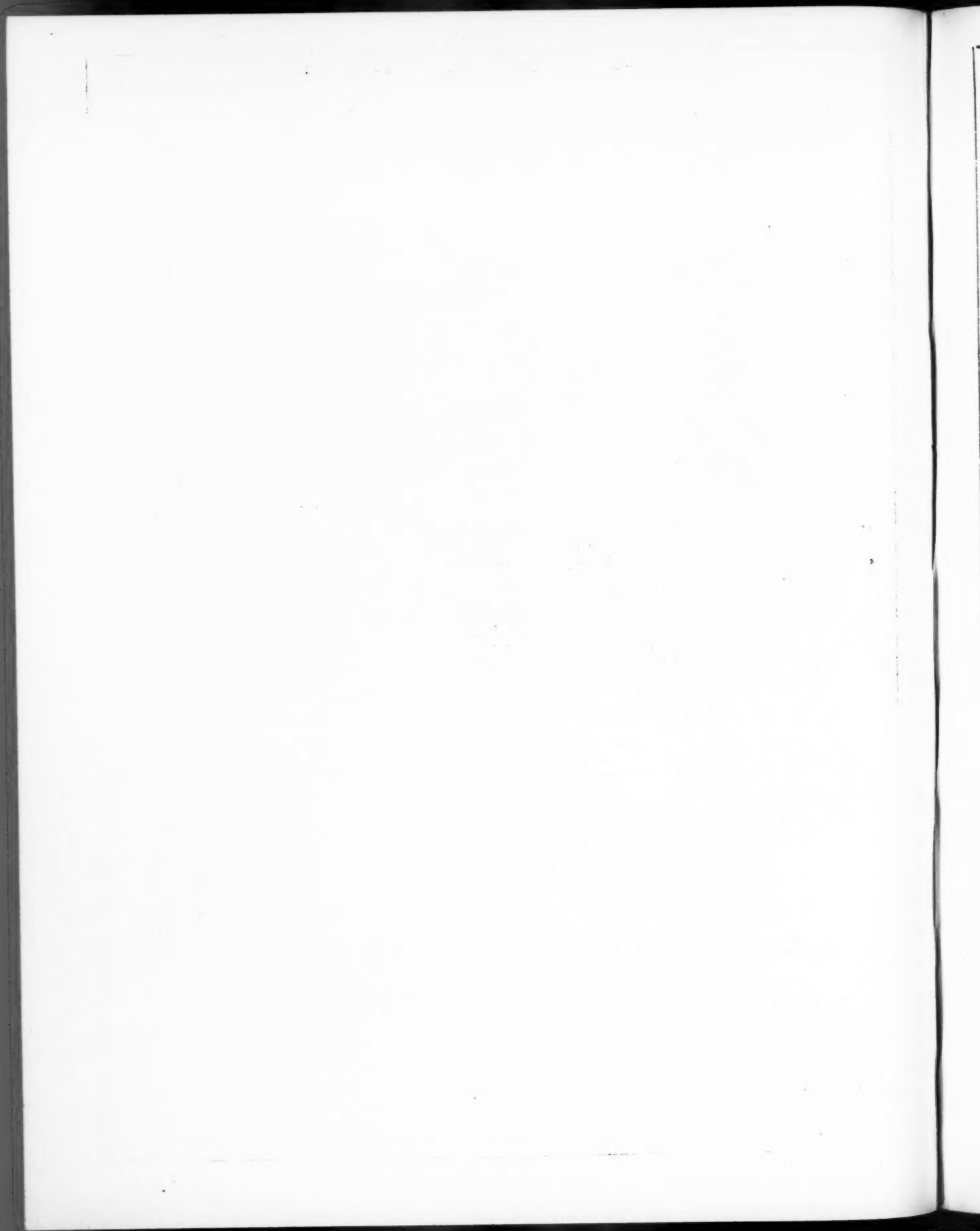


LATE AGAIN.

SPRING. "HARK! DO I HEAR THE BUDGET?"

VOICE FROM TREE. "CUCK-OO!"

SPRING. "YES, YES, I KNOW. BUT WHERE IS MY OTHER SO-CALLED HARBINGER?"





PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

An Anticipation of the Scene in the Queue on Pay Night at the House of Commons.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 24th.—Much preliminary trumpeting about important debate to be raised to-day on amendment by ULSTER Member, designed to put Home Rule out of category of consequences that may follow on Commons freeing themselves from yoke of Lords. A dreary affair. House not to be stirred even by LONSDALE'S announcement that, should Parliament add a Home Rule Bill to the Statute Book, men of Ulster, loyal law-abiding citizens *pur sang*, will not recognise the decree. In spite of appearances House is, after all, a business assembly. Pretty certain attempt will be made next year to pass Home Rule Bill. That, Members feel, will be proper occasion for discussing the subject. Simple waste of time to mander round it now.

Nevertheless, since something expected, PREMIER delivered a speech, and PRINCE ARTHUR answered it. Midway in latter address, little incident happened which throws gleam of light on temper of House and character of discussion. In course of argument PRINCE ARTHUR emphatically declared, "I know that I am speaking the absolute truth, truth in which honourable gentlemen, wherever they sit in this House, will agree."

Here Ministerialists broke in with persistent cries of "No, no!"

"Why," cried PRINCE ARTHUR, with amazed look bent on scene of uproar, "you have not heard it. Let me tell you what it is."

This he proceeded to do, and Ministerialists again loudly voiced dissent. Would have saved time and been equally effective if PRINCE ARTHUR had accepted denial of a statement not yet made.

Effort from either Front Bench

equally tame, falling flat on audience anxious only to get Division over and so to dinner. This desire accomplished by convenient hour of eight o'clock. Thereafter, a quorum keeping the bridge whilst others dined under promise to be back in good time, House sat up all night with querulous Clause 2.

Whilst politicians squabble at Westminster, Ireland, hapless Cinderella of a loveless family, still kneels by her cold hearth and laments her sorrows. Fresh one brought out to-day by MR. SHEEHY. Told in simple language, it depicts deplorable state of things in remote country town whose musical name suggests vision of idyllic harmony. Upon Drumree, County Meath, lavish nature has bestowed two citizens of the family name of Fox. To further complicate matters both follow sporting profession of jobmaster. When letters or telegrams addressed "Fox, Drumree" reach the post-office, what

is the hopeless postmaster to do? Mr. SHEEHY more than insinuated that "THOMAS GERAGHTY" (you should have heard him roll out the syllables), "postmaster of Drumree, County Meath," not being on friendly terms with one of the FOXES, invariably handed over to the other the correspondence thus addressed.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL, bound to support a subordinate officer of his department, attempted to justify the procedure. Since the SPEAKER was not likely to submit motion for adjournment in order to deal with question as one of urgent public importance, there was no appeal. But incident left unpleasant impression. At a time when the cry of "Peace, Peace" rings through two hemispheres, Members don't like to think of Drumree rent in twain by this feud of the FOXES with Mr. GERAGHTY taking a prejudiced hand in the game.

Business done.—Sat till daybreak did appear, wrestling with Clause 2 of Parliament Bill.

Wednesday.—Depressing influence of friendly relations established between Irish Nationalists and His Majesty's Ministers dolefully apparent in toning down of exuberance below Gangway on Opposition side. Never more the sudden flash of humour or paradox that in other days from time to time illumined monotony of Saxon debate. To-day produces its gem, faultless in shape and colour, priceless in value.

It was Mr. O'SHEE, of whom the House knows little, that placed it under this heavy obligation. The unsuspected gem had a setting worthy its brilliancy. It seems there lived in former days in Old Parish, County Waterford, one MICHAEL VEALDE, a tenant farmer. Difficulty about payment of "rint" arising, he was evicted, and the farm left desolate, mouldering to decay. There were subtle touches in Mr. O'SHEE's prose that recalled another picture limned for all time by TENNYSON:

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange;
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.

Something more fleshly than the hand of Time being suspected in connection with the quickening of the ruin of the farm buildings, they were placed under special police protection. It happened by strange coincidence that on a certain day when the police were on protection duty at the farm a case of housebreaking occurred in neighbouring hamlet and property was stolen. What Mr. O'SHEE wanted to know was "whether the police have any

time left to protect the property of the general community when their services are requisitioned to preserve the grass on derelict farms where there are no cattle to graze the same." The phrasing is a little obscure, but its meaning may be guessed.

The Ministerial minion who represents Dublin Castle having made reply familiar in such circumstances, Mr. O'SHEE, relentlessly pursuing him, insisted upon knowing why the cost of special police protection was incurred on account of a farm "when the only living animals on it are seagulls that fly over it."

Been long accustomed to hold that the most perfect bull ever trotted through the House of Commons was the pro-



"Gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."

(LORD HALSBURY.)

perty of Sir WILLIAM HART-DYKE, known to wide circle of old friends as BILLY DYKE. Made its appearance in debate on one of JIMMY LOWTHER's annual motions for repealing Standing Order forbidding Peers to take part in parliamentary elections. JIMMY had cited a case in which it was alleged that no less a person than the LORD CHANCELLOR—HALSBURY, to wit—had, on the eve of a by-election, interposed with speech or letter, championing the cause of one of the Candidates.

Regarding JIMMY with wistful air, BILLY DYKE, opposed the motion. "I must," he said, "admit that the right honourable gentleman has gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."

That was delightful, and till to-day remained incomparable. Think it will be conceded that Mr. O'SHEE has vindicated supremacy of Ireland in the production of this class of prize animal. Of the many extravagances attributed

to Sir BOYLE ROCHE there is nothing that in point of picturesqueness incoherence excels his choice remark.

Business done.—In Committee again on Parliament Bill.

Thursday.—LORD CHANCELLOR once more at Bar of House (so to speak) charged with carrying on HALSBURY's mission of swamping magisterial bench with good Conservatives. Crowded House hears with delight of the morning call of Lord DE RAMSEY upon LORD CHANCELLOR. Related in artless style of the Custos Rotulorum of the Isle of Ely, it is the daintiest comedy. DE RAMSEY dropped in at Eaton Square, he tells us, to suggest names of six gentlemen suitable for Commission of the Peace for the Isle of Ely.

"If the Family Bible were in my hands," he assured the LORD CHANCELLOR, "I would swear that I do not know their politics."

There flashed across LORD CHANCELLOR's agile mind the shrewd saying, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*"; but he did not allude to it. Pink of politeness, he waved aside the Family Bible, which Custos had left at home. Suggested merely for form's sake that, an Advisory Committee having been appointed for the expressed purpose of nominating candidates for the magistracy, it would be just as well if the list were submitted to them before names were added to Commission of the Peace.

Custos had not the slightest objection. Indeed, thought it was rather the kind of thing you ought to do, you know. Only it happened that he was leaving for Egypt in the morning. The six suitable gentlemen of anonymous politics were growing impatient, and perhaps the affair might just as well be finished right off. LORD CHANCELLOR agreed, and NEIL PRIMROSE, waking up one morning, resolved to make fresh effort to interest LORD CHANCELLOR in direction of redressing balance of Liberal and Conservative magistrates for the Isle of Ely as it was left on retirement of HALSBURY from Woolsack, learned that six more Conservatives had been added in a batch. And this after he had been assured by LORD CHANCELLOR's Secretary that the composition of the Bench was "a question that could not at present be reopened."

As for LORD CHANCELLOR, the MEMBER FOR SARK tells me that when he learned he had added six Conservative magistrates to a single Commission of the Peace—this in addition to others of same political complexion with whom he had endowed the Blessed Isle—you might have knocked him down with a feather.

That obviously a figure of speech,



Doctor. "WELL! AND DID YOU TAKE HIS TEMPERATURE?"

Wife. "OH! YES, SIR. I PUTS THE BAROMETER ON 'IS CHES AN' IT GOES UP TO VERY DRY, SO I FETCHES 'IM A QUART O' BEER, AN' NOW E'S GONE TO WORK!"

for LOREBURN is of sturdy build. But it sufficiently expresses the surprise with which LORD CHANCELLOR learned that unknowingly, undesignedly, he had contrived, in respect of nomination of new magistrates, to repeat in the Isle of Ely the sort of thing which, prevailing throughout the kingdom, had raised a rather serious revolt in ranks of Party that placed the present Ministry in office.

Business done.—Got the SPEAKER out of Chair on going into Committee on Civil Service Estimates.

"EVENING SCHOOL SOCIAL.—To mark the closing of the Evening Continuation Classes a very successful gathering was held in the Public Hall on Friday evening. After partaking of an excellent tea, the Headmaster, Mr. James Hunter, who occupied the chair, referred in the course of his remarks to the good work accomplished during the session."

Devon Valley Tribune.

We hope his own latest achievement (which he seems to have accomplished without assistance), received suitable mention.

THE DISCOVERY OF MAX.

"Wonderfully clever, wonderfully clever!" murmured the old gentleman, with another look at the caricature of Mr. SHANNON.

"Wonderfully clever!" echoed the stranger beside him, in a voice as enthusiastic as its weariness would permit. The old gentleman turned to look at the stranger, a man of middle age, with thinning hair and tired eyes, a black moustache, and a slight tendency to that rotundity which is apt to follow upon success.

"Yes, like the work of an irresponsible boy possessing the mind of a brilliant man, Sir! Don't you agree with me?" said the old gentleman.

"I do; 'brilliant' is the word I have always used of his work. I know nothing more brilliant—and I know most things," said the stranger with a sigh that spoke of many burdens.

"And he's quite a youth, a slim youth, as I gather from his portraits of himself."

"As young as the spring," said the other.

"Of course he must be—the impudence and mischief of these drawings alone proclaim exuberant youth. I'd like to meet him. It's a good thing for those of us who are getting on in life, like you and me, to come and get such a glimpse as this is of the genius of the rising generation. This exhibition does me good, at any rate," said the old gentleman, briskly.

"It's doing me no harm either," said the stranger, in that languid manner that expresses the enthusiasm of certain temperaments.

"And if I ever met him, it would give me the greatest pleasure to invite him to dinner. I'm fond of these young geniuses—aren't you?"

"One or two," replied the stranger, after thinking. Then, passing his hand over his thinning locks, he added: "I'm afraid I can't dine, thanks, as I'm just off back to Italy, where I purpose to pass the evening of my career."

AT THE PLAY.

"KISMET."

"I HAVE lived to-day!" said Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, on a note of justifiable exaltation, at the close of his performance as *Hajj*, the Baghdad beggar. And indeed it had been a good day's work, as you may see from the following time-table, drawn up roughly from memory:—

5.30—7.30 A.M. Sits outside a mosque, and begs for alms, calling down Allah's blessings on those that give, his curses on those that don't.

7.35. Nearly kills another beggar who wants to appropriate his ancestral pitch.

7.40. Receives information of retired brigand's arrival in town in search of long-lost son, and prepared to pay handsomely for clairvoyance on the subject. Agrees to share spoils with informant.

7.45. Pouches purse of gold in payment for thought-reading. At same time recognises in brigand the man who stole his (*Hajj's*) wife and murdered his son.

7.50. Refuses to share purse with informant.

7.55. Gives up being a beggar.

8.0—9.0. Has an enormous breakfast, eaten off.

9.0. Proceeds to Tailors' Bazaar, flourishing purse of gold, and inspects samples of fine linen.

9.30. Makes off with same during temporary diversion of vendors.

10.15. Visits his daughter (apple of eye) in obscure quarter, and presents her with a little choice finery.

10.45. Is arrested for theft.

11.30. Is brought before the *Wasir Mansur* (villain) and denies the charge.

11.45. Is condemned to have a few fingers cut off.

11.46. Holds out his hand for this purpose.

11.47. Is pardoned by *Mansur* out of consideration for his wrist-muscles, which might be useful for assassinations.

11.48. Is given an appointment in the service of *Mansur*, on the understanding that he will murder the *Caliph* for him.

11.50. Offers to *Mansur* his daughter in marriage.

12.0—12.35 P.M. Assumes apparel proper to his new office.

12.40. Receives female emissary from *Mansur's* best wife, bringing overtures for an assignation.

12.45. Arranges one for the afternoon.

1.0—3.15. Swaggers.

3.30. Appears as a Moorish juggler at the *Caliph's* Diwan.

3.40. Does a trick with a flaming bowl ("magic by Messrs. MASKELYNE & DEVANT").

3.45. Stabs the *Caliph*, but innocuously, owing to coat-of-mail.

3.46. Is arrested.

3.47. Is annoyed with *Mansur* for denying all knowledge of the plot.

4.15. Is thrown into dungeon and handcuffed to a wall.

4.30—5.0. Converses with fellow-prisoner, who happens to be the brigand who stole his wife and murdered his son.

5.0—5.15. Struggles to burst his handcuffs.

5.15. Bursts them.

5.17—5.25. Throttles the brigand.

5.25—5.35. Puts on corpse's costume, including demi-amulet, of which the



Hajj (disguised as Moorish juggler). "A mere nothing! (*Aside.*) But you should see my hand-cuffs trick!"

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

other half is in possession of late brigand's long-lost son.

5.40. On arrival of guards is mistaken for brigand and released from dungeon.

6.0. Changes his mind about letting his daughter marry *Mansur*, of whom he now entertains a low opinion.

6.45. Arrives through trap-door at address of *Mansur's* best wife (hareem) by appointment.

6.46.—7.0. Doubts if lady is quite so *troublante* as he had hoped; but simulates enthusiasm.

7.0. Is interrupted by entrance of *Mansur*, who proceeds against him with a sword.

7.5.—7.10. Does his best, but is embarrassed by the fact that he is unarmed.

7.10. Duel temporarily stopped by *Mansur's* recognition of the demi-amulet, of which he, as long-lost son,

wears the counterpart. *Mansur* flings his sword away.

7.11. *Hajj* assumes fatherhood, together with discarded weapon.

7.15. Stabs *Mansur* in back of ribs as he kneels to take the parental blessing.

7.16. Duel resumed & entrance on edge of hareem plunge-bath.

7.20. Puts his man in the water.

7.21—7.45. Holds him under till he is drowned.

7.46. Withdraws into private life, by trap-door.

8.10—9.15. Is absent from his daughter's wedding. (A case of tact, the bridegroom being the man he had attempted to murder at 3.45.)

9.30. Returns, in beggar's guise, to ancestral pitch, to find another in possession.

9.31. Kicks him out.

9.35—10.0. Moralises on the strange vagaries of Fate (*Kismet*).

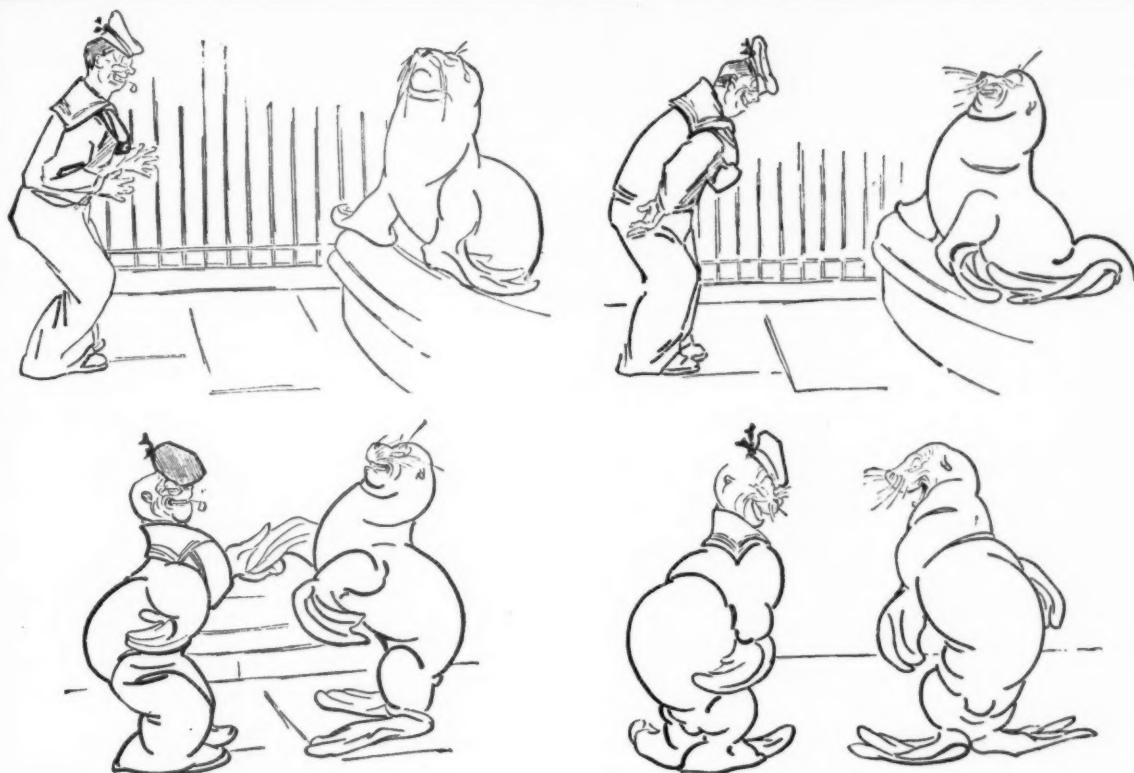
10.5. Retires to sleep on pitch.

10.5½. Snores like a pig.

You will gather from this schedule that, though he ends as he began—a beggar on a stone pitch—he has not lived his day in vain. Things in Baghdad can never be quite the same, for he has rid the place of two villains, a brigand and a wicked *Wasir*.

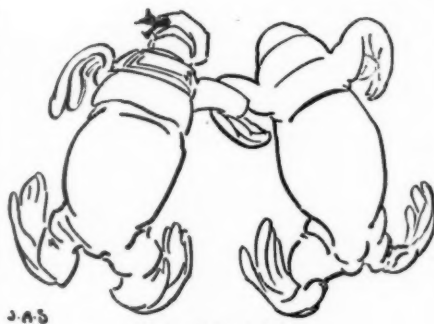
Meanwhile his status has been modified by others who also have not been idle, for his daughter has been wedded to the *Caliph*, and *Hajj* is therefore now the father-in-law of the representative of Allah.

I dare not ask myself how far the plot, frankly crude and obvious in its melodrama, would have satisfied our intelligences if it had been laid in London of the 20th century; but in so superb an antique setting, with its Oriental wealth of colour, the play itself hardly mattered at all. Indeed, with the vision of *Sumurun* before me (the author of *Kismet*, by the way, took nothing from this source) I am not sure whether, apart from the obscurity which it entails, dumb-show would not have been more effective, so hard it is to listen well when the eye is closely engaged. Certainly our best time was what we spent in the gorgeous bazaar, where the dialogue was least distracting. Now and again, still recalling *Sumurun*, one felt the need of a greater severity of background. The hot sunlight on the wall of the "Poor House" seemed to lend a certain tawdriness to the gay colours of the dresses. One's senses, too, grew tired long before the end, in part because they were never allowed to rest in the intervals, which were filled with processions and songs and formal dances in front of the drop-curtain—a happy device, but one that made for satiety.



I bow to the management's superior knowledge of hareem interiors, but I confess that I picture them more seductive. And I would willingly forego one or two needlessly offensive phrases in exchange for a little more business with the plunge-bath. What became of the bather who stepped so hurriedly into it with a modesty that was surely wasted on the other odalisques? Was she, too, drowned? I trust not, but I never set eyes on her again.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE was marvelously swift and sure. The play of his body, subtle for all its strength, was always in the picture, but sometimes the quality of his tones raised a doubt in my mind about his Oriental extraction. Once or twice, too, he seemed to be burlesquing the phraseology of the place and time. Perhaps it was the second j in his name of *Hajj* that tickled him. I was a little shocked at first to find Miss LILY BRAYTON in a mood of giggling happiness; but this was soon corrected, and having resumed her favourite rôle of female-in-distress, she sustained it till close on the end. As the heroine, she claimed the right of having the only white skin in the play. Mr.



LIKE TO LIKE.

BEN WEBSTER was a splendid figure as the *Caliph*, and Mr. GRIMWOOD, in the part of *Mansur*, was as conscientious a villain as one could wish for; while Miss BESSIE MAJOR carried herself admirably in a hareem skirt of lavish dimensions, and Mr. GEORGE RELPH, as a sworder, was an attractive study in bronze.

With all but the colour-blind the popularity of *Kismet* is assured. I even think that if my old friend HORATIUS FLACCUS could have been present he would have been bound to reconsider his opinion as to the odiousness of Persian pomps. Not much praise is perhaps due directly to the author,

HERR KNOBLAUCH; but much, and very much, to the excellent bearing of the whole cast, including a most understanding crowd of Oriental mutes; to Mr. JOSEPH HARKER for some wonderful scene-painting; to Mr. PERCY ANDERSON for the designing of the brilliant costumes; and to Mr. LANCELOT SPEED for his clever faking of some minor antiquities. O. S.

"THE BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL."

Only twice have I seen Justice administered officially—once when, as a juryman, I helped to administer it, and once when, as a spectator, I pushed into the Central Criminal Court, murmuring words like "solicitor," and listened to half of a manslaughter trial. Each case interested me immensely. At the Globe Theatre last week I found *Admas' on v. Admaston* and *Collingwood* equally absorbing. It may have bored barristers (just as a photographically accurate picture of an afternoon in the *Punch* office would probably bore me), but for laymen the details could not be too minutely observed. However, I suffered one disappointment—I had hoped to, but did not, hear the Judge say, "This court is not a theatre." He certainly

had the occasion; for *Peggy Adamston*, the respondent, soliloquised more than once under cross-examination in a manner which he must have recognized (if he had ever been to theatres across the water) as the real thing. I should have cheered like mad in the gallery.

If it is the object of the authors (Messrs. E. G. HEMMERDE and FRANCIS NEILSON) to show up the cruelty and injustice of the Divorce Court, then they have not chosen the best case for their purpose. *Mrs. Adamston's* conduct had been so incredibly foolish that no man who had not seen the first two Acts of the play could have believed her guiltless; no counsel who had spent the best years of his life in an atmosphere of lies could have thought her explanations truthful. An if it be said that every look of *Peggy's* beautiful face, every tone of her protesting voice spoke innocence—an innocence which made the relentless cross-examination a deliberate cruelty—then I reply that any one who has seen Miss MADGE TITHERADGE at the Globe Theatre knows just what a wonderful air of reality can be given to playing by a woman of beauty and great histrionic ability.

In short, a guilty woman would have behaved out of court and in court in exactly the way *Peggy* behaved; and, that being so, the severity in this particular case of the search for truth can hardly be indicted. The authors have been hardly fair to their theme; they should have made the respondent less foolish, the co-respondent less notorious, the situations less compromising. Then I, for one, should have joined them most cheerfully in any expression of contempt for the Bar. It is a subject upon which I have long wanted to give tongue.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER was *Collingwood*, and he had an unsympathetic part until the last Act, when he discovered the authorship of the anonymous letter and unveiled the wicked *Lady Atwill*; but he was always interesting and quietly effective. Mr. GUY STANDING was very badly suited by the part of the *Rt. Hon. George Adamston, M.P.* Say what you like of our dollar-dictated Cabinet Ministers, they haven't American accents. The duel between Counsel and the Butterfly was magnificently played throughout by Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL and Miss MADGE TITHERADGE. I had never seen the latter in a big part before, and I was astonished at her power.

M.

"Dr. Struss's Eatst," says *The Observer*, and we are left rather anxious.

FIRST-FRUIT OF COVENT GARDEN.

WHETHER it meant that the operatic public is saving itself for the Coronation festivities; or that there were not enough tiaras on exhibition in the scantily-filled boxes of the more expensive tiers; or that the improbabilities of *Lakmé* were past swallowing (I don't think this can be the reason, for Grand Opera is nothing if not improbable)—anyhow the attitude of the audience at the opening night at Covent Garden was marked by what Mr. JOHN BURNS would describe as a certain "gelidity." True, Madame TETRAZZINI brought down an odd rafter or two at the traditional point—the close of the so-called Bell Song; but most of her pearls were cast before rather unresponsive stalls, and the ravishing notes of Mr. M'CORMACK somehow missed their rightful dues. Later, no doubt, we shall warm to our work. Meanwhile, *Lakmé* was a sufficiently appropriate prelude to the season's unambitious programme.

Regarded as an historical study, this French picture of British India is, of course, farcical. I pass over the sacrosanct groves of the Hindoo temple, where fantasy is permissible; but for anybody who has ever seen the actual thing there could be no purer work of creative art than this travesty of an Indian bazaar ("market-place," the programme calls it). The headgear of the native men was that of a French chef; and the women resembled Hindoos in nothing but their wigs and the duskiness of their cocoa-paste. At one time the crowd was thick as a swarm of bees; at the next it parted to admit an incredible troupe of Nautch-girls, British to the bone, and poorish dancers at that; then in a flash it was gone, leaving the "market-place" completely at the disposal of a Hindoo girl and an English officer for the purposes of an Italian duet. As for the uniforms (the officers carried canes) I doubt if some of them had ever been seen before on land or sea. One or two seemed to be of an amphibious pattern; for the period can hardly be later than the date of the Indian Mutiny, and epaulettes had by then been abolished in the Army.

Even Mr. CLAUDE AVELING's English version of Signor A. ZANARDINI's Italian version of Messieurs E. GONDINET's and P. GILLE's original French libretto failed to convince me that the atmosphere was strictly Anglo-Indian. For one thing my book of words (1/6 net) contained not a syllable of the dialogue (negligible, no doubt) of the English ladies. Even the name of *Gerald's* carelessly-discarded fiancée appeared

always in the Italian as "Miss Ellen" and in the English as "Eleanor"; and I shall never know what Messieurs E. GONDINET and P. GILLE called her till I hear the opera in French, and that will never happen here so long as Madame TETRAZZINI has a voice in the matter.

The diva's pyrotechnics pleased me less than the dulcet notes of her amorous passages; but I ask nothing better than Mr. M'CORMACK's singing, and have certainly never heard anything half so good from a British officer in a tightish uniform. Mr. EDMUND BURKE's voice had the dignity of his beard, a really noble appendage. One expects a good deal from the beard of a Brahmin hierophant with a name like *Nilakantha*; and I am sure that Mr. CLARKSON felt this too, and that was why he put some of his best work into it. O. S.

RONDEAU.

[Mr. CHURCHILL said that unless they could dispose of certain amendments by a certain time there would be nothing for it but to put their heads down and butt into the Bill.]

Our statesmen but a little while ago
Trimmed each his lamp of intellect and
shone,

Eager to make the darker places plain
By the effulgence of an ardent brain;
No surfeit of high-thinking once could
glut

Our statesmen—but
To-day they catch a newer, better trick;
Why use the brain if craniums are
thick?

Do we expect ungovernable rams
To war with words or pale at epigrams?
So, trusting to mere density of nut,

Our statesmen butt.

Mr. ANDREW LANG in *The Morning Post*:

"In the Eighteenth Century a young man was hanged (if we may believe John Wesley) for the murder of a person whom he later met in a Spanish prison in South America."

Sorry as we are to have to say it, we don't believe JOHN WESLEY this time.

"The coiner of what will surely become an immortal phrase was Mr. Brodribb. Of course he used it in the holiday spirit. Speaking of the internal affairs of his church he said: 'He knew little about ritual and cared less. The exuberance of church music was to him a superfluity of naughtiness' . . . There is nothing new under the sun, and I don't suggest that Mr. Brodribb has discovered a new idea. He would not let himself claim that. Our grandfathers used to say 'It's naughty but it's nice.' Mr. Brodribb simply puts the old idea into twentieth century clothes."—*Hastings Argus*.

Mr. BRODRIBB must try again. There are lots more immortal phrases which he might coin.



Loafer. "NA' THEN, GEORGE GRAY, SPRAWLIN' OVER THE TIBLE; WHY DON'T YER TIKE THE REST?"

THIS WEEK'S RIOTS.

COMPLAINTS made of symptoms of poisoning by diners in certain cheap restaurants have led to stringent precautions in the claret industry in the French provinces of D'Ope and Faique. Cavalry occupy the wine-vats, and a prohibitive tariff has been placed on croton oil, French polish, methylated spirits, and pain-killer. This has thrown thousands of employees in the wine business out of work, and, the manufacturers state, entirely destroyed the strong aroma which was the peculiar feature of cheap claret.

Fresh riots have broken out in consequence of the determination of the British Government to support the Pure Milk movement, and make a sharp line of delimitation between the dairies and the pumps and reservoirs of the country.

Great excitement exists in the Midlands over the Standard Bread riots, due to the suppression by the Government of white bread as dangerous to life. Coffee grounds, sawdust and oak varnish had been extensively used to bring flour to the requisite Standard colour, and honest millers have to be protected by a detachment of the Carmelite Fencibles (Harmsworth's Own).

During the operations a White (or Starch Meal) Attacking Force attempted to get through a Brown (or Standard) Defending Force and loot the supplies of germ and semolina. The indignation of the White rioters is all the greater because they assert that no one would want Standard bread if they hadn't been told that they ought to like it.

A True Story.

CHAPTER I.

Scene.—An Elementary School.

Teacher. Can anyone tell me the name of an island near to England?

Elsie. Yarmouth.

Teacher. No, Yarmouth is not an island. It is a sea-coast town—like Brighton.

CHAPTER II.

"DEAR MISS—, My little Elsie come home and told me that Yarmouth was not an island, but can you tell her wick way to get into Yarmouth without going over watter it does not matter wick way you go."

From which it appears that Elsie's father is quite with the famous circular in its opinion of elementary-school teachers.

A CORONATION COMPLAINT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hope you will excuse my writing this letter, and not think I mean any disloyalty by it. For that, I assure you, *Mr. Punch*, I do not. But it is a thing which has grieved me to the heart, and I am sorry to say my husband too is quite dispirited about it.

It is the matter of the Coronation gifts to the KING and QUEEN, *Mr. Punch*—I mean those that all the Georges are giving to the KING and all the Marys to the QUEEN. As I say, I don't want to make a fuss or seem disloyal, but I do want to say that I think there is some mistake when my husband and I are left out of it. You wouldn't find loyaller people than us anywhere, *Mr. Punch*, though I say it myself. But when we see all the Georges and Marys (yes, and the Mays and Maries and Miriams too) allowed to contribute to the presents, and us not, it does seem hard. You see, *Mr. Punch*, my husband's Christian name is Marius, and mine is Georgina. I suppose it wouldn't be considered *etiquette* for him to contribute to the QUEEN's gift and me to the KING's?

Yours truly,

GEORGINA SMITH.

Lavender Hill.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Brazenhead the Great* (SMITH, ELDER) MR. MAURICE HEWLETT is back in his old form. "Sing, lady, that sangest erst," he says to his Muse in the "exordial matter" that begins the book, "the seventh son of a seventh son; sing greatly upon thine epic lyre how he hammered sconces, backed and slew"—and when there are sconces to be hammered, and Mr. HEWLETT's blade is out, who would lag behind? Certainly not I. Of how *Brazenhead* deposed the Duke of Milan, of how he played the Count of Picpus, and of other veracious episodes, mere fragments of the Captain's roaring life, you shall read for your delectation. No modern love-business this time. Let the Muse leave that to her inferiors, and she may have choice of ten centuries in which to run wild. *Brazenhead* himself was indifferent as to a century or two; he was not for an age, but for all time—roughly from 800 to 1,500 A.D. the legends circulate about him. It is thus open to Mr. HEWLETT to give us other books of his epic whenever it pleases him. As long as they are as inspiring as this one he need not be doubtful of pleasing his readers.

Untruths must inevitably be written from time to time, but it is a pity that so many of them should concern the medical profession. At a moment when the last and the silliest of these still rankles, *The Corner of Harley Street*, being some Familiar Correspondence of Peter Harding, M.D. (CONSTABLE), is particularly welcome, for in it is a fair criticism, a complete defence and some high praise of the doctoring trade. Baldly stated, that sounds a little dry, but these thirty letters are by no manner of means dry, because they are anything but a bald statement. They are the casual and unlaboured utterance of a broad mind, the expression of a nature receptive, observant, just and humorous. Their point is made without special pleading, and, for all I know, their author, whoever he may be, never meant to praise or even defend. There are views, nice and of uncommon sense, upon most things modern; there is at the back of them just sufficient continuity of intimate history to keep alive that curiosity, without which one cannot enjoy

reading other people's letters. Lastly, there is an excellent prescription on page 67. The minute I saw the book I knew I should love it; it has that look about it. So I have read it, and now I am going to read it again.

In my humble opinion not many present-day novelists can describe the country life of the rich, whether idle or strenuous, so well as Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. His *Richard Baldock* and *Exton Manor* especially were masterpieces in this kind, and, though I don't think their youngest brother, *The Eldest Son* (METHUEN), quite comes up to them as a story, it has most of the characteristic family virtues. Dick Clinton, the eldest son in question,

was a model young Guardsman, with only two loves (*O si sic omnes*), his profession and his home. If he had kept only to these, rejecting all other, except possibly a well-born British Miss, he would not have come into collision with the old-fashioned prejudices of his fox-hunting father. All went well, as they say in the reports of railway accidents, till he had reached his thirty-fifth birthday, by which time, according to the scheduled table of conventional society, he ought to have safely passed the matrimonial junction of St. George's, Hanover Square. But at this point he deliberately jumped the metals, and precipitated a deplorable catastrophe by announcing his intention of marrying the young and charming widow of that notorious old roué, Lord George Dubec. To the indiscretion of being an American by birth she had added the unpardonable sin of having appeared, though only for a short time, on the musical comedy



Motorist (after a long discussion on the comparative merits of several kinds of petrol). "So, THEN, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, YOU RECOMMEND THE TANTARUS BRAND!"

Manager. "THAT, UNDOUBTEDLY, IS THE MOST RELIABLE."

Motorist. "THEN YOU MIGHT FILL MY AUTOMATIC CIGARETTE-LIGHTER WITH IT."

boards of her native state. Papa Clinton was furious, and vowed that he would cut off his eldest son with as few shillings as the entail would allow. Brother Humphrey, with the astuteness of a Jacob, proceeded to make hay of Dick's prospects, and incidentally a few trusses for his own consumption; and it was only after a time of general discomfort that the tact of Mrs. Clinton, the charm of Mrs. Dick, the patience of her husband, and the ingenuity of Mr. MARSHALL, combined to convince the old man of the error of his ways. The humour of the book seems to me rather artificial, though I should not be surprised to hear that it was taken from life. But the drawing of the characters is throughout admirably natural.

CHARIVARIA.

THE settlement of the dispute between Mlle. PAVLOVA and M. MORDKIN without reference to the tribunal at the Hague is said to have caused some little jealousy there, especially as there will now be some confusion as to where the Palace of Peace is situated.

We are glad to see that the present occupant of the Woolsack has kept his wool on and declined the sack.

Professor SIEFER suggests that, with a view to bringing about a better understanding between the two countries, the study of the German language should be promoted here. It is dangerous, of course, to generalise from a particular instance, but we know a small boy who has just begun to struggle with the intricacies of the German language at school, and his feelings towards the country concerned grow daily more bitter.

Colonel SEELY, the Under-Secretary for War, has made a successful ascent in an aeroplane. We understand that the only reason why Lord HALDANE has not yet followed this example is the difficulty in finding a machine sufficiently stable.

In reply to a request from the Wembley District Council the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has stated that he is unable to place Wembley in the North-Western Postal District. The expense of removing the houses would alone be prohibitive.

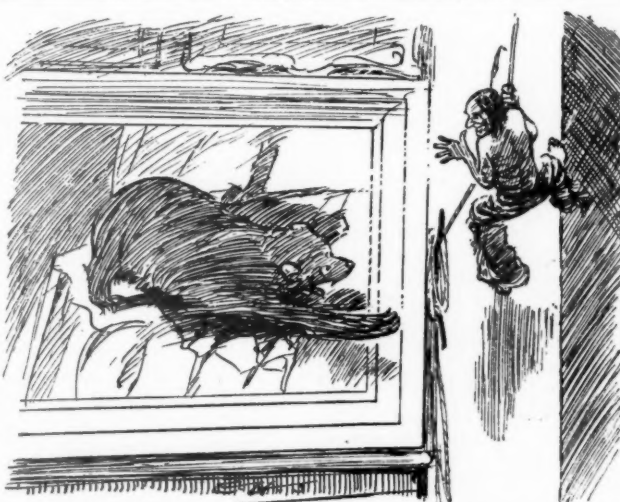
The taxi-cab drivers are still threatening to strike, if the proprietors should persist in their efforts to deprive them of the right to forget to register extras.

A pugilist who was released from prison the other day, after serving a term of five years' imprisonment for manslaughter, was found to have increased in weight by two stone during his incarceration. It is now suggested that, if universal service should be delayed much longer, the national physique might be improved by sending everyone to prison for a certain period.

The Coronation is eclipsing everything this year. The Government expedition which went to the South Pacific to observe the eclipse of the sun, only succeeded in obtaining some photographs of the Corona.

A discovery made by Dr. W. J. KILNER shows that every man and woman has a halo. In spite of meetings of protest the Latter-Day Saint movement has evidently made enormous progress.

By the way, although Mr. SARGENT declared, some little time ago, that it was his intention to paint no more portraits, his design for an Archbishop of CANTERBURY is said to show a more than slight resemblance to the distinguished divine who bears that title.



SATISFACTORY SOLUTION (THANKS TO A FRIENDLY VENTILATOR CORD) OF MR. DOLLMAN'S PICTURE IN ROOM XI. AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A San Francisco lady is claiming £4,000 damages against a New York hair-dye company, because a preparation which she purchased for the purpose of making her hair black dyed it green. This does not look as if the value of post-impressionism is yet fully appreciated in America.

"Stevenson to be mobilised" is the neat title which *The Globe* gives to an announcement of the forthcoming uniform edition of the Master's works. Our contemporary might have gone on to say that the mobilisation will be followed by several reviews—but was, no doubt, well advised not to do so.

Red tape again! We are informed that the request that mixed bathing should be allowed in the water which flows round the base of the QUEEN VICTORIA Memorial has been refused.

The City of Montreal, it is announced, is to erect and maintain an exhibition building for the permanent display of goods of British manufacture. In America it is suggested that the building shall bear the title "Museum."

An interesting fight between Capital and Labour is now taking place in America. It sounds incredible in these days, and in such a go-ahead country as the United States, but an attempt is being made to deprive the Trade Unionists of the right to blow up employers' buildings with dynamite.

We are astonished that it has never occurred to the Tariff Reform Party that it would be good policy to favour Women's Suffrage. From what we know of the Sex, every woman would give her vote in favour of the Power to Bargain.

A German statistician has calculated that, roughly, there are 1,200,000,000,000 bees in the world. It is, of course, impossible to give the exact figures, as so many persons hide their bees in their bonnets.

A centre forward, a lion-tamer, and a curate, we are told, have been found engagements by the Manchester Labour Exchange. We do hope that there was no muddling, and that each got the right post.

"The Lord Chancellor has intimated to Court dressmakers that no lady wearing a tight skirt will be allowed to appear at any of the forthcoming Court functions."—*Exter Express*. It seems that Lord LOREBURN is fairly letting himself go.

"The Church pronounced against polygamy, or, to continue the use of the good Anglo-Saxon word, 'bigamy.'"—*London Magazine*.

It's jolly to think that there is always an Anglo-Saxon equivalent, even if it's not quite so forcible as the imported word.

"Whether there be any 'mute and glorious Hampdens,' there is no doubt that the conditions of the political warfare give little scope for the advance of any nascent ability in the ranks."—*Daily Dispatch*.

The glorious silence of the Hampdens, who should be singing at this hour, is a matter for congratulation.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

No. IX.—THE SWEEP'S WISH.

THER wos wunce a merchant he wos verry ritsh and had menny pounds in his pokets but he didnt like gerls so he had fifteen dorders his wiph kep bringing them to him wun arfter anuther heers anuther gerl Henry she sed and the merchant sed take her away Im tired of dorders wot hav I dun to git so menny and his wiph sed Im sure I dont no hadent we better arsk the fairies but the merchant only larfed merchants dont believe in fairies.

Wel wun day wen the merchant wos having his break-fus his wiph sudnly cum in a grate state of xitement she wos throing her arms about and darnsing.

Wots the matter sed the merchant ceting an eg at the same time.

I shant tell you she sed you must gess.

O sed the merchant the cats skratshd the baby.

No she sed gess agen.

Then the dogs got lus and eetn the ise pudn.

Rong sed the wiph your gessing verry badly today.

Im not going to gess enny more sed the merchant its all nonsins.

No sed the wiph it isent nonsins its a butifle littel baby boy and she cald the nerse and ther wos a baby boy line asleep in a cradel hed got a littel blak splotsh on his fase but the nerse sed it wood wosh orf.

Wen the merchant sor this he wos as proude a lion he gav his wiph a thousen pounds and 2 nu dresses and a dimond nekliss and that nite all the fifteen dorders kame to super and they had lots of fun they didnt go to bed til ten oklok and then they warked up verry quitley sos not to wake the baby and they kristnd him Willyum arfter the merchant's uncle he wos a duke.

Wen Willyum wos twenty yeers old the merchant wos ritsher than ever and Willyum wos the hansimest boy in London he wos verry kind to his muther and his sisters all luvd him he let them ride on his pony and play with his stiks and umbellers and he had a wotsh it opend wen you blu and he wos as strongs a ephelant.

Wun day a man cum to the hous his fase wos blak and his hands wer blak but his eyes wer wite he wos a sweep.

Good morning sed the merchant we dont wont no chimles sweeping here.

O sed the man I havent cum about chimles Ive cum about a son.

Wot son sed the merchant.

Wy your son sed the sweep he's my son and Im going to take him away.

How dyou no hes yours sed the merchant.

He had a blak splotsh on his fase wen he wos a baby sed the sweep.

Yes he had sed the merchant but the nerse woshd it orf.

That dosent matter sed the sweep I put it ther sos to no him agen.

Wel sed the merchant hes mine now Ive had him for yeers and Im going to keep him hows my merchanting going to git on without him.

And hows my sweeping going to git on without him sed the sweep.

Then the merchant and the sweep had a fite but it wos no good they coodent beat wun anuther they rold all over the flore and nokd down the tabels and chares and then they went and woshed theirselves and bagen fiting agen.

This time the sweep got the merchant down and sat on him haha sed the sweep Ive got you now will you giv me my son to help sweeping chimles.

Yes sed the merchant you can have him but ferst take this ring its a wishing ring my grammother gav it me if you rub it 3 times you can wish yourself to be enthing you like.

Alrite sed the sweep Ill take it wot can I wish.

Woodent you like to be emprer of Aysher sed the merchant yes sed the sweep thatl do so he tuk the ring and put it on his finger then he rubd it 3 times and sed I wont to be emprer of Aysher and ferst his blak dropd orf his skin then his clothses wer changed to purpel and gold and he had a croun on his hed this is sumthing like he sed and then he got a septer in his hand and then sudnly he flu out thru the winder becos emprers of Aysher liv in Aysher and hed got to go there to his palis.

Its a good riduns sed the merchant heel never cum bak thers only wun wish in that ring hes got to be emprer of Aysher all his life.

Then the merchant cald his wiph and his son and his fifteen dorders and told them wot hapnd and they wer all verry pleased speshly Willyum he coodent bare to be a sweep its tu dirty for me he sed and that week all the dorders wer marred and Willyum went on been a merchant in his fathers ofis the merchant and his wiph never had no more childern but they didnt mind that and the sweep staid in Aysher so they wernt botherd with him.

THE UNDYING FLAME.

Too soon, when the Spring has released us

From Winter, his rage and his rods,

We banish the Fire-god, Hephaestus,

The best of the gods;

Forlorn in my desolate "sitter,"

Too soon I am bound to grow bitter

For lack of his warmth and his glitter,

And the poker's affectionate prods.

We are sons, I suppose, of the Viking

Who conquered the storm and the wave,

And although it is not to our liking

We have to be brave;

So we say, "There shall be no surrender,

The sun has arrived in his splendour;"

And we put an old fern in the fender,

A garland of flowers on a grave!

But the Sun-god so frequently loses

His way, or has punctured a tyre;

And chilled is the heart of the Muses,

And hushed is the lyre;

And scarcely a song-bird has carolled,

But still we go lightly apparelled,

And bear it, remembering HAROLD

And TOSTIG, and don't have a fire.

I call it unspeakably silly;

Yes, even in years that are hot,

I shudder, I shrink from that stilly

And ghost-haunted grot;

Ah, would that some builder would fashion

The home of my dreams, of my passion,

Where Yule-logs are rosy and ashen,

Let the weather be no matter what!

From May to the end of September,

By no superstition enticed,

The brand, the Olympian ember,

The booty unpriced

That was boned from on high by Prometheus

(All hail to his nerve and his knee-thews!)

I should still (in the caviller's teeth) use,—

And the rest of the house should be iced.

EVOE.



THE CAMPBELLS ARE GOING.

(All roads lead out of Scotland.)

DISTANT VOICES (*singing*). "MY HEART'S IN THE HIELAN'S."
CALEDONIA. "AY, BUT THE REST OF YE IS AWA'."

[Official returns, showing a large decrease in the population of Scotland, are causing alarm in Caledonian circles.]



OUR AMENDE.

MR. PUNCH HAS RECEIVED SEVERAL COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE SLOVENLINESS IN DRESS OF THE CLERGYMEN DEPICTED IN HIS PAGES. HE CANNOT ANY LONGER LIE UNDER THIS REPROACH AND HAS SPECIALLY SUMMONED HIS FASHION ARTIST FROM MAYFAIR TO PUT IN THE CLERICAL FIGURE ABOVE.

The Countess Blenkinsop (supported by the Earl Blenkinsop, Captain Lord Ranelagh, Lady Ermytrude D'Arcy-Osborne and the Hon. Algernon D'Arcy-Osborne, to their guest, the Rev. Septimus Brocade). "WE ARE QUITE SIMPLE PEOPLE, MR. BROCADE, AND WE DO HOPE YOU WON'T FEEL THAT WE EXPECT YOU TO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES FOR TEA."

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK is constructed so as to hold the complete equipment of service hats required by every officer, vide "Dress Regulations, 1908."

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK is exceedingly strong, being made of steel with gun-metal hinges.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK can be easily moved by a fatigue party of one N.C.O. (sergeant, if possible) and 19 men. The stores required are as follows:—

- 1 20-ton "Jack" lifting hydraulic.
- 6 planks, oak, 10 inches by 17 inches by 3 inches.
- 8 6-inch ground rollers, elm.
- 1 heavy gun tackle, a treble and double 9-inch block, with a fall of 3½-inch rope, 15 fathoms long.
- 1 crab capstan (when moving the trunk up an incline).

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK can be converted into a strong case for the grand piano.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK may be used on service as an absolutely impregnable obstacle, or a bomb-proof shelter.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK will be found, without its lid, a perfectly seaworthy eight-oar gig. The lid may be used as a bath.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK is an ideal receptacle for the mess silver, the band instruments, and the regimental trophies.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK.

Colonel Currie Liver, C.B., writes: "I found no very great difficulty in moving the trunk when we left Pickle-kidnie for Devilshoopore (our present station) as I was able to charter a traction-engine for the purpose."

"I have persuaded my husband to let me use his fascinating trunk for my hats."—H. DELANEY KNOX (Mrs.).

"We wish you every success! A boon to trade. It undoubtedly fills a gap."—MANAGER, West-Eastern Railway.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK. NOTICE.

Owing to the Army Council's recent issue of a new "Shako," the PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK will necessarily have to be enlarged.

The Daily Mirror finishes up its description of an encounter with burglars thus:—

"He threw up the window of his room and fired with a revolver at a man below, who escaped. The only article of value missed was an old silver épergne."

It must be a consolation to the marksman to know that, even if he missed the burglar, he scored several bulls among the old silver. Amid the hail of bullets the épergne seems to have borne a charmed life.

"SAISON RUSSE."

IF Harry had not been so anxious to take me to see the Russian Dancers, it would never have happened; as it was, MICHAEL MORDKIN entirely upset all my previous ideas of manly beauty in general, and Harry's in particular. In the Tube going home my throbbing brain was filled with soul-stirring memories of that gay and glorious young Greek god—or was it a shepherd?—anyhow, it was something with dark clustering curls and a bow and arrow, who, with one of his exquisite, intoxicatingly exquisite leaps, had landed

"Right O," said Harry, a note of gladness in his.

"Oh, he was glorious, wonderful, never, never-to-be-forgotten," I murmured passionately.

"Who?" inquired Harry.

"MICHAEL," I replied softly. "Oh, Harry, those beautiful leaps of his, when he hung poised in the air for a moment, with one symmetrical leg trailing behind!"

"That's easy enough," remarked Harry scornfully; "it's only hurdling without the hurdles."

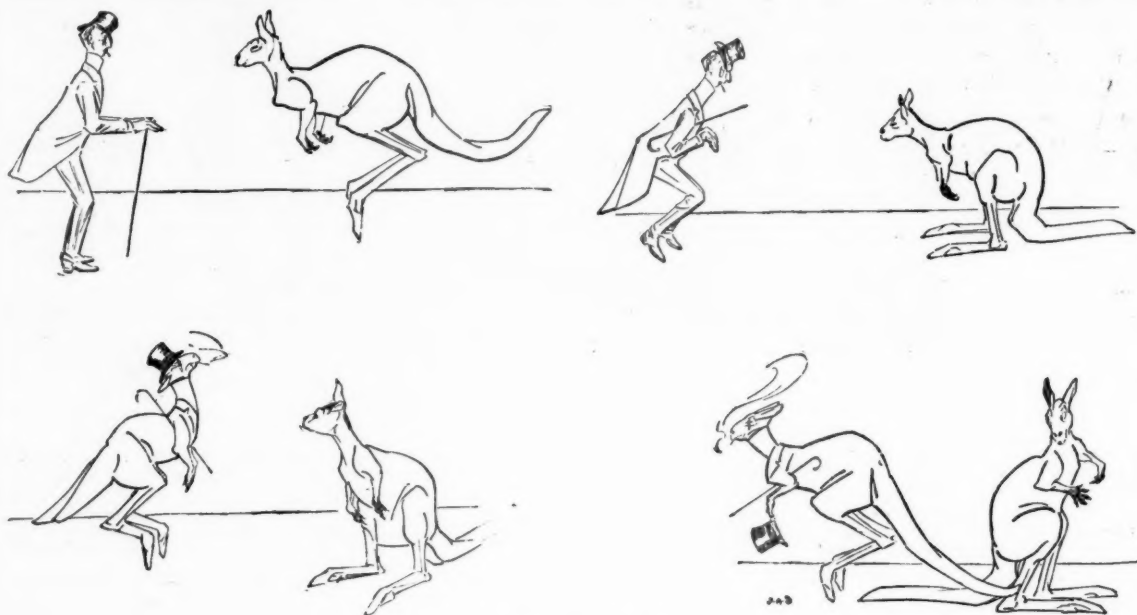
"Easy, is it?" I retorted. "I should like to see you do it, anyhow."

perfect grace and beauty as hers, poised on the tips of those wonderful little feet."

"Oh, that's only a trick," I said; "anyone can do it with practice."

"Can they?" said Harry. He looked at me, as I thought, with a rather contemptuous expression, and lo! I seemed to see myself stodgy and insignificant, dowdily clad and plainly featured. It was horrid, so was the remote far-away look in Harry's eyes. He has beautiful blue eyes, by the way, but just then they seemed to be looking right beyond and above me.

"Yes, she's quite good," I remarked



LIKE TO LIKE.

straight into a heart I had hitherto believed was exclusively engaged by another. Then I woke from my rainbow visions, looked across at Harry on the opposite seat, and realized with a horrid pang that I had promised to marry him. How heavy, how dull, how earthly he looked; how unromantic his bowler hat, how depressing his overcoat, how terribly commonplace his tweed trousers! Could I bear it? My eyes closed. Again the gay and graceful young god, or whatever he was, flashed across my vision, and I decided I could not.

"Well," said Harry, with an evident effort, as we walked home, "what did you think of it?"

"We must go again!" I answered in a suppressed voice.

"You have," he replied; "you saw me win the hurdles last year."

His words called up a vivid recollection of a lanky youth in shorts with a red face and dishevelled hair scrambling over a few fences in a foggy field. I drew in my breath with a shudder and said no more, but once again sank into a blissful nerve-vibrating reverie. Then I became aware that Harry had apparently forgotten my existence and was talking to himself.

"Divine!" he murmured; "beautiful mocking sprite! A drifting rose-petal, a floating feather!"

"What are you burbling about?" I said sharply.

"ANNA," he answered softly—"ANNA PAVLOVA—or however you pronounce it. I had never dreamed of such

briskly. He made no reply, but his head drooped dejectedly. I forgot my own hopelessness and slipped my hand in his. His fingers closed round mine and our eyes met in a long understanding look of mutual sympathy.

"Harry, old man," I faltered, "on second thoughts I think we won't go again."

"Right O, little woman," he replied, and we sighed two big sighs of mingled regret and relief.

"The public of Nelson have now the opportunity of hearing Mlle. Antonio Dolores, whose name is legion all over the world."

The Colonist.

Except in England, where there are comparatively few women called Antonio.



"I'M ORFEN THANKFUL I AIN'T A COPPER. MUST BE A TEJIOUS LIFE 'ANGIN' ABABT AN' LOITERIN'."

ALL GIRLS. A PROTEST.

SIR,—I wish as a man to record an injustice to men and to lodge a complaint against theatre-managers and dramatists—whichever of them it is that gives new plays their titles.

My grievance is that the impression conveyed by these titles is that only women are interesting on the stage. Go to any play you like and you will find that the men in it are as important as the women; and yet, if the title is to be trusted, women, and only women, are involved. How often does a man get into the title? I ask you. One did recently—in "The Man from Mexico"—and before that we had "A Man's Shadow" and "The Man from Blankley's"; but how few and far between! Look at the plays of the moment in any newspaper. The first to catch the eye is "The Quaker Girl." Girl, you observe. Why not Quaker Boy? Because (I am told) no one would then go to see it! True; but what an injustice to man, equal to

any of the so-called injustices to women of which we hear so much—too much. Then "Peggy," then "Lady Patricia," then "A Doll's House," then "Fanny's First Play" (why not "George's Last Play" for example?), then "Cousin Kate," then "The Girl in the Train"—always girls, you notice. There are men in this train too—otherwise there would be no drama (there isn't very much any way)—but do you suppose it ever occurred to the author or manager to name it after them? Never! And what had come before it? "The Girls of Gottenberg," "The Shop Girl," "The Balkan Princess," "The Dollar Princess," "The Merry Widow" (are widowers never merry, then?), "The Woman in the Case," and myriads more.

Girls, girls, girls—that is the rule; and the nauseous part of it is (as I must admit) that the rule was drawn up by men. There is no *esprit-de-corps*. That is what England wants—*esprit-de-corps*.

I am, yours, etc.,
AN INTERESTING MAN.

"Bridegroom to bridesmaids—Tumaline ear-rings and tumaline brooch."

Cumberland News.

A pity; they ought to have matched.

The Advertisement: "Wanted a quiet Confidential Hack, for a lady beginner. Must not be expensive."—*Times of India.*

The Reply: "MADAM,—Having read an advertisement in to-day's *Times of India* that you require a quiet and confidential hack, I beg to apply myself for the place. I am a graduate of the Bombay University, having passed my B.A. in 1910. I belong to a very good and respectable family. I am at present without any employment whatsoever, and hence I can very well serve you as a hack. As to terms, I shall be glad to accept any reasonable offer made by you. We can talk about the matter, if you will kindly write to me to see you personally in the matter at your place, which I shall do with the greatest pleasure and the utmost speed.

"Yours faithfully,
"_____"

OUR CORONATION ODE.

UPLIFT thee, Muse—

(By the way I ought to have said at once that this Ode is going to be recited by Mrs. Banting-Bate in our village on Coronation Day. The Vicar asked me to write it, and though I am not much good at poetry I couldn't very well refuse.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us how and when
Beneath the shadow of the Larger Ben
The King of England and the Queen were crowned—
With lumti-umti-umti standing round—

(I have still to put the finishing-touches to my Ode, but I want to make the scheme of it public before the other poets come out with theirs; so that no one can accuse me afterwards of plagiarism.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us why and where
So many what-d'you-call-'ems sit and stare
Upon the King of England and the Queen
In tooral-ooral umti-something sheen—

(You see the idea.)

But most uplift thee, Muse, to tell of those
Who, for the lack of necessary clothes,
Or else because they do not like a crush,
Remain behind at Bewdlay-on-the-Mush—*(our village).*
Their hearts beat just as loyally as if,
Clad in a something-umthing collar stiff,
Or in a lumti-tumti harem gown
They'd left the country for the stifling town.
Loyalty bursts from every heart in spates,
But, most of all, from Mr. Banting-Bate's!—

(Husband of Mrs. Banting-Bate. He has very kindly lent his hill for the bonfire. There will be a pause here, while the Vicar leads the cheering.)

Lo, lightly dawns at last the day of Kings,
Of Poms and Power and Pageantry and things,
When to the Abbey goes beloved George—
Ter-rumti-umti-umti forge or gorge—

(This line doesn't look very promising at present.)

Archbishop, Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, Priest,
Gathered from North and South and West and East,
Duke, Marquis, Earl, Baron and Baronet
And Viscount too, in solemn conclave met,
Salute him, England's monarch—"George the Fifth!"

(Tremendous applause, led by Mr. Banting-Bate. I hope it will go on long enough to hide the fact that we are going to lose a line here. The fact is there is simply no rhyme to "fifth.")

And lo! the cheers break forth, both long and loud,
From everybody in the Abbey's crowd—
From Duke and Deacon, from *The Daily Mail's*
Own correspondent and the Prince of Wales.
Still more they cheer (how much I cannot tell)
As soon as good Queen Mary's crowned as well—

(Applause led by Mrs. Bletcherstone, who inaugurated the Mary Fund in our village.)

The ceremony over, then they go
Around the city in procession slow;
In all the pageantry of pomp and power
They ride through London for about an hour—*(roughly.)*
Let us, dear people, let us leave them there—
So kingly, queenly, noble and so fair.

(A pause, while Miss Gathers of the Post Office presents Mrs. Banting-Bate with a glass of water.)

So much for that. And now a solemn hush
Comes o'er us here in Bewdlay-on-the-Mush.
These scenes which I have tried to adumbrate—
The Coronation and the March in State—
These scenes are not for us—except, I hope,

Upon the Little Bewdlay bioscope.

But even here, remote from King and Queen,
How great our preparat-i-ons have been!
Some say the tale of it has darkly spread
From Upper Bewdlay down to Bewdlay Head—
(Two important towns in the neighbourhood.)

Who knows but what a rumour of the thing
Has even reached our gracious Queen and King!
How that a certain resident of fame—*(Mr. Banting-Bate)*
Has nobly lent the place which bears his name—

(Banting Place. Mr. Bate took the additional name of Banting when he took the place. And, to be exact, he has only lent one hill on the Estate.)

That there a bonfire might be built and burnt
And lessons too of loyalty be learnt—

(I mean, of course, that the bonfire will in itself be a lesson. Not that any sort of continuation class will be held upon the ashes.)

Moreover, how the Vicar will assist
Supported by his kindly wife, I wist—

(Not good—and might easily be misinterpreted. Will alter)

When all the children each receive a mug
Designed by Mrs. Welington *(née Sugg)*—

(An extraordinary bit of luck. I don't know what I should have done for a rhyme otherwise.)

Next, Muse, take out thy lyre and sing the song
Short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long
(A difficulty here being that the rest of the celebrations are not yet decided upon. However, I anticipate no trouble when once the facts are in my hands.)

* * * * *

Now let us turn our thoughts across the sca
To where the Union Jack is waving free!
I breathe upon my magic harp and sing
The what's-its-name of what-d'you-call-the-thing—
(I want a good phrase for Empire.)

For lo! ter-umti-tooral-ooral-ay—

(This part is all a little in the rough at present. When polished up it will take up about ten lines. After that it will finish up quite quickly like this)

And now, good people, one thing still remains
Ere we go out into the fields and lanes;
One thing before we leave this solemn scene—
Namely to cry "God Save the King and Queen!"

A. A. M.

THE UNHAPPY MEAN.

THE man had gone on his bended knee and proposed marriage to a lady, and the lady, being willing to marry and not otherwise engaged, had said "Yes," or uttered sounds to that effect. The parents had consented, and in due course had telephoned to the London Stores and ordered a wedding. But neither the lucky man, nor the accommodating lady, nor either of the affable parents, was the leading character in this drama. The protagonists were a nasty young man in patent leather boots, whose duty it was to show the invited guests to their proper seats in the church, and a nice old gentleman in spats, who attended the ceremony in the double capacity of uncle of the bride and second cousin of the bridegroom.

"This way, please," said the young man to the elder as he met him at the door and took him in charge. "Relatives of the bride will sit on the left side of the aisle, relatives of the bridegroom on the right. Which are you?"

"Both," said the old gentleman, pleasantly; "shall I stand in the aisle?"

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.

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A CASE FOR THE SOCIETY
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY
TO CHILDREN.

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"YES, I ALWAYS USED TO WEAR
THE ORDER OF MERIT—EVEN IN
PYJAMAS. A
E FAD
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DONNA QUIXOTE, THE SUFFRAGE SCOUT,
LOOKING INTO THE PROMISED LAND:
OR, POOR SPORT IN THE
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"NURSEY GOES BELOW"
(-NO FLOWERS)





THE PRICE OF HONOUR.

Irreverent Youth. "I SUPPOSE IF THEY OFFERED YOU ONE OF THOSE VETO PEERAGES YOU'D SWALLOW THE INSULT?"

Pompous Radical (his uncle by marriage). "I HOPE I SHOULD BE PREPARED TO MAKE ANY SACRIFICE FOR MY COUNTRY'S WELFARE, NO MATTER WHAT IT COST ME."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

No. 2.—MY INTRODUCTION TO GRASSO.
Thrilling experiences of Mr. F. C. Selous.

IN a life so largely given up to big game shooting as mine, there has naturally been little time for the more polite and pacific amenities of civilization. Hence I have seen but few plays and met fewer players. When therefore I received, last week, an invitation to visit the Hippodrome and see the Sicilians and afterwards sup with the famous Signor GRASSO I gladly consented.

Of the play I say nothing. It was *Malta*, and sufficiently thrilling; but I am no dramatic critic. But of GRASSO, as I met him after the play, I have done little but think since, and can write freely now that my arm is better and the bandages are off my head.

But let me tell the story as it happened. We were to meet in a private room in an Italian restaurant. I arrived first, and was standing by the fireplace meditating on the Sicilians

and their emotional art when I was conscious of a thundering on the stairs and a tremor of the whole building, accompanied by a rich roaring as of a peculiarly unctuous lion. As the sound drew nearer I could distinguish some Italian words, among them prominently "*Illustrissimo Inglese*," "*Maraviglioso cacciatore*," and "*Tiratore intrepido*." Then with a crash the door was burst in, and into the room there sprang the ardent Sicilian with his arms outstretched. He made but one spring and was on me. We fell together, his teeth affectionately but firmly fleshed in my left ear and his arms embracing me with the grip of a boa-constrictor. All the while he was uttering expressions indicative of the joy it gave him to be privileged to meet me, whom he styled his "*incomparabile gallo di combattimento*."

I struggled to get free, but in vain. I replied in my best Italian that the honour was no less mine, and I was proud indeed to be on terms of intimacy with such an artist. He liked this and changed to my other ear. At length

he released me and rose, and, seizing a glass from the table, filled it with *Chianti*, emptied it at a draught and flung it to the ground, vowing that no one should use it again. A fragment rebounding flew in my face and cut my cheek, thus completing the ruin both of my features and of my dress-shirt.

For a few moments GRASSO remained quiet; then with a terrific smile he observed "*Andiamo*" and pointed to the door, which opened into a gallery overlooking the main hall of the restaurant. Scarcely had I got outside when he seized me with an iron grip, called me the most wonderful man he had ever met, kissed me twenty-two times on each cheek, and observing in a hoarse voice, "*Volti subito*," leapt over the rail on to seven members of the Stock Exchange, who were supping together.

My impressions of GRASSO are still vivid, but my doctor assures me they will gradually fade away. Meanwhile I am planning a new tour to the Zambesi for rest and quiet among the man-eaters.



Bernard Partridge

THORNS IN THE WOOLSACK.

LORD HALSBURY (to Lord Loreburn). "OF COURSE, MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON'T WANT TO PREACH TO YOU, BUT IMPARTIALITY IS THE BEST POLICY. LOOK AT ME. I NEVER GOT INTO TROUBLE WITH MY PARTY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 1.—A dozen questions addressed to PREMIER drafted with intent to pull up LORD CHANCELLOR as he strays down Primrose path that leads to swamping of magisterial bench with good Conservatives. For full fortnight H. H., bold and skilful horseman, has refused this fence. General conviction that he must take it to-day. And he did, with dexterity that increases his renown.

Charge, briefly put, is that LORD CHANCELLOR, member of a Liberal Government, personally regarded as ultra-Radical before he found salvation in House of Lords, so far from redressing balance of Parties on magisterial bench as left by his predecessor, even excelled that eminent purist in snubbing Liberal candidates, systematically filling up vacancies by appointment of men from opposite political camp. Categorical instances submitted in abundance in support of charge. Would PRIME MINISTER, at last brought to bay, defend this procedure on part of his colleague, or would he lament, even denounce it?

Well, he said nothing about it. Rapidly reading from manuscript he cited particulars of the appointment, actual and proximate, of Advisory Committees who would undertake to submit to LORD CHANCELLOR names of desirable J.P.'s.

"In England 22 of these Committees have been appointed; in Wales 5; in Scotland 9; making 36 in all. Arrangements for the establishment of Committees are now proceeding in 17 English, 4 Welsh and 10 Scottish counties, and when they are completed 67 Committees will have been set up."

The PREMIER, looking up from manuscript, surveyed crowded House with air of modest triumph. What more could moderate men desire? Sixty-seven Advisory Committees! He almost audibly smacked his lips as he repeated the sum-total.

Meanwhile Ministerialists in revolt below Gangway gasped for breath. What they wanted was to get at the LORD CHANCELLOR, and here they were doused with floods of Advisory Committees. There was one point in connection with this subject which, if

touched upon, might have invested it with interest. According to testimony of the incomparable Custos Rotulorum of the Isle of Ely, when he submitted to LORD CHANCELLOR six names of desirable J.P.'s (who, to his intense surprise, turned out to be all prominent local Conservatives), the LORD CHANCELLOR suggested that they should be submitted to the Advisory Committee. Custos Rotulorum explained that he

temporarily, SARK believes. Anyhow, first round decidedly in favour of LORD CHANCELLOR.

AGG-GARDNER, back after long absence, received warm personal greeting from both sides on taking Oath and seat for Cheltenham, recaptured for the Unionists by a majority of four.

Business done.—Still harping in Committee on Clause 2 of Parliament Bill.

Tuesday.—Rather pretty little incident varied dullness of Question Hour. In temporary absence of MINISTER OF EDUCATION the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO BOARD answered series of questions propounded by the pertinacious WILLIE PEEL and the hortatory HOARE. Great opportunity for young Minister. RUNCIMAN all very well in his way; perhaps a little disposed to be curt and off-hand. Without assuming air of superiority foreign to a modest nature TREVELYAN might show—at least suggest—a better way.

Accordingly, in response to the two groups of questions he prepared a couple of speeches crowded with informing detail, in length about the proportion of a chapter in the "Life of Garibaldi." When, standing at the table, he concluded reading of first two foolscap folios dealing with what in associations of the hour may be called the preamble of PEEL'S Shorter Catechism, there was a movement of restlessness on benches opposite. Clearing his throat and embarking on the third folio, was interrupted by a cheer.

This as agreeable as it was unexpected. Honourable Gentlemen seated in neighbourhood of WINTERTON and BANBURY rarely show themselves disposed to encourage merit on Treasury Bench. Evident from renewed cheer as TREVELYAN, with fuller assurance, in slightly raised voice, continued the reading that

they were touched at last. The PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY blushed with pleasure. Handsomely recognised that success not entirely his own. Was indebted to colleagues on permanent staff for the full particulars he lavished on an entranced audience. Still, extreme modesty could not ignore circumstance that it was he who had garnered the sheaves of information and deftly arranged them in a prodigious shock.

When fifth folio was turned over, enthusiasm of Opposition began to



AGG-GARDNER re-appears with a "Triumphant Tariff Reform Majority" of 4.
(Introduced by Mr. M. H. HICKS-BEACH and Mr. H. TERRELL.)

was going off on holiday trip to Egypt first thing in the morning. Accordingly suggestion not insisted upon, and the list accepted without further question. What did the PREMIER think of that as bearing on efficiency of his panacea?

He may have thought a good deal. Certainly he said nothing. Concluded by refusing to provide facilities for discussing whole question. So, amid ominous murmurs on Ministerial benches, answered by jubilant cheers from Opposition, incident closed. Only

grow embarrassing. Reading concluded, the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY resumed his seat amid hilarious burst of cheering.

Performance repeated when he produced second sheaf of manuscript preparatory to replying to HOARE. Once, the continuous rumbling of cheers rising to jubilant shout as a third folio was turned over, TREVELYAN looked up with sharp glance of suspicion. Were the fellows opposite larking? Was it possible they were not in earnest in desire to have explained the ramifications of Article 14 of the Technical School Regulations, 1910? Were the Regulations expressed in Article 29 (b), applicable to Evening Schools, nought to them? TREVELYAN began to be doubtful. On the whole thought it well to hurry up, omitting a brief historical review of circumstances preceding the enactment of Article 14. This will probably be printed and circulated with other papers.

Business done.—By sitting tight and taking no thought of the morrow when night was merged in it, Clause 2, crucial enactment of Parliament Bill, passed through Committee.

Thursday.—CATHCART WASON, loyal Ministerialist, does not desire to embarrass the Government, at least not whilst Parliament Bill is still in hand. But it is well known there are circumstances under which the reluctant worm, not to speak of the Brobdingnagian boa-constrictor, will turn.

These culminated in discovery that in maps circulated by the Road Board the Orkney Islands, which CATHCART has the privilege of representing in Parliament, are shown on a smaller scale than the rest of the United Kingdom.

Seem to remember that, when at the General Election of 1905 there was talk of BROTHER EUGENE going to assist BROTHER CATHCART in his candidature for Orkney, SARK circulated report to effect that at a public meeting, held in Kirkwall Court House, protest was made on ground of public safety. There was, it was insisted, no room on the island for both the Bounding Brothers, whose united height approaches 14 feet, whose combined weight would (if the scales held out) mark 39 stone.

That by the way. It did not seriously affect weight of CATHCART'S grievance. HOBHOUSE judiciously absent, ILLINGWORTH, acting as Deputy,

tremblingly undertook that the affront should be removed.

There was something in JOYCE'S suggestion, much applauded by House, that in future maps the Orkney Islands should be drawn to the scale of the sitting Member.

Business done.—Invalidity and Insurance Bill introduced.

MORE M.C.C. LAWS.

We are asked to state that at the Annual General Meeting of the M.C.C., which took place on May 3rd, in addition to the alterations and amend-

square-leg umpire; but no contribution to it shall, however, be made by any player who has retired to the pavilion for refreshment.

5. The curve described by fast bowlers in their run-up, the starting-point of which, when measured by the bowler, may be marked by the excavation of a large hole in the turf, shall not exceed two full cricket pitches in length.

6. The fast bowler having arrived at the crease and being about to deliver the ball, the batsman, if playing against him, may compel him to stop and do the whole thing over again, on the plea that someone in the pavilion seats, behind the probable line of flight of the ball, is about to sneeze.

7. A player being at once an Authentic (or Crusader) and a Free Forester, shall wear the blazer of the former and the sash of the latter, and shall also (if entitled to do so) wear an M.C.C. sweater; always provided that he be not playing for any of those clubs at the time.

8. All players shall have their trousers turned up at the bottom in a line running at right angles to their crease. The border so formed shall be at least one inch and a half deep, and shall leave an *hiatus* of at least two inches between the bottom of the dado and the top of the boot. But if the player be wearing white socks with fancy clocks, the said *hiatus* shall measure not less than three inches.

9. Players shall not wear a cap, but shall have their hair long enough, in the opinion of the umpire, to touch the tip of the nose. The hair shall be brushed as far as possible parallel, and not at right angles, to the crease,

which shall be drawn preferably in the centre of the matting. The matting shall be maintained uncracked and in good condition by the application of grease regularly throughout the season, the best results being secured by a mixture of linseed and olive oil in equal parts.

The Secretary will be glad to hear of any other Unwritten (Amateur) Laws suitable for embodiment in the M.C.C. Rules.

"Regent's Park is now ablaze with tulips in an infinite and enchanting variety of hues. But, above all, the park is now ablaze with tulips in an infinite and enchanting variety of hues."—*Evening News*.

Even our best periods seem to lose something when repeated so quickly.



NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

ments to existing laws, it was also decided to formulate the following Unwritten (Amateur) Laws:—

1. Players shall, in the best interests of the game, refrain from emerging from the pavilion for at least a quarter of an hour after the umpires have gone out.

2. A player who, on returning to the pavilion at the conclusion of his innings, is received with applause, shall break into a lumbering run for the last dozen yards, at the same time being careful not to trip on the pavilion steps.

3. An appeal for l.b.w. shall not be regarded as a "confident" appeal unless it include an ejaculation on the part of long-leg.

4. A "general" appeal for l.b.w. shall be any appeal loud enough to wake the



Mistress. "WELL, COOPER, WHAT IS THE WEATHER TO BE LIKE?"

Gardener. "WELL, MUM, I DUNNO; BUT THE PAPER DO SAY 'FORECAST.'"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TUG-OF-WAR TEST.

[*The Daily Mail* has received testimonials from various head-masters as to the increased weight of their boys after the adoption of Standard Bread.]

Oh, the sports were done and the races run, but the Tug-of-war was left,
And the school was full of the coming pull, and longed to display its heft;
For every house had applied its nous to training a lusty eight,
And each was mad on somebody's fad for putting on extra weight.

For Blore's had smiles for EUSTACE MILES, and lived on the sweet, sweet pea,
And Cook's were caught by the line of thought of a very renowned M.D.,
So they stayed indoors with unwashed pores for most of the Easter Term,
But Foster's were fed on Standard Bread and the whole of the healthy germ.

But Cook's caught cold when they left the fold, and shrank in the light of day,
And Blore's physique was wretchedly weak, and they suddenly passed away,

But Foster's remained and Fort's, who trained on original English fare,
Whose food in chief was the good roast beef and plenty of open air.

Now Fort's were big with ox and pig, and one of them broke the scale,
But Foster's had grown a good ten stone and swore by *The Daily Mail*;
So they put their trust in the Standard crust and the power of the halfpenny Press,
And they shifted Fort's on the seat of their shorts, and won a superb success.

(Get it at any decent Baker's.)

From HARROD's Catalogue: "The Automatic Stamp Machine is invaluable for country houses. Guests can obtain their own stamps, without application to host or hostess, by inserting penny in slot. Faulty coins returned."

This is a blow. Hitherto we have always put our bad money by for the week-ends.

"Hugh Gibson failed on the one in three portion owing to belt slip, although he had run in his leather belt on a side car for 120 miles."—*Motor Cycling*.

We don't care where HUGH runs, but he *must* wear something more than a leather belt in future.

There has recently been discovered a codicil to SHAKESPEARE's will, in which he leaves his "second best bed" in the Wye to Sir EDWARD DURNING-LAWRENCE.

AT THE PLAY. "PLAYING WITH FIRE."

WHEN an actor marries an actress (always a daring experiment) and, six months later, disguises himself in a wig and moustache, a Russian uniform and an Italian accent, and succeeds in imposing upon her, you will be right in suspecting an improbability. Unlikely in the case of an ordinary wife, it is more than unlikely with one who has been accustomed to recognise her man under all sorts of histrionic make-ups. So certain critics, I understand, are complaining that all this is incredible. I confess it delights me that they can preserve so fresh and ingenuous an attitude in the course of labours that would leave most men hard and cynical. Improbability in a theatre! Heavens, what do we go there for, except to see improbabilities? I love them! I loved the big one and I loved all the others that only seemed small by comparison. I loved that loud and passionate dialogue in the vestibule of the Royal Box at Covent Garden, partly conducted in full sight and hearing of the house, and drowning all the first Act of *Butterfly* except the orchestra and one female soloist. I loved, too, the spectacle of the foreign prince appearing in full military uniform at afternoon tea in a London flat. *Credo, quia credere volo* is my motto for the theatre, as it was that of the husband in the last Act when he was as well aware as I was that his wife was lying all she knew.

But, even if your logical mind resented this kind of thing, yet her final lie, and the swift ease of it, ought to have made amends. Her previous prevarications had been creditable, yet they might have been achieved, in a tight corner, by a mere man; but this last, where she tells him that she had seen through his disguise all the time, was a triumph of pure womanly inspiration. And here the author cleverly disarms the critics by anticipating their view of the improbability of things. For, in her quality of actress, she appeals to her husband, as an actor, with the argument that he must know too much of the stage to imagine that such a disguise would not be easily penetrable. Thus the very incredibility of what has gone before is employed to make her lie the more credible. Incidentally, too, she makes herself out to be a better histrion than he, for has she not by her brilliant acting deceived him all the while into the belief that she was deceived by his disguise? So from an almost hopeless position she emerges doubly triumphant.

All through the last Act Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE was extraordinarily

good. At first she had been vaguely reminiscent of Miss LENA ASHWELL; but in the end she was altogether herself, full of resource and persuasiveness.

Mr. LORRAINE was admirable in his assumption of the taint of the stage. His imitation of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM was no doubt partly unconscious; but, not only in his adopted rôle of Russian Prince, where professional experience was necessarily indicated, but also in the domestic circle, he consciously suggested the atmosphere of the theatre. His subtleties, however, were perhaps a little spoiled by the author, who now and then played the part of showman, being over-anxious lest we should miss the idea.

To Mr. BEVERIDGE, as genial friend of the family, was assigned the inadequate



The Triumph of Falschood, or Truth takes it kneeling down.

Henry Longton ... Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE.
Gertrude Longton Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

task of killing time, and Mrs. CALVERT's delightful gifts were badly wasted on the third-rate character of a duenna.

I venture to think that the wife's vague yearnings for some glimpse of romance—yearnings that find expression in the habitual strumming of Chopin in a half-light (a foible which naturally irritates her husband)—are inconsistent with the record of the many hearts she had captured in her prenuptial career.

But my real grievance is that we had to pass one long interval with the curtain up instead of down. I think it rash for an author to fix deliberately by schedule a definite period before the next feature of interest is due to occur. Thus for a solid half-hour, while the hero, off the stage, was busy

lighting the fire that he was advertised to "play with," we waited with our eyes on the dilatory clock, knowing that we had to wait, and with nothing to occupy us except a dull speculation as to whether the trivialities of the dialogue, and action had been properly timed to last out. Otherwise I enjoyed myself very well indeed—much better than I did at the Royal Academy. There (apart from the pictures themselves) the trouble is the want of space between them. Here, at the Comedy, there was too much wall-paper. But the pictures, when they did occur, were always worth while. O. S.

"THE MASTER OF MRS. CHILVERS."

Mr. Geoffrey Chilvers, M.P., on his appointment to the post of Under Home Secretary, decided to seek re-election. Mr. JEROME K. JEROME thought that the law required him to do this, but, of course, Mr. Chilvers knew that he was accepting a post of profit under the Home Office and not under the Crown, and that therefore he did not need to go before his constituents again. However, having nothing better to do, and wishing to celebrate his appointment in some way, he arranged to indulge in the luxury of a by-election. Meanwhile his wife had promised the Women's Parliamentary Franchise League to contest the next by-election, a recent decision of the House of Lords having made it legal for a woman to be nominated, even though she would not be allowed to take her seat. When she finds she is up against her husband she is naturally surprised—so is he; but it is suggested to them that they are in a position to give a great example to the world of the way to fight an election—i.e., in love and sympathy.

However, it turns out that the election is fought just in the ordinary way—i.e., in anger and bitterness. Mrs. Chilvers gets in by fourteen votes. Husband and wife are by this time completely estranged; in fact Geoffrey, who started out by being President of the Men's League for Extending the Franchise to Women (M.L.E.F.W.), is now, to judge from some of his remarks, a keen anti-Suffragist. . . And then Mrs. Chilvers tells her husband that she is going to have a child, an announcement which, if it doesn't settle the Suffrage question completely, at any rate settles it in the Chilvers household.

Mr. JEROME has done a notable thing. He has written a play upon a very debatable subject without revealing where his own sympathies lie. Probably everybody who goes to the Royalty will come away convinced that the author is really on his side.



Irate Owner of last horse in Farmers' Race. "GLORY TO GOODNESS, JOHNNY, PHWAT WAS UT DETAINED YE?"

And if you have no particular side, or are bored with the whole question, you will, at any rate, enjoy to the full the humours of the election scenes as interpreted by those delightful artists, EDMUND GWENN, MICHAEL SHERBROOKE, SIDNEY FAREBROTHER and ESMÉ BERINGER.

The parts of the rival candidates did not present any difficulties to Mr. DENNIS EADIE and Miss LENA ASHWELL—I could have wished that they had had more chances of showing their great powers. Miss ETHEL DANE gave a very pretty little sketch of the Organizing Secretary of the W.P.F.L. But I might say that the whole of the cast was as good as it could possibly be. Mr. JEROME's play, indeed, is well worth seeing—not only for the thought and humour he has put into it, but also for the remarkable way in which it is interpreted. M.

The Velvet Hand in the Iron Glove.

"The authenticity of the sword as a genuine relic is at least in doubt, and the only thing that seems really to suggest that it once belonged to Jeanne is that the scabbard is made small enough for a woman's hand."

Westminster Gazette.

Scabbards are hardly ever worn now.

OUR NEW ANTHOLOGISTS.

AN interview with Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, which recently appeared in an evening paper, contains the following memorable passage:—

"Mr. Sumner has edited 'Great Thoughts,' a birthday book with quotations from my poems. He read the dictionary through three times to find out all the most uplifting and inspiring words, and these words head each page in alphabetical order, with a verse referring to it from one of my poems. The idea came to him while sitting in Trafalgar-square, and in the book, which will be published in two months, there is a photograph of the square as the frontispiece."

Mr. SUMNER's idea is admirable, but it is not altogether original, as the following exclusive information, supplied by our literary expert, will sufficiently prove.

Mr. Alexander Biffin is engaged on a volume of *Ex-Austin Extracts*—a birthday book with quotations from the poems of the Laureate. By way of preparation he read through the *Encyclopædia Britannica* ten times to familiarize himself with the whole range of human knowledge, and the most stirring subjects head each page in alphabetical order with an appropriate couplet from one of the Laureate's

poems. The idea came to Mr. Biffin while he was travelling in the Tube, and in the book a photograph of the interior of a Tube carriage appears as the frontispiece.

Mr. Raymond Begbie is at work on a volume with the engaging title of *Great Strokes*, being an anthology of wise, witty and tender sayings from the works of Mr. Bam Stroker. As a preliminary to his labour of selection Mr. Raymond Begbie read through the volume of the New Oxford Dictionary containing the letter "B," thirteen times, in order to find out all the most soul-satisfying epithets. These epithets—e.g., "bulbous," "bountiful," "burbling"—head each page in order of intensity, with an appropriate extract for each day of the week. The idea came to Mr. Raymond Begbie while he was lunching with Sir OLIVER LODGE, and a photograph of the cerebellum of the great scientist decorates the volume as a frontispiece.

"It is announced in *The Gazette* that the King has appointed the Rev. H. M. BULGE to be Headmaster of Winchester College."

The Standard.

Too late.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

IV.—RAILWAYS.

THE press of persons expected in the Metropolis for the Coronation of KING GEORGE V. and the circumstance that many of them will be brought thither in trains has made it a suitable time for some illuminative remarks on the railway systems of this country, more especially as HIS MAJESTY is himself an occasional passenger.

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

Steam, which is the vapour given off by water at certain temperatures, was first noticed at the Hot Springs in Colorado by the aboriginal Indians. Subsequently Sir WALTER RALEIGH, while engaged in cooking potatoes for the first time upon a peak in Darien, noticed that water begins to boil in an open vessel at 212°F. The next stage was reached by Sir ISAAC WATTS, whose kettle boiled over while he was writing "How doth the little busy bee." From this stage to the triple-expansion spontaneous combustion engine was simple, once BOYLE'S Law had been fully grasped. The crank will always be associated with the name of SHAW. The throttle valve was invented by Dr. GAROTTE.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

The first ordinary passenger locomotive was constructed by GEORGE STEPHENSON, an engineer famous for his remark that if a cow should meet it on the line it would be "awkward for the cow." Since that day—1829—there have been many improvements in railway travelling, and you may now sit comfortably in your compartment and learn how far you are from London by the information on the boards erected by pill-makers in the meadows beside the line.

PERSONNEL.

Promotion is the essence of a railwayman's life. Carriage-cleaners become porters, porters become ticket-collectors, ticket-collectors become guards, guards become inspectors, inspectors become station-masters, station-masters become superintendents, superintendents become general managers, general managers become very rich and ride free on all other lines. Porters become rude, if you don't tip them. Whether porters are paid by the railway company as well as by the passengers is a point that has never been rightly decided. The only person with courage systematically to oppose tipping is Sir JOSEPH LYONS. All SMITH's bookstall boys carry in their baskets the portfolio of a First Lord of the Admiralty.

HUMOUR.

As a field for an enterprising humorist there are few places more profitable than a railway compartment—particularly if he is rich and a rebel. When tired of the ordinary amenities of travel, such as looking out of the windows, whistling, and staring his fellow-passengers out of countenance, he may begin to be original. Taking out his pocket-knife he may erase the "T" of "Train" in the sentence "Wait till the train stops." He may then place upon the rack above the opposite seat bulky articles for which it was not constructed and watch the effect. He may throw soda-water and other bottles out of the window. Finally he may pull the communication-cord without sufficient reason, and when the train stops and the guard arrives hand him a five-pound note in payment—that being the *prix fixe*. Many of our funniest men have graduated in railway compartments.

A FEW STRAY FACTS.

It is not permitted to a passenger with a third-class ticket to travel in a first-class compartment, and the officials of the line display the liveliest emotion on discovering any one doing this, and exact from him the difference in fares. But it is open to any one to travel in a third-class compartment with a first-class ticket and no restitution is made to him.

One way to travel free is under the seat or clinging to a buffer or in a coal or cattle truck. A better and more comfortable way is to wear a good hat and say "Season" in an authoritative and opulent voice.

A return ticket is one which is sold for both journeys at a slightly reduced rate, in the hope that the purchaser will lose the other half. It is illegal to give or sell the return half to any one else, but few forms of illegality are more popular and less unreasonable.

Some English trains are heated, especially those designed for stock-brokers and co-respondents on their way to Brighton. Or else footwarmers are placed in the compartments by porters in return for a money payment. These footwarmers are supplied to the railway companies free by the amalgamated boot-makers of England, who reap a splendid profit on their outlay through the damage done to passengers' soles.

RAILWAY ELOCUTION.

With the laudable view of carrying illiterate passengers past their destination, porters and other officials are

carefully instructed in a system of voice-production which renders the names of stations entirely unintelligible.

DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLERS.

Among eminent persons who frequently make use of railway trains are LORD ESHER, JAMSETJI, and Mr. WILLIAM WILLETT. Miss LILY ELSIE has occasionally been seen alighting from a first-class compartment. Madame CLARA BUTT is very loath to leave the platform and invariably warbles a few bars before entering her compartment or departing from the station. On these occasions the engine-whistles are carefully tuned in the favourite key of the great vocalist.

THE FUTURE.

Those who watch the signs of the times realize that, with the competition of the motor so active, railway companies will sooner or later have to adapt themselves to new conditions. But they know also, from their knowledge of railway companies, that it will be later rather than sooner. There is no doubt that trains which may be flagged so as to stop at cross-roads as well as at recognized halts and stations will have to be established, even if it means a new set of rails for them to run on, so as not to interfere with express traffic. Our great great-grandchildren will perhaps see it done.

Billiard Note.

A correspondent writes, *à propos* of our Billiard Supplement: "It may be of interest to your readers to know that by the munificence of a patron of the game who wishes to remain anonymous a home of rest for ex-champions is now being built at Grayshott."

"In printing yesterday the name of one of the musical comedies, which the Bandmann Company is presenting next week, as the 'Grill In The Train' what our composers really meant to set was, of course, 'The Girl In The Drain.'"—*South China Morning Post*.

We are glad to read this correction. What sounded merely tough before becomes now absolutely thrilling.

The Eastern Daily Press on "Money":

"The celebrated club scene will be a very special attraction, and the very exceptional sight of some fifty representatives of the theatrical profession, one of them a star, roused in the club as 'supers,' will be afforded."

The grouping of forty-nine representatives of the theatrical profession round one star has always been a very popular effect with our actor-managers.



POULTRY FARMING IN ARCADIA.

Wife to Husband. "I SAY, OLD THING, SING OUT WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR ME TO PULL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WE are still, perhaps, too near to the actual epoch of which it treats, for such a book as *George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works* (HURST AND BLACKETT) to have the right perspective. To the elders amongst us, especially, many of whom can actually remember BERNARD SHAW in the flesh, the task of Mr. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, the compiler of this monumental tribute, must appear little less than heroic. However, he is an American, which no doubt upheld him. The large and exceedingly handsome volume which he has produced (at twenty-one shillings net) deals with its distinguished subject in every variety of aspect, while managing to remain itself both interesting and entertaining. Nothing, indeed, but copious quotation, which space forbids, could do justice to its many-sidedness; the value of the whole being increased by an unusually large number of facsimiles and illustrations, amongst which I greeted with delight "our Mr. E. T. REED's" inimitable drawing of the Super-Shakspeare. Altogether, if the last word on a great man had to be said, it could not have been done better; though I hardly understand why an Author's Introduction and a Preface should have been required (perhaps it was force of association that compelled the latter). On the other hand, the chapters headed "Closing Days," and "Summary," usually to be found in books of this nature, seem unaccountably omitted. This apart, however, Mr. HENDERSON's volume remains a most complete, not to say exhaustive, survey, which one cannot dismiss without reflecting how greatly BERNARD SHAW himself would have enjoyed reading it.

It was the opinion of the town of *Mallingbridge* that "its best business man was a woman," and that is a

fair estimate of the commercial side of *Mrs. Thompson* (HUTCHINSON). The large emporia of the Provinces are of two kinds. The one is sedate and old-fashioned, and the mere fact of being in its windows gives to saleable goods an air of soundness and durability. Such was *Thompson's*. The other relies upon its magnificent exterior to tempt you to buy articles which you know from the first to be gimcrack. Such was *Thompson's* rival over the way. As long as *Mrs. Thompson* kept to business, success remained on her side of the street; but it crossed over when, in spite of her more than middle age, she took to marriage with a plausible blackguard. In short, the only fault of the commercial side of her was that it was not the only side, for out of that alone Mr. W. B. MAXWELL creates a story entertaining and very true to life, and the nicely contrived surprise, on which it ends, pleased me none the less because I ought to have anticipated it all along. But progress through the matrimonial part was somewhat in the nature of a wallow; for, though prudery is to-day the one unforgivable sin, I yet think there are some intimate details of sex and physique better not mentioned in polite society and to be left without regret to the medical text-books.

If the country goes to the dogs, Sir, in the hands of Radical extremists, it will not, I gather, be Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL's fault. People who read and admired *The Hill* will no doubt remember the struggle between good and evil friends for the soul of *Cæsar Desmond*. In *John Verney* (MURRAY) they will learn how "*Demon*" Scaife went on from strength to strength and multiplied his wickedness exceedingly, until he became both a millionaire and at the same time a Socialist leader. Not content with wresting a hole at golf from a Cabinet Minister by omitting to count a niblick shot, he turned the tide of an election against *Verney* (in whose interests he

was supposed to be working) by means of a shameless Free Trade leaflet, and finally secured the affections of *John's* fiancée, *Sheila Desmond*. There is much that is good and much that is clever in Mr. VACHELL's book (in which I am happy to say that the angel's triumph at last); but we live in a democratic age, and I find his tacit assumption of the importance of gentle birth at times a little ridiculous. Lucifer, son of the morning, would, I think, on account of his aristocratic descent have received far more tolerant treatment from this writer than "*Demon*" *Seafie*, who actually boasted that his grandfather had been a navvy. Very adroit use, however, has been made of the political situation for the purposes of romance, and only the accident of being obliged, on his father's death, to enter the House of Lords prevented the *Demon* from forming a trio with two prominent statesmen whose identity has not been very laboriously concealed.

Wilson's (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is a public-school story by DESMOND COKE, which will probably appeal most to an older generation of school-boys. Mr. COKE describes emotions and temperaments with more conviction than he describes games. His heart is not really in the "nasty ball to land near up and with an awkward twist" which *Eyre* bowled "with especial care and skill." He is much more interested in moral struggles; he would spend two pages on the analysis of a character sooner than one on the analysis of a bowler. The character which attracts him in this book is that of *Dick Hunter*, who left the School House in order to lick "*Wilson's*" into shape, *Wilson's* being the slackest house in the school. Unfortunately, this theme is old, as readers of *Hugh Rendal* will remember; but, whereas in that book *Hugh* had the difficult job of ruling a rebellious house by the force of authority alone, in this book *Dick* had the advantage of a personal strength which had nothing to fear from anybody. In this way Mr. COKE makes things easier for *Hunter*, but even so he gives us an interesting picture of his hero at work, and an excellent study of the house-master's detachment.

What prevented me from enjoying *Rosanne* (F. V. WHITE) so much as I might otherwise have done, was the behaviour of the central character, who gives her name to Mr. ALGERNON GISSING's latest novel. This was such that in spite, or perhaps because of, the real skill with which she was presented, I could only regard her with impatient irritation. In the first chapter, *Henley St. Cloe*, her husband, announces dramatically at dinner that he is a ruined man, and incidentally that he is more than fed up with *Rosanne*. Accordingly he goes to America, which I was sorry for, as, before we had gone much further, I should have liked to grasp his hand in cordial agreement. *Rosanne*, left to herself, becomes a kind of novice in an Anglican sisterhood; till ten years later, when *St. Cloe* returns with a fortune, and she—but to tell you more would be to spoil your

enjoyment of some vigorous and unconventional scenes, which form the best part of the tale. Anyway, what ensued was a sad blow to some nice but nebulous persons who had been striving to bring about a happy ending to the affair. Personally, I was rather pleased; though I cannot pretend that the fate of *Rosanne* interested me to any overwhelming degree, one way or the other. Mr. GISSING tells it all very well, however, in an austere style that I have admired before. I am sorry he does not like the stage. But it was surely a little gratuitous to bring in "a famous actor" at the opening simply in order that he might behave like a cad, and disappear, after one chapter, amid the scorn of the elect.

Mr. COSMO HAMILTON has given such an air of reality to the polite scoundrels, male and female, in his book, *The Princess of New York* (HUTCHINSON), that I feel almost bound in spite of myself to believe that there really are people in London cultured, titled, and pedigreed, for whom the police are only waiting until they take just one more false step. The nice people in this story of a plot to acquire by marriage a Yankee heiress's millions I

believe in with no reluctance at all. They are, I think, by far the nicest that Mr. HAMILTON has ever put into a book, and, as I think the book he has put them into is also his best, they are in their right place, and everything is as it should be.

"A strange and beautiful new world to most people is being constructed in secrecy at Shepherd's Bush just now," says the London Correspondent of *The Dundee Courier*. And with justification. For

in the Indian Section "the Black Hole of Calcutta will serve to recall one of the most sombre incidents in the history of the Indian Mutiny." And as if this were not strange and new enough there will be seen in the Scottish Section "The Pass of Killiecrankie, where the Hanoverian troops achieved their final success over the Jacobite Highlanders." So it's all up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

"The Chief Rabbi has issued, in Hebrew and English, a special service for all synagogues in the British Empire on Coronation Day. It includes a prayer for the King and Royal Family and the National Anthem in both languages."—*Daily News*.

But one verse, anyhow, of the National Anthem is past praying for.

From the first sentence of a letter in *The Nation* :—

"Sir, as an author in a limited way, naturally the Copyright Bill is of interest and importance."

The grammar explains the "limited."

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. of a Cinematograph Show in the *Singapore Free Press* :

"We charge low prices of admission but they are recognised by our regular visitors as being consistent with the quality of pictures."



PHRASES THAT HAVE GONE WRONG.

"AS GRAVE AS A JUDGE."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HAROLD COX, in a criticism of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Insurance Bill, points out that a man may be compelled to pay 4d. a week all his life, and never be ill, and so reap no benefit from his payments. Mr. HAROLD COX should really have more faith in the British workman. There is always Neurasthenia.

The Zoological Society is considering a scheme to bring a tube railway into its grounds. At night-time it might be used as a sleeping apartment for the more lengthy of the snakes.

If the Women's Enfranchisement Bill as introduced by Sir GEORGE KEMP should ever become law, an

to ascertain the effect of shell fire upon her when submerged." Frankly, we do not quite like the idea of hitting a boat when she is down.

So many windows have been broken at Harwich by concussion from the firing of big guns from Beacon Hill Fort, that the town crier is now sent round to warn the inhabitants to open their windows when firing practice is about to begin. One old lady, however, insists, we hear, on keeping hers shut so as to keep out stray shells.

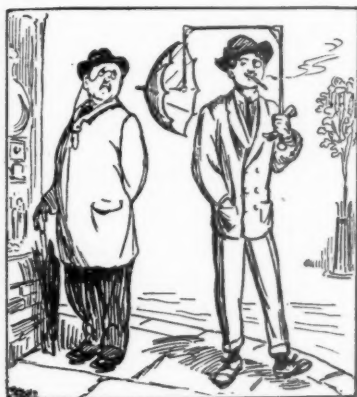
The vindication of PETER THE PAINTER by Mr. Justice GRANTHAM has caused the keenest satisfaction in art circles. Artists are peculiarly sensitive, and the fact that one of their number was under suspicion affected them

whim has been held to be illegal, for otherwise, for many persons, it would have meant an end of comfort in travelling.

The gentleman who sent a letter, the other day, to the Athlone District Council, Westmeath, tendering his surrender of a cottage "because the environs are haunted by fairies," must be the first cousin of the individual who objected to flowers "because they smelt so."

The police have discovered in Berlin an academy where burglary is taught on the most approved lines by experts, examinations being held at the end of each course, and certificates granted. Here we are still content to muddle along in the old unscientific

THE NEW UMBRELLA.



FOR AVOIDING BORES.



FOR PROTECTING THE TROUSERS.



FOR PURE ALTRUISM.

appalling recrudescence of husband-beating may be expected, for this measure proposes to allow married women to exercise the vote in the place of the husband with the husband's "consent."

We understand that, though scaffolding and seats are being erected in Parliament Square for the purposes of the Coronation Procession, provision is being made, no doubt at the instance of Our Dumb Friends' League, to enable all the statues there to have a good view of the pageant.

In spite of the announcement that the Central London Railway will shortly be supplied with air as pure as that on the mountain top and the sea-shore, one hears of few Londoners cancelling their holiday arrangements.

"Submarine A1," we read, "has recently been made the subject of some interesting experiments near Spithead,

more than the man in the street supposed, and accounts undoubtedly for the fact that the present exhibition of the Royal Academy is not better than it is.

It is reported that the occupants of the cottage which was injured by the air-ship now contemplate exhibiting a notice to the effect that all envelopes must be inserted in the letter-box in the usual way.

Meanwhile, in view of the amount of money and trouble which have been expended in the building of our British-made naval airship, many persons hold the view that we should be well advised not to take her out of her shed. This is really the only way to possess a perfect airship.

A man has been sentenced, at the Manchester Assizes, to ten years' penal servitude for throwing a girl from a train. We are glad that this strange

way, and it already seems almost incredible that British burglary was once held in high esteem on the Continent.

According to a statement in *The Daily News* "the British record for main-roadmaking was created nearly 200 years ago and are still held by the Romans." We are of the opinion that the proposed drastic reforms in the calendar should not be made retrospective.

It was reported at a meeting of the Hambledon (Surrey) Guardians that a married couple who had four boys had called two of them George and two John. The Government, which is anxious to encourage large families, is now said to realise the difficulties some persons have in thinking of fresh names for their offspring, and there is talk of issuing a list of the one hundred best names. The selection will be in the hands of Lord AVEBURY.

A TRAGEDY OF THE TUBE.

IN RHYMED PROSE.

LISTEN, fair ladies, while I tell
The sad occurrence which befell
A junior of the Scottish Bar,
The bonnie Sandy Lochinvar.

It was his firm and stout intent
To carry off, with her consent,
That lovely creature, Ruby Warner,
Whose town address was Hyde Park
Corner.

Both of her parents lived there too,
Sir Dyke and Lady W.,
And had their own peculiar plan
To make her wed another man,
Namely, Sir Obadiah Doyle
Whose speciality was Oil.

(He was to come and woo and win her
That very evening after dinner).
But she, who loathed this fatted swain,
Proposed to travel North by train—
11.30 G.N.R.—

With her beloved Lochinvar,
And wed in Edinburgh Town
On the ensuing afternoon.

In Hertford Street a plain but handy
Lodging had been secured by Sandy,
A most convenient situation,
Near to his love and Down Street
station.

At 7.45, exact
(The hour was fixed by solemn pact),
He was to come and fetch Miss Warner
From her address at Hyde Park Corner,
And bear her off, for time was pressing,
Just as the family was dressing.

The stroke of 7.30 found
Our hero on the underground.
Alas! he should have sought his Rube
By taxicab and not by tube
(I fear he shirked the driver's fee
From motives of economy,
A habit which, I hear, is not
Unusual in a bonnie Scot).
I would he had not gone below!
But how should he, a stranger, know,
How guess what curious things go on
In subterranean Babylon?

Descending after some delay,
He saw the first train pass away.
The second (this was bitter gall)
Rushed by and never stopped at all.
The third (he took it) went and tore
Through Hyde Park Corner with a roar.
At Knightsbridge he alighted from it,
Panted across and, like a comet,
An Eastward train went flashing
through,

Sucking his hat off up the flue.
The next ignored his destination
And ran right on to Down Street
station,

Where he debouched and crossed apace
To what had been his starting-place.

And lo! a notice caught his sight
That told him in electric light
Which of the trains proposed to miss
Which of his stations, that or this.
And there—for on the silly board
Only the next event was scored,
But of the further trains to come
The thing was absolutely dumb—
He watched the alternating text,
Thinking "The next!—the next!!—
the next!!!"

Growing forlorn and yet forlorn,
Waiting, the while his heart went flop,
For one that should consent to stop
At Down Street and at Hyde Park
Corner;

Till he concluded, red with wrath,
That *nothing ever stopped at both*.

I cannot say how long he sat
Without a smile, without a hat;
But finally he felt aware
Of a desire for change of air,
To see once more the natural light
Before his head was wholly white
(It must have been about midnight).
So toward the regions of the sun
(Though for that day its course was
done)

Wearily he began to drift,
And fainted halfway up the lift.

But what of poor Miss Ruby Warner,
Waiting her love at Hyde Park Corner,
Wishing her Ma had never borne her?
Dinner at eight o'clock was served
And she must eat it, all unnerved,
Letting her wild thoughts wander far
After the absent Lochinvar.

By 10.15 she lost all hope
Touching his promise to elope,
And in a pique became betrothed
To him that in her heart she loathed,
Namely, Sir Obadiah Doyle,
Whose speciality was Oil.

And thus her Sandy she forswore,
Who, true to her in every pore,
Still hung about the tubal bore,
Growing forlorn and yet forlorn,
Trying to get to Hyde Park Corner.

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S ACADEMY NOTES.

(In humble imitation of some of his
Contemporaries.)

Room 19 is dominated by Mr. Mandragora's "Interior of my Cash-box." As a *tour de force* of pigmentary ululation this poignant *cri de couleur* of numismatic negation has been unequalled since CRISTIPPO DI FIRENZE'S "Last Grain of Arsenic in the Borgia Larder." Berserk in ruthless realism, yet almost bleating with pathos, this enormous canvas is obsessed by stark DANTE-like *lacuna* of emptiness. The brush has succeeded in painting a vacuum!

It is a pity that the sombre *desolazione* of this *chef-d'œuvre* should be mocked by the juxtaposition of Mr. Guy Dalliance's "Drawing-room Clock at Dawn," with its smirk of *bourgeois villeggiatura*.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Corporal's appalling "Portrait of the Mayor of Brillington"—more merciless in its elephantiasis than the hallucinations of a convex mirror. The artist has depicted his sitter with remorseless *brutalità*; and, despite the *bravura* of fur overcoat and the insignia of office, one recoils from the canvas in ecstatic repulsion.

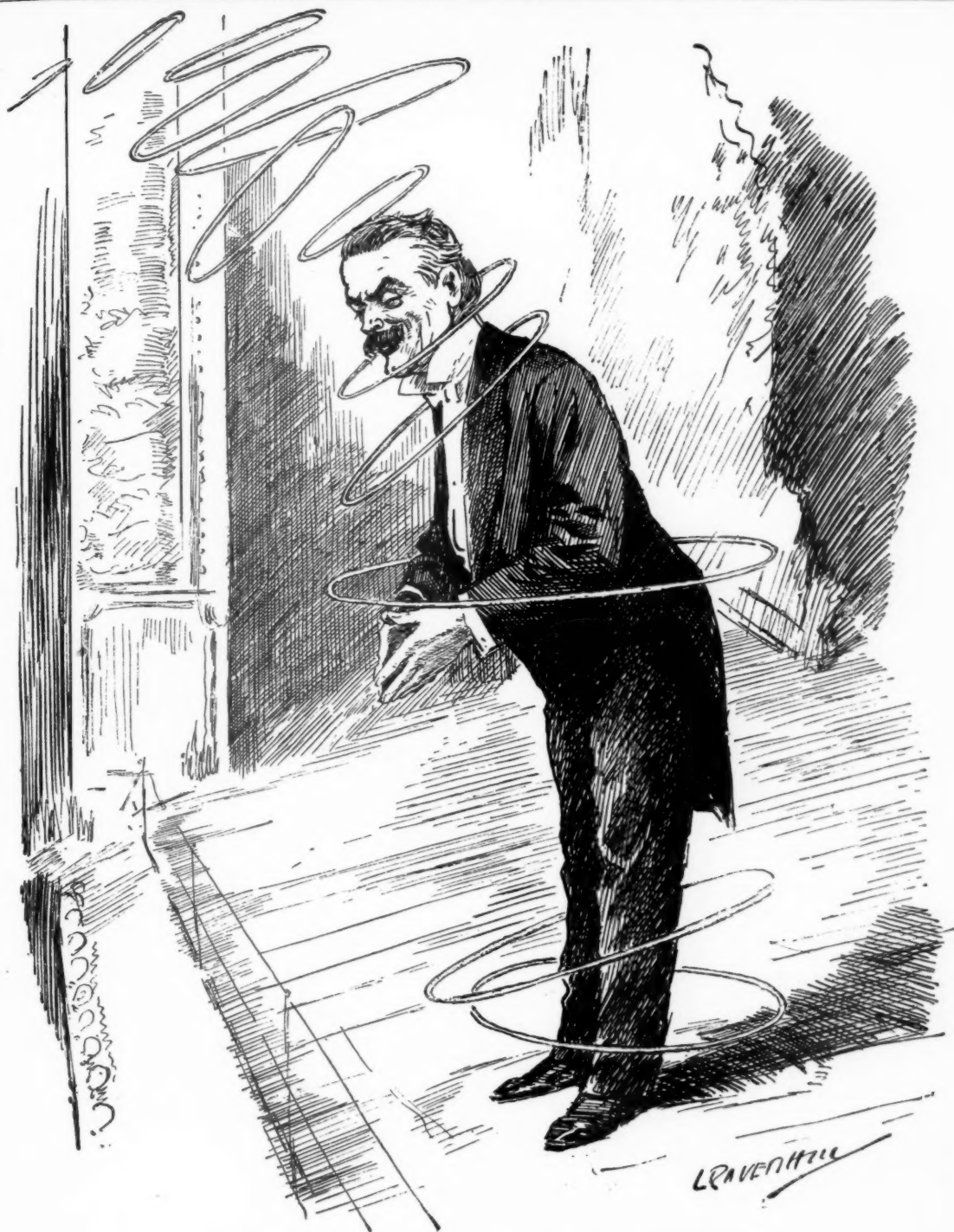
Almost equally masterly in its splendid spleen against the subject is Mr. Abb Smith's "Mrs. Iky Naselbein." With amazing insight he unveils the inmost malignancy of his sitter's mind, while satisfying convention with a deafening *pasticcio* of her famous gems. Almost diabolic in audacity is the suggestion of the family skeleton in the cupboard behind the sitter.

Of opposite attraction is Mr. Bishop Park's delicate and capricious pastoral, "Motor Buses in Putney High Street"—a veritable *danse des nymphes*! Mr. Park is as dexterous in the glutinous *chiaroscuro* of the pavement as in his reticent *nuances* of over-lubrication, or the Puck-like *braggadocio* of the side-slip. Gazing with dimming eyes on this elfin and charming idyll, one thinks of that rapt apostrophe of KEATS, "Little town, thy streets for evermore will silent be."

The Committee, with their usual brutal ophthalmia, have "skied" Mr. Lorenzo Chalfont's infinitely tender "Booking Hall at Snow Hill Station"; and similarly ill-treated is Miss Pantile's courageous "Cinematograph Audience." This suggestive little canvas is a miracle of restraint. The artist with almost spaniel-like fidelity has painted only an oblong of ebony black.

The cynosure of Room 20 is Mr. Stipple's "Form IV. at the Vicarage." Loath as we are to commend humanity in Art, it is impossible to deny the rugged and cyclopean *simpatica* of this work. It will be the popular *clou* of the Exhibition.

The *scena* is the breakfast-room of a country vicarage. The vicar has just opened the envelope, and his *apoplexia* is superbly dynamic. Mr. Stipple, in fact, has succeeded in visualising an expletive! We are yet more impressed by the exquisite technique of the overturned *cafetière*, and the consummate restraint of the parrot in the background.



BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*responding to calls of "Author!" after the first performance of his great Insurance Drama*). "NEVER KNEW THE HALOES COME SO THICK BEFORE. PIT AND GALLERY I'M USED TO, BUT NOW THE STALLS AND DRESS-CIRCLE HAVE BROKEN OUT!"

THE CULTURE MARKET.

[Speculation in first editions and works of art is said to be taking the place of bridge and horse-racing in the United States.]

WALL STREET.

REMBRANDTS spurted a point yesterday afternoon, on rumours that "The Mill" had changed hands at \$600,000; a cargo of three hundred tons of fresh old masters is expected from Europe. The "Duchess of Milan" is quoted at \$250,000 taken and offered. COROTS sagged, and TURNERS were banged heavily by the bears. VELASQUEZES jumped instantly on London buying, and were healthy and strong on the wing all day.

MSS. of HANDEL's sacred works drooped to nothing, first editions of STRAUSS and WAGNER feverish, BEETHOVENS Ordinary dull, MENDELSSOHN'S A nervy.

Paradise Losts crumbled, but Hamlets and Othellos boomed on fresh wires from the Shakespeare Exploration Syndicate, whose mining expert reported having struck a new reef of code first editions. These last ran up hurriedly on the rumour that Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN was getting together a complete collection of the bard's works regardless of expense, and any refuse having any resemblance to an old copy was worked off on outsiders at enhanced figures.

MONEY MARKET.

Money was scarce all morning, and several day-to-day loans were negotiated by prominent artists and actors. Gold was in a very sluggish circulation in the Royal Academy department, being more plentiful for forward delivery than for spot cash. A good deal of bar silver changed hands in the refreshment section.

STOCK EXCHANGE.

Authors were more optimistic, the literary market being roused to some extent from its lethargy by a perusal of the new Copyright Bill. Dramatists were dull and devoid of interest—especially in the musical comedy section—and towards nightfall showed an irregular tendency. A large consignment of plots for dramas and novels arrived from Paris and Vienna. In Musicians there was nothing doing. Owing to the near approach of quarter-day, overnight accommodation was largely in request among Sculptors and Painters for the settlement, and in many instances landlords' and tradesmen's bills were carried over at an increased rate. The only strong feature was the boom in GREAVESES which also had the effect of attracting



Uncle George (up in London for the Festival of Empire). "REMARKABLE PROGRESS SINCE I WAS A BOY—WONDERFUL FACILITIES—MARCH OF SCIENCE! FOUR TWO FIVE TWO WESTERN, PLEASE, MISS."

attention to WHISTLERS which had lately eased off.

NEW COMPANY.

THE ARTISTIC CULTURE DEVELOPMENT WORKS, LTD.

This Company has been formed for the objects mentioned in the Memorandum of Association, and also for some others inadvisable to publish in print—namely, to acquire, develop, touch-up, boom, fake, stuff, talk-up, foist-off, and otherwise dispose of busts, paintings, old editions, musical instruments, statues, etc., etc.

An expert in handwriting will be retained to forge signatures, and piracy (musical and literary) will be conducted by a competent adviser in the Appropriation Department.

The manufacture of Strad violins will be commenced on a wholesale scale.

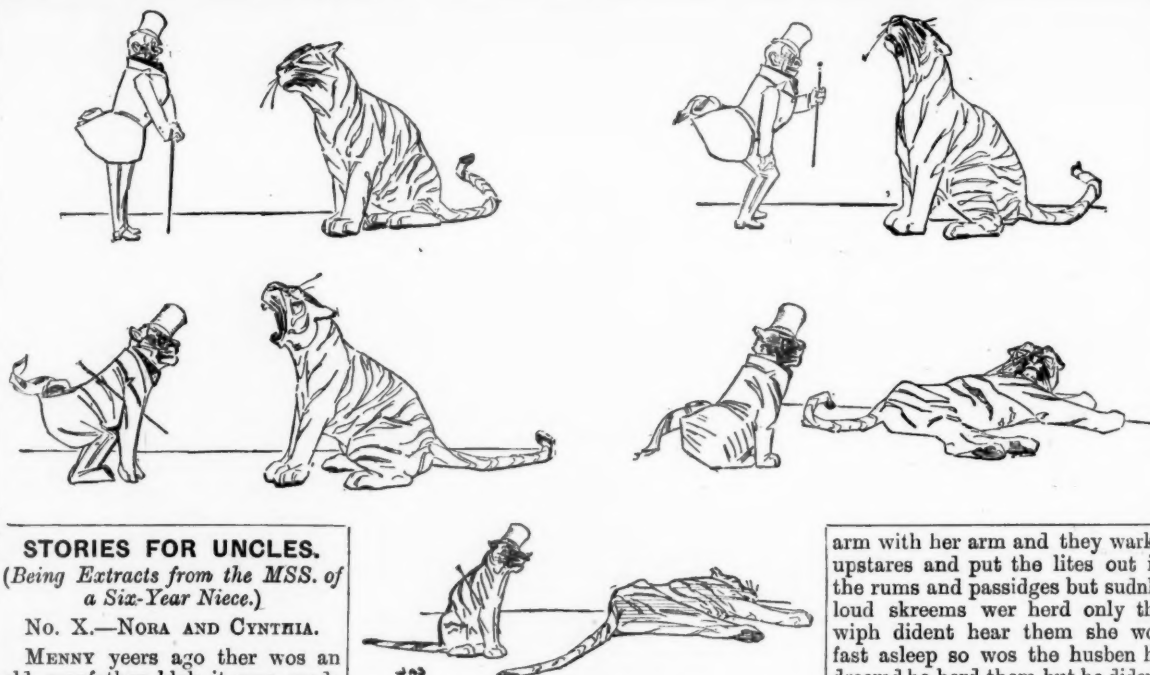
A profitable income is also expected from the stuffing of modern busts with old waistcoats.

The main purpose of the Company will be to buy up the works of promising twentieth-century artists and make them as good as old. Contracts have been entered into for a large supply of lichen and mildew.

A brokerage of 3d. per share will be paid on all applications bearing an art dealer's or theatrical agent's stamp.

"On the principle that half a loaf is better than bread . . ."—*The Nyanaland Times*.

This must be the half, probably the bottom half, where the semolina and the germ collect. We congratulate our bright little contemporary on having got wind, at that distance, of the Standard idea.



STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of
a Six-Year Niece.)

NO. X.—NORA AND CYNTHIA.

MENNY yeers ago ther wos an old granfather klok it wos made of wood it stood in a haul and its name wos Nora it wos a verry jellus klok and hated all the others but it coodent see the gold klok in the droornroom so it didnt mind so mutsh Nora wos a grate pet in the famly the childern patted her fase and Edwad yoosd to open her dore and git inside and play with the swing things ther his father found him ther wunce and smakd him and a man kame evry Satday to wind Nora up he sed she wos a wundfle klok and didnt loos more than a minnit.

Wun day Edwads father kame home from London his name wos Mr. Simmsen and he sed to his wiph Ive got sumthing for you.

Wot is it she sed.

Its sumthing you wont sed her husben.

I wont a loter things sed his wiph.

Wel sed Mr. Simmsen this is wun of them.

Does it begin with a B sed the wiph.

No it dosent sed the husben its mutsh better than that.

Then it begins with a D sed Mrs. Simmsen she wonted a dimond.

Your rong sed the husben it begins with a K.

Is it a kan of worter she sed larfing at him at the same time.

No its a klok sed Mr. Simmsen and he brort out a butifle littel silver klok with a silver lady siting on it.

O thank you sed the wiph how verry kind of you lets put it on the table wots its name.

The jooler told me its name wos Mary sed the husben.

Wel sed the wiph weel cal it Sinther. Ive alwis wonted a klok cald Sinther and this is the wun.

Then they put Sinther on the tabel in the haul wer Nora cood see her and Nora wos furus she wos angrer than a guvniss the husben and the wiph went in to dinner the wiph gav him a verry good dinner becos he brort Sinther ther wos supe and chops and aspagrus and a choklit kake and ises and they had grate joicings about the new klok at last it wos time to go to bed and the wiph tuk the husbens

LIKE TO LIKE.

arm with her arm and they warkd upstares and put the lites out in the rums and passidges but sudnly loud skreems wer herd only the wiph didnt hear them she wos fast asleep so wos the husben he dreemd he herd them but he didnt wak up Edwad herd them alrite he put on his slippers and cum out

of the nersry and crep down the stares and the skreems wer geting werse evry time and he turnd up the lites in the haul and loan bold he saw a terble site.

Nora had cum away from the waul and kort hold of Sinther and wos trine to chok her and the silver lady on top of Sinther was in an orfle state she was doing all the skreems in French Sinther wos a French klok I forgot about that but she wos French alrite Sinther woodent giv in she wos as braves a wosp but Nora wos brave tu and she wos as strongs a hinorus at last Sinther cald out Ill hav piece and Nora thru her down on the flore and brok her into a thousen pices.

Thers another klok in the droornroom sed Edwad havent you seen it.

No sed Nora I havent open the dore and Ill kil it Edwad thort it wos good fun to see kloks quorling and smashing wun anuther so he opend the droornroom dore and Nora went in and trid to smash the gold klok but the gold klok wos a good fiter and wen theyd bin fiting for ten minnits Nora sed Im tird Ive had nuff and the gold klok hit her in the fase and Nora fel down on the karpit and wen she blu 2 blos out of her mouth she wos ded.

Thats kild her sed the gold klok and the nex morning wen Edwad cum down to brekfus his father sed youve bin medling with the kloks agen and his father smakd him all the same the wiph wos verry sory bout Sinther but she coodent mend her ther wer tu menny pices Edwad never told this story til he wos a granfather hisself and then he told it to me and Ive told it to my unkle Edwad forgav his father for smaking him but he never smakd his own childern this wos the end of Nora and Sinther.

Things that the Insurance Bill is like.

"The fact is that the measure presented by Mr. Lloyd George this evening is like nothing so much as the definition of Cerberus by the immortal Mrs. Malaprop—"two single gentlemen rolled into one."

Birmingham Daily Post.



Soldier (R.F.A.). "NEXT WEEK I'M OFF TO OKEHAMPTON, FOR A COURSE."

Professional Dyspeptic. "A COURSE—OKEHAMPTON—LET ME SEE, IS THAT SULPHUR OR CHALYBEATE?"

THE GREEN PERIL.

["How many years does a golfer take off his life by waste of nervous tissue on the greens? Those, at least, who stand for several seconds glaring fixedly at the ball before they finally strike it, must shorten appreciably their mortal span."—*Mr. A. C. M. Croome.*]

REGGIE, old man, our eyes are strangely shut
To all the meaning of the laggard hand which
Betrays the nerves of lesser men
(Conjoined with other symptoms) when
They execute the dilatory putt
Upon the sward of Sunningdale or Sandwich.

Do you observe that every time you eye
With pulsing orbs, and breathing quick and choky,
Yon fatal sphere, the mental strife
Is taking pieces off your life?

Which means, my Reginald, that you will die
Sooner by years than if you stuck to croquet.

Well, we must alter; but I doubt we can.
'Tis hard to putt without procrastination,
Without a shaking in the shoes;
Which makes it clear that we must choose
Between curtailing our appointed span
And giving up this risky recreation.

We twain, I know, will choose the nobler lot,
Nor shall we grudge the price of our adherence.
You will continue, as before,
To biff the bounding rubber-core

In peerless drive and stunning brassie shot—
And you will make an early disappearance.

But when you die the bard will yet survive,
And golf, and golf, and not for years deplore it,
For it is seldom, after all,
That he's required to hole the ball,
Seeing (ye gods!) that four times out of five
The other chap has six or seven "for it."

"Is it not true (asks a writer to-day) that, on the whole, brackets are usually the sign of confused thought and mental awkwardness?"
Yorkshire Evening Post.

We trust not, for the sake of the *Yorkshire Evening Post.*

"Lieutenant Cammell, one would add, has already with characteristic quietude, really taken the steam out of the enterprise for a demonstration at Hendon on Friday next, albeit doubtless there will be produced somewhere or other from France a military two-seater, though it is so early in the season, to take the place of his two-seater Blériot, which I do not anticipate will be figuring there, in that he arrived casually one evening at Hendon last week, explained that he would like to see the machine that he had bought, made a short trip on it with Prier, then got on board by himself and flew, in face of the setting sun, without any maps or special equipment, from Hendon across country over Richmond-hill and many buildings to Farnborough, whence on Thursday last he started with Lieutenant Fox, of the Royal Engineers, also a member of the Air Battalion, to navigate across country with a map, the objective being Salisbury Plain."—*Morning Post.*

One of the longest non-stop flights we ever have seen in print.

THE TOPIC OF THE NIGHT.

"ARE you going to the Coronation?" asked my first partner as we rested after our exertions.

"Yes," I said, after thinking it out carefully. "Yes. . . . Are you?" I added, making a great effort to keep the ball rolling.

"Yes."

Sometimes at dances I get very tired, and can't think of anything to say. It was not so on this occasion.

"Have you got your seats yet?" I asked.

"Yes. Father got them to-day."

I rose to the occasion brilliantly.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Outside St. Margaret's."

"Oh, yes. I expect you'll see it all from there."

"I expect so."

There was nothing more to be said; and in a little while I was dancing with my second partner. As soon as we were seated we turned to each other and asked:

"Are you going to the Coronation?"

"After you," I said, with a bow.

"I was just wondering if you were going to the Coronation."

"Well, I'm not quite sure yet. Are you?"

"Oh, rather. We've got our seats."

"I was just going to ask you if you had. Where are they?"

"Outside St. Margaret's."

I looked at her anxiously for a moment.

"Did you dance with me just now?" I asked.

"No," she said in surprise. "I don't think I've ever danced with you before."

"You would remember—I mean I should remember if you had, of course. But the fact is there's somebody here who talks just like you."

"Really?" she said with interest; and so I drifted on to my next partner.

This time I waited for her to begin.

"I suppose you're going to the Coronation?" she asked.

"The Coronation?" I repeated doubtfully to myself; "the Coronation? Oh, that's the little thing they're doing at the Abbey next month, isn't it? No, I don't think I shall go."

"Oh, but why not?"

"I never go to Coronations."

"We've got seats outside St. Margaret's," she volunteered.

"The whole parish is here to-night," I murmured to myself.

"What did you say?"

"I said it would be much cooler inside St. Margaret's."

"But then you wouldn't see the procession."

"True," I admitted. "There's always that. It's simply a question of which you prefer."

"I suppose so," she said doubtfully.

My fourth partner skipped the opening exchanges altogether and asked me point-blank if I had got my seats yet.

"Rather," I said. "Just outside St. Margaret's."

"Ours are outside St. Clement's."

I nearly dropped the lemonade—we were in the lemonade room—as I looked at her.

"I believe you've been done," I said at last. "What makes you think they're having a coronation there?"

"Well, they're putting up seats, anyhow."

"Oh, well, I suppose they know. But you've come on the wrong night, I'm afraid. Only the St. Margaret's people are here this evening."

However, I must have been wrong about that, for my next three partners had got seats in Piccadilly, Whitehall and Piccadilly respectively. (I suppose I must have struck a family of sisters at the start—that's how it was.) The Whitehall member was the most interesting of them, and when we had exhausted the subject of the Coronation agreed with me that it would not be very long before we were all of us going about in aeroplanes. And she was nice enough to think that it was very brave of me to say that I should like to go up in one now.

When I got to my fifteenth and last partner, St. Margaret's and Piccadilly were leading at five-all, and the casting vote might rest with her.

"I suppose," I began—

"No," she said, "I'm not."

"We ought to have met before," I said warmly. "They've been talking to you, too."

"They have."

"Well, I shouldn't have begun it, if I hadn't thought you'd have begun it if I hadn't. Is that clear, or shall I say it backwards?"

"Oh, do say it backwards."

"Perhaps it would be too exciting for you at this time of night. May I ask you just one question instead?"

"If it isn't about—you know."

"It isn't about that at all. It's simply to settle a little bet I've got on. Er—if you were in London on a hot day in June and you wanted to sit down, would you do it outside St. Margaret's or outside Piccadilly?"

"Neither," she said.

So that's how it is. A. A. M.

"Manchester v. Sale.—Good all-round play by Barrell."—*Manchester Courier*.

BARRELL comes into his own at last.

THE INVOCATION—A DREAM.

[Addressed to Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS, the ornithological expert of *The Daily Mail*, long admired from afar.]

COME out, my BEACH! come out and teach,

Beyond the traffic's tight jar;

Come out amid the fields and herds,

And tell us all the names of birds,

And what is who, and which is each,
And whether that's a night-jar.

I'll say, "Hark, hark! there goes the lark!"

And you shall murmur, "Not it;

That was an owl, unless I err,

There is a spotted fly-catcher!"

"Is it?" shall be my awed remark,

"I somehow failed to spot it."

Then up shall float the rapturous note
Of cuckoos in the covers,

And, faring on by field and fen,

We'll find the titmouse in his den,

And cull from aspice trees remote

The mottled eggs of plovers.

You shall prolong the bittern's song

And burble to the wryneck;

The jay, the cushat, and the pye

Shall tell us little tales, and I

Shall all the time be going strong

Out of the back of my neck.

Thus all the lore I've learnt before,

But could not rightly follow,

I'll quaff beside the fountain-head

(And by the way I should have said,

I do so want to hear some more

About the dear old swallow).

So out by rail, to some green vale!

THOMAS, the road is easy:

Let me behold you where the coots

And wagtails perch upon your boots

Plotting a sermon for *The Mail*,

Like FRANCIS of Assisi. EVOE.

"Her head was crowned in gold and her small figure draped in a deeper shade of blue—a costume which she is expected to wear at the Coronation ceremony."—*Bombay Gazette*.

This was the appropriate costume of the Be-gum of BHOPAL when she was presented to the KING (as PRINCE OF WALES) in India, and we are not surprised that she should stick to it for the Coronation.

Science for the Home.

"It is important that children's under-clothes should be thoroughly well aired before they are put away, as the danger of wearing linen that is not absolutely dry is well-known, leading to rheumatism and electric light."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

A cheap way of producing it, however, and, besides, electric light is much less dangerous than gas.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO WOMEN !
THE CINQUE-CENTO STYLE OF
PORTRAIT-PAINTURE !



MISS
CERALDINE
RAFFLES
-CRACKING
A CRIB.



FIELD ARTILLERY
TAKING UP A
GOOD POSITION



RUSTIC RECTITUDE !

328



"GREAT
SCOTT!!
"I SAY! HANG IT ALL! -WHOLE
LOT OF GIRLS STARTING BATHING
RIGHT ALONGSIDE ME!! DEUCED
AWKWARD! AWFULLY HARD T'PRESERVE
'N AIR OF FRIGID UNCONCERN ALL
TH' SUMMAH DONT Y'KNOW!! WHAT?"

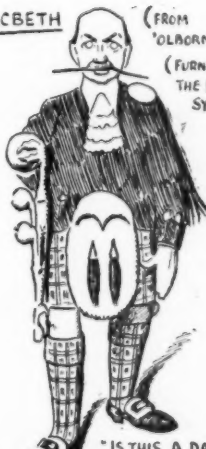
THE ONLY BUST ONE CAN BE QUITE
SURE IS NOT INTENDED FOR KING
EDWARD VII !

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW PARIS-CUM-BAGDAD
FROCK? -IT'S A 'SUMUR' UN."



MACBETH

(FROM
'OLAGORN')
(FURNISHED ON
THE HIRE
SYSTEM)



"IS THIS A DAGGER
WHICH I SEE BEFORE
ME...?
OR ART THOU BUT A DAGGER OF THE MIND
A FALSE CREATION,
PROCEEDING FROM THE HEAT-OPPRESSED BRAIN.
I SEE THEE YET IN FORM AS PALPABLE
AS THIS WHICH NOW I DRAW."



"DID YOU TELL OLE JOE AS I WAS A BLOOMIN' LIAR!"

"No, I THOUGHT 'E KNEW!"

THE LITTLE TOWNS.

PUDSEY.

[After Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC.]

MEN have invariably two sets of affections and two anchoring grounds. Thus in a man's life his mother and his M.P.; on another plane his public-house and his church; on another his wanderings and his memories; and on another the great mountains and the little towns.

The little town that means so much to me is Pudsey, in the heart of Yorkshire. It is the strategic centre of England. It lies like a lion couchant between Leeds and Bradford. Who holds Pudsey controls those two great cities and has sway over the North Road between London and Edinburgh.

No stately cathedral towers over the little town. No citadel holds it in thrall. It is just a little town. But it has bread, and yellow beer, and faith; and thus Pudsey, the unknown, the Lhassa of Yorkshire, is dear beyond words to me.

The drums and trappings of three conquests have left Pudsey untouched. The Middle Ages changed it not a whit. The Victorian Age besmoked it but left no mark on its spiritual atmosphere. To-day it stands, dour and dogged, glowering on its neighbour Morley, which gave a so-called Radical Premier to England. But when the great day comes and the battle is formed Pudsey will give the lead to England, and the tricky sham-fighters of modern politics will cower before the stern arbitrament of Pudsey's sword.

The little town of Pudsey gives as much pleasure as may be given by that delightful sense of observation which you get in the eyes of the old when their lives have been well lived. The town of Pudsey does not die as men die. It stands in grey immortality. It has old grey-stone hosteleries at its corners, where stern men grip their tankards firmly with a cautious eye on their neighbours. The Leeds trams clang through its streets, yet Pudsey deigns no answer to their clamour. Its gas-works swell out magnificently

and dominate it as Windsor's castle dominates the royal borough.

I wish that human life might last for ever that I might continue year after year to get down at the simple station and see the simple sights and hear the simple sounds that memory renders inexpressibly dear to me. The stern, judicial "Gud neet" of the policeman on night patrol; the cheerful "Ere's luck" of the masterful Yorkshire drinkers; the thrill that one experiences when the lamplighter issues forth and when the sweep comes home. To revisit this little town perpetually, and renew my loves with it, I could wish that human life stretched on for ever.

There are other towns that tug at my heart-strings; Moses Gate, the nerve centre of busy Lancashire; Tonypandy, which but awaits its Danton to make a revolution; and Burton, dear Burton, from which the malt-life of England steadily pulsates; but I come back ever to Pudsey.

It has bread, and yellow beer, and faith. It is my little town.



VICTORIAE · REGINAE · IMPERATRICI
ARS · VICTRIX

LONDON. "WORTHY OF A GREAT QUEEN!"
PUNCH. "AND OF A GREAT CITY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday.—Odd thing happened just now. House crowded to hear LANSDOWNE explain his Reform Bill. A garland of Peers wreathed the side galleries, on this occasion specially reserved for their ladyships' accommodation. On steps of throne Privy Counsellors jostled each other for front places. Everyone glad to see LANSDOWNE back in renewed health. Noble Lords displayed generous emotion by a murmured cheer.

Lucid explanation of revolutionary measure occupied hour and a half. It was on LEADER OF OPPOSITION resuming his seat that, as WILLIAM BLACK used occasionally to remark in strangely forgotten novels, "Lo! a strange thing happened." LORD CHANCELLOR put the question "That this Bill be read a second time." In this storied chamber exclamation regarded as bad form. But Noble Lords so taken aback at this strange slip that amid general movement there were correcting cries of "First reading."

CHANCELLOR, hurriedly rising again, amended the error, and way cleared for Lord MORLEY, who declared against the measure in uncompromising tone and manner that recalled LANSDOWNE's treatment of Old-Age Pensions Scheme when it came along after PRINCE ARTHUR in the Commons had publicly washed his hands of responsibility in the matter.

THE MEMBER FOR SARK, listening to speech from one of the pens allotted for convenience of Commoners, explains an incident that occasioned much remark. Just as CHANCELLOR was rising to put question his eye fell upon WALTER McLAREN amid group of M.P.'s below the Bar. It is a matter of common report that WALTER has volunteered to "see the LORD CHANCELLOR" about constitution of Mallory bench of magistrates, which, consisting of fifteen Conservatives at time of LOREBURN's accession to office, has since been strengthened by addition of seven members of whom the odd half-dozen are Tories.

Of course there is nothing terrific in prospect of the interview. None of MAURICE HEWLETT's *Brazenhead* about WALTER McLAREN. On the contrary he is the mildest-mannered man that ever faced a constituency. Still, LORD

CHANCELLOR being a little worried of late, sudden recognition of Chairman of Medway Liberal Association was sufficient to upset ordinarily well-guarded, almost phlegmatic equanimity.

Business done.—LANSDOWNE introduces Bill designed to exterminate the loyal Backwoodsman.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—JOHN WARD rather to the front just now. Pink of loyalty, he has bought himself a new felt hat in honour of the Coronation. Compared with the headgear under which he earned earliest fame (SARK understands it to-day

iniquitous chucking-away of chances in the race with Germany for predominance of Naval power, McKENNA quietly added "The 9th of April was a Sunday."

JOHN had got hold of the wrong end of the stick, or, to bring the imagery nearer home, had put on his hat back to front.

Undismayed by this accident he turned up to-day with a new word for addition to the English language. Asked UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA whether it is proposed to alter the law relating to the payment of wages due to natives "so as to prevent the victimisation of the working population." Not a pretty word "victimisation," but well enough for a beginner.

Guillotine merrily at work chopping off amendments to Report stage of Parliament Bill. This to be concluded to-morrow night, to which end the hours are parcelled out, and on the stroke down drops the ruthless blade. As the amendments are old acquaintances, made familiar in Committee, without the slightest chance of being accepted on second time of asking, no serious harm is done. Still it is a stupid performance, involving loss of two sittings.

At one moment clamorous storm burst round the ethereal form of COUSIN HUGH. According to time-table, guillotine blade due to fall at half-past four. At 4.28 COUSIN HUGH interposed; received with shout of angry remonstrances from Radical quarter. HUGH always ready for fight. If any trail their coat before him, be sure he'll tread on it. Ministers had declined to enter upon detailed discussion of amendments on ground that they had already been debated in Committee. "Yah!" cried COUSIN HUGH, wringing his hands in anguish over such evidence of human depravity, "you don't answer our arguments because you can't."

Here the Radicals broke in with prolonged burst of groans and jeers. COUSIN HUGH raised his voice almost to screaming pitch in vain effort to shout down the enemy. Happily, clock interposed with stroke of half-hour, and Members went forth to vote on proposed new clause.

Business done.—Clause 1 of Parliament Bill passed Report stage without amendment.

House of Lords, Thursday.—MILNER seated on Cross Bench moodily regards ill-populated scene. Not quite two



"D— THE CONSEQUENCES."

"He—er—defied the consequences. To-day they have come home to roost."

(VISCOUNT MILNER.)

hangs in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's next to JOHN BURNS's historic straw hat) it is a shade lighter and a furlong or so less ample in dimensions. Not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, it will, like *Mercutio's* wound, serve.

Yesterday JOHN created some sensation by drawing statement from FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY in reply to question as to how many men were employed in one of the dockyards on the 9th of April, and how many hours each one worked? It turned out that there were no men in the dockyard on the date named, nor was a stroke of work done. Whilst House gasped at state of things here revealed and guardians of the Navy moored behind Front Opposition Bench half rose to denounce

years ago great things were in the making. LLOYD GEORGE'S Budget was slowly working its way through Commons. Its arrival in Lords imminent. What would they do with it? Strident voices were raised in passionate demand that it should be straightway thrown out. Moderate men talked fearsomely of the consequences. Then clarion-like rang MILNER'S defiance. He said—well, he—er—he defied the consequences.

To-day they have come home to roost. Whilst LEADER OF OPPOSITION has brought in a measure digging up root and branch constitution and traditions of House of Lords, there will, next week, be presented for their Lordships' friendly consideration a Bill absolutely depriving them of the Veto, with whose assistance they in earlier years of deplorable ascendancy of a Liberal Government on more than one occasion saved the State from disaster. All this within the space of two years directly following on throwing out of a Budget Bill reinstated only after a General Election.

"Cheer up, dear lord," I said to MILNER, with warmth of friendship dating back to period before he even dreamt of coronets. "You acted for the best according to your lights, from purest patriotic and party motives. You must not hold yourself too exclusively responsible for the consequences."

"Oh, d— the consequences," said MILNER, hurrying off without waiting to look at new frescoes in lobby leading to Central Hall, which, though a little crude in colour and design, are worthy of a moment's consideration.

Rather a short way with an old friend I thought. Perhaps one had better more closely confine his attention to his own affairs.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

From a story in *Yes or No* :

"It was all over. This was indeed the end.
(To be continued.)"

It is sad to have one's new-born hopes dashed to the ground like this.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

How wags the world with you?

Perhaps it doesn't wag at all. Perhaps it shakes with an ague, or trips to a St. Vitus's measure. Perhaps it tosses and heaves, filling you with a rebellious nausea. Then why not *make it wag*?

according as your stocks move upward or downward; you offer your love, and are in an ecstasy of joy or a cyclone of grief according to the sense in which it is returned; you write a poem, and your outlook on existence depends on what the editor has had for lunch.

This is all very wrong; in this way you condemn yourself for life to be the creature of circumstance. Why not rise superior to the externals of your lot? Why not laugh at your misfortunes? Why not trump the tricks of Fate?

How can one do all this? By cultivating a Sense of Humour.

How can one cultivate a Sense of Humour? By taking HUMOL.

HUMOL is prepared by a secret process from the distilled juices of a certain plant—a member of the Smilax family and a native of Chihuahua. It is made up in the form of a hair-wash, and on being well rubbed into the head displays at once its remarkable properties. It may also be used as an embrocation for the ribs, to which it affords a pleasant tickling sensation. Its effect is amazing and instantaneous. Not only does it render the mind susceptible to every wave of humorous emotion that passes through the air, but it sets similar waves in progress from the seat of its own action. Thus it entirely alters the perspective of things. The so-called worries of life become a source of exquisite entertainment. You smile at the importunities of the income-tax collector; you chuckle at the advent of spring-cleaning; you laugh aloud when your partner revokes; you roar with full-bodied (or nearly full-bodied) mirth at your own sea-sickness.

Why waste money on expensive and conventional "amusements"? Why not halve your expenditure and double your life? A day in Brixton is funny enough if you use HUMOL.

HUMOL is to be procured everywhere and is put up in three strengths at three prices, viz.:—*Mild* (for teething infants, etc.), 2/6; *Medium* (for general use), 3/6; *Extra Strong* (for Judges and Music-hall Comedians), 4/6.

Buy a bottle to-day, and
RUB IT IN.



THE VERY LATEST ART NOUVEAU DESIGN.

LANSDOWNE. "New lamps for old! New lamps for old!"
MORLEY and HALDANE. "No, thank you; quite unnecessary. The old one suits us *exactly*—for the present!"

You look incredulous; but don't stop reading.

What is your main object in life? Clear your mind of cant, and your answer will undoubtedly be: "To get as much legitimate enjoyment out of it as I possibly can." But how do you go about achieving this object? Unless you are that exceptional creature for whose eye these lines are not intended, you allow your enjoyment to rest upon the varying events and episodes with which you are confronted. You invest your money, and are elated or depressed

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

No. 3.—A SALE AT CHRISTIE'S.

By a NOBLE LORD.

THE other day, a friend took me to a picture sale. How and where these functions were conducted I had till then no notion. That pictures changed hands I had heard; and indeed they must do so, or how could my ancestors have brought together the superb collections which I understand I possess? Now, however, that I have witnessed a picture sale and seen what can be done in that direction I shall keep a much sharper eye on the course of events.

Arrived at the auction-room, we found a large number of men gathered together, either seated or standing, bidding for the pictures that were displayed, one by one, in turn, by the porters. At a little raised desk, called, I am told, a rostrum, sat the auctioneer, and below him were his clerks. Occasionally smiling gentlemen, whom I took to be the Christie Minstrels, stood there too, evidently not displeased at the figures that were being realised. For it was what is called an important sale, and a large number of very valuable pictures were being sold, dealers from all over the world being present. From the general cast of feature I should say that, if Mr. ZANGWILL's scheme of returning with his people to Palestine ever became practical, he could not do better than make a start at CHRISTIE'S during an important sale—that is, of course, provided they were willing to go.

I noticed, too, that although the auctioneer was extremely quick in taking bids it was practically impossible for an outsider to see from which of the company it proceeded—some kind of marconigraph being evidently in use. Buying pictures is not my line, so this did not trouble me; but I wondered how I should have to go to work to get my bid recorded supposing that kind of folly ever did take hold of me.

As picture after picture was sold my friend, who knows the ins and outs of this mystery, groaned more and more deeply. "What is it?" I kept asking. "Only that that German fellow has got that," he would say. Or, "Another beauty gone to a Dutchman." Or, "That's the third Van Dyck that the Americans have secured." And so on—always naming some foreign purchaser. "But how is it," I said at last, "that some one representing the National Gallery is not here buying for England?" "Because they haven't any money," he snapped out. "No money?" said I.



Nervous Performer at Country Concert. "I 'AVEN'T—NEVER—SUNG TO A PYANNER DEVORE, BUT I DESSAY WE'LL GET ON ALL RIGHT IF YE CAN JUST PLAY THE 'IGH NOTES A BIT LOW."

"How remarkable! I thought England was so rich." "Not rich enough to compete with America," said my friend. "They'll pay anything for pictures nowadays. They're sending up values to a ridiculous height, and ruining all the old standards. But, of course, it can't last long."

This set me thinking, and just then a Correggio going up and fetching, after ten minutes' duel, forty thousand guineas from an American dealer made me think more. For I suddenly remembered that somewhere at my place in the country there is a picture by an artist fellow of this name, which, from what I could recollect of it, was a

great deal better than the one just sold. I therefore sent my card to the American dealer, and after the sale he came and spoke to me. It is very extraordinary, but I found that he knew every picture in all my houses. For example, "What about your Velasquez?" he said. "Have I got a Velasquez?" I replied; and he at once told me all about it and offered a round sum for it.

He is to come down next week and make offers for all he wants; but meanwhile I am—of course, unknown to him—approaching several others of his countrymen by cable. I may be a noble lord, but I was not born yesterday.

THE SAD CASE OF THE FATHER OF PELLÉAS.

FOR me, he is far the most intriguing figure in M. MAETERLINCK's tragedy of *Pelléas and Mélisande*. There he was half the timely ill in that dour castle with its dark woods, where the sky was never to be seen except in summer (that was funny, too, for you might have thought there would be more leaves to hide it then), and people went on getting paler and paler and letting their hair fall out of windows, and throwing their rings into wells, and telling lies, and crying, and complaining that it was very dark, and that they were very unhappy (not about him, though), and keeping their eyes wide open (except when they were fast asleep), and saying they were going away, and not going, and nobody took the slightest notice of the poor invalid.

It is true that *Pelléas* did say he had been to see him; but no one saw him go. It is true, too, that the old grandfather (but not before the Fourth Act) said that the whole household had been doing nothing all this time except "*chuchotant autour d'une chambre fermée*" where the patient lay; but no one heard their whispers. And we were never shown his room, inside or outside. The only proof we have (and a poor one too) that his illness made any difference to any one was that, when he was out of danger the house woke up a little and one or two rather sudden deaths ensued; but I think this must have happened anyhow, for people can't go on for ever being very unhappy in the dark without something coming of it. And, when all is said, we never once set eyes on him—never even had the poor solace of seeing his name in the play-bill. Truly a tragic figure in its isolation!

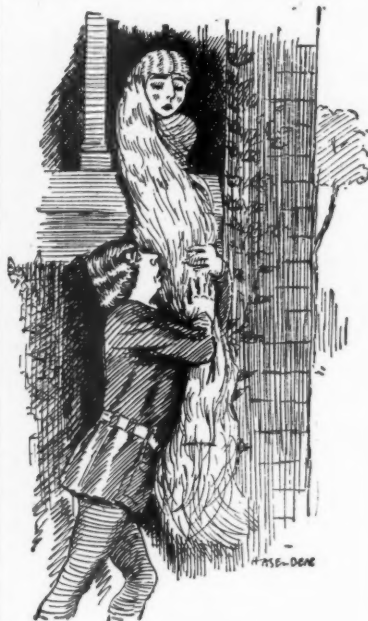
As for M. DEBUSSY's setting of the play let us, in imagination, hear what M. MAETERLINCK has to say about it.

M. MAETERLINCK: It is not your fault. No, no, little DEBUSSY; it is not your fault. My *Mélisande* began weeping when she was one minute old. She was weeping when you first met her, little DEBUSSY. I do not know why she was weeping. Nobody knows why she was weeping. She had just thrown a gold crown into a well. But that was not the reason. It was a habit with her to throw jewellery into wells. I think she must have been very unhappy. Yes, that was it; she was very unhappy. And so your music is sad and sombre. Your music is sad and sombre from the very beginning, little DEBUSSY. And when the two tragic destinies are fulfilled at the end you have nothing new to say.

You have said everything thirty-five scenes ago, and have been saying it ever since. They were beautiful scenes, but they began a long time ago. There was nothing more for you to say.

My play is not a gay play, little DEBUSSY. And it does not abound in strong and vivid contrasts. And that is why your music is not gay. That is why your music does not abound in strong and vivid contrasts. It is not your fault, little DEBUSSY. I said just now it was not your fault.

But I liked your music. Oh, yes, I liked it, little DEBUSSY. I liked it when you frightened me in the scene where



LE SHAMPOO.

Pelléas (M. WARNÉRY): "Tu entends mes baisers le long de tes cheveux? Ils montent le long de tes cheveux."

Mélisande (MME. EDVINA): "Oh! oh! tu m'as fait mal."

Golaud kills his brother from behind. You frightened me with the noise that the castle doors made when they were being bolted for the night. I did not know that bolts could make so terrifying a noise.

Madame EDVINA was not quite my idea of *Mélisande*. Nobody was quite my idea of anybody, except, perhaps, Signor MARCOUX, as *Arkel*, and Mlle. BOURGEOIS as *Geneviève*. They just had to be old, and they did that. One would think that M. GHASNE forgot who *Golaud* was. He forgot that *Golaud* was still young enough to be a sportsman and fall in love at sight with a pretty girl crying in a wood. He forgot that; or perhaps I forgot it for him. Perhaps it was my fault that

Golaud was so repellent. One would say that he was almost like a kind of *Golaudwog*. You do not mind my making that little joke, DEBUSSY? I do not often make little jokes. I do not often make any sort of joke.

M. WARNÉRY never looked a bit like my *Pelléas*. He never looked as if he were worried about the obverse of his destiny. He might have been almost anything in any other French opera. And his wig! Oh, oh, he made me very unhappy.

Do you know, I have a horrid doubt in my inside? Have you ever had a horrid doubt in your inside, little DEBUSSY? I will tell you what my doubt is. I am beginning to wonder if French is, after all, the right language for romantic tragedy. It is so precise. It says things so dreadfully clearly. It has no atmosphere of suggestion, especially when it is sung. Oh, oh, it makes me very unhappy. O. S.

THE CALLER.

Miss Muse, since you have made so free

As thus to risk a call on me
Here in Throgmorton Street, E.C.,
The grim, the glaring,
How is it that you come to be
So rather daring?

You're welcome in a fitter sphere—
The long, white road, the hills of deer,
Great woodlands when the mellow year
To Autumn changes,
Or stretched beside some shady weir
'Neath Cumnor's ranges—

(Not that you lack an urban grace,
I love you when you bid me trace
Youth's springtide in a girl's face,
A Bond Street setting;
They didn't grow such nymphs in
Thrace,
That's certain betting!)

But in the City—well, there's this:
Come out and see its mysteries—
The jewelled jobber sleekest with fizz,
And stuffed with salmon;
How beautiful a broker is,
How chaste looks Mammon!

So, ere you join the other Eight,
Your sisters, at the Sun-god's gate,
You'll leave me of your blossom-freight
Some songful guerdon,
To mingle with the market rate
A brown bee burden!

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. in *Public Opinion* of a Physical Culture school:—

"The Devils of Insomnia, Nervous Depression, Indigestion, and a dozen others of the Infernal Brotherhood are exercised every day."



WHAT OUR ARTIST'S FRIENDS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Extract from letter. "In a moment of foolish generosity I undertook to pose in Jack's studio as a comic Scot; and in the middle who should his silly wife bring in but Violet and her Mother! I had long been anxious to make an impression on Violet and now I've succeeded."

THE INGRATITUDE OF EDWIN.

[The new guides are busy at the British Museum. Efforts are being made to discover how far the experiment is being appreciated.]

EDWIN, on many a showery afternoon,
When Hampstead Heath was much too damp to sit on,
With Angelina you've been known to moon

Through wonder-halls, the pride of every Briton,
And there, among the world's first treasures tarrying,
Discourse of walnut suites, of maisonnettes, and marrying.

The kind Authorities it much distressed

To see you so irrelevantly wandering,
Oblivious both of script and palimpsest,

And other things o'er which the wise stand pondering;
And now they mean, by tactful ministrations,
To fructify your ignorant perambulations.

A grave curator, spectacled and bland,
Shall, for the future, with compassion heed you,
And intervening give to each a hand,

And gently to the manuscript room lead you,
And, sojourning before the show-case, start a
Profound discourse, let's say, on England's Magna Carta.

Then, resting in the nook which, all unseen,

For confidential friendship well suffices,

This learned person, seated in between,

Shall talk to you of Ammun Ra and Isis,
While still the smile (you never could abide her)

Upon the face of Pasht, the pussy-god, grows wider.

Thus spoke I, giving Edwin and his maid

A sketch of how philanthropy was seeking
To render to his ignorance first aid;

But, credit me! before I'd finished speaking
(One may too much solicitude by half show)
They'd passed away into—a Cinematograph Show!

The growing popularity of aeroplanes is having a startling effect on the bicycle trade. "Now is the time," says a Dundee paper, "to buy a bicycle. If you want a good second-hand one, advertise for it in the 'Courier.' It will only cost you sixpence, and you will probably get a wide choice."

"Broken china may be mended by brushing the edges with white lead, such as painters use; press the pieces together and tie them in place, then leave them two or three days until thoroughly dry. The dish can be broken as easily anywhere else as at the old break."

Transvaal Leader.

Still a break in a new place is never quite so satisfactory.

"Notice.—F. B. is the only one in all the world who can turn straight hair into natural waves on the head without injuring the hair or scalp, and will last for ever, from 2gs."—*The Queen.*

A very lonely immortality for F. B.

"Specimen bush plants, eventually to be 3 feet or more high, should have different treatment. Stop the plants at 6 inches, and continue to do so until the desired size is attained."—*The Garden.*

It sounds hopeless.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.**V.—CITY COMPANIES.**

THERE are few London institutions more interesting to strangers than our ancient City Companies, and few about which so little is accurately known. Since the metropolis promises to be heavily invaded by American and other foreigners during the coming summer, for a function that shall not be named, and since all are then likely to ask questions about the City Companies, the following timely account has been drawn up and vouched for by experts of unimpeachable veracity :—

HISTORY.

The oldest City Company is probably that of the Hide-bonders, the foundation of which is attributed to JULIUS CÆSAR, who, during his stay in Britain, always dined with them on the Hides of March. The Gum-boilers, again, date back to the Roman occupation, the first Prime Warden being a native of Tusculum and a descendant of CURIUS DENTATUS. The Gin-slingers came from the Balearic Isles, where they own extensive plantations of juniper to this day; and the Coal-scuttlers are the lineal descendants of some Barbary Corsairs, who were captured by Captain Coke.

WEALTH.

The wealth of the City Companies is a byword. So vast is it that there is the greatest difficulty in disposing of it. The ordinary channels of charity are often congested, and the Companies are bound in self-defence to indulge freely in banquets, at which not only are food and drink consumed, but presents are distributed. A visitor to a City Company dinner is disappointed if he does not find a gold cigar-case or black pearl pin under his plate, while ladies are rarely permitted to leave without tiaras or sables. Many a visitor has also come away with a diamond pain beneath his waistcoat, the food being not less rich and generous than the Company.

THE HALLS.

The City Companies pride themselves exceedingly upon their Halls, which are usually buried in the very heart of the City, so that it is advisable for any one who is bidden to a feast to allow at least an hour extra for losing and finding the way. Once found, however, the Halls turn out to be fine examples of mediæval architecture, and hospitality reigns in every one. At the entrance door a yard of ale is proffered to every visitor, and he is expected to drink it. He must then give up his hat and coat, receiving in exchange a ticket of pure

gold, which he is asked to retain as a souvenir. On being presented to the Worshipful Master he must join him in a second yard of ale, and then all is ready for dinner.

TURTLES.

The life-blood of a City Company, it has been well said, is turtle soup; and since real turtle soup can be made only from the real turtle it follows that a considerable traffic is carried on in this unwieldy but toothsome creature. The turtle most dear to the City Companies' palate is the green turtle, which yields the succulent calipash and calipee—calipash being the green fat of the upper shell, and calipee the yellow meat of the lower. Lumps of these delicacies swim about in the soup and give extraordinary contentment to the consumer, whether he be Worshipful Master or a mere literary guest. The green turtle comes from the coast of South America and is brought here alive in tanks. Each City Company has its own aquarium for turtles and keeps an official executioner, who has a fee of fifteen shillings, dating from immemorial times, for every one killed—also the shells as perquisites, from which the more ingenious ones carve combs for their wives and daughters and paper-knives for their sons. In 1743, it is told that one Simon Fergus, turtle-executioner to the Worshipful Company of Razor-stroppers, on being discovered substituting mock turtle from the Caroline Islands for the real thing, was deprived of his office and set in the pillory. And quite right too.

ETIQUETTE.

The City Companies are sticklers for routine. No one may seat himself before the Worshipful Masters and none may eat until grace has been sung. It is an offence to refuse any dish or to leave anything on the plate; but since few of the dinners contain more than eighteen courses this is no great hardship. Different Companies have, of course, different customs. Thus the Honourable Company of Wire-walkers restrict their courses to fifteen, and invariably, no matter what the season, have calf's-foot jelly. The calf's-foot, being cleft and therefore more easily retaining a hold on the precarious wire, is their emblem. The Honourable Company of Heel-tappers, again, make it a practice to drink a toast with their Worshipful Master between each course, and since their courses are twenty in all this is no small feat considering that heel-taps are forbidden. The least generous of the Companies is the Worshipful Company of Flint-skinners, which

gives its guests only fourteen courses, and, whereas the other Companies serve their food on platinum, offers only a gold service.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Every City Company has a few distinguished honorary members. Thus, the Worshipful Company of Hair-splitters has lately added to its roll Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. HENRY JAMES; the Spot-strokers have paid a similar compliment to Mr. GEORGE GRAY; while the Worshipful Company of Wool-gatherers have enriched their native intellectual strength with the addition of Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P.

The two men of eminence who hold the greatest number of honorary memberships of City Companies are Mr. EUSTACE MILES and Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Thus Mr. SHAW is an honorary life member of the Gas-baggers, the Horn-blowers and the Blotting-padders; while Mr. MILES is attached in a similar capacity to the Milk-blenders, the Sponge-cake-walkers, the Egg-flippers, the Nut-hatchers, and the Floor-chasers.

WHAT THE EYE DOESN'T SEE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—While Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was thinking about State Insurance for Every Workman (except you and me) I, in my larger and broader way, was maturing a scheme for the private insurance of my cook. Unfortunately the CHANCELLOR got out with his idea first, and, to show that I regard him in no bitter spirit on that account, I will admit that his little enterprise helped in its way to bring my greater one to fruition. "For," said I to myself, having been on the point of effecting this insurance ever since the notorious Workmen's Compensation Act of 1906 came into force, "now that we have to insure, let us do it thoroughly."

I don't suppose that the CHANCELLOR pays the same attention to our schemes as we do to his. The Insurance Company, however, at once evinced the most polite interest in the details of the affair and asked some very pertinent questions as to cook's workmanship. On a common proposal form, intended to display such interest in the work of every employee, it has begged me to state "what acids, gases, chemicals, and explosives are used in the course of her employment." To this question I think you will agree that the only answer which can do justice to my cook's cooking is :—"I am sure I don't know, and can only say that they produce a most agreeable flavour."

Your trustful EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.



THE SMILE THAT COMES OFF.

A BUDAPESTH THEATRE MANAGER HAS ANNOUNCED THAT IN FUTURE PAYMENT WILL NOT BE EXACTED FROM PLAYGOERS TILL AFTER THE PERFORMANCE; AND THAT THOSE WHO HAVE NOT ENJOYED THEMSELVES NEED NOT PAY.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

OPPOSITE the Norley Arms stood Norley Station. From the Norley Arms issued a man, with a small handbag. He was destined for Norley Station. Such things are common in human experience.

On the far platform of this wayside junction was a porter, having the appearance of a clout, but nevertheless competent to deal with most intricate questions regarding the local service. Now the man with the small handbag had previously looked up for himself in a time-table the time of his train, and had ascertained that it was due to arrive and depart (either or both) at 6.31 P.M. The time was then only 6.25, but all the same the man with the small handbag made his way over the level crossing to the porter and there put a question to him.

"Is there a train due to start from here at 6.31, for London, to-night?"

That question, put with no desire or expectation of eliciting new information, was quite in keeping with the ordinary run of human nature, but the answer was a little out of the common.

"No, Sir," said the porter, merely.

People who come to ask questions generally stay to argue. Resort was ultimately had to the official bills of the Company, and there indeed the 6.31 train was clearly indicated (so that the man with the small handbag was right), but rendered suspicious by an asterisk (so that the porter also was shown to be right). Do not blame the publishers of the time-table previously referred to, for the fact is that the asterisk was incorporated there also; but men with small handbags do not always realize the importance in life of asterisks. This asterisk, upon being properly enquired into, demonstrated that the 6.31 train ran on Saturdays only. Unhappily to-day was a Friday.

Further argument was useless, so the man returned slowly to the level crossing; but, as he was about to cross, his eye fell upon a notice which had previously escaped him—

BEWARE OF THE TRAINS!

Smiling sardonically—smiling (I say) sardonically—he produced a piece of white chalk from the small handbag

and amplified that notice. The complete edition then ran:—

BEWARE OF THE TRAINS!
and especially
of those
MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK.

E PLURIBUS UNA.

[To a young lady named Unity, with every prospect, I may say, of getting snubbed for my pains.]

To June's red rose's petals rare
Their lady's cheek some bard's compare;
Whatever kind of rose in June it is,
It's not a match for Mistress Unity's.

The nightingale's nocturnal note
To some suggests their lady's throat;
Whatever kind of noise or tune it is,
It's not a patch on Mistress Unity's.

They say that each man's heart at last
Before some lady's feet is cast;
I do not care a fig how soon it is
That mine is laid at Mistress Unity's.

UNDULY PESSIMISTIC.—We notice a firm of corset-makers calling themselves
"The Universal Bust Co."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

UNDER the shadow of the great Angkor Wat (for What's Wat see Appendix) in the time of the Khmer Empire in Kambodia transpires the rather grisly drama to which Sir HUGH CLIFFORD has given the title of *The Downfall of the Gods* (MURRAY). Employing a rhapsodic style, slightly reminiscent at times of some of Mrs. STEEL's works, he succeeds very well in producing an atmosphere of Oriental vastness and mystery wherewith to surround his story of the love of a young Sudra for a Temple dancing girl, a love which overthrew the tyranny of the Brahmins and inspired a new religion more despotic and more short-lived than theirs. There were moments, I confess, and especially when the hero indulged in lengthy rhetorical outbursts, when I found the high-flown language a little wearisome, and when, remembering the dedication in which the author has stated that this is the first book he has written (though he seems to have published ten others) I felt that I could have pardoned some occasional lapses into mere unitalicised logography. There is a

difficulty, I think, in feeling a proper sentimental interest in a love-affair so far removed in point of date and geography; but the writer shows great imaginative skill in the narrative, and his knowledge of his subject gives him an undoubted advantage over many tellers of Eastern tales. He has also very kindly added a round dozen of explanatory notes at the end, which were very useful to a reader who could scarcely have told you without their aid what the Wat was, and certainly not the date at which it was constructed.

To a somewhat light-hearted generation of novel readers, preferring laughter to abstruse discussion, Mr. PUTNAM WEALE has dared to submit a story touching upon the fundamental principles of Eastern philosophy and religion, and taking for its *locus in quo* the mission field of China. Not to be outdone in boldness, Messrs. MACMILLAN have sent *The Unknown God* to no less frivolous a person than Mr. Punch for review, and his Learned Clerk, rising to the occasion, declares that he has found this interlude of deeper thought not only instructive but pleasantly arresting. An accident in the early youth of *Paul Hancock* leads him to search for truth in a foreign well, to become involved in the petty quarrels of different sects, to play a leading part in a violent and dramatic uprising of a primitive people, and to end no nearer the solution of the mystery of life than does the everyday lover. It is perhaps regrettable that the villainy of Mr. Grey, of the English mission, should have been entirely unrelieved, and that the heroine should be burdened with the name of *Virginia Bayswater*, but it is evidence of the general excellence of the book that an interruption of the narrative at its very climax, by the devotion of a whole chapter to the position of the Mohammedans in China, gives no offence and causes no yawn. You get

instruction and entertainment while (literally) you wait. The short truth is that the writer lectures without being dull and is serious without being solemn.

The chief thing I have to say about *Some Happenings of Glendalyne* (HUTCHINSON) is that, if they are in any degree typical of the usual sequence of events in picturesque Ireland, I protest that the L. & N.W. railway shall spread its attractive posters in vain, so far as I am concerned. But of course, really, it is all Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS' fun. At least, this is the only way in which I can account for such an amazing production from her usually well-graced and witty pen. My perplexity began on the third page, where one of the characters, relating the mysterious disappearance of the boy-owner of *Glendalyne*, observes that they never found *Hugh's* body, only his pet rabbit and his hat on the edge of the cliff, adding carefully, "*Hugh's* hat, not the rabbit's." In the next chapter I found a wicked uncle in wrongful enjoyment of the estate; I found bloodhounds, a secret passage, and a madman walled up in a deserted wing of the mansion. Later on, it turned out that the madman was really poor *Hugh*, who had been kept by his guardian for eight weary years,

in chains, and (O my CLARKSON!) a whitewig and beard. Towards the end, the "happenings" became such a delirious whirl of impossible horrors that I was obliged to abandon the attempt to follow them. But I want to know whether this story was intended to be funny or not. It undoubtedly is, in the purple passages at least, though these were not, one imagines, the parts intended by Miss CONYERS to produce that effect; or



PHRASES THAT HAVE GONE WRONG.
"AS DRUNK AS A LORD."

were they? It is all very perplexing.

"A Callow Chronicle of Frivolous Affairs" is the subtitle which Mr. WARD MUIR gives to *When we are Rich* (STANLEY PAUL); but this does not prevent the best chapter of his book being concerned with a tragedy; and I am inclined to think that, although he has tried very hard to write merely a funny book, his guardian angel controlled his pen and compelled him to write something infinitely more engaging. To be young is to be rich—this is the gospel which he preaches; and, although he has not disdained to bring to his aid a fat woman, a practical joker, a screeching parrot and a giggling landlady, I feel that lurking beneath his obvious effort to provoke smiles is a real understanding of the pathos of life. I would not say that Mr. MUIR's practical joker is devoid of ingenuity, but all the same his novel would not escape mediocrity if it had to rely solely upon its humour. Those who wish to acquaint themselves with Bohemian life in London will find, from *When we are Rich*, that its laughter is close akin to tears, and if they are depressed by the frequency with which Mr. MUIR fizzes his attempts to be amusing they will have also to acknowledge that he makes some fine recoveries.

For all the ills of nature, occ. or chronic,
Take *Printer's Pie*, the universal tonic.

CHARIVARIA.

THE EARL MARSHAL has issued an official list of Standard Bearers for the Westminster Abbey procession. Some disappointment has been caused in Carmelite House by the omission of a Standard Bread Bearer.

New regulations have been made concerning the wearing of foreign orders by British subjects. Meanwhile commercial men complain bitterly of the difficulty of obtaining this kind of order.

An airman who gave an exhibition of flying at Canton was threatened with murder by the superstitious populace, and his aeroplane was hacked to pieces and burned. The attitude of our War Office towards aviation compares very favourably with this.

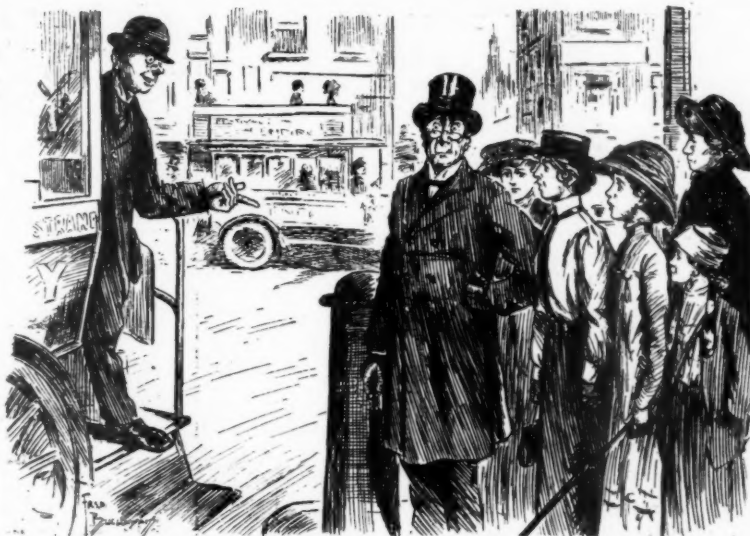
The Women's Social and Political Union has presented a cup to the three-months-old son of the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN, who accompanied his parents when they came to London on the occasion of the presentation to the House of Commons of a petition in favour of Women's Suffrage. The young fellow's age is, of course, considerably below the average of those who are in favour of the proposed reform.

Not a few British workmen felt, when the outline of the Insurance Bill was published, that "there must be a catch in it somewhere." It now turns out that they were right. It appears that when one of them falls out of employment a Labour Exchange will try its best to find him another job before he gets the insurance money.

"Riot at a London Exhibition!" shouted an itinerant vendor of newspapers. An old gentleman hurried up and bought a copy. It was some time before he found the item of news referred to, and he was very angry indeed when he came across it. It was in an advertisement:—

"SUPERB ILLUMINATIONS.
RIOT OF COLOUR."

The following letter appears in *The Express*:—"Sir, may I ask if any of your readers could give me any information, or name of the artist, of an unsigned oil painting which has been in my family for more than fifty years:—Size, 24 ins. by 19½ ins.; subject, moonlight scene, three men wearing red caps in a boat on a river; bridge over river, and an old church or castle in the background?—D." The



The Pirate (who has tried every other way of attracting Fare). "COME ON, SIR, NAH FOR SALT-LAKE CITY."

sting for the painter, of course, is in the words "church or castle."

The following conversation is alleged to have taken place at the office of a well-known theatrical booking agent:—

CUSTOMER—"What's on at the Prince of Wales Theatre now?"

CLERK—"Better not enquire."

CUSTOMER—"Oh, is it like that, eh? I'll have two stalls."

Notices have been placed in all Berlin tramcars requesting women to wear guards on their hat-pins. In spite of this, a lady who stuck one of her hat-pins into the guard of a tramcar was held not to have complied with the requirement of the notice.

"Pigs that pay" is the title of a paragraph in a contemporary. These, surely, may be seen any day at a fashionable restaurant.

The choice of a title is often a difficult matter, and *The Observer*, in chronicling the fact that some pick-pockets who had relieved the Mayor of Shoreditch of his watch had subsequently returned it to his worship, was not quite so happy as usual when it headed the paragraph "Honour among Thieves."

"My son belongs to the 'Woodpeckers,'" complained a father at the Highgate Police Court. "They pool their earnings, and spend the week-end in the woods, smoking, sleeping, and playing cards." We are glad to be informed that this society is not a junior branch of another called "The Oakum-pickers."

The question of having statues in our parks is being well discussed. The latest suggestion is that, anyhow, such memorials should be restricted to British personages, and exception has been taken to the statue in Hyde Park of that foreign notability, Achilles.

BUMPY.

He is lazy, and lies on the mat;
He owns no affectionate habits;
He would never look twice at a rat,
Or be roused by the running of rabbits.

He gives me no answering bark
When I cheerily "Towzer" or
"Rover" him;

That means, when the passage is dark,
That a fellow is apt to fall over him.

When—as often—he gets in my way,
I'm afraid I accost him with curses,
Saying things that a bard mustn't say
In respectable family verses.

Though he makes no reply when I speak

This omission no rudeness confesses,
For his voice is confined to a squeak
Which proceeds from his inner recesses.

And, regarding his fear of a rat,
Well—it's scarcely our place to upbraid him,

For his teeth were forgotten, and that
Was the fault of the German who made him!

And there's this to be said: he don't bite,

Whatsoever inducement there may be;

And to us what he does is all right,
For he's "Bumpy," beloved of Baby!

OF FANCY DRESSING.

FORGIVE me, Thomas, if I wore last night
A touch of *hauteur* in my lifted nose
While I was prancing on a toe once light,
Fantastic once, and now in silken hose
Recalling memories of the golden time
Of our resilient prime.

Forgive me if I looked you up and down
As one who rudely questions, "What is this?"
You were a Pierrot (were you not?), or clown?
Something, at any rate, that went amiss
With my superb costume that spoke a taste
How exquisitely chaste!

I was a bit above myself, I own;
I felt it due to my historic part
To take the mincing supercilious tone
Which, as I gathered from a coloured chart,
Characterised a dandy of the days
Of the late Louis XIII.

But that was not the only reason, no!
Some shock had wrought in me a mental change;
I, with my manly scorn of outward show,
Had caught an itch for colours rich and strange;
I meant, as any woman might, to see
How beauteous I could be.

I, who had never sought my tailor's lair
Save at the call of decency—I passed
A solid month selecting what to wear,
A fortnight trying on, and, when at last
The thing came home, three hours or thereabout
Rigging my person out.

You too, my Thomas, though you walk the town
Clad unobtrusively in something dark,
Yet in the guise of Pierrot (or a clown?)
You saw yourself as matter for remark;
Though commonplace enough 'twas only bought
After a lot of thought.

We prate at large of women's love of dress,
Their craving after gawds and fancy gear,
But, had we half the chances they possess,
Our vanity would find the strain severe;
We should do nothing all the time but play
The jaunty popinjay.

O. S.

"—was fined 5s. and costs for travelling in a third-class carriage with a third-class ticket."—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

First-class ticket-holders on the District Railway will not be surprised to hear that this is now illegal. The feeling against it has been very marked for years.

"The figure fiends, when they started to make averages as the beginning and end of the game, little knew what they were wroughing for 'First Class' cricket."—*The Observer*.
The perfect participle at last.

"Harmonious Comedians. Introducing their own Version of Goldsmith's Celebrated Song—'Blow, Blow thou Winter Wind.'"—*Advt.* in "*The Scotsman*."
And apparently their own version of the authorship.

"Mr. A. V. Hambro, M.P. (plush), beat Mr. G. Tahourdin, Press Gallery (14), by 6 and 4."—*Morning Leader*.
Mr. TAHOURDIN (Harris Tweeds) doesn't seem to have struck quite so soft a thing as he might have hoped for.

MY AUNT'S INSURANCE.

My Aunt Harriet has practically decided—she says "practically," because, as she adds with considerable truth, many details have yet to be settled, and you can never be quite sure until the last moment—she has, I say, practically decided to insure her plate and jewelry against burglary. She has lived in her present house for more than twenty years, and there has never been even the remotest suspicion of a burglary in the whole district, but that, as my Aunt says, only makes it the more probable that there will be one in the immediate future. Burglars, she observes, are a crafty lot, and must be getting ready to pounce on a fat neighbourhood hitherto unattempted.

My Aunt's first step—she took it on my suggestion—was to write to an insurance agent, with whom she has since had an extensive correspondence of a highly technical character. The effect of my Aunt's letters on the agent can only be faintly surmised. The effect of his upon her has been to plunge her into a vortex of confusion and despair. As one possibility after another was opened up to her mind, she began to conceive the world as one vast and infamous conspiracy designed to deprive her of every scrap of her silver and to unjewel her, if I may say so, down to her last amethyst. Nor has her gloom been at all mitigated by the revelation of a long list of substantial companies prepared to compensate her (on terms) for every imaginable sort of loss. She has begun to fear that, after all, there may never be a burglary in her house, "and then what good will it all have done me? I shall have paid immense sums for nothing. Now in life insurance it is different. You must die some day, you know, and then the company must pay up, and you can have the satisfaction of leaving the money to someone. But you can't count on burglars, now can you? Though, mind you, I'm morally certain we *shall* have a burglary here, and that's why I want to insure."

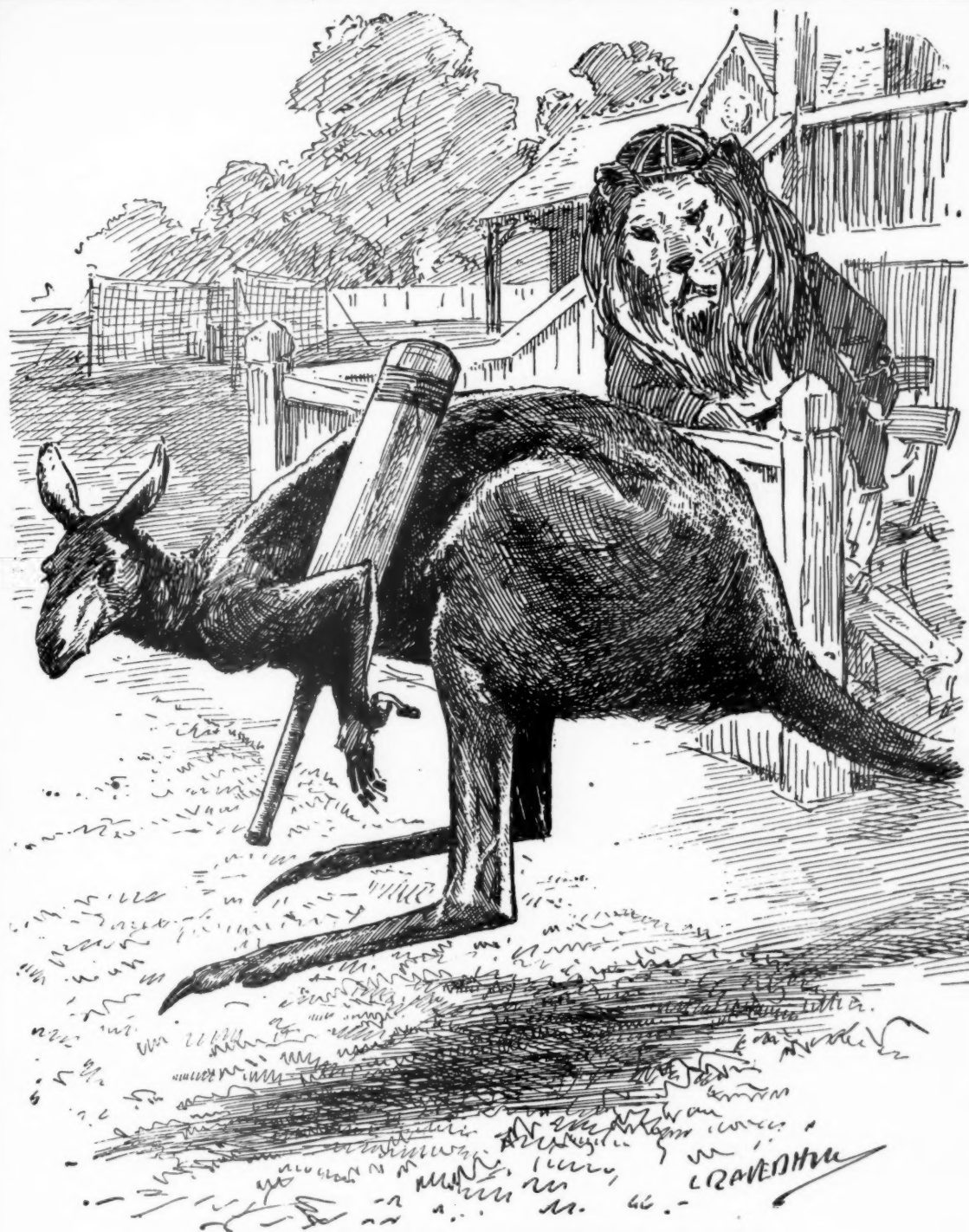
"Quite right, my dear Aunt," said I; "let's hear what the agent says."

"That's just it," said my Aunt morosely. "Here is the letter in which he says he will give me a list of some of the better companies taking 'this class of risk.' What does the man mean by 'risk'? That's their look-out, not mine. I'm not going to pay them a penny more because they choose to talk of it as 'risk.' There's no risk in it either in such a safe neighbourhood as this. I was very particular to tell him all about it, and then he writes about 'risk.' Pooh! Besides, isn't it their *business*? And business people oughtn't to talk about risk to a business woman. However, I see through all their dodges, and they shan't bamboozle me." I smoothed her down and we proceeded.

"Now the 'Irish Orphans Insurance Society,'" said my Aunt, "sounds very attractive. It is a touching name, and I should like to deal with them. But what in heaven's name is the use of mentioning it to me? I'm not Irish and never was—haven't a drop of Irish blood in my veins, and never gave him the least reason to suppose I had; so that's out of the question. Then there's the 'Accountants' and Auditors' Reliability.' Respectable enough, I dare say; but how can a woman be an accountant or an auditor? At any rate, I know I'm not one, and it's a mere waste of ink and paper to write about it. 'The British Accident and Burglary Guarantee Corporation' is the only one that's at all suitable."

"Well," said I, "what do they offer?"

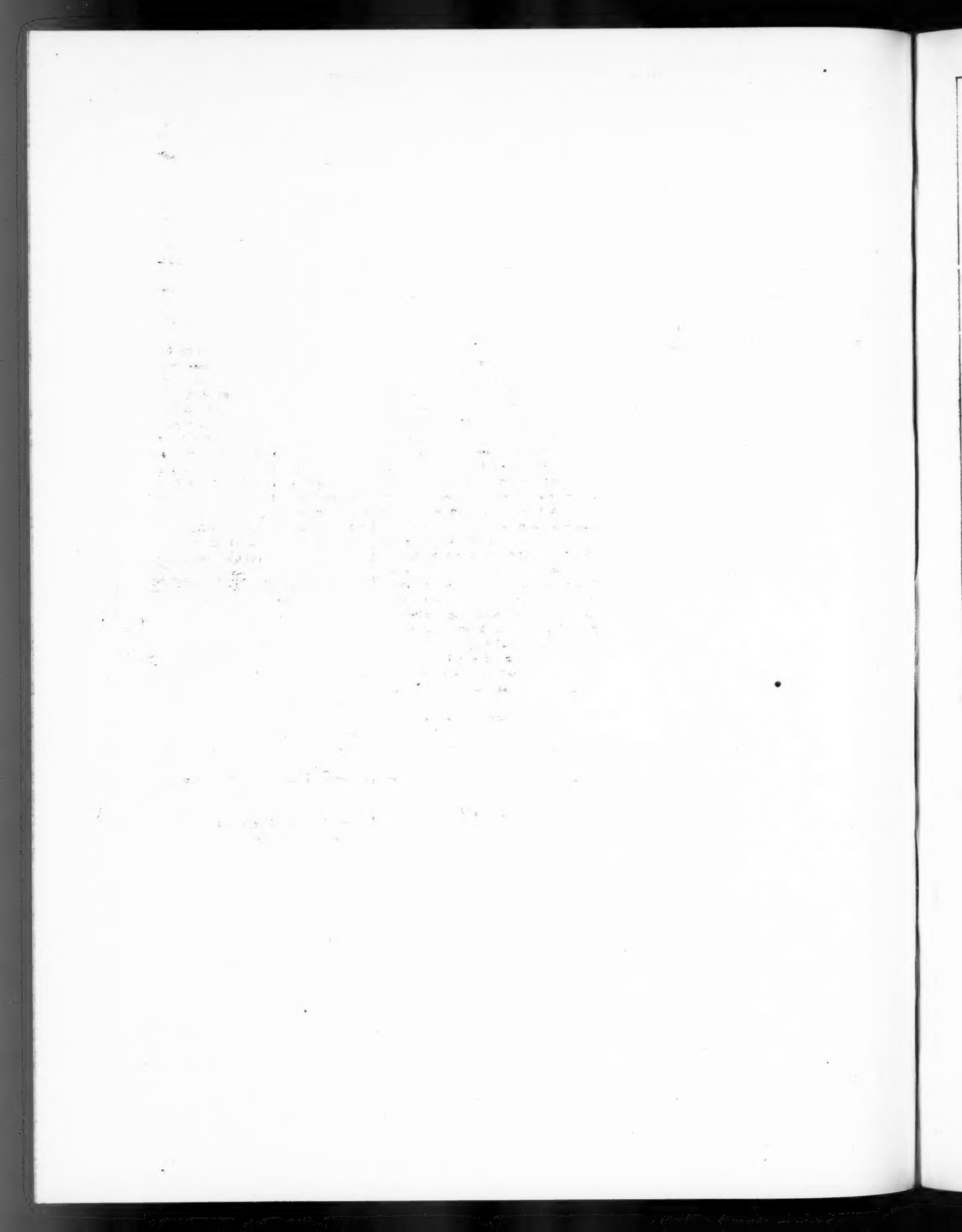
"They," said my Aunt, "make a variety of offers, but the best is ten per cent. Now if I insure for £2,000—and the jewels alone are worth that—I shall be getting, let me see—there are twenty hundreds in two thousand, and ten



THE IMPERIAL DEFENCE CLUB.

BRITISH LION. "ONE OF THE BEST BATS IN MY TEAM; BUT A BIT INCLINED TO PLAY HIS OWN GAME."

[Mr. FISHER, the Labour Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, has informed the Press that his mission to the Imperial Conference does not include an instruction to commit his Government to a share in any general scheme of Imperial Defence.]





Indignant Stranger (mistaking Visitor for the Proprietor). "HERE! COMING THROUGH YOUR GARDEN I'VE BEEN STUNG BY ONE OF YOUR CONFOUNDED BEES."

Visitor. "WHICH ONE! JUST YOU POINT IT OUT, SIR, AND I'LL DEAL WITH IT IMMEDIATELY."

twenties are two hundred; that's £200 a year, which is more or less satisfactory. But then he goes on to say that that will be £10, and so he confuses me again. And now that I look at it once more, he says ten *shillings* per cent., only he's written the 's' very small after the 10. I call that mean."

"Yes, but, Aunt, that's what *you've* got to pay, not what *they're* going to pay *you*. If you insure 'at any address in the U.K. with transit'—that's what the letter says—you'll have to pay 10s. per cent., and on £2,000 that comes to £10. You can't expect them to insure your plate and jewels and pay you an annuity into the bargain."

"No," said my Aunt, "perhaps not, but they shouldn't have led me to suppose they would. And what do they mean by 'any address in the U.K. with transit'? Isn't this address good enough for them? Surely they might know that a person of my age and responsibilities doesn't go gadding about the United Kingdom—and 'with transit,' too. Do they propose to pay for my railway tickets? If so, why not say so in clear language? And this is supposed to be a business nation! No wonder the Germans—" But what my Aunt said about the Germans is not evidence. When I last heard from her she was still engaged in discussing debatable points with the unfortunate agent.

An admirer of Lord BEAconsfield writes: "I see in the papers that Mr. Balfour said after his flight that a little more would have made him dizzy." "The little more and how much it is!"

"English lady teacher desires Japanese puppies, four or five to form a class."—*Advt. in "North China Daily News."* Fortunately, just before the hounds began to arrive, the important word was corrected to "pupils."

A HAUNTING FACE.

My physiognomy has never struck me as being in any way commonplace. Yet it is extraordinary what likenesses are seen in me by enthusiastic acquaintances, and even friends. There are few people among those it has been my privilege to meet in life, who have not at least one close relation, cousin, step-father, or what not, of whom I am the very living image. Disinterested persons have also traced in my expression characteristics suggestive of great men in the present and the past, *e.g.*, Lords ROSEBURY and HALDANE, BONAPARTE, and M. PÉLISSIER. Nobody, curiously enough, has, up to the time of writing, recognised any of my features in CROMWELL's head. But I am young yet.

Well, the climax came a few nights ago. I met a really charming woman, who in due course put to me the now familiar question: "Who is it that you remind me of so much?" I promptly tendered her a catalogue of the celebrities and others I have at various times resembled—but none would satisfy her. A sudden thought made me pause, and, in my turn, I regarded her with a searching look. Yes, the face was undoubtedly familiar. I felt a conviction that I had sat out a dance with that face somewhere in my historic past. As I gave her the answer to her question my eyes sparkled with an affection she must have considered hard to explain. Here, at last, was one who had seen in me *some* resemblance—a passing fancy, no doubt, but still *some* resemblance—to myself!

"Common whiting, moistened with water, applied immediately and in a few minutes washed off, will prevent pain and swelling from following the sting of a bee or wasp."—*Liverpool Daily Post.* It is essential that the whiting should have its tail in its mouth.

THE RACONTEUR.

THERE are wild parts of the world, I am led to understand, where, if one man treads on another man's toe, a six-shooter is produced and the offender shot on the spot. In England the punishment is subtler but no less severe.

I trod on the toe of Dixon, a business acquaintance, coming out of the lift at South Kensington Station, but it is only fair to myself to say that I should have trodden exactly where I did, even if Dixon's toe had not been there.

"I am sorry," I said.

"You will be sorry, you mean," he answered, laughing. Dixon's laugh generally portends the worst to those who know his idea of a jest. "You will be sorry young man, for I am going to give thee a clout across the face."

I observed him narrowly, and he explained.

"You know the story of the Yorkshireman in London, who said, 'You will be sorry, young man, for I am going to give thee a clout across the face.' Have I never told it you?"

Unfortunately, I was not in a position truthfully to say that he had.

"The Yorkshireman," he continued, "who came up to London to see the final of the football cup at the Crystal Palace. Or was he a Lancashireman? Let me see."

I had trodden on his toe at 5.15 P.M. The story of the "clout across the face" had begun at 5.16 P.M. (approx.), and from 5.17 to 5.25 P.M. he was still seeing, out loud; eight minutes by Greenwich mean time, but a long period of years to my way of thinking. At 5.30 P.M. it was agreed to assume that the fellow was a Yorkist.

"Well, whatever he was," pursued Dixon, "he had come up to London by a cheap trip to go to the Crystal Palace. Just outside Euston . . ."

"Yes," I said hastily, observing him pause, "one can come from Yorkshire as well as from Lancashire to Euston, if one really wants to. Probably your man had his own reasons for choosing the more circuitous route."

"Anyhow, whether it was Euston or King's Cross, he was just outside it, when a young man, hurrying round a corner, ran into him."

"The young man can't have been in

such a hurry as all that," I murmured, "for it has taken him nearly twenty minutes to do it."

"What's that?" asked Dixon.

"Nothing, nothing," I answered. "I was only just repeating it to myself to be sure that I had the details right. Well, I suppose the young man said he was sorry?"

"No. The young man was coming round the corner don't you see? Then he ran into the Yorkshireman, and, being a decent sort of fellow, stopped and apologised and asked if any harm

Laughing uproariously, Dixon proceeded with the narrative. "'You are sorry?' said the Yorkshireman, towering above him, for he was a great burly fellow. 'You will be sorry, young man, for I am going to give thee a clout across the face.'"

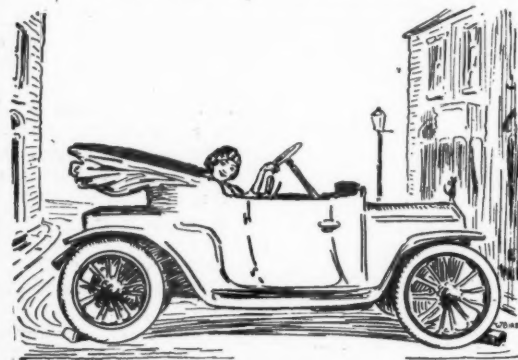
I stopped dead, and Dixon, having gone a few paces ahead, came back to ask me what was the matter.

"Forgive me," I murmured apologetically, "but your last remark took me a little by surprise."

ADVICE TO POPULAR ACTRESSES.



WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN "YOUR FAVOURITE MOTOR" DON'T WEAR A LARGE HAT AND SIT UP;



BUT PUT ON THE SMALLEST HAT YOU'VE GOT AND SIT ON THE FLOOR; IT MAKES THE CAR LOOK MORE IMPRESSIVE.

had been done. But the other was not going to leave it at that. Drawing himself up to his full height, and he was a great big navy, he towered over the unfortunate young man who had run into him . . ."

"As he hurried leisurely round his corner," I put in.

" . . . and said, 'Young man,' he said. No; half a minute. I haven't got it quite right."

I led Dixon into a side street and got the matter put in order. The young man had said, it appeared on cross-examination, that he was sorry. That point cleared up, we pressed on again.

MR. BAMBERGER'S CHEVELURE.

REASSURING REPORT.

THE sensational rumours to which currency has been given in the press as to the condition of the chevelure of Mr. BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, have naturally caused great anguish to his countless friends and admirers in both hemispheres.

We are more than glad therefore to be able to publish the following highly reassuring *pronunciamento* issued by Mr. Drysham Pugh, the famous capillary specialist who has subjected Mr. BAMBERGER to an exhaustive examination.

Mr. Pugh writes as follows:

"I found that, as the result of the continuous nervous strain involved in giving fifty recitals in two months, there was distinctive evidence of partial thrombosis of the metatarsal follicles of the occiput, complicated by a slight failure of the processes of pigmentation. I at once prescribed a course of radium baths followed by the application of a lotion in which an infusion of *Eucalyptus gomphocephala* was a prime constituent, with the most beneficial results. Upon examination to-day I found that all traces of fluorescence had been eliminated from the occiput, while the follicles had resumed their normal splendour, thus restoring to Mr. BAMBERGER his full power of capillary attraction. The rumour that he would be obliged to wear a wig is a dastardly falsehood which can only be attributed to the malevolent invention of some disappointed rival."

Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, Mr. BAMBERGER's father-in-law, is celebrating this auspicious recovery by a reception in Belgrave Square, at which Mrs. BAMBERGER will recite "Balder Dead."



I.

"AH, MY BOY, HERE'S ONE THING AT LEAST THAT BELONGS TO THE DEAR OLD DAYS OF ENGLAND'S DIGNITY. THANK HEAVENS THEY CAN'T SPOIL THAT!"



II.

"WHAT THE —?"

STUDIES IN THE HIGHER JOURNALISM.

[Mr. James Douglas on Himself.]

"He fills me with speechful admiration—he dazzles me with superhuman radiance. Each day I know him more and every moment I know him less.

He does not merely write; he blazes a cannonade of stinging shrapnel. He hurls smashing hyperbole and paradox. He maims, tears, and riddles you with a tornado of words. He mixes metaphor with Mephistophelian subtlety; he mines and countermines his allusions with dynamitic devilry. You gasp in the swirl of his sentences like a drowning cat in a maelstrom. You are buffeted by blinding adjectives; you cling to a straw of commonplace; you are flung off by a surging antithesis; you are dashed into mewling pulp on a dragon-toothed epigram—you sink in a vortex of verbs.

But, an he will, he can woo you as gently as any sucking dove. He is sensuous and languorous as a slice of turtle dreaming in a silver basin of

amber and saffron soup. He croons like a rhinoceros flushed with immortal desire. He drowns you with viscid words that coil on your senses like golden syrup on amorous suet. He is more hungry for love than a broody hen alone on an iceberg. He cajoles like a sorceress steeped in the incense of petrol. He swoons like a mangold-wurzel drugged with cinnamon and myrrh. He exhales passion in gusts that smite you as the passionate draught smites you in tube station passages.

He is more embryonic than the yoke of a roc's egg, and yet more final than an editor's compliments. He is more modern than the aeroplane, and yet more ancient than a neolithic goliwog. He is monk or benedict; as ascetic as a charcoal biscuit, or more Dad than Bagdad itself.

He is Westminster Abbey, the Moulin Rouge, the top of the Himalayas, and the bottom of a quart pot. He can make an epic out of the passing of a motor-bus. He squeezes wine or vitriol out of sterile banality. He takes Life in both hands and bites it in half.

He is the ROOSEVELT of Adjective-riders, the War Lord of verbiage. He strips MEREDITH, and leaves CARLYLE naked and shivering. He is MILTON transcended, and GOETHE and SHAKESPEARE translated in heavenly choirs of words.

He is too modest to say more."

The Journalistic Touch.

"The next day Dr. Griffin was homeward bound with nearly a thousand souls under his medical charge."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

Where was the chaplain?

"In the House of Lords, yesterday, the N.E.R. Bill was read a third time."

Among the Bills read a third time in the House of Lords last night was the North-Eastern Railway Bill."

This appears in a column in the *Illustrated Chronicle* headed "Flotsam and Jetsam." Later on, to remove any lingering doubt, we are told:—

"Among the Bills read a third time in the House of Lords last night was the North-Eastern Railway Bill."

It certainly seems a case for either flotsam or jetsam.

THE ADVENTURER.

CHAPTER I.

JASPER FOURTOES gnawed the ends of his moustache and scowled gloomily. The Countess whom he had been blackmailing for the last three years had died suddenly—as luck would have it, on the very day on which her monthly instalment was due. There seemed to be nothing between him and beggary but honest work. Shrugging his shoulders slightly he picked up the daily paper and ran his eyes over it cynically.

Suddenly he started back with a hoarse cry of triumph. Once more Fate had stepped in at the psychological moment.

"BY-ELECTION IN NORTH SOUTHSHIRE"

were the magic words which had caught his eye. Mr. Samuel Boodle had at last been appointed to the post in the Civil Service for which his subsizarship at Downing College in 1873 had long marked him out, and his retirement from the House of Commons had brought about the first electoral contest since the establishment of Payment of Members.

"Ha," said Jasper sardonically to himself, "eet is well. Ha, oh, ha!" He lit an expensive cigarette and laughed coarsely. "My luck is in," he muttered. "Four hundred a year, Jasp, you sinner, be dashed to you!"

Drawing on his pumps and slipping into his fur-lined coat, he left the room, and with long panther-like strides made his way rapidly to the station.

CHAPTER II.

"You say you have called to solicit my vote," said Mr. Pennywaite plaintively, "but you won't tell me your views. Are you for or against Free Trade?"

"Hist," said Jasper, putting a finger to his lips. "Are we alone?"

"Of course we are," said Mr. Pennywaite. "Can't you see?"

Jasper rose from his seat and stole to the door. He stood there silently for a moment, his fingers grasping the handle, then turned it suddenly and flung the door open. The hall was empty.

"Don't do it," said Mr. Pennywaite testily. "What's the matter with the man?"

Jasper returned to his chair.

"I had feared that there were eaves-droppers," he explained. "One cannot be too careful. Now I am ready to listen to you."

"I asked if you were for or against Free Trade. I don't see how you can

expect me to vote for you without knowing that."

Jasper lit a cigar and leant forward impressively.

"Neither," he said, blowing out a cloud of smoke. "Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say 'Both.'"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"What do the people want?" said Jasper cynically. "You know this part of the country; I don't. Which goes down best? Once I know that, I shall preach accordingly, and they will vote for me."

"But, my dear Sir, you seem to forget that there is an official Tariff Reformer and an official Free Trader in the field already. Why shouldn't the electors vote for them?"

"I had forgotten it," cried Jasper, with a terrible start. "I had read so much in the papers about adventurers snapping up seats when once Members were paid that I began to think that there was never more than one candidate for a constituency. It is a fact that there are these two other men." He scowled and lit another cigar. "Even if I remove them," he added darkly, "two others would take their places."

"The point is," said Mr. Pennywaite, "have you anything to offer that they haven't?"

"Yes," said Jasper suddenly and desperately. "This." He produced a loaded revolver from his pockets and pressed it to the temple of the other. "Now, then, I want a thousand pounds. I have just remembered that I had forgotten something else. I had quite forgotten that there were such things as election expenses. Hand over quickly—for, by Heaven, I am in no mood for trifling."

"My good man," said Mr. Pennywaite, "don't be so silly. I haven't even got a hundred pounds."

"Then you must borrow it for me. The interest is certain; I shall have my four hundred a year, and I will pay you eighty pounds a year while you live. Quick, I am desperate—your promise, or I shoot!"

"You fool," said Mr. Pennywaite, "you've forgotten something else. There is a general election every four years. So, even if they keep on electing you, which is extremely unlikely once they know the sort of man you are, you'd want—"

But Jasper didn't want anything just then. He had swooned.

CHAPTER III.

A month later, in London, Jasper Fourtoes was gloomily surveying two

sets of figures. The first set went like this:—

Sir THOMAS BILTON (L.)	4,837
Capt. PADDOCK (U.)	4,695
JASPER FOURTOES (Ind.)	3

L. majority over U. 142

L. majority over Ind. 4,834

L. majority over all parties 139

No change.

The second set of figures went like this:—

Debit.	£ s. d.	Credit.	To cash value of
To sundry expenses	834 6 11		enhanced prospects of success at next Election due to fact of having stood before, say - - - 9d.
To damage by eggs and similar arguments	15 15 0		
Total	850 1 11		

Jasper studied these figures long and earnestly as he gloomily chewed his moustache. Then he shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigar.

"The adventurer's life is not what it was," he said with a sigh. "Sometimes I think that even on the Stock Exchange there is more doing." A. A. M.

THE LITTLE HEN.

A WAYSIDE SKETCH.

NEVER will there be a more sudden or inexplicable accident. At the one second I was booming at a reasonable pace down a naked white road which ran straight and utterly empty of traffic for the whole of a mile. At the next second the brakes had torn the bloom off forty pounds' worth of tyres. A man had appeared in the middle of the road literally from nowhere, holding up a horror-stricken hand which appeared to contain bread, and pointing with the other to an unexpected hen that lay dead in the dust ten yards behind.

He was wearing striped socks and carried his boots in the other hand. On reflection, I see that my momentary fancy that the person was lunching upon bread and boots was a wrong and ill-considered fancy.

He wore a black straw hat which was turning iron-grey; a cricket blazer striped in three colours, that had been chocolate, yellow and red, but from which quite half the stripes had vanished; corduroy trousers that had once been green and somehow made you think of railway stations; and a beard grown in two colours, blood-orange and dun, with a touch of lemon at the edges. He looked at me through wooden-framed spectacles.

He said, "Pardon me, Sir—my little hen is dead." He raised his hat—the brim of it. I had not noticed until then that the crown was kept on by elastic passing under his chin. "Permit me to examine the little hen, Sir."

He bent over the body for a moment, spoke to it without getting a reply, tried to bribe it to wake with a piece of bread, and, finding this inspired effort at resuscitation unsuccessful, furtively wiped away a tear, and came back to me.

Then he raised his brim again.

"The little hen is dead," he said, and sobbed slightly. Then he closed both his eyes and pressed his hands over his face, having put his bread into his pocket from which it fell into the road—through a hole like the hole of the bottomless pit. He picked it up, lightly brushed the dust from it with his sleeve, and held it in his hand during the remainder of the interview.

"My little companion!" he said. He had an educated voice. "I used to build it a little roost at my feet every night," he added sadly.

I felt horribly ashamed, and thought of the prisoner who tamed a spider.

His beard trembled.

"She was all I had, Sir . . . that hen—that little stolen fowl . . . Stolen, Sir. I stole her from a farm in Kent. This is my punishment. For fourteen hundred miles we have been companions in adversity—walking the same roads, sharing the same shelter of the hedge in storm, the same crust in hunger, the same rivulets in thirst."

He looked thoughtfully at the bread in his hand.

"Sir, this means starvation to me. I bartered an egg for half a loaf yesterday . . . half a loaf and a handful of corn. But now . . . there will be no more eggs." His lips moved silently. Then he spoke again.

"It would be unfair to expect you to realise quite all that little bird meant to me, Sir . . . unfair and an admission of gross vanity. And yet . . . every man, I suppose, possesses his little hen, something to love, to protect, to indulge. Weak, illogical, wayward, perhaps . . . but with its charm. . . ."

"That little hen once saved my life. And once I saved hers. You will see there were ties above the ordinary."

He lifted one foot, and I saw that he did not wear soles on his socks.

"I will journey on—into the infinite . . . alone," he said, in little more than a whisper, and at the same time slipped on a boot.

"Alone . . . penniless."

He lifted the greater part of the fowl and kissed it.

"Forgive this display of feeling," he



GOUTY AND GRIMLY HUMOROUS OLD GENTLEMAN WIRES TO HIS DOCTOR.



Doctor's Wife (reading telegram). "IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN A PRETTY FOOT AND ANKLE, COME OVER THIS EVENING."

muttered. "Pardonable—perhaps—Frenchmen. But we English. . . ."

He slipped on the other boot. The majority of the hen dangled from his hand as he stared across the distant downs into the sunset.

"How lonely are the uplands!" he said suddenly.

I fumbled.

"If a half-sovereign—" I began, and hesitated.

Tears sprang to his eyes, blurring the spectacles.

"What can I say or do? I am poor," he cried, "and a coward. I dare not refuse."

He stood for a second in an attitude of deep dejection. I pressed the money into his hand.

Then suddenly his face lighted up.

"She is all I have in the world," he

said bravely, "and I will commit her into your hands."

He stepped forward and laid the hen tenderly on the floor of the car. Then, nodding blindly, he stood clear of the car to watch me go. He removed his brim and remained standing, desolate and downcast, until I was out of sight.

It was a queer little incident—touching in its way. I showed my wife the little hen that night.

"You'd better let John bury it," she said. "It is a sad little story—if you have a bad cold in the head. I haven't. This hen has been dead at least a fortnight."

"The Cranleigh School XI. put up a record last year with 14 runs out of 16 games."—*The Observer*.

The competition for the average bat must have been very keen.



Voice from the tee. "WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HELP YOUR OPPONENT FIND HIS BALL!"

Man in the way. "OH, HIS BALL'S ALL RIGHT; IT'S HERE. HE'S LOOKING FOR HIS DRIVER!"

BOND STREET.

LAVENDER fresh are your looks,
Bond Street, in May-time;
London that's laid down her books,
London in playtime;
Sunlit eleven o'clock,
Jack, ay, and Jill,
Furbelow, feather and frock,
Fashion and frill!

Lilac'd and lawned go your girls,
So many Graces,
Soft as the dawn, or the pearls
Caught in their laces;
Lo, it was Celia laughed
Silver afar;
Here breathed a violet waft,
There a cigar!

Men who are fêted and fed,
Folk who've come croppers,
Men who fill lions with lead,
Surbiton shoppers;
Thus does the whirligig go
Blithe as a bell;
Soothly it seems that your show
Runs rather well.

Yet on this Monday you've more—
How shall I term it?—
Éclat than ever before,
Yes, I affirm it;

Why so, I hardly can say,
Saying 'tis that
Dolly is up for the day,
Getting a hat!

NOVELTIES AT THE ACADEMY.

No, I am not speaking of the present Exhibition, but the next. And even then I don't hope for anything really new. But if only some of our artists, for a change, would borrow the motives and ideals of other artists! I can't help thinking this would freshen things up a bit. For instance:—

Artist.	Subject.
W.L. WYLLIE, R.A.	Her First Socks.
Sir LUKE FILDES, R.A.	Night Hymn at Sea.
Sir HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.	Diana surprised by the Elders.
GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.	Susanna surprised by the Actæons.
H.S. TUKE, A.R.A.	Portrait of the Editor of <i>The Tailor and Cutter</i> in full dress.
C. SIMS, A.R.A.	Buckingham Palace (painted from a photograph).

B.W. LEADER, R.A. "What is his Other Eye Doing?"—profile study of a Horse-dealer.

The Hon. JOHN COLLIER

Study in Still Life—Brazil Nuts and a Doulton Vase.

HERBERT SCHMALZ YEEND KING BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A.

Silver Birches. Lions at Bay. Eventide in Rotten Row.

FRANK CRAIG.

"Every Nice Girl Loves a Sailor."

Sir W. P. RICHMOND, R.A. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

Sailing Ships on the Round Pond. Portrait of His Worship the Mayor of High Marketown, in his Mayoral Chain and Robes.

Sir ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

Coster Girls Dancing.

GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

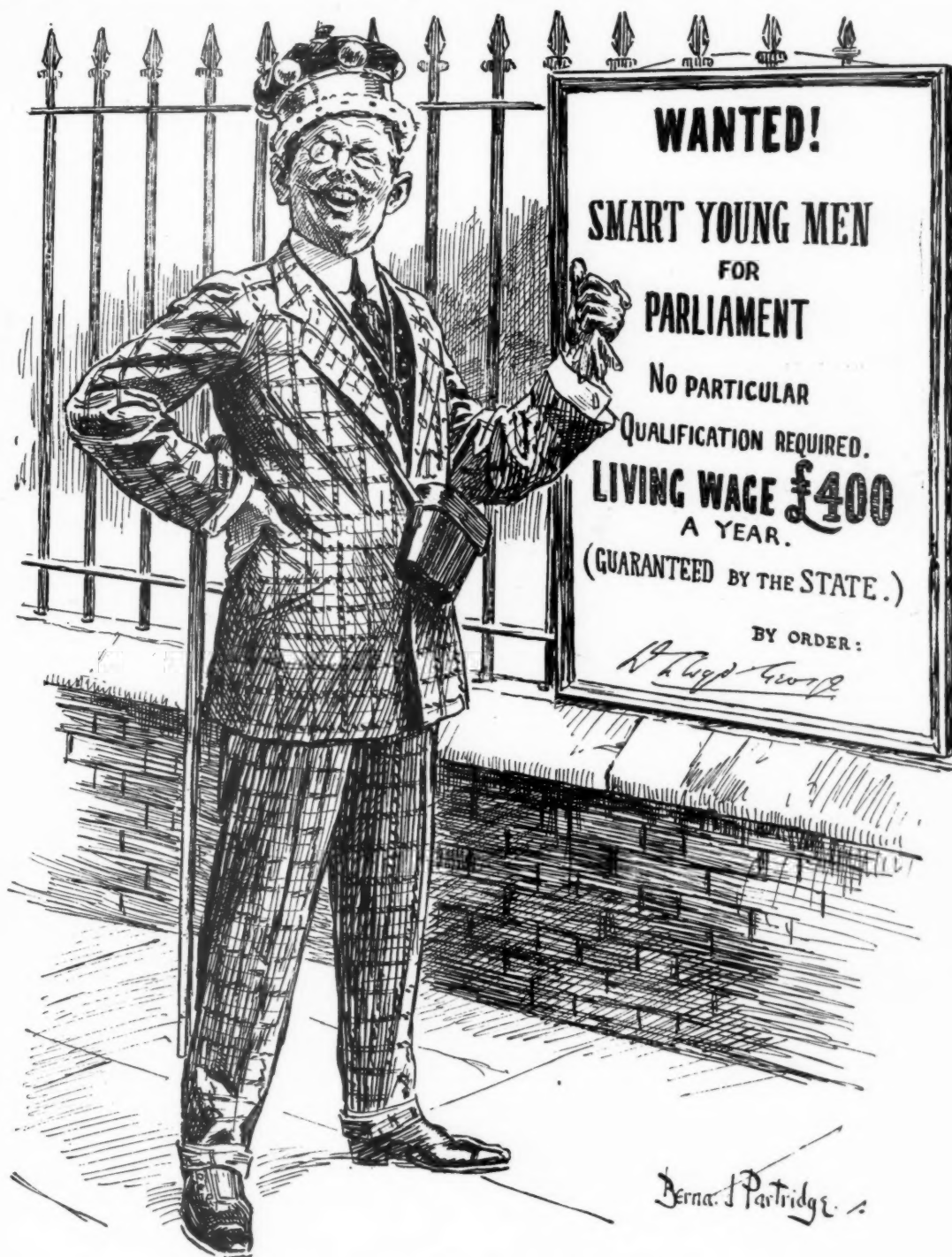
Bringing Daddy's Slippers.

J.S. SARGENT, R.A.

Southend-on-Sea: study of high tea with shrimps.

A. S. COPE, R.A.

Vision of Seraphim.



Bernard Partridge.

THE NEW PROFESSION.

BACKWOODS PEER. "WELL, IF LANSDOWNE KICKS ME OUT I KNOW WHERE TO PUT IN FOR A PAYIN' JOB."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 15th.—"I am sure," said FITZALAN HOPE, rising to move rejection of Parliament Bill, "that I shall have the sympathy of the whole House—"

Assurance not falsified. Only, feeling of sympathy so acute that Members felt constrained to go forth and express it in fuller space of Lobby or in fresher air of Terrace. Amid bustle of departing throng the special ground of effective appeal not made clear. Select few who remained heard HOPE tell a flattering tale of his preference for "the newest, crudest, rawest American Western State Senate, with a row of spittoons along the floor"—he was a little particular about the spittoons—"rather than the House of Lords subject to this Veto Bill."

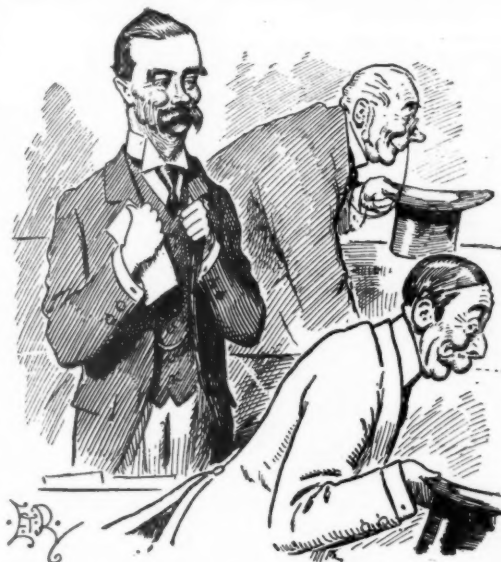
It was the last night of long, occasionally stubborn, fight round a Measure denounced by Opposition as an iniquitous attack on a sainted Constitution. Looking round the scene one wouldn't have thought it.

Benches filled up when PREMIER, PRINCE ARTHUR, and WINSTON were on their legs, but for the rest remained half empty, their occupants altogether listless. Members eager only for the division that would put an end to wearisome marching and counter-marching varied by tedious talk.

F. E. SMITH, favoured with what looked like great opportunity, was selected to lead this last attack. Certainly had full audience. Somehow his blunderbuss missed fire. He might have been leading a minuet instead of a forlorn hope against an impregnable position. Too evident that no fiery furnace of righteous indignation glowed behind his immaculate shirt-front. No light of battle glared in his pensive eye. At intervals he furtively waved flag of truce. Occasionally he made curious gesture as if restraining disposition to obey the command, "Hands up," before it was uttered by the overbearing foe.

SARK has a story of a shipmate on a sea voyage who woke him every morning by giving orders from an adjoining berth for his bath. Concerned for its temperature he never omitted to say, "Not 'ot or else cold." Such was the precise temperature of F. E.'s speech. To put it more briefly, it was tepid.

Nor did the PREMIER or PRINCE ARTHUR succeed in lifting the House out of the doldrums. They, too, openly shared the general condition of boredom with the long-drawn-out discussion.



"HOPE DEFERRED" (TO ANOTHER OCCASION).

"Members felt constrained to go forth" (Mr. FITZALAN HOPE—the other persons portrayed being wholly imaginary from motives of delicacy.)

Both spoke with more than customary brevity; each commenced his speech by excusing himself from serving round once more what CARLYLE



"He might have been leading a minuet instead of a forlorn hope."

(Mr. F. E. SMITH.)

genially, if vaguely, described as "thrice-boiled colewort" in the form of reiterated argument against or for the Bill.

Only WINSTON soared above prevailing dullness. His contribution to debate through long succession of sittings probably exceeded that of any other Member. Turned up now as fresh and vigorous as if he were making his first plunge into the salt estranging sea of controversy. Incidentally he got in one of the neatest retorts evoked in recent years in Parliamentary arena. On his remarking that under the Parliament Bill "the power of the Lords will not merely be effective but formidable, even menacing," a Voice from benches opposite contributed to argument the monosyllable "Rot!"

"An Honourable Member says 'Rot,'" remarked WINSTON with increasing winsomeness. "Doubtless it represents what is in his mind."

At eleven o'clock House filled up like Severn at coming of Bore. A throng peopled the Bar. Side galleries were filled. Glad consciousness shone on every face at certainty that, as the patron

in the circus gallery commanded, we had "cut the cackle and come to the osses." Amid growing excitement two divisions followed in swift succession. By the first F. E. SMITH's amendment rejecting the Bill was negated by majority of six score. That seemed utmost that might be expected. Dividing on the main question, "that the Bill be read third time," ELIBANK went one better, bringing the majority up to 121.

A storm of cheering rose from Ministerial camp, whilst Mr. TURVEYDROP SWIFT MACNEILL gave timely lesson in deportment by rising and, with hat held at proper angle in right hand, bowing ceremoniously to vanquished host above Gangway.

Business done.—Parliament Bill triumphantly carried over last stage.

Tuesday.—In briefest Budget Speech of modern times LLOYD GEORGE expounds financial Scheme for the year. Figures stupendous. Enough to take away a man's breath, not to mention the money in his trouser pocket. Total income £181,716,000; total expenditure £181,284,000; result, as Mr. Micawber said when doing an analogous sum, happiness.

Item of additional expenditure, quarter of a million for payment of Members. Hereafter, if CHANCELLOR's scheme goes through, M.P.'s will be passing rich

on £400 a year. But will it? Certainly not if opposition, by no means confined to one side of House, be skilfully and resolutely led. Men who have closest at heart veneration and affection for Mother of Parliaments see in this proposal inevitable degradation. The voluble Carpet Bagger, hitherto partly restrained in search of a seat by knowledge that if he succeeds he must needs meet lodging and other domestic expenses out of his own pocket, will find difficulties vanish at magic touch of State payment. He and his kind will shoulder off the premises the class of men, by no means universally rich, who, honoured and bestowing honour, have raised House of Commons to its present stainless pinnacle.

Of course, if PREMIER makes proposal a question of confidence, a majority will be forthcoming, however reluctantly, to support it. But it is essentially a case in which private judgment of Members should be untrammelled by considerations of Party fealty. PRINCE ARTHUR, as leading Composite Opposition, should insist on Government Whips taking no official part in the decisive division.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Third night of debate, even more dolorous than greater part of that in Commons on Parliament Bill, on what Marquis of LANSDOWNE calls the House of Lords' Reconstitution Bill. Looking down from Strangers' Gallery, catching here and there a sentence from dispirited speeches forlornly uttered, the visitor might well suppose the House had come to bury Cæsar not to reconstitute him.

Everyone, not least clearly the author of the Bill, knows it is a not altogether harmless delusion. On its forehead was written at birth the fatal words "Too late." Had it been introduced a couple of years ago, it might have served as basis of settlement between two political parties of long vexed question. In 1909 the Peers preferred to devote their available time to throwing out the Budget. That accomplished, what followed was as inevitable as it is irrevocable.

LANSDOWNE's crown of sorrow is that, having devoted long labour, skilfully overcome much opposition privily demonstrated, his endeavour to save the situation does not call forth anything like enthusiasm on his own side. On the contrary there have been forthcoming during progress of debate rarely precedented signs of revolt against authority of Unionist Leader. Regarded as a national custom practised by others something may be said in favour of the custom of hara-kiri. But when the sword is placed in your hand and it

is your own carcass that is to be cut up the point of view is changed.

Business done.—Reconstitution Bill talked round and about.

House of Commons, Thursday.—MORRELL raised a nice and difficult question. Arose upon appointment of additional commissioners under Small Holdings Act and particulars of the Areas allotted them.

"Will each commissioner," he asked, "be obliged to reside in his area?"

Familiar fact that in well-ordered domestic establishments, the area (pertaining to the kitchen) is the domain of the Cook, open to occasional visits from the perambulatory policeman.



DOES MR. MORRELL "RESIDE IN HIS OWN AREA" ?

Cook. "Lawks, Matilda!! If 'ere ain't the master a-lin an' settled 'iself down in the airey!!!"

To have an additional commissioner in permanent residence there would lead to unpleasantness on both sides.

Business done.—Report stage of Army and Navy Votes.

MUSIC.

(In the manner of "The Morning Post.")
LOHENGRIN AT COVENT GARDEN.

WAGNER's *Lohengrin* was performed last night—needless to say not for the first time; but it is only just to remark that in this case familiarity with the work was not allowed to engender any negligence in the representation, and at every turn indications were not lacking of conscientious preparation.

Special interest attached to the performance in that on this occasion M. Paprika, the eminent Bulgarian baritone, made his London *début* in the rôle of *Telramund*. As the unfortunate Brabantian nobleman M. Paprika created on the whole a highly favourable impression, and he undoubtedly enhanced the efficacy of his interpretation by his judicious sartorial equipment, which evinced a regard for detail not always observable in lyric artists. Thus the sinister attributes of the part were cleverly indicated by the choice of a steeple-crowned beaver hat, a purple toga and a Roman sword, the whole being set off by a pair of weirdly suggestive red sandals. M. Paprika's voice is of sonorous quality and his enunciation is commendably articulate. Altogether this estimable artist must be reckoned a decided acquisition to the company. The *Elsa* of Madame Joska Pipitoff is too well known to demand a meticulous survey of its many excellences, vocal and histrionic. Suffice it to observe that she acquitted herself in a manner which fully justified the plaudits bestowed on her efforts by the influential audience who witnessed her meritorious rendition. The same remarks, when the appropriate modifications involved in the discrepancy between the rôles have been made, can be fittingly applied to the *Lohengrin* of the cast, M. Ingo Brobiloff, the capable Lithuanian tenor, whose engagement by the opera syndicate has been signally vindicated on so many occasions by his industrious co-operation. The part of the *King* was safe in the vocal cords of Signor Annibale Tarabuso, and an efficient *Herald* was forthcoming in Mr. Mario Carkeek, a Californian singer of approved talent and urbane deportment. Commendation is also due to the operatic taxidermist responsible for the appearance of the swan, whose gestures were permeated with an instinct for refined gentility. The performance was conducted by Signor Bartolommeo Bolcione, whose artistic ideals and temperament were manifested at every point in the choice of tone values, the manipulation of his bâton, and the vitality which he contrived to impart to the conceptions of the meritorious and distinguished composer with the execution of whose elegant score he was entrusted.

"In the House of Lords this evening Mr. Asquith said he was satisfied that in the interests of this country it was desirable we should have a properly constituted Second Chamber."—*Manchester Evening News*.

A coward would have been satisfied to say it in the House of Commons.



First Bored Undergraduate. "HAVE A CIGARETTE, OLD MAN!"

Second Bored Undergraduate. "No, THANKS."

First Bored Undergraduate. "SLACKER!"

TO THE FOOD OF THE GODS.

Nor when I listen to the lively prattle
Of her, my charming neighbour on the right,
Wond'ring meanwhile if this response or that 'll
Bore her the less (I am not very bright,
Not when I feed;
One thing well done best fits the island breed);

Nor yet when with a face that's far too fervent
I do say something, talking through my hat
(No, not my hat; I left this with a servant,
But talking hopeless piffle, call it that),
Not then, not thus,
Come to my plate, thou rare asparagus!

Nor later, when I woo the lovely creature
Sitting upon my left, a larger care—
How shall I tackle her? What current feature
Of art, of politics, shall melt this fair
Statue in pink?
One hurried almond first, one hasty drink,

Then to the charge (we might try state insurance)—
But not, as I've observed, at times like these,
When I am bound so fast in siren-durance,
Most fair of herbs, most beautiful of trees
That garden ground
Gives to the dinner-board, be handed round!

But rather, when the waves of witticism,
The floods of repartee, have left me lone,
Enisled amid the surges, when the lissome
Fair that I lugged to table, having shown
Signs of fatigue,
Has turned to form elsewhere some faint intrigue,

And she, the still more fair, but slightly serious,
The unessayed as yet, has not been loosed
From adoration by a swain imperious—
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis as I roost—
Then, in that calm,
Come to my aching lips, thou buttered balm.

Then I can do thee justice, thou immortal
And juicy seedling; I can lightly run
Thy hanging heads into the proper portal,
Holing them almost every time in one.

Therefore I say,
Be served while no young women glance my way.
EVOE.

"Yonder (11—9) (Mr. Brassey up) fell when beaten 20 lgths at Aldershot by Yonder (9—11) (2 ran)." —*Evening Times*.

It is only on the rare occasions when the whole field consists of Yonders that the plunger is absolutely safe.

PASTURES NEW.

THERE are times when I tire of adding up figures, or weighing out tea, or whatever you like to suppose my present occupation to be; and then I dream dreams, in which I imagine myself translated to a higher and more congenial sphere of activity. Now I am a popular Actor-Manager, now a Prime Minister, and in even more reckless moments editor of *The Observer*. But sooner or later, having finished dreaming, I turn to solid reality, and glance through the "Situations Vacant" column of my daily paper to discover what I actually might be if I wasn't what I am.

I thought I had "found myself" (as the biographers say) the other morning when the following advertisement caught my eye:—

"Electric Jib Crane Driver wanted. Must be experienced and willing to make himself generally useful. Apply Box 2,357, General Post Office."

The possibilities inherent in such a situation so fired my imagination that I determined to lose no time in applying for it, and sat down at once to write the necessary letter. The beginning caused me the most trouble. How, I wondered, did one address a Box? "Dear Box," or "Dear Box 2,357," sounded a little familiar; "Dear Sir or Madam as the Box may hold" seemed too impersonal; and the task of writing more than two lines in the third person is one from which I have always shrunk. In the end I decided to risk the assumption that the occupant of the Box was a man, and wrote as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you require an experienced chauffeur for your electric jib crane, I beg to offer my services. I am thoroughly acclimatised to electric jib cranes of almost every make—Daimler, Remington, Heidsieck, and so on. For the past year I have been driving Mr. ASQUITH about in a single-house-power Viteau, without a brake, but fitted with a patent anti-suffragette. The latter, however, was recently put out of action by a bomb, and since then I have resigned the post. I should be quite willing to make myself generally useful about the house and grounds, and could take a hand at Bridge in cases of emergency. Salary is not so much an object with me as a comfortable, Christian home.—Yours, etc."

I waited several days for a reply, but strangely enough none was forthcoming. Little rebuffs like that, however, were not going to deter me, so I tried in another direction. This time nothing on the list caught my fancy

till I came to the V's, when I lighted upon this:—

"Varnish-Maker. Man used to gum-running. State wages, with full particulars, to the Stikkey Business Development Co., High Street, Bermondsey."

To which I replied:—

"DEAR SIR,—Varnish has always exercised a great fascination over me, and, although I have no first-hand acquaintance with its manufacture, I have often stood for hours watching the decoration of a shop-front with the substance in whose development your firm has played so conspicuous a part. When they come to putting in the wriggly lines, nothing could ever induce me to move on. As for the special qualifications you demand in your advertisement, I may mention that I did a good deal of gum-running in the South African War, which, as you may remember, was brought to a successful conclusion. I am a constant speaker at our local Debating Society, can play easy accompaniments, and should require a commencing salary of £500 (five hundred pounds) a year.—Yours, etc."

When nothing came of this either, I left the "Situations Vacant" column pretty severely alone for some considerable time. The other day, however, I happened to look through it again, and my apathy completely vanished when I found the following:—

"Smart Young Gentleman wanted, to learn duties as assistant manager for theatrical business. Wear evening dress. Premium required. Apply Hy. Knutt, 763a, Charing Cross Road."

It was, I need hardly say, the evening dress that did it. Who could resist such an inducement? Not I, for one. With almost feverish haste I wrote to Mr. Knutt, adapting the tone of my letter to the character of the profession I had always longed to enter.

"MY DEAR HY," I said,—“I was no end bucked at seeing your little advert. in to-day's rag. It's the very thing I've been looking for. I'm just dying to be an assistant theatrical manager, and help the governor stroll round the house every evening and chat with the pretty programme-girls and swear at the plain ones. And evening dress, too! Do you think I might wear a white waistcoat? If so, I wouldn't mind paying a little bit extra in premium. So long, Hy., old pal. Write soon. How are Thos., Chas., and Jno.?—Ever yours, etc."

This morning I got Hy.'s reply.

"What do you say," he inquired, "to a little bit of dinner at the Roccoco

to-morrow evening? We could then fix up things over a bottle of the best. I may tell you that I picked your application out of several hundred I have received for the post, for which you seem to have exactly the right qualities. Wire me what time to meet you, and if you bring your cheque-book the business can all be finished with on the spot.—Yours, HY. KNUTT."

But I'm not wiring him. I can't stand the food at the Roccoco.

AN APPALLING CONTINGENCY.

[Suggested by the theory recently put forward that, in the modern drama, other motives are tending to displace the hitherto supreme "love interest," and that in the play of the future the appeal to the amorous emotions will be less and less in evidence.]

WE English are a sober race,
And yet, beneath our colder
fashions,
I've always held that one could
trace
The stirrings of volcanic passions,
For which our Drama, though
derided,
A sentimental safety-valve provided;

That, though a prudent mother-wit
Ruled drably o'er our actual
doings,
When settled in the stalls or pit
We gave ourselves to loves and
wooings,
To plighted troths and secret
meetings,
Elovements, vows, and amorous en-
treatings;

And thereby managed to assuage
Our wilder moods and reckless
feelings,
Which otherwise might start to
rage
In all Life's ordinary dealings;
To give the theory brief expression:
Love on the stage, but in our lives
Discretion.

Hence with your loveless plays one
sees
Arrive a dark and horrid doubtlet:
What of our hidden passions, please,
When you've removed their an-
cient outlet?
Is every Briton, wise or stupid,
To wander blindly in the toils of Cupid?

Heaven forbid! No, give us still
The themes and plots of orthodoxy,
And let us take our modest fill
Of passion, as it were, by proxy:
The play's the place for Cupid's
antics,
Else in our lives we all become
Romantics!

FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION.

THE following political competitions have been arranged in consequence of the successful aeroplane flights of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. McKENNA:—

1. PUBLIC ASCENTS OF BALLONS d'ESSAI, to ascertain the current of general opinion. Liberation of canards.

2. WINDBAG COMPETITIONS (unrestricted as to time or volume).—Contest between speeches lighter than air and heavier than air. Flights of oratory.

3. SOARING COMPETITIONS for young M.P.'s.

4. GENERAL ATTEMPT TO FLY TO WESTMINSTER. Prize, £400 a year.—Successful candidates will be expected to steer subsequently in any direction indicated by the Party Whips.

5. ALTITUDE CONTEST.—Elevation of 500 Liberals to the House of Lords.

6. IMMIGRATION CONTEST (for Aliens only).—Candidates to attempt to fly over London and drop explosives at various vital centres. No restrictions. (Gentlemen desiring assistance will obtain fullest information from the Home Office.)

7. LADIES' CONTEST.—An aeroplane of the Suffragette (PANKHURST-DESPARD) type will manoeuvre in the air over Radical meetings and drop handbills and other missiles. In conjunction with the Police Air-ship Sports. (The public are warned that this event is dangerous.)

8. NON-STOP EVENT.—An attempt will be made by a body of Conservative Members to send up the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER permanently in a balloon.

9. BACK-TO-THE-LAND COMPETITION (for Beginners).—This explains itself.

ANOTHER LIBEL.

"I SHALL have to sell the pup," said James.

"Funks, does he?" I asked.

"Not he," he said indignantly.

"He'd face a polar bear if I asked him to."

A horrible suspicion seized me.

"You've been trying," I asked, "to teach him to beg, and he's refused to sacrifice his self-respect?"

"Of course not. You know I don't believe in indiscriminate charity."

"Well, then, what's the trouble?"

"He has libelled me."

"What! does he write fiction, too?" I exclaimed. "The young dog!"

"There are more ways of libelling a man," said James, "than painting him as the villain of a storyette;" to which I agreed, for, since the discovery of a false rhyme in my poem "To Araminta," I had lived in hourly expectation of an



"MOTHER, I KNOW WHAT ELEPHANTS' TUSKS ARE MADE OF."

"WHAT, DEAR!"

"WHY, PAPER KNIVES."

action from some lady of that name for implying that she mixed with poets of defective culture.

"The other day," James went on, "I lost him. I searched for him, and found him searching for me outside the Criterion Bar, which, as you know, is situated in one of our busiest thoroughfares."

"Wonderful instinct dogs have," I suggested. "He knew it was useless going in as he was under fourteen."

"I call it a nasty underhand way

of getting revenge for being lost," grumbled James. "Everybody who saw him concluded I was drinking at ten o'clock in the morning, when, as a matter of fact, I was in the post-office."

"It is often called buying a stamp," I admitted.

"Anyhow, my character's gone, and the pup will have to go too. I shall, of course, take no legal action."

And so I got it cheap; and a very good pup, too.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

VI.—STEAMSHIPS.

To the vast influx of visitors to the Coronation from other countries and the circumstance that few of them fly or swim, but instead use steamships, must be attributed the fascinatingly veracious article which follows. The reason that no errors are to be discerned in it is due to the fact that the proofs have been rigorously read by well-known experts. Thus, Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN and Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO have revised the section which deals with the Cross and Mid-Channel services. If any reference to rackets is found here it will have been first scrutinised by WILLIAMS, while the long dissertation on Lloyd's rates for insuring the *Heraldic Jall* on a sea passage is the work of Sir ALFRED SCOTT GATTY, Garter King-at-Arms, but may, of course, be cut out by the editor at the last moment. The historical section has been supervised by Sir KYLOE WATTS (the descendant of Sir ISAAC WATTS, the inventor of the steam-kettle), Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN and other authorities on shipping.

HISTORY.

The first steamship was built on the Thames. Hence the phrase "Old as the HILLS." She was of only 200 tons burthen and was christened *Dread-most-things-but-particularly-the-open-sea*. This name was given to her by the VENERABLE BEDE, who broke over her bows a bottle of vintage metheglin in the presence of the very flower of art, literature and politics. From this simple vessel grew the gigantic fleet that now ploughs the waves in every direction and harrows the stomachs of all poor sailors on board.

The largest Atlantic liner that exists is the *Dollarmania*, recently launched by the celebrated American firm of Cramp, of Philadelphia. The *Dollarmania* is exactly half-a-mile long. She has six funnels, a permanent theatrical company, a morning and evening paper, a polo ground, and a golf course. Her chef receives £4,000 a year.

PURPOSE AND USE.

Steamships go all over the world, except to the coast of Bohemia. There was a line thither in SHAKESPEARE's time, but it has since been discontinued. There are even steamships on the Swiss and Italian lakes, greatly to the perplexity of tourists, who cannot think how they got there.

The only way to get to certain places is by steamship—the West

Indies, for example. The West Indies, whose motto (an adaptation of an old Spanish phrase) is *Hava bañana*, are famous for fruit, a Socialistic government, and periodical visits from Mr. x x x x x x x x x x (the author of *Fanny's First Play*), and teams of jocular but not quite first-class cricketers. Steamships that succeed in avoiding a collision with the Bermudas take one to the West Indies in about ten days. Other places which one may visit in steamships are Calais, Ryde and Margate. Few trips are more popular than that to Calais, a famous French seaport once celebrated for duels, and now for a sprightly French dance named after it—the *Pas de Calais*. Ryde has been wittily called the Calais of the Isle of Wight, a piece of land entirely surrounded by water, lying to the south of England and dependent upon steamships not only for the visitors, by whom it subsists, but for many of the necessities of life, which it offers for sale at an enormous profit. Margate differs from Calais and Ryde in that it may also be reached from London by land; but only the intrepid make the journey.

Steamships carry not only their precious freight of human and American souls, but also merchandise and things to eat. For example, without steamships we should get no eggs from Denmark, or, at any rate, they would not be worth getting when we got them. Nor should we be able to correspond freely with our distant relations and send remittances to Queensland and British Columbia.

It is steamships that bring us currants from Greece, and slippers from Morocco, and sprouts from Brussels, and tenors from Italy, and creepers from Virginia, and crosses from Malta, and blinds from Venice.

MAL-DE-MER.

Few persons can travel by ship without suffering from the horrid complaint to which the above delicate French name has been given. It was first discovered by the famous Carthaginian navigator, HANNO, who in his *Periplus* has a most moving chapter on the subject, headed *Sic Transil*. See also the refined article, "Storm-pan," by Professor Onotis P. Flagler, in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

CREW.

No steamship is complete without an engineer and stoker. Captains are carried on Atlantic liners to be pleasant to important passengers. In addition, every ocean greyhound (as they are facetiously called) has on board a marconigraph-operator in case the

Wall Street magnates should feel bored, or captains should wish to communicate with the daily papers. The voyage from England to America is performed by the *Dollarmania* in three days, all of which are spent either in entertainments in the saloons or in wagering on the day's run.

UNWRITTEN LAWS.

Albatross-shooting, especially with cross-bows, is discountenanced.

When any steady run of bad luck is encountered it is wise to look about for the most likely Jonah-man and throw him overboard.

Ships that pass in the night need not exchange bows.

Theatrical passengers address all stokers as "Bram."

Donkey-engines have horse-power allowed them by courtesy.

AWA FRAE GOWRIE.

(Lowland Love-Song).

SHE wis never that young, she wis never just that bonny,
An' it's nae the bawbees, for she's no had ony

This seventeen year,
Yet it's oh but I'm sweir

Tae pairt frae ma jo Annie Powrie;
She's fair past wurk,—though she's but fufty-three,

An' they've taen her till the infirmarie,

An' wha's tae rax me ma dish o' tea,

When she's awa' frae Gowrie?

I've pawned her puckle gear, an' I've drinkt her bit beddin',

An' the auld black gown that she wore tae wir weddin',

An' her stufit chair,

Still it's eh but I'm sair

Tae twine frae ma jo Annie Powrie;

The doctor says that she's gey far through,

But wha's tae dig the croft i' the noo,

An' wha's tae bed me the nights I'm fou,

When she's awa' frae Gowrie?

She was wattit tae the bane at the tattie-sawin'

I' the spring o' the year when the win' wis blawin'

O' a cauld-rife airt,

An' it's wae is ma hairt

Tae twine frae ma jo Annie Powrie;

They're tellin' aye that she's like tae dee,

Nae an unco' thing as ye'll agree, But wha's tae fend for the pig an' me,

Gin she's awa' frae Gowrie?



FANCY PICTURE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE WHICH DECIDES THE FASHIONS FOR NEXT SEASON.

TRUE LOVE.

I SING of bed, for topics fail,
And sing I must and will.
The broken heart is getting stale,
The moon is staler still.
The kiss is clearly oversung,
The thread of love is bared,
And nothing beats a pair of sheets
(Providing they are aired).

When I was young and full of sense
I tried to climb a tree,
But, owing to incompetence,
I fell and broke a knee.
I lay in bed for weeks and weeks;
The thing became a craze.
Unhappy me, that I might be
Back in those good old days!

There are who wag untiring jaws
And hardly ever cease
To clamour hotly in the cause
Of Universal Peace.
These blame the darned inventiveness
Of MAXIM and of KRUPP;
They should taboo the villain who
Invented getting up.

I know a man who loves a face,
But yet his love is such
That he can leave it for a space
Nor miss it overmuch.

To leave my bed at any time
I am extremely loath;
And that is clear to all who hear
My matutinal oath.

And if at times I should suggest
That we might well arrange
To give our love a little rest,
And give ourselves a change:
Where wives would make domestic
scenes,

Fiancées sulk or pout,
It does not cry or even try
To follow me about.

The tepid lover asks a lot
But takes what he can get.
Such I, most certainly, am not,
"And yet," say you, "and yet
Those charms which you would
emphasise
You carelessly forego;
The night is sped; you're not in bed!"
I answer, "See below."

We poets labour overtime
That so our pots may boil.
As bait to catch the elusive rhyme
We use the midnight oil.

We cannot always practise what
In theory we discuss;
But anyhow I'll do it now,
And clinch the matter thus:—

They say that Daisy is a dear,
That Mabel is a treat;
They rhapsodize of Elsie's ear,
They rave of Phyllis' feet;
They say that Rose's cheeks are pink,
That Sally's eyes are brown. . . .
For all I know that may be so;
Give me my eiderdown.

The procession of medical students
which got into trouble on the occasion
of their protest against Dr. MACAURA,
was headed by men carrying a coffin.
This does not strike us as a particularly
happy symbol of their profession.

Extract from *The Liverpool Evening Echo* on the subject of the Nottingham
petition:—"The judges issued warrants
for the apprehension of two men,
GEORGE SHAW and public-houses." If
our contemporary has not given the
second man a name, it has certainly
given him a "local habitation."

"The engine will be painted in special colours,
and the boiler will be furnished with brass
bands."—*Locomotive Magazine*.

The way boilers are pampered now-
a-days is disgusting. Time was when
they had to be contented with a simple
whistle.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is good to find that the author of *The Professional Aunt* has written another book at least equally delightful. She calls it *People of Popham* (CONSTABLE). As to what it is about, that is a different matter; for the greater part, nothing whatever happens to anybody of whom it treats; but it is impossible to be annoyed with Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS over this, or to attempt to hurry things by skipping, because on almost every page you are given some quite delightful bit of observation or quaint, unexpected humour, which alone would be worth the whole plot of half the novels in any publisher's list. There was once a village called Popham, and some nice friendly human people lived in it. This is the matter of the book; and of course you will say *Cranford* at once; to which I reply that Mrs. WEMYSS has no cause to be frightened even at this comparison. There is, in short, a quality about her work which can only be expressed by one rather over-used word—charm. One feels that she could write about a railway goods-station—the most uninteresting thing I can think of for the moment—and make you feel that it was one of the compensations of life. When you have read the book and chuckled time after time over its tender and wholly inconsequential humour (Mrs. WEMYSS writes exactly like a very nice woman talking), you will see that all I have said about its attractiveness is thoroughly deserved.

Doubting, as I do, whether fifty per cent. of women care much about a man's looks, I find it a little difficult to believe in the tragic situation of Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON's hero in *The Garden of Resurrection* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Possessing fifteen hundred a year and a beautiful, if slightly mawkish, disposition, he ought, for all his ugliness, to have found a few ladies not wholly indifferent to him before the book opened. I am afraid it was the fact that pretty women did not notice him in the street which really got upon his nerves. But barring this criticism I am extremely grateful to the writer of a very pleasant story. Readers of his former books will not be surprised to find plenty of humorous and subtle observations in this one, and *Belwattle*, the wife of the unlovely gentlemen's friend, *Moza* his man, and, above all, *Dandy* his dog, are delightfully sketched characters. But why, oh why must we have this superfluity of sentiment over flowers? I dare not conjecture what a primrose by the river's brim would have meant to most of the people in this book, and I am sure they would have burst into tears at the sight of an auricula. Even a "plain blunt man," I think, should set some limit to his raptures on being intro-

duced to an herbaceous border, or (unless he is in for a competition) at the contemplation of a sweet pea. The hero's favourite apothegm apparently (since he quotes it twice) is the line from *The Blue Bird*, "There are no Dead," a thought which appears to me neither new enough nor true enough to get very excited about.

If the unsophisticated schoolgirl still exists, to her, no doubt, *Winding Paths* (HURST AND BLACKETT) will make its instant appeal. And so much success is by no means to be grudged Miss GERTRUDE PAGE, for, though the loves of her heroines are not wholly innocent, her style is sound, her grammar irreproachable, her moral good and her heart obviously in the right place. Moreover her humour is, in its quieter moments, attractive and her presentation of character illuminating. But amongst men of the world the book will, I am afraid,

Draw the tear from many an eye,
But not the tear of sympathy.

Its reasoning upon the bigger issues of the day is a little too near the fatuous, and its people are overbusy in stifling sobs, wincing and burying their heads in their hands. Particularly, there is Mr. *Alymer Heron*, a magnificently proportioned Adonis in appearance and a barrister by profession. Having been called for some two years and being still well under thirty, he has yet leapt to the foremost rank among juniors, and that by his personal beauty and "quiet dignity" alone, without having to worry, apparently, over the stuffy intricacies of the law. It is impossible to read with proper solemnity the account of this remarkable young gentleman pleading, in the last chapter, "with a noble, resolute face, in the oppressive hush of that crowded hall," pleading, "while everything in heaven and earth seemed to have stopped to listen," and pleading, of course, with inevitable but miraculous success. But the schoolgirl above mentioned, in her ignorance of such "halls," may well go to this one and be there blissfully and harmlessly entranced.

From a letter in the South African War Cry:—

"Whilst hovering around a pretty place called Queenstown I have been attracted to the square with five sides, designated the 'Hexagon.' The neatest definition of a hexagon we have seen.

From a programme of addresses arranged by the C.I.C.C.U.:—

"May 28th, Dr. T. Jay's. 'Where Satan's Seat Is.' In the Henry Martin Hall."

This will come as a surprise to many.



NERVE-TRYING.

Gladys (to aeroplaning friend). "I DO LOVE TO SEE THE GULLS FLYING ABOUT!"

Aeroplaning Friend. "OH, COME AWAY, DO! I CAN'T STAND WATCHING THEM! THEY OUGHTN'T TO BE OUT IN THIS WIND!"

CHARIVARIA.

"WILD Australia" is announced as one of the attractions of the Festival of Empire; but we understand that the wildness of Australia is a tame thing compared with the wildness of Canada over the temporary banning of the Battle of Chateauguay as her contribution to the Empire Pageant.

It has frequently been suggested that too much legislation in favour of the Labouring Classes will prove demoralising to them. We have not had to wait long for a concrete example of this. Man is willing to exchange his independence for it. The Manx Labour Party has complained that it is at a disadvantage in the matter of social legislation, and is proposing annexation to the United Kingdom.

Never, we suppose, was so much attention devoted to the subject of dress as to-day. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL, it is announced, is making arrangements for an improved form of headgear for the telephone girls.

Describing a case of highway robbery, *The Observer* tells us that the police found the men who were charged with the offence drinking in a public-house. "When the police entered, they tried to get rid of the coppers by passing them over the bar, but the barmaid would not accept them." This spread of slang to the columns of one of our oldest newspapers is, we fear, a sign of the times.

We are indebted for the following Charivarium to a gentleman who appeared the other day at the Wood Green Police Court. "May I," he cried impressively, "never be placed in this dock again if I'm not telling the truth!"

The proprietors of the Dublin Theatre Royal, we are told, have added immensely to the comfort of their patrons by covering the backs of the seats with thin metal, thus protecting playgoers

from a stab in the back when a lady pins her hat to the other side of the seat. Meanwhile Londoners have to put up with old-fashioned and cumbersome coats of mail.

"What wonderful versatility!" remarked an old lady who, after inspecting the QUEEN VICTORIA Memorial, read the announcement on an Exhibition placard: "GREAT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS BY BROCK."

There is a persistent rumour afoot to the effect that, when the Germans take London, the premises of the Royal Automobile Club, and not Buckingham

A GRAVE OVERSIGHT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—May I through the medium of your columns call the attention of the gentleman who is responsible for the Coronation Stands in the Strand district of Westminster to a grave oversight in their construction? He stated, some time ago, that these stands are constructed to support four times the weight of the people they are to accommodate in order to withstand the strain when the spectators all sway to one side to see some object of interest (such as the procession—always an object of interest on these occasions).

This may have answered well enough in past processions, but in view of the change in the physical condition of the people, I maintain that on the present occasion this margin of strength is quite inadequate. In the pages of an esteemed contemporary we have constantly read that the weight of schoolboys is going up by leaps and bounds owing to the retention of the germ and semolina in the Standard Loaf. Now, Sir, that diet is not confined to schoolboys alone, but is being eagerly assimilated three times a day at least by the digestive organs of the British race. To construct these

stands, therefore, without taking into account the increased *avoirdupois* of practically every spectator, is, I am convinced, to court a national disaster, and having taken seats for a large party of nephews and nieces I speak from a vitally interested point of view.

Yours very truly,
"ALARMED AUNT."

"HUNTERS SUMMERED.—OLD PUBLIC SCHOOL MAN will take few Hunters, Summer, on Farm with own, and condition for Season."—*Horse and Hound*.

We are sorry. We hoped he was going to take quite a lot.

"Equal credit is due to Braddell, who in scoring four not out was responsible for quite his best performance in first-class cricket."

Oxford Review.
BRADDELL mustn't overdo it.



[Extract from a Physical Culture Expert's Circular:—"IF YOU THINK I CLAIM TOO MUCH FOR MY SYSTEM AND WISH FOR FURTHER PROOFS, FAVOUR ME WITH A CALL, WHEN YOU CAN SEE THE MAN WITH WHOM YOU ARE DEALING, AND I ASSURE YOU THAT YOU WILL THEN BE CONVINCED."]

Expert. "ARE YOU CONVINCED?"

Enquirer. "ABSOLUTELY."

Palace, will become the Imperial residence.

"Postcards are to be sold in future at their face value." Actresses whose features appear on them take this to mean that our cards will cost us more.

A commercial man's view of the payment of Members: "Now, Mr. BALFOUR—he's wonderful value for £400; but some of the others . . ."

A fact—but none the worse for that, we hope. "Oh, Mum," said cook, "I've received a present of a pair of gloves, and I don't know who they're from." "Perhaps they're from an unknown admirer," suggested the mistress. "Ah, as likely as not," said cook, brightening up. "I'll write and ask him."

A HINT FROM ELSINORE.

WHEN *Hamlet* found the *King* at prayer—
A very soft and easy victim—
He meant to kill him then and there,
Taken behind and unaware,
But checked the previous blade that would have
pricked him.

He could, I say, have "done it pat,"
But, when he made a careful study
Of what it was the *King* was at,
He saw a better way than that,
More practical and every bit as bloody.

"If I should knock him now," he said,
"Kneeling, a self-acknowledged sinner,
He'd never drop to hell like lead,
But fly aloft to heaven instead.
I'll do it later—some day after dinner.

"Selecting with a patient tact
The psychologic situation,
I'll take him in some naughty act
(Dicing, for choice) and get him packed
Without a chance direct to sheer damnation."

Not so our *Hamlets* treat to-day
The Peer repentant and appealing;
Concerned at any cost to slay,
They don't consider how their prey
May haply mount to glory through the ceiling.

Could they but wait to deal the blow
Till, in the pride of overpaid ease,
He lets his new repentance go
And drives the partridge to and fro,
They might despatch him, red with sin, to Hades.

But now—with all his faults confessed,
And saying on his bended knee, "I
Have sinned and lo, I clear my breast!"
He'll rise again, for ever blest,
By favour of the People's Voice (*Vox Dei*). O. S.

COCKTAIL COLLOQUIES;

OR,

ENGLISH AS SHE IS GOING TO BE SPOKE AT THE
CORONATION.

[Referring to the thousands of Americans who are preparing to be in London for the Coronation an imaginative correspondent of the Hearst News Service observes that "The argot of Broadway and Market Street will be heard in the land, from the drawing-rooms of Mayfair to the parlours of the Mile End Road." No doubt; and its effect upon a receptive London is here adumbrated.]

I.—KANSAS AT LARGE.

SCENE—A Fashionable At Home.

Lady Arabella Tinterne (to the Countess of Glastonbury, who has just arrived). Why, Mandy Glastonbury, if you ain't a sight for sore eyes! Set you right down there and take your bonnet off. Twern't only last night I was sayin' to Lord Hanko, "Hank, I says, it seems a coon's age since Mandy and Gus was around." And Hank said he reckoned as you all had gotten so chesty since Gus got the title you was figurin' to shake a couple of back numbers like us.

Countess of G. Ain't that just like Hank and his joshing. But, honest, it don't seem like I've been around in a month. You're looking fine.

Lady A. T. Fine as silk. How's Gus? I heard his gout was troubling him again.

C. of G. Quite a siege he had, along in April, but he's around again now and punishin' his three squares. But say, I've got more gossip than you c'd shake a stick at. You remember that woman that was at the theatre with the Ogilvie-Jacksons, the night of the Cadwalladers' box party?

Lady A. T. Looked like she ought to be doing a bathing suit stunt on the Orpheum Circuit. Supposed to be a Nihilist or something.

C. of G. Big husky woman with a yellow wig. That's the one. Well, Sue Cadwallader says . . . (Whispered interchange of gossip.)

Lady A. T. Well, wouldn't that freeze you to the tracks? The gall of the woman! But say, these paid musicians make such a noise you can't hear yourself speak. You come right home with me now in the machine and we'll have a heart-to-heart talk.

C. of G. Nothing doing; I got to get home. The hired girl fired herself this A.M., and Augustus Junior's been sick to his stummick all day from hoggin' too many doughnuts his aunt give him, and his pa is clawin' chunks outen the air because the calciminin's started to peel off of the bathroom ceiling. It's fierce the way things go back on you.

Lady A. T. You pore thing!

C. of G. Can you beat it? Anything stirring at the "Rebeccas" to-morrow night?

Lady A. T. "Votes for Women" night. Some spell-binder from Manchester's going to spiel.

C. of G. Them gabfest artists make me tired. Some of 'em ain't got more sense than a sawdust rabbit. Only last week I was into Hale's notion-store matching a piece of goods when up come that Wrotesley woman and says she's been elected president of the Society for Preaching Political Equality to Domestic Servants or some such a thing, and will I be an honorary vice-president? "Not on your tintype," I says, "I'm plumb wore out now preaching clean carpets to my help, but I ain't so everlastingly bughouse as to finish the job by sending her to huntin' a vote." That got her go at all right. Told me that women like me didn't deserve to have rights, and went off clucking like a Rhode Island red with a new egg.

Lady A. T. Ain't that the limit? Gus says a woman must sure be locoed to go round tearing things loose that a way when she might be out showing herself a good time with her friends. Well, I must be moving. See you at the "Auxiliary" Monday, I suppose?

C. of G. Reckon you will if Augustus's foot don't go back on him and the plumbing holds up and the footman doesn't get on a toot. S'long.

Lady A. T. S'long, Mandy.

ALGOL.

A Sporting Offer.

From a circular:

"We shall be glad to send you a selection for your approval, or better still, if you will call, we will guarantee to 'boot you' with a greater degree of comfort and gladness than you have heretofore experienced. Why not come along to-day?"

The following paragraph comes all the way from Devonshire in time to be included in our very late news:—

"Yesterday morning the German Emperor visited the Zoological Gardens, and lunched with Lord Haldane."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*. On second thoughts it is, perhaps, too offensive to re-print.

"As a batsman, he is too painfully correct, and, as one who has been hailed as the best of the young school, we are sorry to say it."

The Varsity.

Nothing like modesty in a critic.



A GOOD WORKING NAME.

TIPSTER. "HERE Y'ARE, GENTS. A DEAD CERT FOR THE ELECTION STAKES—(to policeman)—DON'T YOU WORRY, GUV'NOR; THE LAW CAN'T TOUCH ME; LOOK AT THE NAME ON ME 'AT."

[Suggested by the result of the East Nottingham Election Petition.]



WHY NOT A DEVELOPMENT OF THE "RIGHT TO WORK" AGITATION—FOR ARTISTS!

THE DIVA'S FIRST BREAK-DOWN. HEARTRENDING SCENE.

[Our sympathies are all with a certain distinguished prima donna, who had a nervous collapse the other day during her first public speech. We should feel just like that on our first appearance at Covent Garden as the heroine of *Rigoletto* or *La Bohème*.]

On Friday last Madame Adelaide Brisbani, the famous antipodean cantatrice, paid a visit to the Leadenhall Conservatoire of Music, where she has recently founded an annual prize of £40 for the best essay on "Interviewing a Prima Donna."

The visit, it should be added, happily coincided with the anniversary of Madame Brisbani's birthday, and the Committee of the School signalised the occasion by presenting the diva with a superb enamelled chronometer, jewelled in 24 holes, one for each year of Madame's life.

On her arrival at the main entrance the illustrious prima donna was pre-

sented with a magnificent bouquet by Master Isidore Golofino, aged 10, the Cold Storage Scholar, and one of the most talented flautists of his or any other age. The bouquet was composed of choice Borneo blooms, draped over an underdress of green brocade, the décolletage being relieved with traceries of pale coffee-coloured *ninon*. Madame Brisbani graciously acknowledged the gift with one of her flashing smiles, and, taking the arm of the Director, Sir Canterbury Lamb, proceeded at once to the antiseptic auditorium, where, besides the 60 professors, all dressed in dainty white nainsook with large bows of blue ribbon on their *charmeuse* pelisses, the 400 girl students were seated in rows wearing overdresses of moonlight blue satin, with crystal panels ornamented with pale pink pilaff.

Madame Brisbani had a marvellous reception, all the professors tumultuously cheering and waving their pelisses, while the students, headed by Miss Claudia Clear, indulged in strepitous outbursts of Kentish fire. When

silence was at last restored, Madame Brisbani ascended the rostrum and began her address. After a graceful tribute to Sir Canterbury Lamb and a pathetic reference to the fact that she would never see twenty-four again, Madame Brisbani launched in *medias res*. "To sing divinely," she observed, "you must steep yourself in the most divine music. If you do not love music you must learn to love it by listening to the most lovely singers. Practice makes perfect, but imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Above all, remember that Rome was not built in a day. Aim high and ever 'hitch your waggon to a star'—for choice an operatic star—and let your ambition be ever on the top speed. Steep your souls in the classics; fill your minds with HERBERT SPENCER'S *Fœrie Queen*, DAN CHAUCER'S *Pilgrim's Progress*, BROWNING'S *Sordello*, WILLET'S *Songs before Sunrise*, and many other of the superb lyric ebullitions in which our lovely language is so rich."

At this point there was an ominous break in the golden voice of the speaker, and suddenly, with a despairing *moue*, she whispered in an indescribably pathetic aside to Sir Canterbury Lamb, "I can't go on with this; it's really too thick." Encouraged by the Director's assurances she struggled on for a few more sentences, only to break down hopelessly in an interesting passage, in which she recommended the would-be *prima donna* to make a point of reading aloud at least fifty lines every morning from PLATO'S *Republic* or ARISTOTLE'S *Ethics*. "I cannot go on," she cried in poignant accents; "I really cannot stick it out. I have never referred to ARISTOTLE in public before and it makes me too nervous."

The consternation amongst the audience was most painful to witness, but after an agonising pause the tension was relieved by Madame Brisbani's kindly consenting to sing the mad scene from AMEROSIE THOMAS'S *Hamlet*, and the company shortly afterwards broke up in paroxysms of the sincerest adulation.

PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING.

By the courtesy of the Editor of *The Dictator* we are enabled to place before our readers a selection from the letters on this enthralling subject which will appear in the next issue of our valued contemporary.

A FELINE APPARITION.

SIR,—When I was an undergraduate at Balliol in the late sixties, I had a favourite cat, a Peruvian tortoiseshell, which suffered from ophthalmia, and which I had fitted with spectacles. It could see perfectly well at night, but in the day required artificial aid—as JOWETT wittily said, *redeunt spectacula mane*. One summer term, returning to my rooms late at night after a somewhat protracted bump supper, I was amazed to see my cat hovering in mid-air. I called to it by name, but it paid no attention and suddenly vanished. When my scout came in the morning I at once asked after the cat, and he informed me that the cat had followed him home the evening before and spent the night in his house. JOWETT was immensely interested in the incident and intended to introduce it into the notes to his translation of PLATO, but for some reason or other failed to carry out his intention. The cat, I may mention, lived for several years afterwards, and in extreme old age was able to dispense with its glasses.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

LEMUEL LONGMIRE.

[We are delighted to have the opportunity of recording an authentic story of the phantasm of a cat. The idea of a cat in spectacles may sound odd, but have we not good historical evidence of a puss in boots? The appearance of a cat in mid-air is remarkable, but occasional levitation



HOW EDWIN SAVED ANGELA; OR, THE STRAPHANGER'S REWARD.

She. "OH, EDWIN! CAN YOU HOLD ON TILL HELP ARRIVES?"

Edwin. "MY DEAR, EVERY DAY FOR FOUR YEARS I HAVE TRAVELLED FROM SHEPHERD'S BUSH TO THE BANK AND BACK. THIS IS NOTHING!"

ought not to be beyond the powers of so agile and intelligent an animal. We seem to have read somewhere of a Peruvian bark. Had Mr. Longmire's cat, we wonder, a Peruvian mew?—*Ed. Dictator.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF A CRUSTACEAN.

SIR,—When I was Secretary to the Chilean Legation at Naples I had a tame oyster which used to follow me

about all over the house, and feed from my hand, emitting faint cries of delight when I inserted a particularly tasty morsel between its upper and lower mandible, such as a spoonful of ice pudding or a chocolate *fondant*. My oyster—which bore a silver plate on its back, inscribed with its name (Lulu) and my own—was absent one day, and was apparently lost, but as I was dressing for dinner I heard a faint squeak from the floor, and found that I had trodden, as I believed, on my trusty bivalve. I could have sworn to its presence, as it always squeaked on the note of C sharp in *alt*, but when I looked there was nothing there. Next morning a fisherman brought back Lulu stone dead. She had been run over by a motor car the previous evening at a distance of some twelve miles from the Legation.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ALFONSO AGUARDIENTE.

[We always thought that oysters were mute, but no doubt in the land of *bel canto* the melodious environment may work wonders on the organism of crustaceans.—*Ed. Dictator.*]

GRIM TALE OF THE GOLF LINKS.

SIR,—About three years ago, when I was playing golf on some well-known links in North Wales, on mounting the bunker which guards the Punch-bowl hole I was startled to see a large tiger crouching on the green. I confess that for the moment I was paralysed with fear, but, regaining my self-command, I advanced on the tiger, waving my niblick and singing "Rule Britannia." You may imagine my relief when the monster melted into thin air, leaving no trace of its presence but a slight tigerish odour. That afternoon I learnt that a tiger had escaped from a travelling menagerie at Bangor, though it was captured long before it could have made its way to the links in question.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

PEREGRINE PHIBBS.

[We congratulate our intrepid correspondent on his fortunate escape from a truly awe-inspiring predicament. No one can say that Englishmen are decadent when a golfer dares to face a tiger with no better weapon than a niblick. The choice of "Rule Britannia" was a real inspiration. May we hazard the conjecture that the tiger was attracted to the spot by a natural confusion between links and lynx?—*Ed. Dictator.*]

REMEDIES FOR COLOURED RODENTS.

SIR,—I notice that one of your correspondents recently recommended blue pill as a remedy for seeing pink mice.

But what should the antidote be when the mice are green?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
MODERATE DRINKER.

[This is a very proper inquiry. Perhaps one of our scientific readers will supply us with the correct answer. Personally, we have never seen a green mouse, though we believe blue hares abound in the Arctic regions—ED. Dictator.]

MAUD.

STRANGE it is how magic-laden
Comes to every minstrel's ear
Just the title of that maiden
Whom he deems of all most dear;
Sophonisba, Kate, Eunice
(Sweetest sounds on earth to some),
Leave me positively icy;
Maud induces me to hum.

Sovereign word, it seems to strike low
Down within my heart a key
Touched not by immense Encyclo-
pædiæ Britannicæ;
Starry word of wide dominion,
Language by its side is wan
(This was also the opinion
Of the late Lord TENNYSON).

Not that Maud completely smothers
All the passion, all the pain
I have felt for countless others,
Beauties of a brief-lived reign,
Christabels and Janes and Nancies;
Not that I can fairly say,
"These were but ephemeral fancies,
Maud's the genuine O.K.;"

No, not that; the graven memory
Still remains of many a queen
(Just a wipe or so with emery
Serves to make the tablet clean),
Fairer possibly in feature,
Fitter for the poet's lyre—
Take, e.g. that charming creature,
Polly Jones of Brecknockshire;

Beautiful young things by dozens,
Harking backward, I can count,
Still amongst her many cousins
Maud's appeal is paramount;
Once apiece I've wooed their favours,
Hers was empire thrice as broad:
There were three distinct enslavers
Who possessed the name of Maud.

EVOR.

CHECK-MATE.

In the old days the game was difficult enough for the attacking side. My usual opening was to remark upon the passing of another year, and the increase of personal expenses. The first move of the defence was to sit back in speechless astonishment at the insolence of the suggestion, and to say "Pooh, pooh." It being my turn



Scot (overcome with costliness of Coronation seats). "WEEL, WEEL, MAGGIE; I DOOT THEY LONDON BODIES 'LL NO HAGGLE ABOUT A SAXPENCE BACKWARDS OR FORWARDS."

again, I might perhaps remark upon the long years of my service, to which he would reply that I knew very well how bad trade was just now, but that after another year perhaps—and a look of dreamy benevolence would steal into his face. But I would be adamant; I would point out, by the aid of unmistakable figures, how much worse trade would have been but for my labours, and would state the minimum increase of salary I could accept—the sum mentioned being double what my dearest hopes aspired to. With the benevolence stealing away from his face, he would snappily offer one-third of my minimum, which I would reluctantly accept; and my wife and I would spend the evening at the theatre.

By some such methods I have come to acquire an income enough for the necessities of life. But in recent years the defence has had new moves to play, which take all my ingenuity to counter.

Last year it was Form IV. This year it will be Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's Insurance Scheme. So to-morrow—I am dreading to-morrow, because I am so afraid he may suffer injury when I answer his question truthfully—he will ask, "What! do you tell me you're worth as much per annum as a member of the House of Commons?"

From *The Parish Magazine* of St. John the Evangelist, Notting Hill:—

"PLEASE PATRONISE OUR ADVERTISERS.

FUNERALS and CREMATIONS reverently and efficiently carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. —, assisted by a specially trained staff, at STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES."

"Mrs. Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott) achieved fame as independent star in 'The Daw of a To-morrow.'—*The Daily Telegraph*. Or, "Margery's Second Time on Earth."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

My mind, such as it was (and is) refused to make itself up in the matter of the 22nd of June, but there seemed to be no reason why I shouldn't have a non-committal look at the stand. So I stood in a forest of planks and gave myself up once more to the problem.

There was only one other idler in the forest, and she was sitting on Row C, Block A, and looking so cool and comfortable that I hadn't the heart to disturb her. But presently she turned in my direction and waved a friendly hand.

"Well?" I said, when I had made my way across the jungle.

"I want three seats for the Coronation Procession," said Miss Middleton. "It's a secret."

"How many people have you told?"

"Everybody in an apron whom you can see, but they never let it get any farther."

"These are all carpenters. Buy a saw or something, and come and have tea with me. You oughtn't to be wandering about alone."

"I've got Mother somewhere." She smiled slowly to herself, and added, "Mother is fun. It's lovely to have her."

"You must keep her," I advised.

"She asked a very hot man with a hammer if the Coronation Procession came past here." Miss Middleton gazed up at the army of workmen busy on tiers and tiers of seats, and sighed happily to herself. "He was very polite about it, and simply said that they would all be most disappointed if it didn't."

"Of course it might take the wrong turning by mistake. Who leads it? It's a most responsible position. I expect he has to know London pretty well."

"They drive him over the course the day before," said Miss Middleton confidently. "Oh, I nearly forgot," she went on. "At the other stand Mother began, 'I want to see some seats.' It sounded lovely. If she had said, 'I want to see some church'—well, she is fun."

"At the other stand? Are you booking seats in every stand? Isn't that rather extravagant?"

"We never get as far as booking; I have to come away long before then. Where do you think she is now? I suppose I ought to go and see."

"She's probably gone to have tea with me. We'd better hurry back or we shall miss her."

"Well, we did sort of suggest it to each other, only Mother said you mightn't want us."

"And what did *you* say?"

"I said you'd jolly well got to have us."

We made our way out of the stand and turned in the direction of my rooms.

"We'd better get something for tea," I suggested. "Is there any particular kind of bun that Mrs. Middleton likes?"

"She likes just what I like," said Miss Middleton quickly.

We bought a lot of them and climbed slowly up the stairs. There was no trace of Mrs. Middleton on the way.

"She isn't here," said Miss Middleton, looking round the room.

"Unless she's hiding behind the revolving bookcase. No, no luck."

"I wonder if I ought to stay."

"I don't see what I can do with the buns if you don't."

"You see, I'm supposed to be helping her buy seats for the Coronation Procession." She looked doubtfully at me and then smiled.

"Did you say the Coronation Procession?" I asked suddenly.

"Yes, that's what I said."

"But, my dear madam, you have come to the very man. What sort of seats did you want?"

"Wooden ones," said Miss Middleton, "with splinters."

"Well, of course, we have lots of those. But what do you say to a nice window?"

"A window?"

"Yes, I will let you my little window." And I waved a hand at it.

"But aren't windows very expensive?"

"N-no, no I don't think so. A thousand guineas—or five pounds—or something like that. Refreshments included, of course."

"It's a nice lot of window," said Miss Middleton, looking at it.

"It's only right that you should sample the refreshments too," I said as I began to pour out the tea.

"I think mother would love it. May I have a bun?"

"Seeing that buns would be going all the time," I said as I handed her the plate, "I consider a thousand guineas cheap."

"That would be for the 22nd and the 23rd?"

"Yes. After the 23rd we should make a slight reduction."

Miss Middleton ate and drank thoughtfully for a little.

"I suppose," she said, taking another bun, "you'd be having the window cleaned about then?"

"Bother, I hoped you wouldn't notice that. The fact is, you've just come on the wrong year. Now last year— But I dare say I could come

to some special arrangement with my landlord about it."

Miss Middleton went to it and looked out.

"But how funny," she said. "I didn't know the procession went past here."

"It doesn't," I admitted.

"That is rather against it," she said regretfully.

"Of course I should be prepared to take that into consideration, if you feel at all strongly about it. Suppose we say eight hundred guineas."

"Well, I'll mention it to Mother, but I'm afraid—you see, she's so particular."

"It's only two hundred yards from the route. She'll be able to hear everything."

Miss Middleton smiled suddenly behind her hat, as she bent over her glove buttons. Then she smoothed out her frock, looked wistfully at the last bun and announced that she was ready.

"I'm sorry we couldn't arrange about the seats," she said as we went into the street again. "But it was nice of you to help Mother and me."

"I esteem it a great privilege," I said, "to have been of any assistance to Mrs. Middleton at a time like this. Let's see, *where* did we leave her?"

A. A. M.

THE DANDELION.

WHEN through the dusk the white owl weaves

His web above the wood,
When you can hear the little leaves
Whisper together thick as thieves,

Then, if you should
Try to discover or find out
What waves the baby-ferns about,

Why (we are told)
The fairies pass, a little band
Of little men from Fairyland,
Green-kerchiefed, brown and old;
They cross the moonlight, quiet, quaint,
Up the dark meadow, just to paint
The Dandelion gold!

The Dandelion's fierce and free,

But still we always find,
Although he's fierce as fierce can be,
And prouder than the tallest tree,
He doesn't mind

Their paint a bit, but spreads each
spine,

Just like a spikey porcupine

Of "coral strands";

And, when they've done, with pomp
he views

A crest that beats the cockatoo's,

That's goldier than the sands.

Oh, let us likewise hail with zest

Those who would dress us in our best
And wash our face and hands!



Feyer (wishing to ascertain if he should seat arriving guest with the Bride's or the Bridegroom's friends). "BRIDE OR BRIDEGROOM, SIR!" Nervous Guest. "Oh! NEITHER—NEITHER."



Earnest Speaker (more eloquent than truthful). "AND I ASK YOU, ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THIS LYING DOWN?"
Voice from audience. "NO; THE REPORTERS ARE DOING THAT."

ALL THE PREPARATIONS.

(By our own Special French Correspondent,
M. Jules Millefois.)

DEAR AND VERY HONOURED CONBROTHER,—First I give you to understand I am not man to mix myself of the affairs which are not mine. I should be worthy to be flanked to the door. But this which you are preparing in London, this Crownment of the KING GEORGE and of the QUEEN MARY, it is the affair of all the world. Everybody can to rejoice himself in it, and we other Frenches perhaps more than all. So I have the honour to say to you that I accept your obligeante offer. Only we will not say five guinees for a letter. After all what is it a guinee? Who serves himself of a guinee? It is a piece abolished in England and we do not know her in France. Let us say more-soon two hundred francs. Is it convened? Good! Then I have the heart free and I can commence.

Quant to my style I forecome you that it is my style to me and it is not the style of the first come. They teach us English at the *Lycée*. Bah, I mock myself of it. It is not like that what one can learn to interhold himself in a stranger language. All what I know I have insigned me myself, it is well the case to say it, and now I speak and write more curramtently than my compatriots.

But to the work!

I have a chamber to couch all near of the Strand, not an appartement, well understood, but an all small gite where I have the honour to repose myself on your count, my dear Mister, and to write my letters. It is not big thing, but in fine it is suffisant. The lady of the

lodges is Mistress McAndrew, real type of the Scotch race, meagre, dry, flat, to the tint brown and to the hairs eparsed. I cannot understand her, but in revenge she cannot understand me no more. Done we are quits. She governs all the house. Her married man dares not find nothing to resay to it. He is a gross buffle, tall, to the shoulders squared, to the red favorits and to the crane bald, but of a baldness to inhume oneself, bald as a morsel of ice. There are two child, a girl of fourteen years named Dolly, of a figure full of taches of redness, nose retrussed and teeth like tombeaus. The boy has twelve years, a young John Bull of the most accentuated. He names himself Bill, and has taken me in aversion. At that I yield him nothing. This morning I hear these two who quarrel themselves on the staircase. They bat themselves, they push some terrible howlments. They go to it at cups of fist. It is as if one had lashed the demons of the infer. Mistress McAndrew is in the kitchen and cannot hear. Mister McAndrew is in the cabaret. Me, I have well guard to sort, occupied as I am in redacting a letter to my aunt in Paris. They bat themselves pending five minutes, and then I hear them who laugh and then they chuchote together. But I hear them. They conspire to make tumble something on my head in sorting. "Ah, little scelerats," I outery me, "you will not dare!" and they laugh again and esquive themselves. What a country where the youngness manks of respect to the more aged!

All to you of friendship,

JULES MILLEFOIS.

A SEPARATION SUIT: The Harem Skirt.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

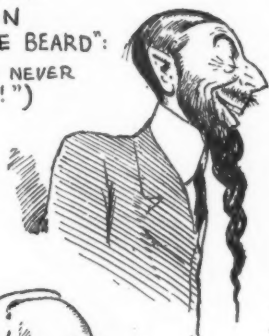
WALRUS, M.P. "THE TIME HAS COME, AS I REMARKED,
TO TALK OF MANY THINGS——"

CORONATION CARPENTER. "WELL, NOBODY 'LL LISTEN TO YOU, IF YOU DO. MINE'S THE
ONLY NOISE THEY CARE ABOUT JUST NOW."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE
"WINTERTON
SURPRISE BEARD":
(WELL! "YOU NEVER
CAN TELL!")



THE "WINSTON DEMOCRATIC":
(DESIGNED TO
INGRATiate
THE WEARER
WITH THE
PROLETARIATE)



THE "GREY-AND-WHITE"
"AVIATION" BEARD:
(FLOWS GRACEFULLY IN GOING
AGAINST THE WIND)



THE "NONCONFORMIST"
NANNYGOATEE
(FOR PRIME MINISTERS)



THE "WIMBLEDON"
"HOBBLE" BEARD:
(PROTECTION GUARANTEED, AND
AT THE SAME TIME VERY SMART.)

CORONATION BEARDS—(NO. 1).

There is a fascinating rumour that, as a compliment to the KING, many gentlemen intend to grow beards during the Coronation Year. Politically, the possibilities are most alluring, and our Artist proposes to anticipate (more or less intelligently) a few of them.

(MR. A. BALFOUR, Lord WINTERTON, MR. ASQUITH, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and MR. H. CHAPLIN.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 22.
—Great happenings in progress and to the fore. To-night Lords without a division passed second reading of Bill abolishing their hereditary right to serve their country as legislators. To-morrow they will have introduced to their favourable notice another measure destroying their right of Veto. In the Commons two days of the week have been set apart for second reading of National Insurance Bill, which, supplementing the boon of Old Age Pensions, will bring light and warmth to countless homes.

Amid this whirl of events House of Commons, faithful microcosm of public opinion, can attend to only one thing at a time. To-day it is the prospect of having its pocket filled with salary of £400 a year. Satisfaction keener since the abundance of the blessing

unexpected. Sum first fixed upon was £300. Almost at last moment, certainly within two days of Budget speech, extra £100 thrown in.

This full of hopeful augury. Amid cloud of questions addressed to CHANCELLOR to-night BONAR LAW suggested salary should be doubled. LLOYD GEORGE, who, having mastered Golf, is learning Bridge, answered in effect: "I leave it to you, partner." As he pointed out, control of Finance is in hands of the House, and if Members wish to double, or even treble, their salaries it is their affair.

He might have added quotation of a precedent for such course. Members of the French Chamber were originally in receipt of salaries of 9,000 francs a year, equal to something like £360 of our money. Four years ago a Member of the Left moved to increase the

indemnité to 15,000 francs, *anglicè* £600. On a snapped division the motion was carried, and is in vogue to-day. The principle accepted, what has been done in Paris may be brought about in London.

Meanwhile, the £400 as good as pouched, Members already asking for more. Why not free passes? The wily WEDGWOOD, totting up figures, comes to conclusion that if Railway Managers are so unpatriotic, so soulless, as to refuse to supplement beneficence of taxpayers by the bounty of shareholders a good bargain would be struck if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in leisure moments would negotiate purchase of first-class passes available on all the railways of the Kingdom on payment of £100 a year docked from Members' wages. As the wary WEDGWOOD whispered to Members near him,

the sum individually disbursed would actually be something less than a £100. The other night Members heard with disappointment deepening to disgust, announcement by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER that Income Tax would be deducted from their salaries.

"Very well," says WEDGWOOD to MORRELL, who has temporarily quitted his residence in the area. "You see how it works. Income tax on £100 at current ruinous rate is £5 16s. 8d. Accordingly we shall be paying for our passes not a £100, but £94 3s. 4d. See?"

MORRELL said he would like to think it over and went back to solitude of his area to do so.

Business done.—Members, elate with prospect of riches beyond the dream of avarice, began week by giving themselves half-holiday. Budget Resolutions brought up on Report stage. Usually occupies two or three days, frequently a whole week. To-night House up shortly after half-past six, not only having disposed of Resolutions but read Finance Bill a first time.

Tuesday.—Like head of Charles I. in Mr. Dick's memorial, question of payment of Members thrusts itself in at unexpected times and places. BENNETT-GOLDNEY asks CHAIRMAN OF KITCHEN COMMITTEE whether, in view of changed conditions following on payment of Members, the cost of meals will be placed on a more businesslike footing. MARK LOCKWOOD, assuming the lofty judicial manner pertaining to his high office, cautiously answered that, when the changes alluded to become law, he will endeavour to find out whether Members desire to spend an increased portion of their income on food.

Hereupon the greedy disposition developed by the unfortunate pledge to which Ministers have committed themselves manifested itself afresh. BURDETT-COUTTS wanted to know whether arrangements could not be made whereby free lunches might be served in the dining-room. KILBRIDE followed with what appeared irrelevant suggestion that, with a view to decorating the tables of the dining-room, the Government should secure the return of the Dublin Castle Crown Jewels. House, seeming to find personal point in this dark saying, laughed consumedly. Lockwood obdurate. No free lunches—at least for the present.

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Present House did not know its GALLOWAY WEIR. Since its election his attendance, once constant, became fitful. Within last fortnight there appeared on the paper questions

in his name. But when SPEAKER called on him there was no response. A majority had arisen that knew not GALLOWAY. His old inimitable indescribable humour, the delight of earlier Parliaments, was out of date and place. Gradually he withdrew from the uncongenial scene. And now he is dead.

With him passes away one of those rare characters, familiar in varied developments, which prosaic Parliaments of later days have lost the art of creating and culturing. Mr. WEIR was not funny of deliberate purpose. He was, indeed, absolutely devoid of sense of humour. Wherein lay the secret of his long success. To the world whose personal knowledge was confined to



A MEMORY OF MR. GALLOWAY WEIR.

newspaper reports of his sayings it was ever a marvel that the House should roar with laughter at apparently pointless remarks. His success was, perhaps, largely to be accounted for on the score of paternal vanity. In appearance and manner one of the solemnest of mankind, inspired solely by honest desire to serve the interests of his constituency, the House insisted upon regarding him as a humorist. Having adopted the fancy it persisted in living up to it, laughing merrily whenever the man from Ross and Cromarty rose to put a question to the Scotch Minister.

Often he had half-a-dozen in succession, the series submitted with increasing solemnity of tone and severity of mien. The level of interest of his interrogations did not soar higher than the state of the drains at Pitlochrie, the tardy arrival of a train on a Highland railway, the postponement by forty minutes of delivery of

a telegram to a fishmonger in Cromarty, or the alleged laches of revenue-cutters whose duty it was to prevent the intrusion of foreign fishing-boats.

It was Mr. WEIR's way of putting the question that captivated the House. Slowly rising in response to the SPEAKER's call, for the moment no sound issued from his lips. Surveying the waiting throng, he drew forth his *pince-nez* and with majestic sweep of his right arm placed it on his nose. Another pause, during which went forward process occasionally described in this rigid record of facts as drawing up by hidden hydraulic machinery his voice, habitually located in his boots. In due time through the hushed Chamber resounded a deep chest-note slowly enunciating the words, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir; I beg to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman, the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND, ques-ti-on No. 79."

By way of increasing importance of occasion he always made "question" a word of three syllables.

Nor did he, having put his question, forthwith drop into his seat as others use. With another sweep of the arm he removed the *pince-nez*, glanced round to watch the effect of his interposition, and, slowly subsiding, stared haughtily at Members rolling about on their seats in ecstasy at a little comedy that never failed.

Such were his mannerisms. In the man there must have been sterling merit. Representative of the crofters of Ross and Cromarty, whilst others standing higher in public esteem lost their seats in 1892, he kept his with increased majority. At the last General Election he was returned unopposed.

Business done—Second Reading of National Insurance Bill moved.

The New Confetti.

"Cut-glass, china, furniture, and all sorts of useful and ornamental gifts were showered upon the happy couple."—*Ober Times*.

From a railway company's booklet:

"The chief attraction of the Coast Line is its proximity to the sea."

Not always; not at Southend, for instance.

"HILL ELECTION

PETITION BEGUN."

Daily Chronicle.

We thought better of our contemporary.

Commercial Candour.

"Two Large EXTORTION MIRRORS, suitable for exhibitions, &c.: must sell; bargain.—Advt. in "*Manchester Guardian*."

DICKENS POST-MARKS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having chanced, in a recent re-perusal of *The Post-humous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, upon a few passages that provoked a marginal query or comment, I venture to send some of them to you, knowing that your readers are one and all sealed of the tribe of *Boz*. I copy them in the order in which I find them.

Chapter I. Surely it is rather a pity that DICKENS never re-wrote this opening. Everything changed so quickly after it—humanity swept in and farce hurried out—that it is almost a blot. Nothing, for example, in *Mr. Pickwick's* after-life suggests that he was ever interested in the tittlebats of the Hampstead Ponds.

DICKENS, of course, had comic sporting pictures to live up to at the start. SEYMOUR, their artist, soon died and left him free. This makes it the more strange that he never re-shaped the beginning. Nothing but his genius can atone for it. Had he done so he would have told us more to explain the attraction—by no means patent—that *Mr. Tupman*, *Mr. Snodgrass*, and *Mr. Winkle* had for *Mr. Pickwick*.

Question.—Why is *Mr. Snodgrass* called a poet? Why was no specimen of his poetry given?

Question.—What had been *Mr. Pickwick's* business?

Chapter II. Had he revised the book, DICKENS would have got more reality into the following passage. *Mr. Jingle* is speaking:—

"'Here, waiter!'" shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, 'glasses round—brandy-and-water, hot and strong, and sweet, and plenty.—Eye damaged, sir?—Waiter! raw beef-steak for the gentleman's eye.—Nothing like raw beef-steak for a bruise, sir: cold lamp-post very good, but lamp-post inconvenient—damned odd standing in the open street half an hour with your eye against a lamp-post, eh—very good—ha, ha!' And the stranger, without stopping to take breath, swallowed at a draught full half a pint of the reeking brandy-and-water, and flung himself into a chair with as much ease as if nothing uncommon had occurred."

Now, the terrific speed of *Jingle's* utterances is always insisted upon, which gives no time whatever for the preparation of hot brandy and water for four gentlemen during the actual progress of this speech.

Chapter IV. We owe the unfortunate predicament of the Pickwickians at the Review entirely to the original and false scheme of the book.

Is it credible that *Mr. Wardle* ever



Girl (selling bunches of mint, having followed old gent down three streets). "'ERE, AIN'T YOU GOIN' TO BUY ANY?'"

Old Gent. "ME! GREAT HEAVENS, WHAT SHOULD I WANT WITH IT?"

Girl (aggrieved). "WELL, WHAT DID YOU WANT TO LOOK AT IT FOR?"

had been, as he says he was, an occasional guest of the Pickwick Club?

Chapter V. How did the Pickwickians' luggage get to the Manor Farm, Dingley Dell?

Chapter VII. DICKENS was no cricketer.

Chapter X. What was the status of *Miss Rachel Wardle* on returning to the Manor Farm? It is significant that she is not there when the Pickwickians return from Cheshire.

Chapter XI. I fancy that the antiquarian discovery was a piece of old copy in DICKENS's pigeon-holes before he began this book, and he took this opportunity for working it off.

Chapter XII. All deadweight and lumber have been thrown overboard now. The great epic begins here and never again falters.

Chapter XV. Will no one write a

specimen chapter or so of *Count Smortork's* book? This chapter gives the best opportunity for one of *Mr. Snodgrass's* poems—a complimentary address to *Mrs. Leo Hunter*.

Chapter XXII. How did *Mr. Pickwick* come to have his nightcap with him?

Chapter XXV. Here DICKENS nods badly in the matter of chronology, for, after stating that the rebellious school-boys of Ipswich had dispersed to cricket, he makes the Pickwickians separate for a few days only before spending Christmas at *Wardle's*.

Chapter XXXI. Would so astute a lawyer as *Mr. Perker* showed himself in the Eatanswill elections have briefed *Mr. Phunky* at all?

These are of course only spots on a glorious—to my mind, increasingly glorious—sun. Yours, A. B. C.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARGARET CATCHPOLE."

To my regret—for it contained a part peculiarly adapted to Mr. LAURENCE IRVING's best manner—there would seem to have been features in his last enterprise, *The Lily*, which made it miss popular success. The last time I saw it the audience was thin and stony. So now, in *Margaret Catchpole* (one had almost said *Catchvote*) he has gone all out, with a candour that savours of cynicism, for the suffrages of the less expensive seats. Sitting in the last row of the stalls, where the enthusiasm of the pit took me full in the back of the neck, I can vouch for his triumph in that quarter. I was not in an equally good position for gauging the emotion of the stalls, but I shall allow myself to doubt if the Higher Intelligences will be appeased with this melodrama. For melodrama it confessedly is, and Mr. LAURENCE IRVING means that you should know it as such, and not mistake it for romantic drama. To this end he has set forth, on an old-fashioned broadsheet, an epitome of events, thus:—"Will Laud is drowned" (he wasn't really)—"Margaret's anguish"—"Alone, alone in the world—alone, alone!" And again; "The Struggle on the Cliff. Hurlled to Destruction."

'Ahoy! Ahoy!' Safety for *Margaret* and *Jim* . . . The tangled skein of years at last unravelled. The path of life opened to loving feet."

The full style of the play is "A new, exciting, vivacious and spectacular Drama, entitled *The Life and Adventures of Margaret Catchpole*." And indeed it is all this, being founded upon a career unusually coloured by romantic adventure. To cope with its vivacity Mr. IRVING had to invoke the aid of the cinematograph, an animated tableau, and two inanimate pictures of Australian scenery. The cinematograph presented *Margaret Catchpole* committing her historic theft of "Crop," and riding him, full gallop, in groom's attire and posture, from Ipswich to Lambeth.

Miss MABEL HACKNEY apparently figured in person in the first part of

this episode, but whether she "sat" for the second I cannot say, the pace of the gallant horse being such that I failed to trace the identity of his rider. But if she did leave this feat to an understudy, she shirked little else in a very brave and exhausting performance. She was at top pressure all the time, and if it had been asked of her I am confident that she would have committed before our eyes that deed of heroism (whatever it was, for I missed the particulars) which earned for her—an escaped convict—one hundred guineas, a casket to bank them in, and the public thanks of Sir Lucius Cracknell, Governor of New South Wales. I dare not say



AFTER A DAY'S SPORT WITH THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

Margaret Catchpole
Holess

MISS MABEL HACKNEY.
 MISS AMY FANCHETTE.

how many costumes, male and female, she wore—a feature in her performance to which Mr. IRVING made poignant reference in a pleasant First-night Speech. But this was only a small part of her task; she carried the whole play on her nice shoulders, and was always charming, sweet-voiced and natural, except when she had from time to time an attack of rhetoric; and that was no fault of hers.

Mr. IRVING was content to efface himself in a part (that of a common Surrey-side villain), on which his sensitive intelligence was thrown away. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, as a sham hero with an amateur taste for smuggling, played with restraint, and escaped the terrible charge of "breeziness." He made a good figure, but will have to do something with his own well-kempt head of hair, which was out of the

picture. Much relief to our nervous tension was afforded by the quiet but sailorly humour of Mr. FIELD FISHER, who, first as a smuggler and then—after his services had been secured by the press-gang—as a gallant tar in the fighting Navy of KING GEORGE III., was always a godsend. So was Mr. PERCY NASH, as *Philip*, a footman with leanings towards pedantic phraseology and other aspirations. (To him we owe the information, conveyed with a fine dignity, that Australia is "in the Hantipodes.") It was a happy chance that brought so many old favourites together again in the final Act in the house of the Governor of New South Wales, for they had all

been in the neighbourhood of Ipswich when we saw them last. Even Miss AMY FANCHETTE, the buxom and sympathetic hostess of the Dog and Bone at Lambeth, reappeared out there (unless my eyes deceived me) in a different rôle and with her name thinly disguised in the programme. I hardly doubt that the villain and the false hero would have been prepared to turn up too, only they were both lying dead at the foot of a cliff on the coast of East Anglia. That, by the way, was a great struggle on the cliff's edge; but the arguments with which it was punctuated were ill-judged. It was no time nor place for dialectics.

Altogether, if we except the Australian appendix, which seemed rather loosely attached, the play went very well, with a swift and easy action; and, for what it set out to be, offered an exceptionally small scope for ridicule. All the same I have my fears for its future; for Melodrama has its own recognized haunts; and of none of these is the address to be found in St. Martin's Lane. When, therefore, I wish success to Mr. LAURENCE IRVING's adventure—as who does not?—the relation of my thought to that wish is of a strictly filial character.

By the way, I must find out where the Duke of York management gets its candles from. I want some like them—like those two in the First Act, which were stuck in stone bottles. I had not noticed their illuminative power till they were extinguished (it is



Lady (out with a "scratch" pack of Otterhounds). "HAVEN'T THEY GOT SOME KIND OF LINE! THEY'RE ALWAYS GIVING TONGUE, ANYWAY."

Sportsman. "OH, NO; THAT'S ONLY THE STONES HURTING THEIR POOR FEET."

ever thus with the best gifts of Heaven: we do not appreciate them till they are lost); but when Miss HACKNEY blew them out the effect fell little short of a miracle. At the first puff it was like an instantaneous Götterdämmerung; at the second it was as when a policeman suddenly holds up his hand against the sun.

I want the candlemonger's address.
O. S.

"Whitehead opened the bowling, and his namesake, with a late cut, scored 4 and got a single, while Knight made a cut for 3. The players were away half an hour."—*Evening Standard*.

After which, thoroughly rested, they returned to their labours.

"Jack Benison raised his head and rose from his chair; the Vicar crossed to him. He did not shake the boy's hand. Even now he put his foot right into it."—*"Daily Mirror" feuilleton*.
Not good manners.

"One of the biggest successes of the day was the throwing of the cricket ball, when Brain's throw of 300 yds. 1 in. created a South African record."—*Johannesburg Sporting Star*.

It must have needed brawn as well.

THE DAY OF MIRACLES.

Two sights this day have met my eyes
I never dreamt to see,
That near undid in glad surprise
Their credibility:

My lady, with her wonted grace,
But rotten luck withal,
Straight on a bunker's frowning face
Had smote a longish ball;

And, hasting toward that "lie" unseen
With anxious mind, she came
To where the bay gleams blue between
The gorse's golden flame;

Where, in a sunny glimpse, one sees
Brown sails and sea-birds' wings,
And where his love-taught lutanies
The nesting linnet sings.

Pausing a moment's space apart,
The footling lie forgot,
She felt the pulse from Beauty's heart—
And bunkered balls were not.

I saw the frown that marred her fade,
With thoughts of medalled fame:
She guessed that regal Nature played
A still more "ancient game."

* * * * *
That night a second marvel wrought
As, o'er the Downland ridge,

The May-moon rose, and, rising, brought
The witching hour of—Bridge.

Without, one of those angel-eyes
Dreamed, veiled in tenderest hue
Of tree-flowers and young silken leaves
The moonlight filtered through.

Inside, with rosy silks arrayed,
Lost to that lovely sight,
With deadly earnestness she played—
A wasted queen of night.

But while her solemn partner dealt
She heard the night-bird sing,
And turned and, for a moment, felt
The magic of the Spring;

And in her face once more I read
How, whispering in her ear,
"I know a gain," sweet Spring had
said,
"Worth two of that, my dear!"

"There has been another fire at Crewe House. Lord and Lady Crewe are absent in Italy. The origin of the fire is inexplicable and suspicion has been aroused.

Reuter wired on March 22nd that an expedition of eight British officers and three hundred men with machine guns was moving against a tribe in the Sapari Hills in the northern territories of the Gold Coast."

Advocate of India.

All the same, we don't think they did it.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

VII.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE recent appointment of a scholarly guide to lecture on some of the more remarkable and picturesque of its rarities having drawn all eyes to what Lord AVEBURY once wittily called the Bloomsbury Treasure House, it has been felt that *Mr. Punch's* readers must not be kept any longer from a history of that institution (for it is an institution).

HISTORY.

The British Museum naturally is not very old. A lot has to happen before the time comes to collect ruins in a museum. Hence the authorities waited for Assyria and Egypt, Greece and Rome to vanish as powers before they began at all. This was very wise. The opening year at last fixed upon was 1759, by which time a considerable body of history had accumulated worthy of record. In those days the museum was at Montagu House. The present building was completed in 1847, as it was found that without some such haven of refuge as the portico offers London might have no pigeons left.

UMBRELLAS.

Such is the acquisitive zeal that permeates this wonderful place that everyone who enters is at once asked to deposit his (or her) umbrella. Were none of these reclaimed it is estimated that the British Museum would by now have the finest collection of umbrellas in the world. Such investigations of them as the curator of the Umbrella Department (Sir Hume E. Dye) and his staff of trained and meticulously courteous assistants wish to make never last more than an hour or so, and the umbrellas are returned to their owners. The system of identification is so exact that the chances of getting a better one than your own have been worked out by Mr. HARPER (late of the L.C.C. and now an unpaid official, but still, we hope, a capable statistician) at 3007 to 1.

THE PRINT ROOM.

The Print Room, famous for its poetical staff, is in the charge of Sir SIDNEY COLVIN, who has won the Museum billiard handicap, played after hours in a room in the third Assyrian Court, for several years running. Sir SIDNEY, it has been well said, knows a print when he sees one. Since it is a point of honour with every Museum official to write a book, Sir SIDNEY has compiled a charming volume of the letters of STEVENSON, the professional billiard champion, whose epistolary

style, especially in a series of *billets doux* to Miss Jane Long (known as Long Jenny), is hardly less attractive than that of his cue. Among Sir SIDNEY's colleagues is Mr. BINYON, the poet and the author (although, in view of his apparent youth, the fact is not generally suspected) of the *Death of Adam*. In the Print Room—if you are lucky enough to find it—you may see prints; and nowhere are the officials so unfailing in their courtesy to visitors.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

The Elgin Marbles (in which the "g" is pronounced soft, as in Bingen-on-the-Rhine) were acquired by the distinguished art-dealer, THOMAS BRUCE, Seventh Earl of Elgin. They represent the manufactures of Elgin, which, according to the latest official reports, consist of watches and watch cases, butter and other dairy products, cooperage (especially butter tubs), canned corn, shirts, pipe organs and caskets. The city, we may add, is the seat of the Northern Illinois Hospital for the Insane. Sir Alley Taw, the keeper of the marbles, is a very paragon of courtesy.

THE POLICE.

A Museum without policemen would be like the play of *Omelette* without the egg, as the Frenchman said. The British Museum has many fine, sturdy, well-set-up fellows who know an anarchist or futurist a mile off, and would die sooner than allow a thief to carry away the Rosetta Stone. Many, it is true, have tried, but no one has got farther than the entrance hall.

MANUSCRIPTS.

The collection of MSS., which are under the safe care of Dr. WARNER, ranges from specimens of the calligraphy of ancient Egyptian scribes to the originals of Mr. HALL CAINE's novels. The latter are guarded night and day by special custodians imported from the Isle of Man, and can only be examined by persons who have received a special permit from the Keeper of British Enormities. The courtesy of Dr. WARNER and his assistants is a by-word in Bloomsbury.

EGYPTOLOGY.

It is notorious that nothing can exceed the courtesy of the chief of the Egyptian Department, Sir ERNEST WALLIS BUDGE, or Sir BUDGE, as distinguished foreigners persist in calling him. Not even a lifetime spent among mummies and sarcophagi has in any way impaired his native sunniness, and even the recurring facetious query of Cockney visitors, on the first Monday

in August, as to how and when CLEOPATRA copped the needle, leaves him radiant and kind. The result is that few visitors interested in Egyptology leave the museum without entering Sir BUDGE's department. Such is his versatility that he presides also over the Assyrian relics; and the same remarks apply to them. Sir BUDGE is the author of more books than any of his colleagues, which is saying a good deal. He is also the editor of *The Isis*.

THE READING ROOM.

It has been computed that were the British Museum reading-room to be closed for a year all the dealers in remainder copies of books would be bankrupt. It is therefore kept open. The Principal Librarian is Sir FREDERICK G. KENYON—a gentleman whose courtesy to strangers and inquirers is unequalled in any other department. The peculiarity of the room in which sits the Keeper of the Printed Books—Sir G. K. FORTESCUE—is that, since every inch of the wall, doors and all, is covered humorously with real or imitation books, once you are in you cannot find the way out. Apart from this nothing can exceed the courtesy of this official, to whose zeal in keeping the printed books must be attributed the fact that one so often cannot get what one asks for in the reading-room.

FOG.

Although the wisdom of the world is stored in the British Museum it has not taught its officials (who are courtesy itself) any way of dealing with fog. No sooner does this November visitant arrive in Bloomsbury than all search for books in the basement ceases and hundreds of readers are thrown out of work. And yet there are little electric hand-torches for such difficulties in every stores list at a trifling cost.

FEES.

There is no charge for leaving the British Museum. No tips are allowed. Any head of department discovered in the act of receiving sixpence or a shilling is instantly dismissed. It was his readiness to accept such sums in defiance of the rules that led to the loss of that otherwise valuable public servant, Sir O. Penpalm, one of the most courteous men who ever had charge of Chaldean postage-stamps.

THE FUTURE OF THE MUSEUM.

It is considered probable, by competent vaticinators, that in about five years' time the pick of the Bloomsbury treasures will be located at Pittsburg.



New Housemaid. "THAT BAKER'S MAN'S A NICE-LOOKING CHAP."

Cook. "HIM! WHY, HE'S MARRIED!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE does not go altogether as a stranger into the "region between actual story and actual history, which," as he says in the preface to *The Last Galley* (SMITH, ELDER), "has never been adequately exploited." His book, *Rodney Stone*, was a clever essay in this field, giving as it did a vivid picture of the great days of the boxing ring. In his latest volume he has worked less ambitiously, though he hints at something greater to come. He gives a series of ten brief "impressions," based on facts dotted up and down the long stretch of years during which the Roman Empire was the world. He has coloured these facts with "the glamour which the writer of fiction can give," and he has produced a set of very readable stories which help one to form a conception of affairs as they may have existed at that time. I don't know that it is anything against them that the glamour is in some cases derived rather from the possible than the probable. He relates, for instance, the meeting of THEODORA and her son. It is generally believed that this versatile lady lost no time in removing from the sight of the world, and of her husband JUSTINIAN, all trace of so untimely a reminder of her early adventurous career. Sir ARTHUR, giving her a sudden access of maternal affection, rescues the boy from the very brink of the underground well to which he had been doomed, and sends him back to the monastery in Antioch whence he came. Nobody knows exactly what did happen, so this is conceivably true, but personally I doubt it. Again, he makes of MAXIMIN a bluff, honest sort of barbarian soldier, who an hour before the thing occurred had no idea of becoming emperor. This also may be true,

though for my part I put my money on the other side of the picture.

To choose a district of old France,
To strike a path where paths are few,
To leave his resting-place to chance,
Take what it gives and start anew;
To quaff the country's local drink,
To chaff its people, maid or man—
Such things HILAIRE BELLOC, I think,
Can tackle as no other can.

It makes no sort of odds to me
Whether afoot he makes his way,
As just himself, to wit H. B.,
And sees the France we know to-day;
Or whether, in some borrowed guise,
As, say, a military gent,
He sees it with historic eyes—
No matter which, I'm well content.

The Girondin (from NELSON) shows
The second case: it brings to view
A mounted sergeant in the throes
Of war in 1792;
He roughs it with a cheerful smile,
Gets in the end a nasty knock,
As soldiers will, yet all the while
You know that he's HILAIRE BELLOC.

IN one respect, at least, Dr. J. MORGAN-DE-GROOT, the author of *The Hand of Venus* (HUTCHINSON), is deserving of the honour reserved for them who resist great temptation. Some time before the opening of the story, he tells us that

the great PHIDIAS made a statue of Venus, which, having suffered the dismemberment of a hand, was eventually buried, along with the severed portion, in the garden of a Roman villa. In the year nineteen-hundred-and-odd this statue, which was naturally marvellous beyond compare, was dug up by a modern artist, who wickedly resolved to send it to Burlington House as his own work, which he did; and it was—no, not what you think—it was accepted, and praised by everybody. The author's restraint in the matter of this episode filled me with the greater surprise, because I am bound to admit that nothing in his previous handling of the tale had prepared me for it. He is not, for example, above introducing a caricature of the German Emperor, who is represented as deciding the authorship of a work variously attributed to REMBRANDT and TOM BROWNE; and I am afraid that this is a fair sample of the author's humour. Briefly put, indeed, his theme struck me as an excellent idea (there are, of course, complications with the severed hand, which I will not spoil for you by detailing) not very well treated. But it certainly proved that Dr. DE-GROOT has an independent spirit.

What I like about the humour of Mr. PETT RIDGE is that it keeps so very healthy and so little boisterous. His laughter is never rowdy nor his optimism blatant, yet is he optimistic and laughter-loving indeed. Better refreshment at the price would be hard to get; for it is the author's own idea to serve up his seventeen stories and sketches of lower middle-class life in a two-shilling *Table d'Hôte* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). One item only I would have omitted from the *menu*; the sarcasm of "My Brother Edward" is too biting a sauce for the use of so accomplished a chef. "Scotter's Luck," on the other hand, is a little masterpiece of ironical concoction, delightful to the palate and done to a turn. Mr. Punch may claim to speak with some authority as a gourmet in this particular fare; yet he would not authorize his Clerk to write one word of complaint upon the back of the bill, save that he had not had enough.

When Stanley Thornfield found a crippled genius in an attic, and, under pretence of placing his manuscript, determined to pose to the world as its author, it seems to me he displayed, not only considerable lack of foresight, but a quite remarkable ignorance of the many stories in which a similar imposture has been tried and failed. In this instance, the risk was the greater because the wonderful tales that Darrel wrote were all about his experiences as a sailor; whereas the pretender, whose supposed triumphs earned for him in literary circles the title of *The*

Sea Lion, had never been upon the sea. Thus, when SYBIL, his betrothed, whose love was one of the proceeds of his fraud, suggested that he should take her to the Pool and talk about shipping, a situation was created that is perhaps more farcical than Mr. PATRICK RUSHDEN, the author of the book, appears to be aware of. He, indeed, is desperately serious about the affair throughout, and invokes the aid of hypnotism and various tragic devices in order to confound a trick which, one cannot but think, would have exposed itself, in real life, within a week of its inception. Why, for example, did Darrel never ask to look at his own proofs? It seems a singular omission on the part of an author with, confessedly, no other interests in life. Messrs. MILLS and BOON tell me that *The Sea Lion* is a first novel; as such it may pass, but my idea is that Mr. PATRICK RUSHDEN can and will do considerably better.

There is only one fault which I have to find with Mr. W. E. NORRIS's *Vittoria Victrix* (CONSTABLE), and that is a fault for which Mr. NORRIS is not himself to blame. His is one of those unfortunately designed books which look as though their pages are all cut, but which trip you up in the middle of a sentence and send you, failing a handy paper-knife, hunting for a postcard or a railway ticket. I never have these about me, and I hate cutting a book with a pipe or a slipper. These slight and not very frequent sources of irritation apart, the placid narrative of a sculptor in his relations with an original and charming girl, her friends and admirers, is altogether delightful. The sculptor who tells the story, his sister, the hard-headed and soft-hearted Yankee who controls the destinies of everyone without their knowing it, Vittoria herself, her aunt, and even her father, of whom little is seen—all are vivid portraits of people worth knowing. I hope many will make their acquaintance.

Mr. Lloyd George as the "Immortal Bird."

Mr. Punch, along with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's many other admirers who have been congratulating him on recovery from his serious throat affection, is anxious lest he should incur a relapse through attempting to prove himself worthy of the following passage in *The Referee*:—"Mr. Lloyd George reminds me of the nightingale. At this time of the year Santa Filomena is obsessed with song. She sings continuously. Now and again, thrilled with her own music, the bird falls into ecstasy. . . . Mr. Lloyd George is also a great singer. He has his moments of ecstasy. The result is amazing and beautiful." We like this picture of the CHANCELLOR as KEATS'S "light-winged Dryad of the trees," or should it be Druid?



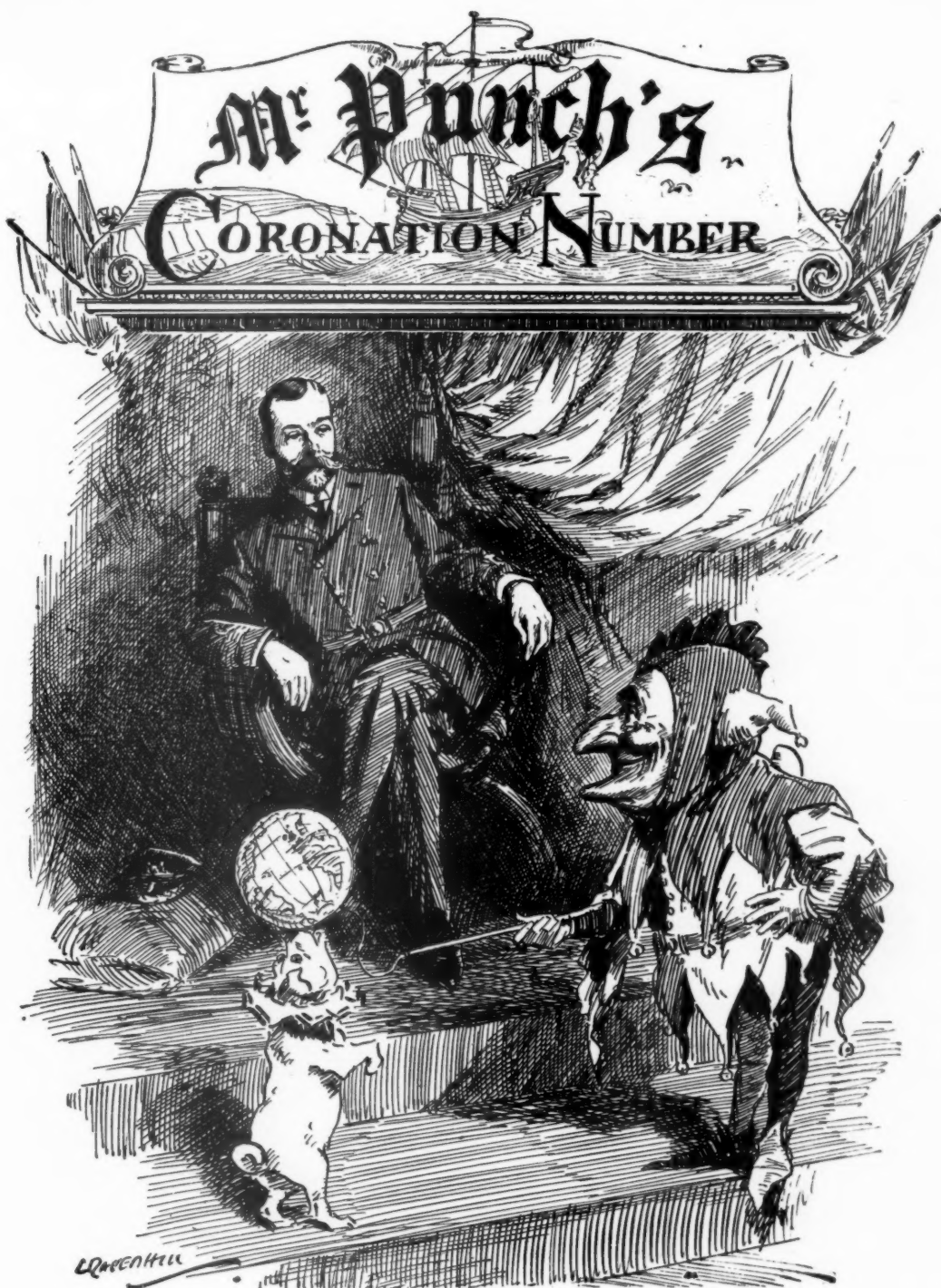
Customer. "No, I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE THAT ONE; TINKI DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE MUCH FOR IT."

**Mr. Punch's
Coronation
Number.**

LONG LIVE THE KING!







TO THE KING.

For His Majesty's Coronation.



WHEN Summer last came gowned in virgin green,
Among the mourning pageantry you paced,
Dimly aware what splendours of the scene
By Death's enfolding shadow lay effaced ;
A King that nursed his private grief apart,
Nor comfort from his kingly state could borrow,
Grave-eyed you went, and very lone of heart,
Mid silent greetings hushed to share your sorrow.

A year ago. And now by those same ways,
Crowned and anointed King, once more you come,
And Grief fulfilled recalls her backward gaze,
And Joy unlocks our lips that then were dumb ;
Glad heart and voice, we greet your proven worth,
Whose courage, called to meet the test of royalty,
By better claims than any right of birth
Has earned the homage of our love and loyalty.

Earth of her gifts can yield no fairer grace
Than thus to rule a people proud and free,
For whom you stand as symbol of a race
Heirs to the ancient lordship of the sea ;
So on this day, when Peace may lightly wear
The warrior trophies won from sterner ages,
Well may her sister, Mirth, demand an air
Of ampler revelry in these our pages.

And if, in this poor tribute, we intrude
A touch of humour something over-bold ;
If, for relief, we ask the latitude
Allowed to licensed jesters from of old ;
Believe me, Sire, in all your faithful isle
None pays a fealty more profound and fervent
Than he who here appends his name and style—
Than *Punch*, your Majesty's most loyal servant.

O. S.



Mr. Punch's Gala Variety Entertainment.



HEREAS Their Majesties KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY have shown a gracious interest in the Art of the Music Hall, Now this is to say that *Mr. Punch* proposes to offer to Their Majesties an opportunity of attending a Gala Variety Entertainment of his own. So sanguine is he of being able to persuade Their Majesties to assist at his Fête, that he has already engaged an extraordinarily talented cast, and drawn up a thoroughly exhaustive programme. As to the date, everything will depend upon Their Majesties' pleasure, but it may be confidently asserted that it will not be allowed to clash with the actual Coronation.

Mr. Punch, accompanied by some of the QUEEN'S MARIES, will himself receive the KING and QUEEN (always supposing that Their Majesties are present), and a bouquet, consisting of "silver bells and cockle shells, and pretty maids all of a row," will be presented to the QUEEN by "Mary, Mary, all contr'ry," who will be supported by another Mary—the one with the pet lamb.

The National Anthem once played and Their Majesties comfortably seated, a short interval will be allowed for staring, but no pointing will be permitted. *Mr. Punch* will then deliver a Prologue composed by one of his young fellows.



The final touches have not yet been given to this masterpiece, and, indeed, much will be left to the inspiration of the moment and the individuality of the prompter. But, roughly, the idea will be as follows:—

Prologue.

Your Majesties, your Royal Highnesses,
Also (if present) your Serenities,
Your Graces, Lordships, Ladyships—in short,
Ladies and Gentlemen of ev'ry sort
(The Press included), welcome to our show,
Now, after months of labour, on the go.

Oh for a Muse of fire (as SHAKESPEARE said,
But cannot now repeat it, being dead),
Oh for a Muse that could aspire to sing
A fitting ode of welcome to our KING,
To offer neatly, at the very start,
The tribute of a most devoted heart.

[*Mr. Punch makes obeisance to the Royal Box.*]

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.

Oh for a something else with which to greet
The beauty for the moment at my feet,

[*Mr. Punch bows to the ladies.*]

To hymn the serried splendour of the pit
And dwell upon the circles for a bit!
It needs a demi-god—half MILTON, half
Reporter on the *Daily Telegraph*.

A mortal overwhelmed by your effulgence
Can only crave your very kind indulgence;
Let me, instead, foreshadow the surprises
We spring upon you when the curtain rises.

My task is rendered lighter by the fact
That many of you, with consummate tact,
Have bought and favoured with at least a glance
The special programme issued in advance—
Meaning, of course, that enemy to slumber,
My Extra-special Coronation Number. [*Advt.*]

You know that soon, unless the curtain sticks,
You'll see a masque of Art and Politics,
A feast of Fun and Fantasy and things—
Possibly, too, the prompters in the wings.
Georges of every kind will take their calls
Hoping for recognition from the stalls;
NEWTON himself, no less, and other Lords
Will make a first appearance on the boards;
History will affect the modern manner
And Mr. CHURCHILL sing to the pianer;
While at the finish I myself may take
The chance of thanking those of you awake.

Now, if the carpenters have stopped their banging,
And if the manager has finished slanging
The carpenters, and if the double bass
Will kindly hurry up and find the place,
Then let the curtain rise upon a night
Of unexampl'd splendour and delight.

After a short but adequate interval for applause the performance proper will commence; and of this *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in issuing herewith a preliminary Illustrated Programme.

His pictures are based upon representations made by his performers as to the nature of their turns and do not pretend to be an historic record of events that have not yet occurred. No person will therefore be permitted to claim his money back at the doors on the plea that any turn (or turns) differed materially from the counterfeit presentment (or presentments) of it (or them). *Mr. Punch* also reserves to himself the right to supplement his Preliminary Programme (though this is, humanly speaking, improbable), or to withdraw any turn of which the performer proves, at rehearsal, to be less good than he said he was going to be.

The Programme will begin with some

Variety Turns,

and this form of entertainment will be continued at intervals throughout the performance.

1. Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE, in a self-made biplane, accompanied by warlike music, will manœuvre over the audience and undertake to drop a couple of *confetti* on the head of the German Naval Attaché.

2. Mr. F. E. SMITH will sing: "I'm shy, Mary Ellen, I'm shy."

3. Lord NEWTON will give his inimitable sketch, "How I made even the Peers laugh."

4. Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, dramatic critic of *The Times*, will deliver, in Attic Greek with a French accent, a dissertation on "Aristophanny's First Play." At the same time Mesdames MELBA and TETRAZZINI, who refuse to appear apart, will simultaneously sing *Altiore peto*, each going as she pleases.



Mr. F. E. Smith will sing: "I'm shy, Mary Ellen, I'm shy."

5. Mr. OSCAR ASCHE will give a demonstration of First Aid, exhibiting the "Kismet" system of holding a drowning man under water till he has stopped drowning.

6. Mr. — (who desires at present to remain nameless) will write a cheque for £5,000 in favour of a charity (to be chosen by *Mr. Punch*), on condition that his name be announced from the proscenium in clear and bell-like tones. During this performance, Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM will write a complete new play, and Miss LILY ELSIE will waltz up a salmon-ladder with the Master of ELIBANK.

7. M. MAETERLINCK and Lord AVEBURY will conduct an exhibition bee-fight (one bee a-side), after which the latter will oblige with "I know a Bank."

8. Messrs. T. P. O'CONNOR and TIM HEALY will appear as Irish "Back-chat" Comedians.

9. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will give his well-known patter-song:—

Little Bo-peppered
Has lost her shepherd
And can't tell where they hide him;
Leave him alone
And he'll come home
With a whiskey-bottle inside him.

10. Mr. GARVIN, Editor of *The Observer*, will give a selection (the whole is far too long) from his popular Ventriloquial Sketch, "The Power behind the Peerage." In the event of an encore he will bring on Mr. W. WALDORF ASTOR, and they will sing together as the "Dollar Duetists" in "For Hever and for Hever."

11. Lord ROSEBURY, wearing the yellow primrose of a detached life, will recite a parody of "The House that Jack built," entitled "The House that Archibald re-built." At the same time Mr. NEIL PRIMROSE, another member of the same talented family, will give his daring acrobatic performance in which he descends from a great height upon the woollack and bounds off into space.

12. **March Past of the King's Georges,** each contributing some peculiar and personal tribute, illustrated by a rhymed couplet.

Meanwhile, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, chagrined because his claim to appear among the King's Georges was considered invalid, will preamble in the wings, and start a Lloyd's Invalidity Insurance Scheme.



Mr. Winston Churchill loses his Shepherd.



Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Tim Healy,
Irish Back-chat Comedians.



The Editor of "The Observer" in his great Ventriloquial
Performance as "The Power behind the Peerage."

GEORGE
MOORE.



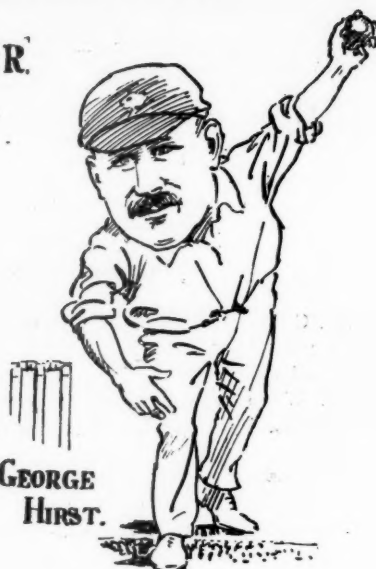
For every ill my novels find a cure;
Don't hesitate to send and ask for
More.

GEORGE R.
SIMS.



Though cares of State should sometimes breed
despair,
I'll answer that you never lose your hair.

GEORGE
HIRST.



Should cricket ever tempt the Royal nerve,
Command me for a lesson how to swerve.

GEORGE
ALEXANDER.



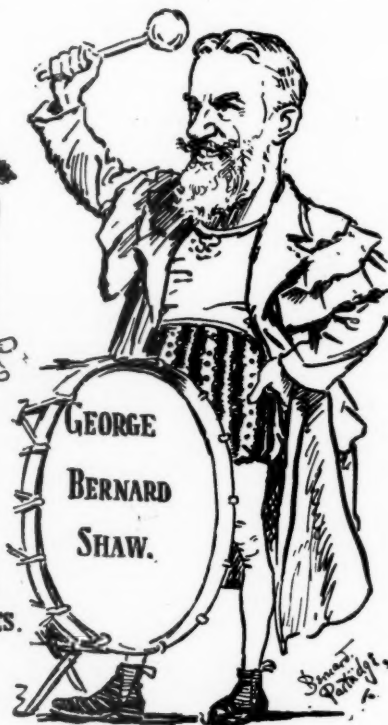
My p'ayhouse, like your Court, is at St. James;
High tailoring I offer, and high aims.

GEORGE
EDWARDES.



I've Viennese delights to charm the ears,
And oh, such pretty wives for England's
peers.

GEORGE
BERNARD
SHAW.



Monarch or peasant, 'tis the same to me:
Counsel for both I've ready—*fluent, free.*

THE KING'S GEORGES.

**GEORGE W.E.
RUSSELL**



Prepare to hold your sides while I emit
The very flower of other people's wit.



**GEORGE
ROBEY.**

To all who would invade your Royal peace
Three words have I—"Desist," "Refrain"
and "Cease."



**GEORGE
WYNDHAM.**

White'er you wish of brilliance—speech
or sonnet,
Eloge or essay—Crichton II. is on it.

**GEORGE
GRAY.**



Fear Revolution not, O Sire! Instead,
Acquire my art of scroffing off the Red.

**GEORGE
NATHANIEL,
LORD CURZON.**



Pro-consuls in retirement have their leisure;
Ask me for any help; 'tis yours with pleasure.



**SIR GEORGE
FRAMPTON.**

Pan for your Royal Park I re-create;
Groups neatly executed while you wait.



LLOYD GEORGE.

THE KING'S GEORGES.



Mr. Seymour Hicks's Double will provide Super-wives for all eligible Peers.



Mr. C. P. Little, Connoisseur of Smartness, points out all the Best People in the House.

13. Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS (not in his own person, he being in a distant part of the Empire, but through the medium of a counterfeit understudy) will illustrate the working of his matrimonial agency, and execute any orders he may receive from the bachelor Peerage.

14. Mr. C. P. LITTLE, Smart Set Expert to *The Daily Mail*, will oblige any member of the audience who wishes the record of his presence to be read next morning at their breakfast tables by a million consumers of Standard Bread.

15. Mr. Cyril Maudekin and Madame Pavlova Wiggs of the Cabbaggio Patch will give their popular Danse Tobacconale.

16. Mr. HUGH CHISHOLM, Editor of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, will make an appearance prepared to recite the menus of the one-hundred-and-fifty dinners he has given to the contributors to his massive Opus. This item, however, will be taken as read—on India Paper.



Mr. Cyril Maudekin in his Danse Tobacconale.

17. *Mr. Punch* will present a series of Animated Pictures under the general title

If they had lived in the days of Good King George.

It has been widely felt that many famous Historical Episodes would take on an entirely new aspect if they could be re-enacted under present conditions. Great disabilities have notoriously been suffered by distinguished people through living in some other century than the twentieth A.D.; and from these Studies in Applied Modernity (arranged by well-known experts) it is hoped that a moral lesson may be drawn for those who are too apt to imagine that the old times were the most convenient.

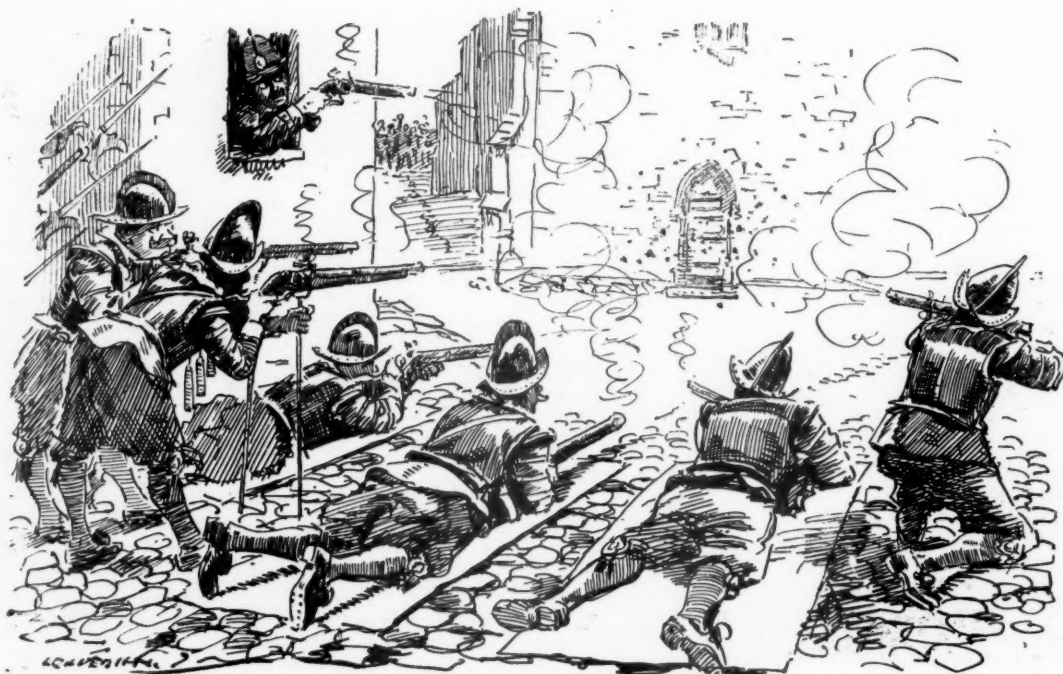


Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.



Bondica shows 'em what WOMAN can do.

(Tableau arranged by Miss Christabel Pankhurst.)



The Siege of Guy Fawkes—Sidney Street Style.

(Tableau arranged by the Home Secretary.)

If they had lived in the days of Good King George.



Sir Walter Raleigh offers Queen Elizabeth a Pair of Rubbers.

(Tableau arranged by the Bolumba Rubber Syndicate.)



Lady Godiva rides through Coventry.

(Tableau arranged by the Bio-cinematographic Co.)

If they had lived in the days of Good King George.

These remarkable and instructive Tableaux will be followed by an

Exhibition of Coronation Claims.

All such claims come, of course, too late for recognition, but that should only add to the poignancy of their appeal.

18. Sir HENRY HOWORTH, author of certain works on The Flood and Champion Letter-writer to *The Times*, will claim to ride in the Coronation Procession on a Mammoth.

19. The two Alfreds—Sir MOND and Mr. SPENDER—will claim to figure in the Coronation Procession as the Witty Westminster Wags. For an encore (if desired) Mr. ALFRED SPENDER will withdraw and Sir ALFRED MOND will sing BROWNING's pathetic passage:

"Crowns to give, and none for the brow
That looked like marble!"

20. Sir THOMAS LIPTON will claim to sail the King's Coronation Barge against all comers from Westminster to Wapping and back; and may the best boat win!

21. Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY will claim to walk in the Coronation Procession as Justice carrying the Freedom of Wormwood Scrubs in a Silver Box.

22. Sir JOSEPH LYONS will claim to use the motto, "Ich Dien," and to carry the King's Second-best Entrée Dish in the Procession, and have the usufruct of its contents for exhibition at his chief Popular Restaurant before the chill is off. He will base his claim on the fact that he is a descendant of Richard Cœur de Lyons Soufflé, who by moderate charges defeated the Soldan of Tip in 1193.



Spender and Mond, the Witty Westminster Wags.



Sir Henry Howorth claims to ride a Mammoth in the Coronation Procession.

22. A Forecast of the Shakspeare Costume Ball.

- (a) Characters to be assumed by the Ministry;
- (b) " " " " Opposition.



Sir Thomas Lipton claims to sail the King's Barge against all comers; and may the best boat win!

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.



His Majesty's Ministry. From left to right :—Lord Loreburn (Wolsey), Mr. Lloyd George (Shylock), Mr. Harcourt (Malvolio), Mr. Churchill (Henry V.), Mr. McKenna (Romeo), Sir E. Grey (Hamlet), Lord Haldane (Lady Macbeth), Mr. Asquith (Titania)



His Majesty's Opposition. From left to right :—Mr. Balfour (Ariel), Sir E. Carson (the O'Phelia), Mr. Wyndham (Osric), Mr. G. Cave (Portia), Mr. F. E. Smith (Touchstone), Mr. Chaplin (Juliet), Mr. Bonar Law (Macbeth), Mr. Austen Chamberlain (Prince Hal).

A Forecast of the Shakspeare Costume Ball.

Supper Interval.

During the Interval, while supper is being served to the audience in paper-bags, Lady GROVE will talk on "Polite Eating"; Sir EDWARD ELGAR will conduct his Band of Hope and Glory; Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN will continue to "present" nobody; and Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER will grow a beard.



The Editor of "The Daily Mail" as Sweet Peaseblossom in "A Midsummer Day's Boom."



Mr. Maurice Hewlett, as Chief Jongleur, sings the Chanson de Rowland Ward's Jangle.

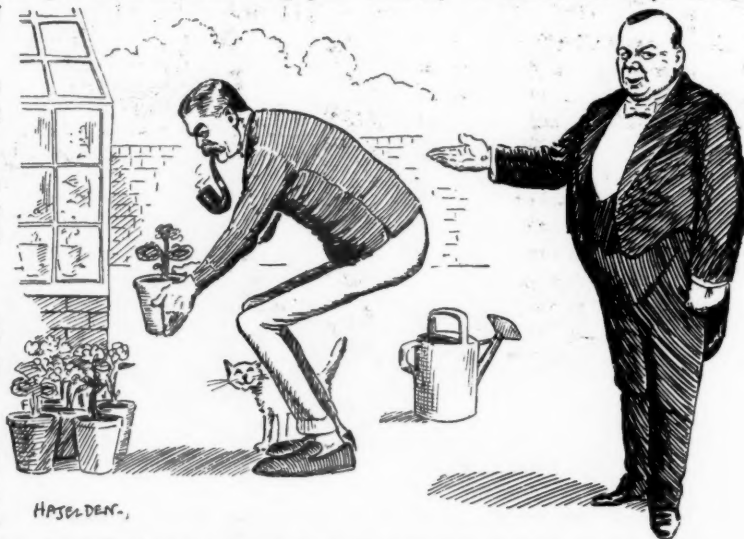
24. The Editor of *The Daily Mail* will give an extract from his popular creation, "A Midsummer Day's Boom" in which he will appear in the part of Sweet Peaseblossom.

25. Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, as the leading Jongleur of the day, will sing the Chanson de Rowland Ward's Jangle.

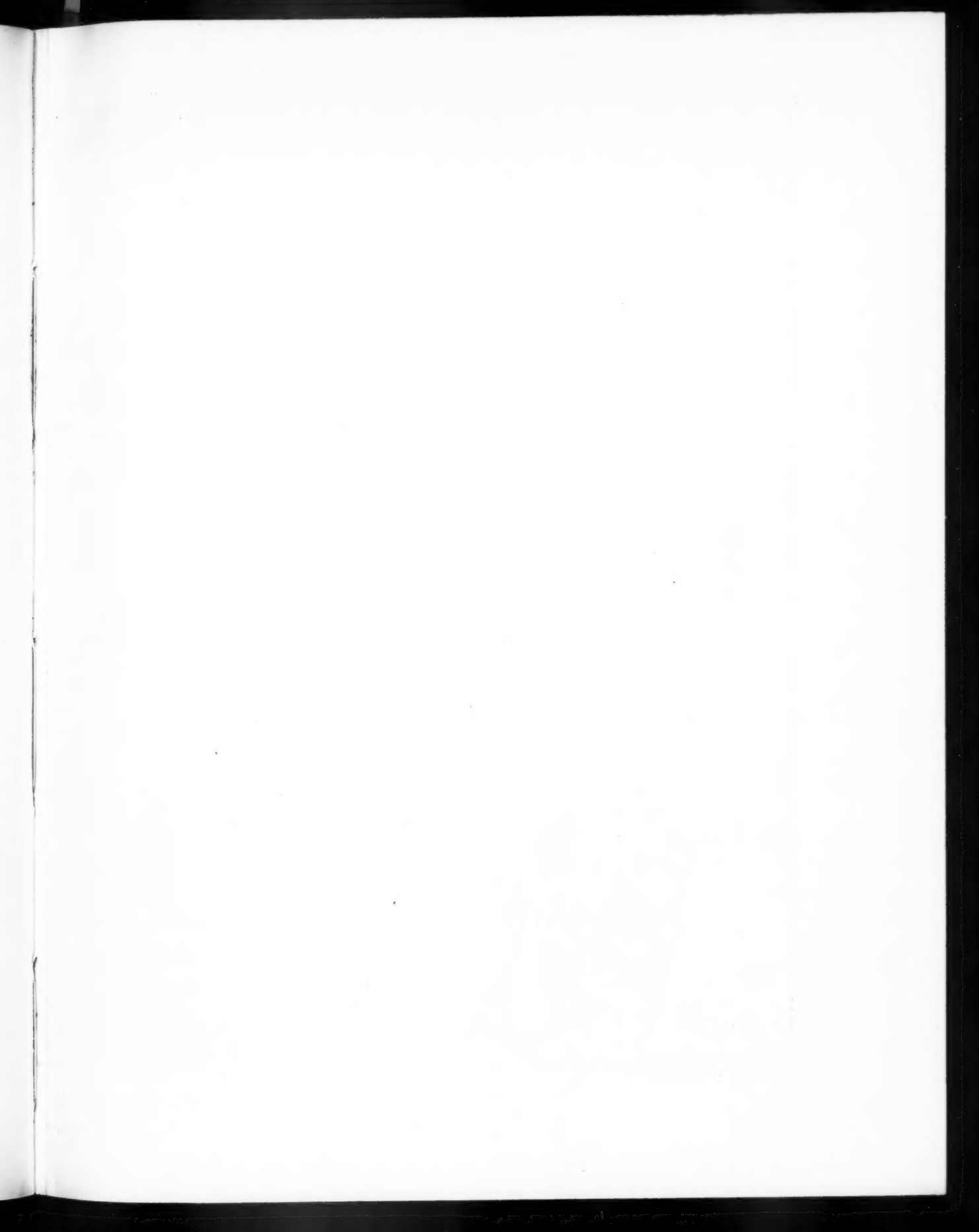
26. Lord HALDANE will introduce Lord KITCHENER in the Garden Scene from the famous sketch: "How England finds Work for her Greatest Men."

27. Ghosts of the Past re-visiting London for the Coronation.

These four affecting episodes do not differ greatly in motive from those to be displayed at an earlier part of the programme, and will illustrate the embarrassment or other sensation which would almost inevitably be experienced



Lord Haldane introduces Lord Kitchener in the Garden Scene from "How England finds Work for her Greatest Men."



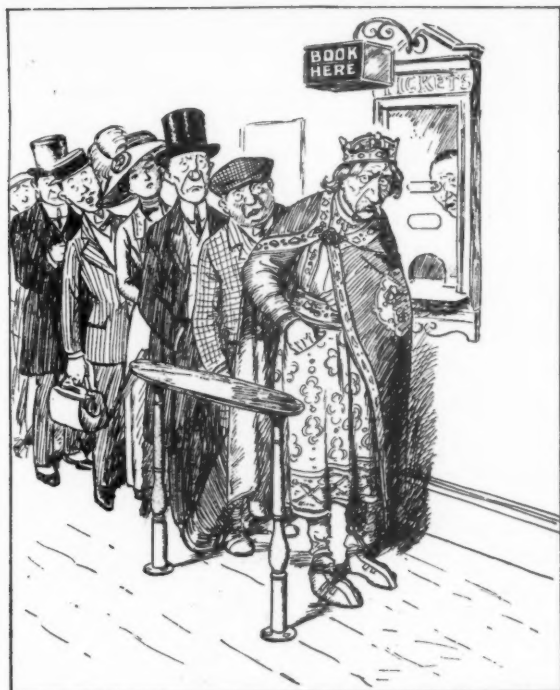


The Arming of
FORTITUDE · WISDOM · J



ing of the King.
ISDOM · JUSTICE · PEACE ·





Ethelred the Unready causes an Obstruction at a Tube Booking Office.



Caxton is overcome by one of the familiar Objects of our Streets.



Richard III., having offered his Kingdom for a Horse, can get nothing but a Taxi.



Dan Chaucer unfortunately misses the Canterbury Excursion Train.

Ghosts of the past re-visit London for the Coronation.

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.

or created by the heroes of distant ages on coming into contact with the developments that have taken place in London since their time—in the event, itself improbable, of their being in a position to return to their former haunts.

28. Mr. WILLIAM WILLETT, of the Daylight-Saving Scheme, will sing his strenuous song—

"My friend Jones arranged with me
To wake him up at half-past three."

29. Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE will play an exhibition three-ball (captive) match with JACK SHERLOCK and Mr. HOLMES, late of the Education Office.

30. Following almost immediately upon the exit of Mr. HOLMES, Mr. RUNCIMAN will perform his staggering feat of "Squaring the Circular."

31. Mr. MAX BEERBOHM, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Dr. MACNAMARA, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, Sir HIRAM MAXIM, and Mr. LEO MAXSE, having been gazetted, for Coronation purposes, as the Seven Macs, will sing in unison Wordsworth's poem on this hallowed numeral.

32. Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR will introduce his famous troupe of Cecilians, and Lord Ugo will undertake to bite off the ear of any member of the Cabinet who cares to come up on to the stage for this purpose.

33. Mr. GILBERT CHESTERTON, Lord MICHELHAM, Mr. EUGENE WASON and Sir EDWARD POYNTER will dance a solemn Pavane. In the event of an encore Lord MICHELHAM will reappear alone and give his famous serio-comic rendering of ROBERT BURNS's eulogy of the proletariat—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that."

34. Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN will appear in his amusing monologue, "The Draper's Assistant" (after the late DAN LENO).

35. Eight well-known Harley Street physicians will illustrate the dietetic value of Standard Oil, showing how its health-giving properties enable even a sardine to live beautifully for days with its head off. The title of their exhibition will be "Grace in the Grease." During this turn, Earl WINTERTON, to mark the festal occasion by an act of self-effacement, will appear behind the scenes as a "shout off."

36. At 3.0 A.M., whether the programme is completed or not, Mr. Punch will bring the proceedings to a close with a brief Epilogue, in which he will embody a toast. For the purpose of this toast, Sir SHERBET BEERBOHM TREE, supported by his company of Shakspeare Revivalists, will dispense midsummer iced drinks.



Sir Sherbet Beerbohm Tree dispenses midsummer iced drinks.



The Alcoholic Department will be under the management of Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, attired as Chief Cellarer in non-particoloured hose.

Epilogue.

Well, you've had the whole concern—
And, if here and there a turn
Fell comparatively flat,
We must not complain of that,
Seeing that it so occurred
No performer "got the bird."
Thank you, then, for this. And now,
Ere I make my final bow—
Only one more bow at most—
Let us drink a loyal toast
(It will look a trifle neater
Put into another metre):
"The KING, God bless him! *Vivat Rex!*" And Greater
Britain will echo, "*Vivat Rex et Imperator!*"

"THE DAILY EVENING'S" PRIZE CORONATION ODE.

BALHAM MAN WINS FIRST PLACE.

THE entry for this competition has been gratifying in the extreme. Five thousand and seventy-seven odes have been sent in, and naturally the task of adjudication has been no easy one. Perhaps a short statement as to our method of arriving at the final verdict will be of interest to our readers. In the first place the entries were gone through by a trained cashier, who extracted the postal-orders and consigned to the waste-paper basket those which did not comply with this trifling but necessary formality. That done, and the money safely lodged in the bank, the senior office-boy (a bright lad and a leading authority on the Cinematographic Drama) was entrusted with the preliminary weeding out. Acting upon instructions, he carefully separated those of loyal and patriotic sentiment from those which displayed Anarchistic leanings, and further reduced the number of "possibles" by rejecting those containing French rhymes—the conductors of this competition being firmly of the opinion that entries of strictly all-British workmanship alone should be considered. A printer's reader next glanced through the residuum with an eye to grammar and spelling, and by this means a final batch of fifty was reserved for the judges' examination. For this difficult and responsible function we were fortunate enough to secure the services of Lord FROHMAN and Sir IMRE KIRALFY.

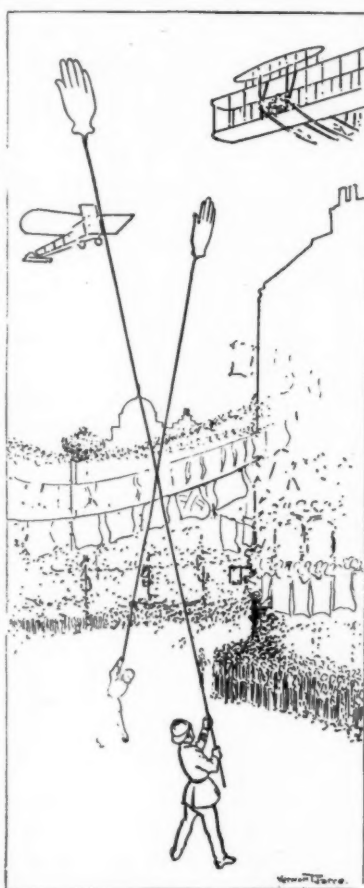
One of the most serious reproaches levelled against English literature in recent years has at last been rolled away, and that in the most decisive and incontrovertible fashion. For some time past we have had it dinned into our ears, both in and out of season, that our poets are dead. We have no hesitation in affirming that the present year, crowded as it is likely to be with political and other events of the first importance, will be remembered by posterity chiefly as the year of the great poetic renaissance in Great Britain and her dependencies.

It must not, of course, be supposed that all the entries reached the high-water mark attained by the winning ode, printed below. A very large number, however, exhibited here and there distinct gleams of genius. It is difficult, for instance, to imagine anything at once more simple and arresting than the following, the opening verse of an ode that comes all the way from the Solomon Islands:—

From Finsbury to Fiji,
From Clapham to Cawnpore,
We hail thee King and (D.G.)
India's Emperor.

Of very considerable merit was the work of another Colonial competitor, in which, however, there was a little too much sacrifice of dignity for the sake of effective rhyming, as in the following:—

Let the cheers echo from coast unto coast;
Britons, your loyalst hullabaloo raise!
Utter the loudest of "Hips," and the most
Frenzied of "Ho-ya's"!



A SUGGESTION TO AID THE POLICE IN CARRYING OUT THE RECENT ORDER TO EXCLUDE AERONAUTS FROM THE CORONATION ROUTE.

The word "hullabaloo" is perhaps hardly the right term for the expression of a nation's patriotic fervour.

From a lady competitor comes a tender poem giving utterance to the feelings of her sex towards the King in his quality of naval officer. There is a subtle reminiscence of a popular ballad in the lines:—

Of British girlhood's heart thou art the gaoler,
For all our nicest maidens love a sailor.

And there are some fine moments in

the ode which, headed "To George V.: A Regalia Rhapsody," opens thus:—

What is the crown we crown thee with to-day,
Whose brilliance fairly takes our breath away!
A golden circlet set with handsome
Gems, each of which is worth a royal ransom.

The corrective bathos in the last line is very convincing. The only other poem we have space to mention is one whose prolixity is but partially atoned for by flashes of inspiration in such lines as—

George for his England, England for her George!
and

The pyrotechnics of a people's pride.

After deep consideration we have awarded the first prize to Mr. J. Milton Slopp, of 725, Laurel Avenue, Balham, S.W., whose fine achievement is here given:—

GEORGE, through thy Empire's boundless
tra ts

All eyes to-day are turned on thee
And on the interesting facts
Connected with thy pageantry.

When from thy crowning thou art come,
And all the solemn pomp is o'er,
The telegraphic wires will hum
As they have never hummed before.

And then a hundred million throats,
Making the world-wide welkin ring,
Will loyally essay the notes
That summon Heav'n to save the King.

On thee our steadfast gaze we fix;
And in thine honour for to-day
Britons confound their politics
And brush their differences away.

No talk of People *versus* Peers,
Of those who toil and those who slack;
Dustman and Duke unite their cheers
And slap each other on the back.

And after—when the flags are furled,
And all the festive trappings down—
Shall England then confront the word
More bravely for thy kingly crown!

Oh, yes—a thousand times, oh, yes!
For through the Empire's breath and
length

This day hath shown that we possess
A wealth of union, which is strength.

This be thy rôle, then, royal GEORGE,
To bind the folk together fast
With loving fetters, and to forge
Links that are warranted to last.

Let not the head we crown to-day
Walk in the paths of horrid strife;
Wear in thy buttonhole alway
The sweet-pea of a peaceful life.

The very large expenses of conducting the competition having been deducted from the entrance fees, the rest of the money goes to the prize-winner, to whom a cheque of an appropriate value will be sent in due course.

From a parish hymn-sheet:—

"God save the King!
Not to be taken away."

We, too, are all against the kidnapping
of His MAJESTY.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A CORONATION SEASON.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The Coronation feeling in everybody is showing itself in fancy dress. This is quite and altogether a fancy-dress season. Everybody who is anybody must be always dressing up as somebody else! The regulation fancy-dress dance is always with us, of course; but we *coronate* by giving, in addition, fancy-head dinners, domino suppers, *thés poudrés*, and guess-who-I-am lunches. Oh, and if you please, my dear, the first fancy-dress wedding has made its bow—Lord Oldpark's to Hypatia B. Blogg of Pittsburg. St. Agatha's was simply packed, and it went with a bang. Oldpark was *screamingly* well got up as a slot-machine. "A Million in the Slot" was written across him, and, when they came to the part of the service where the ring is wanted, instead of the best man producing it as usual, Hypatia herself, whose white satin gown was made to look like a roll of dollar bills, worked the Million-in-the-Slot machine and got out the wedding ring in the regular way.

Your own Blanche is responsible for the *very* latest thing in costume functions—*c'est-à-dire*, fancy-dress church services. I want to persuade the Rector of St. Agatha's to preach to us as Friar Bacon, or St. Augustine, or one of those old-time preachers, and *we* would all come as Canterbury pilgrims, or something. I mean to coax the dear bishop to allow it. I shall put it to him that people are always complaining of the empty churches in town, that he *must* want to see them filled, and that the way of ways to have them full to the brim is to let us have fancy-dress services on Sunday!

Of all the Coronation dances, so far, the big costume affair (under the patronage of both, or I suppose I ought to say *all*, political parties) at the Gorgeous Galleries was easily first. Beryl Clarges took charge of the quadrille of Typical British Peeresses. She told me she felt a bit awkward at being the only Englishwoman in it, and that the others seemed to look on her as by way of being an intruder!

In the Little England quadrille a quite new figure was introduced, called *Toeing the Line*. It made a big sensation. It's a difficult figure, and I hear they've been practising it for some time; but they certainly did it very well—to a queer tune called "Shillelagh's a-walkin'."

On dit that the Bullyon-Bounder-

mere woman has been to a certain Minister and asked that, if a new batch of peers is to be created, Mr. B.-B. may be one of them. She says he's prepared to give something enormous to the party funds, and to make himself generally useful in the Upper Chamber in shoving things on or holding them back, wouldn't want any veto, and wouldn't even mind being *abolished*, when once he'd got his title! But the offer only holds good *before* the Coronation, as they both want to be present.

Another item of Coronation gossip is that *The New York Trumpeter* has offered Lord Needmore £100,000 for the use of his name, robes and coronet on the 22nd of June for their representative, as they want an absolutely first-hand account from a peer's point of view. And Lord N. is not the only one to have such an offer. It's to be hoped that all the American pressmen will wait for the supreme moment in the ceremony, and not put on their coronets too soon!

The huge number of visitors in London this season has made the taking about of parties quite a little rage. Kiddy Vavasour, Norty's younger brother, who's very nice and very clever, but a fearful pauper, poor boy, saw his way to make a bit out of the epidemic of expert guides and conducted parties. "Museums and historic buildings are all very well," he said, "but for *one* person who wants to know what's what and where's where, there are *thirty* who want to know who's who; and I'm their man!" And, my dear, he takes great gangs of queerities to the Park and to Ranelagh and to Hurlingham during the day, and in the evenings fixes up with hostesses to take them to parties, ranges them round the walls in the dancing-rooms and tells them who everybody is, marches them through the supper-rooms, points out which of the people are on diet and oughtn't to touch the things they're gobbling up and predicts what form of indy they're likely to have next day, and lets them peep into the sitting-out places, telling them which couples have *no right whatever* to be murmuring and cooing in a *solitude à deux*! His fee is immensely enormous (each of the hostesses whose houses he takes his crowd to expects something), but he's *overwhelmed* with business and simply *coining* money!

Such fancy prices are being offered for town houses just now that a great many people can't afford to stay in their own, and as, of course, they've got to be somewhere in the neighbourhood, they've gone into lodgings. The Middlesbires have let Middleshire

House for £5,000 a week, and gone to lodge at a place called Holloway. Then the Needmores, the Sangazurs, the De Stoneyvilles, and several others have let their houses in Berkgrave and the other squares, and gone to live at Peckham and Camberwell. They charter a motor-bus among them, which brings them to town every day and takes them back every night—or morning, as it may happen.

Pity me, my dearest! Some of Josiah's relations have come from the uttermost ends of the earth to coronate, and are staying here. They're stout and red, and want to "see everything" and to "enjoy themselves"; in short, they're much about what Josiah was before Somebody took him in hand. Their vocab. includes such phrases as "the height of fashion," and "sumptuous entertainments!" But the worst thing about them is that they remember Josiah when he was a boy and are fond of talking of those pre-historic days. I bore it till reason tottered on her throne, and then I told them, "*Memory*, socially speaking, is bad form. In other words, *remembering is not done*—except when *written* in the shape of memoirs that *will sell*. Just as people keep their *money* and *valuables* at the *banker's*, so they keep their *memories* at the *publisher's*."

Just a little story of Hugo Daubeny, the Flummerys' artist cousin. I found myself next him at dinner the other night, and he asked me what I thought of the Academy show. I said I never went there, but that people said it was a dull one, and I added, "There's no Picture of the Year, is there?" "The Picture of the Year," he growled, scowling at his plate, "is still in the cellars at Burlington House waiting to be fetched away!"

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

"Indeed, the present year is doubly associated with the memory of Hume, for not only does it mark the lapse of ten centuries since his birth, but also the passage of a century and a half since his great history was completed."

Bombay Gazette.

A great history, indeed, even if put together a little too hurriedly.

"The part which the school children of Edinburgh are to play in the celebrations connected with the Royal visit to Edinburgh was discussed yesterday. . . . It was remarked at yesterday's meeting that if 30,000 children were present, that would be the equivalent of the Scottish Army at Bannockburn."—*Sotsman*.

We wonder who it was who thought of that tactful comparison. It looks as if somebody had been reading about Bannockburn that afternoon, and had to bring it in at all costs.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have no complaint to make in regard to the Coronation; but, fond as we are of these functions, we trust that it will be many many years before we have another.

We understand that while KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY are, with characteristic kindness, determined to do their best, they will find it quite impossible to look like *all* the portraits of themselves which are being given away with the various Coronation Numbers.

This wonderful year! We already have Coronation Exhibitions, Coronation Bibles, Coronation Dances, and, for all we know, Coronation Dog Fights, and now, in addition to these, it seems there is to be a Coronation Ceremony at Westminster Abbey.

The Coronation Ceremony, by-the-way, promises to be the most successful function of the year. In addition to a host of notabilities, the KING and QUEEN have promised to be present.

In the regulations as to the dresses which Members' wives may wear in the Abbey, "considerable latitude," we read, "is allowed." We should have thought that this would lead to much undesirable over-crowding.

A proposal has been made that every helpless little baby born on the 22nd inst. shall be named Coronation. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children has the matter in hand.

The KING's wish is Law even to-day, and we are glad to hear that HIS MAJESTY's desire that an extra week's holiday shall be given to the boys and girls in all schools in honour of the Coronation, is being accepted cheerfully by the entire juvenile population of the country, even though they realise that it may interfere somewhat with the course of their studies.

The police regulation, that all lights in connection with illuminations shall be put out by 12.30 on the morning following Coronation Day presses somewhat hardly on some persons. For example, a lady living at Peckham had, before the regulation was issued, paid extra for her fairy lamp, on the understanding that it would keep alight until 1.30.

We have a large amount of sympathy with Mr. BENNETT GOLDNEY, M.P., who suggested that, as each Member having



A CHEAP SEAT FOR THE CORONATION.

"'E'S THAT LOYAL THERE'S NO 'OLDIN' 'IM. SEE THE PERCESSION HE WILL—SO I'M PATCHIN' 'IM UP A SEAT FOR IT."

a wife, an unmarried sister, or a daughter, receives an invitation to the Coronation for one such relative, an equal privilege should be extended to those who have no wife, unmarried sister, or daughter, but who have a mother. We consider it of the highest importance, in these days of dwindling population, to hold out inducements to persons to have mothers.

At the Coronation Costume Ball, which is to be held at the Botanical Gardens on June 16th, there is to be an interesting innovation. Mr.

GRAHAME-WHITE is to fly in his aeroplane from Hendon in costume to attend the function. The success of the innovation will depend to some extent on whether the distinguished airman alights on a glass-house or not.

The announcement that Mr. EVE has had a hand in designing the stamps to be issued on Coronation Day has led to a stupid rumour that they will bear a representation of Britannia in the costume of a Classical Dancer.

MR. PUNCH'S CORONATION PROCESSION REPRESENTING ALL CLASSES OF
HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS.



GRAND MASSED BAND OF REPRESENTATIVE MUSICIANS.



A MEMBER OF THE ARISTOCRACY.



VOTARIES OF FASHION.



EMBLYO DITTO.



BLOODS.



SPORTING DITTO.



CARMEHITE, LEADING STANDARD
BREAD-FED BOYS.



POST-IMPRESSIONIST.



MINX.



BEAUTIES OF THE BALLROOM.

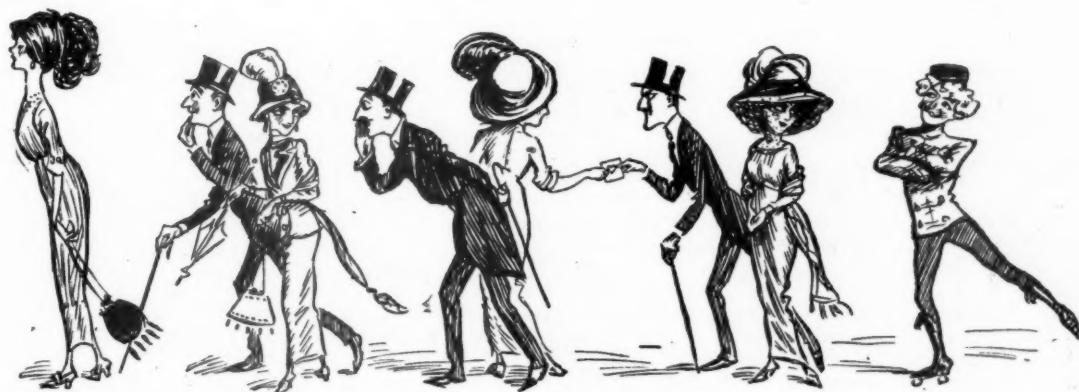
MR. PUNCH'S CORONATION PROCESSION—(CONTINUED).



CONTINGENT FROM THE SERVICE CLUBS.

CONTINGENT FROM THE LADIES' CLUBS.

MERCHANT PRINCE.



MUSICAL COMEDY.

CONTINGENT OF THE SMART SET (IN DOUBLE HARNESS).

OLYMPIAN GOD.



HUMORIST.

A LADY WHO WON'T
BE IGNORED.

ODDS AND ENDS.

LINING THE "ROWTE."

(Voices in the Crowd.)

Burly Farmer. Looky 'ere, Jonas, when they coom by, can 'ee get Moother up on thy shoulder, lad?

Jonas (also burly). Noa, Feyther, that I can't! My arms are fast to me sides, like a goose in th' oven.

Mother (from the depths). I'm all right, Feyther, don't 'e fash about me. I can hear th' music fine. 'Tis our Geordie matters more nor what I do. What can 'ee see, Geordie?

Our Geordie (also in the depths). Nowt but hats. I'm that dry, me tongue 's like a hay-rake.

Burly Farmer. Suck one of them "thirst-squenchers" I bought you, m'lud.

Our Geordie. Can't, Feyther. They're in me pocket.

Haughty Feminine Voice (from back). Will you let me come through he-ah, please! Kindly let me pass he-ah, please! Constable! Make a way he-ah for us to pass. Our seats are on the stand opposite.

Constable. Too late, Madam. You can't cross the road now.

Haughty Feminine Voice. Oh, but that 's absurd; the seats cost me fifteen guineas!

Constable. Can't help that, Madam. You should have come earlier.

Local Humourist. Only one man could get you to them seats now, Lidy. *Haughty Feminine Voice.* And who is that?

Local Humourist. Grihame-White in 'is Airyoplane. An' he can't, either, cos it 's against the law.

Haughty Feminine Voice (to rest of party). It's no use stopping he-ah—we must try further down, de-ahs.

Rest of Party (in depressed assent). Yes, de-ah. It's no use stopping he-ah.

Laundry Lady. I've bin standin' six hours, an' I've stood six hours for all these 'ere royalty shows, but I never see one yet—because when the people shout "Here they come" I get that excited I always do a faint.

Friend (clear starcher, in violet hat with feathers). Wot a silly! It's no use fainting, now-a-days, when they takes you out into a back street. There useter be some sense in it when they shoved you up to the front and let you set on the curb along with the sodjers.

Pessimist (in the fifth row). Will the lady in the violet hat kindly take it off and give the people behind her a chance of seeing something else?

Clear Starcher (shamelessly employing an ancient gibe). Certainly, Mister, if you 'll tie your ears back an' give the people be'ind you a chance of seeing something else.

Pessimist (sarcastically). You are in the wrong place here, Madam. You ought to be in the Abbey with those plumes on.

Clear Starcher. So are you, Mister. You ought to be in the Zoo with them ears on.

Local Humourist. Fellow sardines, let's 'ave peace in the tin. The lidy wants 'er 'at on so as the Queen can see it, and the gent wants 'is ears loose so as 'e can keep the flies orf.

Inventive Genius (right at the back, with his fiancée and his fiancée's aunt). Now we'll just stop here at our leisure and lean against these railings. No crushing, no heat, no bother, quite happy and comfortable.

Fiancée's Aunt. That's all very well, Herbert, but we can't see anything.

Fiancée. But we shall, Auntie, when Herbert has fitted his little invention together. Tell her all about it, dearie.

Inventive Genius. Why, you see—this brown paper parcel under my arm contains the sections of my patent collapsible stand, which, when dovetailed together, forms a small raised platform capable of holding three persons at a pinch, and supporting four hundredweight, and—

Fiancée (interposing enthusiastically). And, you see, just before the procession comes by he can fit it together in three minutes; we just stand on it, see the whole procession go by in perfect comfort, and then just wrap it up again and walk quietly home.

Fiancée's Aunt. How very clever of you, Herbert!

Small Girl (in front row). Will I see more 'n one Queen—eh, Mar? Will she 'ave a gold crown on 'er 'ed—eh, Mar? If I wivies my 'enkerchief to 'er will she wive 'er 'endkerchief to me—eh, Mar?

Mar. Shut up yer row! (Turns viciously to scholastic-looking spectator behind.) Will you take your umbereller 'andle out of my back, Sir—you didn't ought to bring a numbereller in a crowd like this—you 'll be doing somebody a injury.

Scholastic Spectator. Excuse me, madam; the pressure you refer to, which from my cramped position I am unable to avoid, is caused, not by an umbrella handle, but by my elbow.

Mar. Well, if that's yer elbow—they've let you out of the 'orspital too soon, that's all I can say!

(Strains of music heard approaching, and sounds of cheering. Shouts of "Here they come!" Laundry lady promptly faints with excitement and is handed out to the rear. The crowd sways

forward. Mounted policemen, backing their horses, assist it to the curb again with more energy than respect.)

Burly Farmer (hoisting up Geordie in frenzied grip). Theer, lad, look at the sojers with the muffs on their 'eds—look at the faithful Injuns and the bands o' music. You be 'aving a rare time in Lunnun among all the kings and queens—bain't 'ee, lad?

Geordie (gloomily extracting a thirst-squencher from his pocket). I'd rather be ringing the pigs.

Confused Voices. "Oo's the bloke on the white 'orse?" "Why, that's the German Emperor!" "No, it ain't—it's Kitchener." "Not it—that's Lloyd George; I see 'is eye a-twinkling."

Inventive Genius (hastily dovetailing the last section of his invention). Come on up, now—you first, darling; now your aunt.

Fiancée. That's splendid! Come on, auntie. Are you up too, dearie? Ou! Ou!! Ou!!!

(Collapsible stand collapses prematurely and precipitates its occupants on to the back row of the crowd.)

Crowd. Hooray, hooray. There's the King and Queen—God bless 'em. Hooray, hooray!

Pessimist. I told you this was the worst position on the whole rowte—I can't see anything whatever, and I've lost my hat.

Local Humourist. Nor more can't I. What's odds! Hooray, hooray! Give 'em a cheer, mate! Wot do you want your 'at for?

Pessimist (in spite of himself). Only to throw it up in the air. Hooray, hooray, hooray!!!

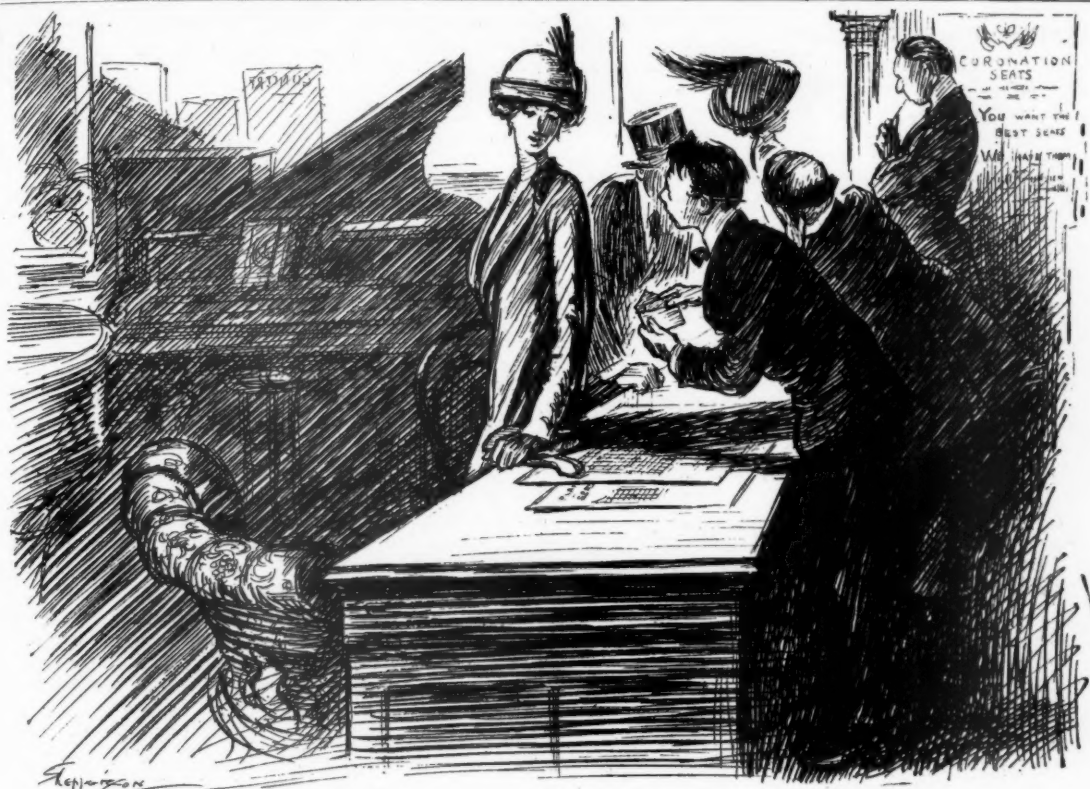
"The King and Queen have graciously accepted a cake from the Food and Cookery Association."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

It is rumoured that this oblation was to have been reserved for Their MAJESTIES' refreshment during the Coronation procession, but that the existence of the cake came within the cognisance of the Junior Members of the Royal Family, who exercised an intelligent anticipation.

From a catalogue:—

"KINGLAKE (A. W.) Invasion of the Crimes, Its origin, and Account of the Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan, with plans of battles. The unrivalled beauty of the Scenery of the Lake Districts of England is nowhere so fully and consecutively illustrated as in this exceedingly beautiful work."

The author seems to have been unnecessarily discursive.



Lady (at Ticket Bureau, buying seats for the Coronation Procession). "OH, I WONDER IF THE TREES IN THE TERRACE WILL PREVENT OUR SEEING PROPERLY?"

Youth. "YOU NEED HAVE NO FEAR, MADAM; THE TREES WILL ALL BE CUT DOWN FOR THE DAY."

THE EYESORE.

[Addressed to Charles, who proposes to see the Coronation Procession with me—urging him to loyalty.]

CHARLES, at this hour of pageantry and ermine,
When soon the royal crown (remember that)
Shall rest on England's King, you must determine
To pension off that piece of mouldy mat;
This is a resolution I am firm in—
Charles, you must buy a hat.

In some dim long-ago, as I imagine it,
In days of stress and hardihood and fight,
It may be, with a crest or else a badge in it,
The morion you wear was new and bright;
Yes, at the crowning of the first Plantagenet,
It may have looked all right.

And later, when the land was rent asunder,
And monarchs swam through gore their crowns to win,
On some bold baron's head, creating wonder,
It had its place, although the fur was thin,
And by some strange, discreditable blunder
Nobody bashed it in.

Circa the little trouble of the Roses
It may have seemed a useful sort of tile
For Coronations after battle-closes,
Roughened and scarred with use, and bare of pile:
But now, when Albion's realm at peace reposes,
Charles, it is not the style.

Out of what show-case, with nefarious lever,
From what museum, or what midnight troth
Making with broomstick hag, the baleful weaver,
You got it, goodness knows. What was its growth?
Is it a silk hat, Charles, or is it beaver?
Probably bits of both.

Give it away, Charles. Give it to the vendor
Of rags and bones, or sit on it, or hoof
It up and down, or burn it in the fender.
Shall it be said that garb of golden woof,
The gowns of peeresses, the Life Guards' splendour
Were spoilt by Charles's roof?

Shall History relate with heartfelt sorrow,
What time the links of truth she comes to forge,
That midst the cheering on that splendid morrow
Were hoots from England's aggravated gorge?
That one old stove-pipe hat impaired the Coro-
nation of good KING GEORGE? EVEN.

Already worn-out with the strain of preliminary festivities and the general buzziness of London, many people are intending to seek the repose of Paris during the actual Coronation week. The rumour that the KING and QUEEN are among this number is fortunately without foundation.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

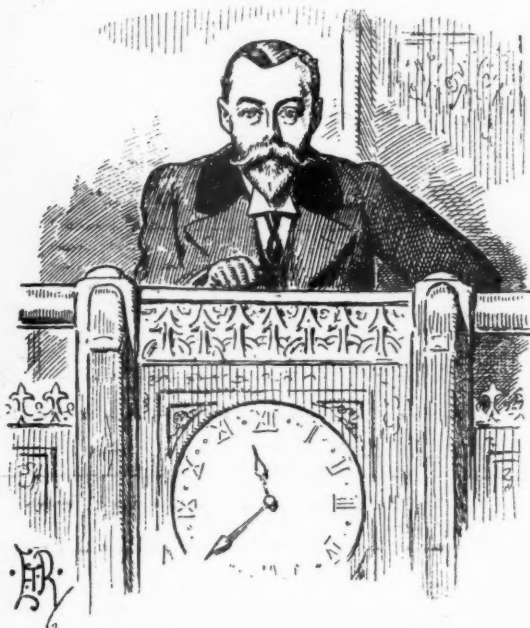
FANCY that among possible regrets accompanying change of high estate KING GEORGE V. looks back to former opportunities of being present at debates in this House. What was permissible to the PRINCE OF WALES is forbidden to the SOVEREIGN. Forbidden perhaps too strong a word, for if HIS MAJESTY pleased there is no reason why he might not, upon occasion, return to old quarters in gallery over the clock. Still the procedure would be long unprecedented. The last time a King of England entered the House of Commons was when CHARLES I. came a-looking for the Five Members who had affronted his authority. HIS MAJESTY on that occasion literally "took the chair," having with half apology temporarily dispossessed the SPEAKER. Since that historic day there has been sort of prejudice against incursion of the Sovereign on floor of House.

His present MAJESTY, as PRINCE OF WALES, was a visitor as welcome as his appearance was frequent. Herein he inherited the habit of his father, whose genial presence beamed from the seat over the clock on all big nights in the Commons through the last twenty-five years of QUEEN VICTORIA's reign.

It is little more than a year since KING GEORGE, all unknowing, paid his last visit to the familiar scene. It was the early spring of last year Debate turned upon the now ripened question of Veto of the Lords. In grave speech the PREMIER disputed their claim to override the will of the Commons on questions of Finance. The KING that was so soon to be listened to a powerful passage in which the PREMIER dealt with analogous case of the Veto of the Crown. He reminded his audience how the last Sovereign who exercised a privilege still unrepealed was QUEEN ANNE, and asked a question which in the presence of one of the audience seated in the Peers' Gallery had unpremeditated significance, "What would happen if QUEEN ANNE's successor on the throne to-day followed her example?"

Like his illustrious Father, KING GEORGE, whilst still a Peer of Parliament, took keen interest in Parliamentary affairs, was personally familiar with

prominent members in both Houses, and was a model of patience in following important speeches, howsoever long. By-and-by we shall have another PRINCE OF WALES on the front Cross Bench of the House of Lords or in the seat over the clock in the Commons. He will be the third whose presence will be made familiar to the present generation. His arrival on the scene, probably following close upon attainment of his majority, is looked forward to with keen desire. It will be the renewal of a link that has long bound Parliament and the Crown in friendliest fashion.



"A VISITOR AS WELCOME AS HIS APPEARANCE WAS FREQUENT."

(His Majesty KING GEORGE, when PRINCE OF WALES, was a keen student of debate in the Peers' Gallery.)

AN URBAN ECLOGUE.

STREPHON:

How favoured are we, Phyllis,
That ours is not the age
When rustic Amaryllis
Enjoyed a rustic rage;
Her freckles and her frolics,
Her stupid swains we know—
I've read their old bucolics
(I had to years ago!).

PHYLIS:

I haven't (thanks to heaven,
And Fraülein's easy yoke);
But still I fancy, Strephon,
I know you're tiresome folk,
Their compliments—becowslipped,
Their idylls—of the sheep,

Their wreaths—that o'er the brows
slipped

In unbecoming sleep!

STREPHON:

I picture you reclining

With cricked and aching spine,
To catch the pan-pipes whining
Beneath some draughty pine,
You, Phyllis, with your brooches
And Paris frocks, to-day
Supreme among the coaches,
Resplendent at the play!

PHYLIS:

I simply can't imagine

You on the classic lawns,

With no Enclosure badge on,
Amid the festive fauns,
Or lounging, say, astride of
A log on summer nights,
You, Strephon, you the
pride of
The window-seat at White's!

STREPHON:

They knew not bands and
cities,
Nor streets in bunting bound;
Their bunting chirped his
ditties

When Pan came barging
round;

For in their futile, far land,
The only crownings were
When someone dumped a
garland
On someone else's hair!

PHYLIS:

Yet sometimes, when the
dawning
Comes o'er the chimneys
tall,

I find I'm almost yawning
Half through some ripping
ball;

It's odd, but all one knows is
Just then that such things
please

As hedges and wild-roses
And buttercups and bees!

STREPHON:

Why not, then? I'll have fancies;
I too would botanise
And pick—I think they're pansies—
The blue things like your eyes,
Or down the Henley reaches
The crank canoe impel,
To lunch 'neath Shiplake beeches—
If you were there as well!

PHYLIS:

This much then for conclusion,
I'd say small difference is
'Twixt Tommy-rot effusion
And old absurdities—
The sort your shepherd-sillies
Fired off in fatuous flow
For rustic Amaryllis,
A million years ago!

THOUGHTS OF A CORONATION
COLLAR-STUD.

June 21st.—I was sure of it. Faithful service for many years is to be rewarded. I am to be His Majesty's collar-stud to-morrow. The order has just been issued. An Earl came to the King and said, "Have you any special order, Sir, with regard to the sleeve-links and shirt-studs you will wear to-morrow?" "No," said the King promptly, "I leave all that to you. There's only one thing I insist on. I must have my old plain gold collar-stud, the one I wore when I first went to sea. It's my lucky stud, and I couldn't think of wearing any other—you know the one I mean." "Certainly, Sir," said the Earl, and the incident ended. I am now on the King's toilet-table and am apparently to stay there to-night. Is this quite safe? If I were lost could the Coronation go on? Oughtn't they to put me away in a jewel-box? But then the jewel-box might be lost. Tush! I am over-excited. Let me try to compose myself.

June 22nd, 7 A.M.—I am awake. I am still on the toilet-table. All is well so far.

8 A.M.—A valet has entered the room. He is moving towards me very softly. I hope he will be very careful. It would—There! I knew it would happen. He has knocked me off the table. I have rolled under the fender. Help! help! . . . The valet has not noticed my fall. What, oh what, will happen?

8.30 A.M.—The King has asked for me. The valet has fainted. Messengers are flying in every direction. The King has said again that he must have his lucky collar-stud; that he will wear no other. Everything is in confusion. The King is not angry: he is only calm and resolute.

8.40 A.M.—A Duke, a Marquis, two Earls, a Baron, several Equerries and a Groom-in-Waiting have come in. The Groom-in-Waiting has suggested that they should all look under the various articles of furniture.

8.45 A.M.—They are doing so. The Duke is stoutish and he breathes hard when he stoops. They have looked under the wardrobes, the chests-of-drawers, the tables—under everything except the fender. When will this agony end?

8.50 A.M.—An Equerry has suggested that they should all take their shoes off and pace over the floor in their stocking feet. Anyone, he says, who treads on the stud will be sure to know it. Suggestion adopted. They are pacing and re-pacing over the floor. The King is cheering them on—



AT "THE CORNER."

Dealer. "SHOULDN'T BE 'ERE AT ALL, AN 'ORSE LIKE THAT."

Sportsman (also a bit of a connoisseur). "QUITE RIGHT, QUITE RIGHT; OUGHT TO BE AT CHRISTIE'S AMONG THE ANTIQUES."

but, of course, all is in vain. They are becoming tired and desperate.

8.55 A.M.—The Duke has just struck his foot against the fender!

He has stopped to rub his toe!

He says to himself, "By Jove! the little beggar might be—no, it's very unlikely—still I'd better look."

He is bending to look. It is a long process.

He is looking!

He cannot see me!

He is looking again!

He has seen me! He pounces upon me! Dear little fellow.

9 A.M.—I am safely in the royal shirt-band, and everything can now proceed according to the programme. But that awful hour under the fender has taken years off my life. What shadows we are; what shadows we pursue!

"20 MILES FROM BRIGHTON.
LOVELY LITTLE GENTLEMAN'S
WEEK-END RESIDENCE."

Advt. in "Country Life."

COCKTAIL COLLOQUIES;

OR,

ENGLISH AS SHE IS GOING TO BE SPOKE AT THE
CORONATION.

[Referring to the thousands of Americans who are preparing to be in London for the Coronation a correspondent of the Hearst News Service observes that "The argot of Broadway and Market Street will be heard in the land, from the drawing-rooms of Mayfair to the *purlieus* of the Mile End Road." Its effect upon a receptive London is here adumbrated.]

II.—MANHATTAN.

Scene: Smoking Room of the Guards' Club.

Lord Algernon Henne-Heriot. Yes, siree, Gussie has the whole push buffaloed once in a while. About the third rattle out of the box Gus corralled four bellhops and hung on. I read him wrong and started sandying for the pot with an ace stiff, and by jings! the third time I came back he calls me and lays down his little men. I nearly threw a fit when I saw them.

Captain Reggie Brasyl. Mangy little piker! I bet he had cold feet the first time you turned loose on him. It ain't up to you to kick though.

Lord Algy. Maybe not, in this case, but you can't play poker with a double tarred ball of twine round your wad. Gussie strips off the long green about as cheerfully as the teller of a country bank at the end of a three-day rush. Didn't see you at Lady Betty's Thursday.

Reggie. You're dead right, you didn't. The fair Betty's shaken little Willie for keeps ever since that baccarat squabble. Serves me right for butting in. I started to flag her in the park Sunday and she gave me a look that would have frozen the ears off a brass monkey. Talk about the glassy eye! Going to Sandown?

Lord Algy. Nit. I'm through playing the ponies now till the cows come home. What the bookies have done to me this year is a shame. Last month I was in so deep I had to crowd the old man for a couple of thousand simoleons. He went right up in the air when I started to make the touch. Beefed like a steer and talked about having to put a plaster on the Cumberland estate, and a lot more guff. I thought at first it was just a grand-stand play, but the old war-horse wouldn't reach for the kale till I'd promised not to lay a bet for a year. I hated to do it, but I had to have the dough and now it's up to me to deliver the goods.

Reggie. Wouldn't that jar you! Odds are, though, you're better off without it. I've been getting the dope on this horse stuff now for ten years and, whenever I think I've picked a sure enough live 'un and backed him for all the dinero I could muster, some rube with a broken-winded bronco bounces up and throws the harpoon into me six feet. Suffering cats! If there was only my fancy to beat you could win the St. Leger with a hand-painted hearse horse. It's a fright.

Lord Algy. It is that. Well, I got to mosey along.

Reggie. What's your hurry? Sit down and I'll buy you a drink.

Lord Algy. One little Bronx cocktail. I'll shake you for it.

Reggie. You're on. One flop horses. Etc., etc.

ALGOL.

A big detachment of Coronation troops is to be housed at St. Martin's-le-Grand. "In its former occupation as Post Office," *The Daily Mail* tells us, "the building provided accommodation for 4,000 workers, so there will be ample room for all soldiers like to be posted there." We take off our hat to our contemporary. "Posted" is happy.

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

HAPPY the bard, and privileged his lot,
Who finds some hallowed thing before his eyes
Whence the most torpid brain (which mine is not)
Rises to new thoughts which, with warm surprise,
He feels instinctively are good and wise;
These are the themes by poets held most dear;
Of such are poems made; and such, methinks, is here.

Yes, 'tis a sight no loyal eye may view
Without emotion; here the gaze is fed
With the great Stone of Scone (pronounce it *co*),
Brought from old Palestine, whereon, 'tis said,
Tired Jacob rested his nomadic head.
A fine thought this; let cavillers assert
The stone is new Scotch sandstone—what are they but dirt?

But to the Chair. The casual regard
Might ho'd it for its office all unmeet;
Hewn of the callous oak it is, and hard,
And unresponsive to the royal seat;
Yet, with a stern composure bad to beat,
From our first EDWARD, England's kings have sat
Here, and have here been crowned; and what d'you make
of that?

Bethink you what the chronicle relates
Of those great souls, long laid on history's shelf;
Try to imagine (never mind the dates)
All their proud line, from Norman down to Guelph;
For me, my wandering dream confines itself,
Somehow, to stout QUEEN BESS; full well I ween
Good heed the prelate took who crowned that hasty Queen.

They come, as in a mist they go; and thus
The contemplative mind must needs recall
How surely waits the dark *Mors Omnibus*,
Looming ahead, alike for great and small.
A sombre lesson this, if this were all!
But look again; look closer yet, and read;
Can those be letters? Yes. And names? They are, indeed.

O ye unknown, that have, in ages back,
Carved on the seat of kingship each his name
Or his initials, thus with happy knack
Making a bold, pathetic bid for fame,
Now after long days ye achieve your aim;
Not to the kings, ye meaner, but to ye
The minstrel turns his muse in clear apostrophe.

Not yours the royal diadem to wear;
Your state was humble as your manners low;
Yet, as we view this Coronation Chair,
Out of the mind all kingly visions go—
They fade, they perish; only we may know
Your simple toils; only the sense is gript
By these rude names of yours, rough-hewn in clumsy script.

And thus we learn that men of quiet lives
May hope not ever to remain unknown;
It is the unobtrusive that survives,
The man that shuns the light, that works alone,
Who carves his name on Time's enduring throne.
Nor is there one so lowly, one so weak,
But may attain the utmost—with sufficient cheek.

DUM-DUM.

South Africa's Coronation gift of representative animals includes some "velvet monkeys." Their British grit, however, is shown in the iron heart beneath the velvet exterior.



AT THE CENTRE OF THINGS.

"SITHA, MARY, YON'S T' HALL FOAKS OFF TE T' STATION. WHEER'LL THEY BE GOIN', THINKS THA?"
 "AW, WANDERIN' OFF TE LUNNON OR SOOMWHEER, MEBBE. BUT THEY'LL BE BACK FOR T' CORONATION."

A CORONATION NIGHTMARE.

The morning was brilliant in Kensington Gore,
 When Emma remarked, as she called me at four,
 "The elephant's waiting for you at the door."

So I put on my slippers, one brown and one black,
 Wrapped my form in a waterproof Union Jack,
 And cautiously climbed on the elephant's back.

There were three of us there—the Archbishop and me,
 And a man with a racket, a portly Parsee
 Whose name, he informed me, was Jim Jamsetjee.

"Hurry up," said the Prelate, "or else we'll be late,
 For the dinner begins at a quarter to eight,
 And money is never returned at the gate."

So we rode and we rode, and the elephants sang,
 Beating time with their trunks, in a glutinous twang,
 An anthem of which I've forgotten the hang.

We were flying quite nobly when Jamsetjee cried,
 "My elephant says that he's punctured inside,"
 And down from the welkin proceeded to glide.

The various survivors to dinner sat down,
 But I saw the Archbishop was wearing a frown,
 For I had to reply to the toast of the Crown.

I was pleased with the duty and proud of my fame,
 And firmly determined on playing the game,
 But unluckily couldn't remember my name.

Then the mist cleared away as I rose to my feet—
 It was just at the corner of Arlington Street—
 And found myself airily clad in a sheet.

It was awkward, because the procession was due,
 And the rest of the crowd were in red, white and blue,
 And I couldn't unfasten the door of my pew.

Then I rose in my wrath and exclaimed, "Let me go.
 I am suffering from partial collapse of the toe,
 But, whatever may happen, the KING mustn't know."

There were pathos and pride in the words that I spoke,
 But a giant guffaw from the populace broke,
 And I thought they were justified—after I woke.

Headlines from two rival contemporaries:—

"ROOM FOR ALL.
 LONDON'S CORONATION VISITORS."—*Daily Mail*.

"'HOUSE FULL' IN LONDON.
 MORE PEOPLE THAN IT WAS BUILT TO HOLD."
Daily Express.

THE CROWNING OF JAMES THE SECOND (FOOTMAN).

I was thinking busily of the Coronation, with a view to saying something new about it in our "Current Events" column, when I was presented with a letter to the effect that my old friend, Mrs. Parker, would be at home on Monday, 19th June, at 10.30 o'clock. "So," I wrote on a postcard, "shall I, and, with any luck, in bed." Then I went back to my thoughts. Later, I had another letter from the lady, explaining what a funny man I was and that what she had meant to convey was that they were giving a little dance to celebrate the Coronation and the coming out of their fourth daughter. "All right," I wrote, "I'll come, more because I am interested in coronations than that I have any intention of marrying the girl." On second thoughts I omitted the reference to the fourth daughter.

I tied the correspondence in a bundle and took it with me, so that I could prove that they had asked me in case of a bother at the door, and the first person I met in the ball-room was Tommy Clarke.

"Hello, Thomas," said I, "what brought you here?"

"A taxi," he replied; but I told him that was no good and, if he wanted me to publish his jokes for him, they must be about coronations.

In spite of my faultless evening dress and my stiff white shirt without spot, none of the ladies knew or seemed to want to know me. So I went up to the solitary girl by the door.

"How do you do?" I said to her. "I don't suppose you remember my face. And I'll tell you why; I don't suppose you have ever seen it before. Nevertheless I hope you like it. There! If you admire my courage, come and dance with me and tell me a funny story about the Coronation." The only funny story she could remember was that she once had a father (whom she still retained) and that father had procured seats for the procession for the whole family, including Alfred.

"And you will all live happily ever afterwards," I concluded for her. "Delightfully fresh but hardly printable. Thank you."

The freshness of the episode wore off with frequent repetition. Indeed only "Many-a-plain-face-hides-a-kind-

heart," as she appears on my programme, approached the burning subject from a point of view not entirely egotistic.

"Do They have a crown each," she asked me, after a noticeable pause in the conversation, "or do They split one between Them?"

"Go on," I begged her. "This shows promise;" and I took out my notebook.

"What I mean is, people always talk about the English Crown and hardly ever about the English Crowns."

"Yes," I encouraged her; "and now for the central *motif*, the kernel, as it were, of your amusing observations."

The notebook had, I am afraid, put her off her game. "Will it do if I say something about every sovereign having five crowns?" she asked.



THE CORONATION HAT-PIN
(MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN).

I shut the notebook up. "If you had said four it would have made the joke more correct, arithmetically. But even that wouldn't have made it new. Let us suppose They do share a crown. Can't you do anything with it? No? Well, there's the band again. You mean well with your head, but I expect your real skill is in your feet."

After that I determined that it was no use trying any more, for my partners seemed to be thinking more about the fourth daughter than the Coronation and more about themselves than either. So I made my way to the Gents' Cloak-room and allowed Second Footman James to play about with my coat while I got into it. I gathered from his semi-detached air that there was a silver collection.

"Alas, James," said I, "I have nothing less than two-and-six."

Of all that gay throng James alone rose, however unconsciously, to the

occasion. "Half a Crown, Sir," he said glibly, "is better than no recognition."

Whereupon I doubled the fee and presented him with five bob, partly to secure the copyright of his epigram and partly to justify the title of this article.

THE GLORIOUS FIRST.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CLOUT-CASTING SEASON.

"Ne'er cast a clout
Till May is out."

Old Saying.

WHILE enthusiastic clout-casters all over the country have been impatiently waiting for the passing of May, few, perhaps, have been so enterprising as the Old Etonians, who held their first

meeting at Ranelagh at 12.30 A.M. on the 1st of June under somewhat novel conditions. By a clever arrangement of acetylene lamps and an illuminated basket the groundsman had made preparations at once adequate and ingenious, and in consequence there was a large muster of ardent O.E.'s. Under the circumstances anything like accurate casting was scarcely to be expected, and in the practice game that had been arranged, *Puces v. Maroon*, the combined flights were inclined to be ragged. But some good individual performances were put up that promised well for an exceptionally strong season.

Thus Captain Halle-Pryce, who led the Maroons, found the basket with his three-button Jaeger in four successive casts.

While this was, perhaps, the only team play indulged in at such an early hour, single clout-casting was to be seen from midnight onwards in all parts of London, while in White-chapel Mrs. Izzy Aarons, the well-known local lady champion, achieved the extraordinary record, against a head-wind, of ten-and-a-half yards, with a heavy red flannel suspensory projectile. Altogether the prospects of the new season are particularly bright, and by the time this issue appears clout-casting should be in full swing.

"The bath has been thoroughly cleaned out and refilled ready for this season's use."

Evening Journal.

This is Winchcombe's contribution to the Coronation Year.



Cherub up aloft (to paterfamilias, who has been prevented from reaching his seats, for which he has paid a large sum). "NEVER YOU MIND, GUV'NOR; I'LL TELL YER WHEN THEY COMES ALONG IN PLENTY OF TIME TO TAKE YER 'AT OFF."

THE CORONATION.

An Essay.

THERE is an event that is to occur in this month of June, an event of such deep and mystic significance that I feel I can only write of it with bated breath. It may well be said that the destinies of a country and an empire hang in the balance, while the sun that never sets burns with a fever of anxiety. You have guessed the nature of that event? Yes, you are right. I, the most profound law-student perhaps of modern times, am to offer myself for examination in the Bar Final.

I should explain that this section of the work is not the Essay, but is in the nature of an introduction. The alleged Essay has been written by my little daughter *àtât* twelve, and I do not think it can be suggested that she has distinguished herself. I most particularly wish to impress upon our readers that it is she, and not I, who wrote it. My little girl, Equity, has grown up from babyhood in an atmosphere of forensic research, and of recent years she has devoted herself to helping me with my "home-work" or "prep."

How it was that the Essay which comes *infra* (if it comes at all) ever saw the light of day I will now explain.

It was this morning that Equity and myself, sitting at breakfast in the soft spring sunlight, engaged in the following dialogue.

I had propped against the coffee-pot a page of lecture notes, with illustrations by my daughter.

"You know, my dear," I said, helping myself to a brown crumby fish, "I don't think these pictures really assist me much. Who is the man in pince-nez cutting down a tree?"

"Mortgagee committing waste," she replied, munching toast.

"But why the pince-nez?" I protested. "It's so irrelevant."

"Mortgagees are solicitors," she explained briefly, and for a time there was a silence broken only by the sound of my brain at work.

"Papa," said Equity suddenly—"Papa, what about the Coronation?"

"Well, what about it?" I said.

"I think a balcony."

"What do you mean, 'you think a balcony'?"

"I think a balcony. You can see

all right, and, what is even more important, you can be seen. I think I shall wear——"

"You think a lot too fast, little girl," I said. "A balcony indeed! I should be ruined."

"Oh, Papa," she exclaimed, with a look of reproach under her long, dark lashes. "I should never have believed that a paltry question of money would have come between you and your loyalty."

I got up and paced about.

"My child," I said, "you know that the results of the examination are published only a few days before this so-called Coronation. Your poor father will very likely be in a Nursing Home for some weeks. Besides, I don't suppose there are any balconies left." But I knew at once that this last argument had weakened my case; Equity would have her balcony if it meant asking them to alter the entire route. Still I felt that it might yet be possible to make some show of paternal authority, so I told my daughter that she should write an Essay on the Coronation, and that, if she took great pains with it, I would see what could be done about a balcony.

"I'll see you," said Equity, pouring out the marmalade, and immediately after breakfast she seized my favourite quill in her chubby hand and wrote for about half an hour in solemn silence, while I burnt the aromatic tobacco plant upon the hearth rug and struggled in my mind to trace some connection between a leading case in torts and a picture of a plumber falling into an unprotected bath. . . .

12.30. "Now, Equity, I've finished the Introduction. Where's the Essay?"

"On your desk, Papa."

"I can't find it."

"Then I expect you've been writing on the back of it."

"So I have," I said. "You'll have to write it out again. They'll never take anything written on both sides of the paper."

"That's all right, Papa; we can expunge the Introduction."

"Yes," I said, "or the Essay."

AUTHORITY.

THE foreign potentate who had been lunching at the Guildhall was due to pass this way, on his homeward drive, in a few minutes, and the pavement was packed with people waiting to witness the procession. I was flattering myself that I had obtained a good post of vantage (I was squashed between a very fat lady and a pillar-box) when I heard a peremptory voice behind my back. "Let me pass, please!" it said. Turning, I found myself pushed aside by a brisk, important-looking little man, who wore a white linen badge upon his arm, with a crimson cross and circle embroidered upon it. Evidently he held some official position—an ambulance attendant, a steward of some sort, I knew not what. In allowing him to proceed upon his errand, whatever it was, I unfortunately lost my vantage-point, and when the procession passed I had a very poor view of it.

I am of a forgiving and docile disposition, and when, having entered a tea-shop to rest and recuperate after my fruitless fatigues, I beheld the little man with the arm-badge seated at a table, I took a place beside him and dropped into conversation. "Your day's anxieties over?" I asked

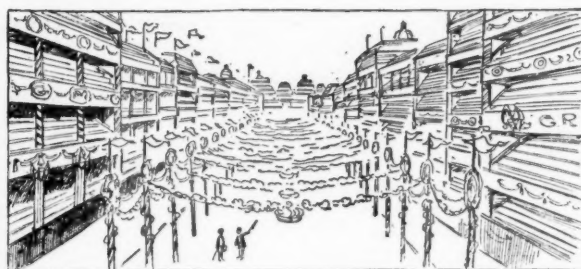
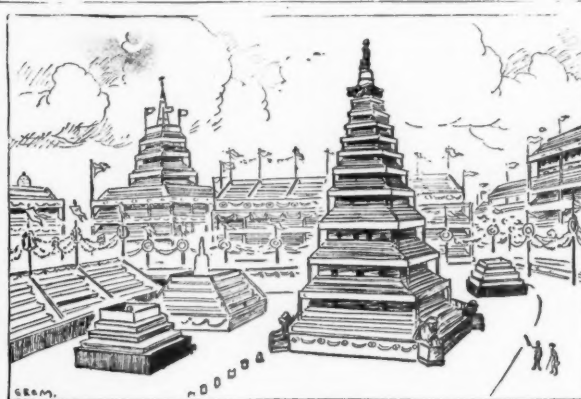
him genially, as I observed that he had unfastened his official badge and was putting it in his pocket. "Many casualties in the crowd? Fainting women, and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

His reply was lost in a bite of buttered toast.

"There's a new method of treatment for fainting fits, isn't there?" I went on.

"Eh?" he said. "New method?"

"The ambulance people have adopted it, I believe."



THE ABOVE DESIGNS FOR TOWN BUILDINGS HAVE JUST BEEN MADE BY A COLONIAL VISITOR WHO HAS COME OVER TO STUDY AND IMITATE THE LEADING FEATURES OF THE METROPOLIS. NO. 1 WAS TAKEN FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE; NO. 2 FROM PICCADILLY LOOKING WEST—OR EAST.

"Yes—yes; quite so. Keep the patient bolt-upright, head up—"

"Head up?" I was surprised.

"Standing on his head, I meant."

This emerged through another bite of toast. "Feet up."

I became interested. "And did you stand many people on their heads this afternoon?"

"Two or three," he replied vaguely. "Two or three. Rather a nuisance. Never had time to look at the procession, myself."

"But I saw you, planted comfortably in the foremost row, watching the procession pass!" I was growing suspicious. "Excuse me," I added, "but do you mind showing me that badge?"

"Certainly;" he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out an armband. But it was not white-and-red: it was made of blue serge with three wavy silver lines wriggling round it.

I met his eye. At last—at last, he blushed.

"You will now kindly explain," I said.

"Mum's the word!" He looked round furtively, then leant across the table. "You promise not to give me away, and I on my part will present you with a valuable secret. I have a hobby—I pursue royalty; I like

pageants; I adore athletic contests. But, being small in stature, I cannot see anything unless I am in the front row. Now, as I daresay you have noticed, we are an authority-obeying nation. We are herded by badge-wearers. I, Sir, am a badge-wearer. It is true that none of my badges mean anything—but the public lets the badged man go where he pleases. If I want a good view of anything, from a royal cavalcade to a street accident, I slip on one of my badges—any old thing will do—bustle people out of my path, and step into the front rank at once. At athletic sports I wear a rosette and carry a whistle in my hand; at other functions I don a gold-laced cap or an armband or a metal button.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" he smiled at me sweetly—"how badge abiding we are in England! In Germany, now, I should be put to the expense of buying entire uniforms to get my best effects, whereas here—well, you saw what this armband did for me this afternoon."

"I saw what it did for me," I agreed. But it was impossible to be resentful. Besides—now I came to reflect—might he not have saved me that three guineas I had contemplated paying for my seat in Whitehall on Coronation Day? A yard or so of Clarkson's best gold lace would cost less than three guineas. . . . I must think about it.

Later. I have thought about it. I shall go as a Scout troop-leader. Nice, summery costume, quite unobtrusive; and I have seen ready-made samples exposed on mannequins at very reasonable prices. Shall assume the badge of "The Cuckoos," very appropriate for an act of usurpation.

CHARIVARIA.

How not to attract custom. From a Fleet Street shop window:—
SEATS TO LET TO VIEW THE PROCESSION.
PREMISES COMING DOWN.

Persons who hire seats in shop windows in order to view Coronation Processions should really be careful. Upon the last occasion a number of ladies and gentlemen were subjected to no little annoyance from a ribald crowd because the plate glass front of the shop bore the words:—"If you do not see what you want in the window, walk inside."

South Africa's present to the KING of a collection of its local mammals arrived last week. The disappointment shown by some of the beasts on being driven to the Zoo, instead of to Buckingham Palace, was pitiable to behold.

It used to be considered bad form to lit a man when he is down. At any rate it was thoughtless of the private secretary to the LORD CHANCELLOR to cause it to be announced in *The Times* that no transferable tickets to view the Royal Processions will be forwarded to peers until payment has been received.

It has been proposed in Berlin that Morocco shall be partitioned between France and Germany. It does credit to the German sense of fairness that France's claim to a piece of the country should be recognised.

On a motion being submitted to the Postmen's Federation calling for the abolition of Christmas-boxes, with suitable compensation in lieu thereof, an amendment was proposed to omit the reference to compensation. We blush to have to report that the amendment was rejected, and, in our opinion, the postmen, instead of being very fine fellows, are now only rather fine fellows.

The question as to the propriety of certain costumes worn at a certain more-or-less political fancy-dress ball has recently been discussed. Curiously enough the greatest evil of all was not touched upon. We refer to

the practice prevalent among certain politicians of masquerading as statesmen.

Now that Mr. BALFOUR has declared Music to be the greatest of all the arts, there is really no excuse for the modest self-effacing attitude which has hitherto characterised the musical profession, including Musical Comedy actresses.

All honour to the Strand draper who exhibited a cautionary notice in his shop window the other day:—"THESE TIES WILL ONLY LAST A FEW DAYS."

According to Sir RUFUS ISAACS a certain German newspaper has declared that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE deserves a statue in Westminster Abbey. As it

crumpets to the clause by which newspapers may be sold on Sunday has been rejected by the Parliamentary Committee which is considering the Government's Shops Bill. It remains now for an enterprising Sunday paper each week to give away a muffin or a crumpet as a supplement.

In a discussion on "State Medicine," at Caxton Hall, it was reported that not only was the possible number of patients for each doctor less to-day than twenty-eight years ago, but each patient needed less medical attendance than formerly. The Sickness Insurance Bill will, however, remedy the latter half of the grievance.

Some persons, by the way, who have studied the tendency to malingering under the Workmen's Compensation Act, consider that a more apt title for the new measure would be, "A Bill to Ensure Sickness."

Our methods of locomotion are certainly in the melting pot. New vehicles are being invented every day. To *The Observer* falls the honour of being the first to draw our attention to "a hour-in-hand coach." This must be the very antithesis of the coaches in use on one at least of our railway systems.

In consequence of their liability to be attacked by eagles, all airmen are now recommended to include butterfly nets in their equipment.

"Madame TETRAZZINI," we learn from a recent issue of *The Express*, "sang 'The Last Pose of Summer.'" Seeing that in recent years Summer has posed as Winter, we are glad to gather that there is to be an end of this.

What is described as "a clock-work cook" has been invented. "The new machine," we are told, "will perform one complete revolution a minute for ninety-five minutes without receiving any attention whatever." There should be a great demand for this in South America.

"All standard authorities," says Dr. PERCY LEWIS, "are opposed to the view that chalk in drinking water does any harm." This is a great triumph for the milk trade.



TRADE SECRETS.

Professional Prophet. "HALLO, ARE YOU THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE? WELL, I'M JUST OFF TO SOUTHEAST FOR THE DAY. DO YOU THINK THE FAIR WEATHER WILL LAST, OR OUGHT I TO TAKE MY UMBRELLA?"

is not the custom to erect a statue there during a man's lifetime the compliment is rather a doubtful one.

"We are renewing the youth of the nation," announced Mr. LLOYD GEORGE; "an expensive operation, but well worth doing." Several "beauty doctors" are protesting that there is no necessity at all for the operation to be an expensive one; but we cannot allow this column to be a medium for advertisements.

Certain tactless husbands have "made conversation" during the past week by drawing their wives' attention to the following announcement in *The Canadian Gazette*:—"Canada can well do with all the women the Old Country can spare."

An amendment adding muffins and

ALL THE PREPARATIONS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Special French Correspondent.)

DEAR AND VERY HONOURED MISTER.—It needs that I tell you the history of an affair almost bleeding which I come of having with Mister McAndrew *à propos* of a billet (he call them tickets; I call them billets) for the crownment of the King George Five. Me, I am of a natural very sweet. I do not inflame myself very easily. I have not batted myself in duel but one time and then it was my adversary who provoked me. I have lanced him a straight cup to the shoulder at the first engagement and retired myself sane and safe from the groundplot without even a scratching. After that one has left me tranquil.

But let us re-come to our McAndrew.

Mr. McAndrew seem to have his domicile at the cabaret, but sometime he visit the house of Mistress McAndrew, where I have loued a chamber to sleep. Or, one morning Mister McAndrew hear me speak of a billet for the Crownment. At once the rascal take an air goguenard. "Without doubt," he say me, "you do not desire to pay a price too high?" "Naturalmently," I say him. "In France we do not employ ourselves to throw money to the water."

"Nor in Scotland not more," he answer me in laughing. Then he recounts me that he has a friend, one named Johnson, who have billets to sell at a price very modest. It is at a shop in the celebrated street of Pall Mall. The ordinary price is one hundred francs, but for the friends of McAndrew he will not ask but fifty francs par billet. I demand him to procure me a billet at fifty francs, and he promise that he will do of his best. Afterwards he come to me and after having regarded round of himself he say me to the ear, "Perhaps you will well pay me now. That will be more quick and more easy." Me confiant like a lamb I pull my purse and count him two pounds. "All right," he say and sorts.

After to-morrow he re-comes. He has a poched eye and the nose very red, and he scents the whiskey, but I suspect nothing. He say me that unhappily Mister Johnson has sold all the billets at fifty francs, and that there rest only billets at a hundred francs. He ask me if I will to pay that price. I say "yes I will well," and give him two pounds of more.

In the morning he approach me. The other eye is poched, the nose is again more red. This time he wakes me suspicions and I say: "Do not tell me I have two pounds of more to pay."

"It is justmently that," he say. "We were too late. The seats at four pounds come to be sold."

"Give me my four pounds," I say to him with coldness. At this he reeries himself and say I have no confiance in him. Do I wish to call him a voler, him the most honourable man of the quarter? Ah, he will fetch a commissary of police and will insigne me how I must conduct myself. At the end I lose patience and the mustard mounts me to the nose. I jump him at the figure and commence to arrash him his red favoris:—

"Ah, polisson," I cry me, "is it like that you vole the honest peoples? I know him, your Mister Johnson. I have rencountered him at Paris. He was in the house of correction, and it is there one will send you, gross rascal. Yes, I will fetch the whole corps of police, and they shall hear my story, and dress you a procès verbal, my beautiful mister." And I apply him my right foot in the back, and he fall down and demands me pardon.

Mrs. McAndrew, poor woman, has paid me my four pounds, and I, I have solded my count and have changed the lodges. I am now in Putney, near to the bords of the Thames.

JULES MILLEFOIS.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

KING GEORGE's suggestion that Schools should be allowed, if possible, an extra week's holiday in honour of His MAJESTY's Coronation has been received with marked approval by the loyalty of the rising generation. Mr. Punch now begs to appeal for those less fortunate children who have no means of spending holidays in the country except by the kind help of generous friends. He appeals, in particular, for the Fresh Air Fund, which has now reached its twentieth season. It is hoped, at the cost of £12,000, to give a day's holiday in the good air to 250,000 boys and girls, and a fortnight's holiday to 4,000. The money required for this purpose will be devoted entirely to the actual expenses of holiday-making, the cost of organization being borne by the promoters of the Fund, Messrs. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD. Mr. Punch ventures to plead with his readers to make a special effort to do honour to the KING (who is patron of the Fresh Air Fund) by making His MAJESTY's Coronation year a record in the annals of this good cause. Contributions should be addressed to the Hon. Sec. Fresh Air Fund, "PEARSON'S," Henrietta St., W.C.

A Shadow Across the Coronation.

The following terrible news reaches us from no less an authority than *The Weekly Call* of San Francisco:—

"AMERICANS DENIED COURT PRIVILEGES.

There are hundreds of bitterly disappointed ones in London who thought Ambassador Reid could secure their appearance at court and get them good seats in the abbey.

The limit assigned to American presentations is considered altogether out of reason, considering that Americans compose so large a part of the class of society that is making things hum socially for the coronation season. Many are going away in disgust to Paris and other parts of the continent. The British tradespeople are accordingly on the verge of a panic."

Can nothing be done to stop this rot?

"MASONIC.

CORONATION DAY PROCESSION.

It has been decided (at a joint meeting of representatives from the Lodges) that the Freemasons take part in the Procession. It is hoped the Brethren will make every effort to turn out on such a special occasion. Dress: Dark White Tie, and White Gloves."

Arbroath Herald.

The march of the brethren should be the making of the day. The best dark white effects in ties are obtained by wearing them frequently before.

The Poetic Touch.

"The rain came down in sheets, and poured through the streets with the violence of a mill sluice. The result was that the High Street, Albion Street, and other thoroughfares speedily resembled a vast lagoon, water rippling and bubbling everywhere, so that the centre of the town was for the nonce converted into a replica of gleaming Naples with its aqueous streets along which pretty gondolas 'skim the smooth surface o'er.'"—*Dunstable Borough Gazette.*

"O what a night it was to have been!"

"The Mayor of Portsmouth's banquet to the Dominion representatives, which had been fixed for Friday, June 23rd, has been cancelled owing to the difficulty which would be experienced in embarking the guests in time for the Naval Review the next morning."—*Times.*

Our Cheshire Dynasty.

The Birkenhead and Cheshire Advertiser announces a special Coronation Supplement comprising "special copyright pictures of the King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and many other local celebrities."

Suggested title for the forthcoming 450,000-ton White Star Liner:—The "Pierponterrific."



A SOFT THING.

SIR EDWARD GREY (on "Declaration of London"). "HAD A BIT TO SPARE THAT TIME!"



HOW TO MAKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION.

Young Lady from Town (stopping in the middle of elaborate curtsy, during course of introduction at country dinner-party). "Oh! HOW STUPID OF ME! SO SORRY—BUT REALLY IN LONDON THIS YEAR, YOU KNOW—ALMOST A HABIT"—(sensation).

ON SHAKSPEAREAN DEBT.

[Recent Shakspearean criticism has badly damaged the older pictures of the Poet's embarrassments in early manhood. But *Mr. Punch* is unwilling to forego his illusions under that head.]

LEAVE to the strong the work of demolition;
Leave to sour Truth the hangman's studied task;
But we, well-grounded in a good tradition,
With faithful hand restore the falling mask.

Oh, born in days when Song flashed double-bladed;
When fire Promethean burned on every hill;
When cash was queer, and guineas all were spaded—
Thy debts, dear Bard, release an influence still!

Calm in thy ways and frugal in thy diet,
As suits a Ghost supernally refined,
Past tribulations still invade thy quiet,
And storm the bulwarks of thy dreaming mind.

Still at thy heels the dogs of Jewry wander;
Still thy vast brain manipulates a sum;
And airier riches than the Muses squander
Steal to thy hand, and there too soon succumb!

And one great fear, the first to gain admittance,
The last repelled, falls cold across thy heart:—
Lest the lost Folio of thy Debt and Quittance
Should re-appear, and shock the open mart!

Yet of the Plays, the seven-and-thirty listed,
Who would not spare a dozen, ay, or two,
For the Great Words whose energy assisted
The slender structure of an I.O.U.?

Or did you, craftier than your craftiest sonnet,
Invite your many creditors to tea,
Sending a simple note with this upon it—
"Others abide your question; I am free!"

Else, common wrath and common wiles disdaining,
Laugh in their faces with so clear a charm
That thin-lipped Credit drew his bill and, straining
Mercy no more, resigned it to thy arm.

And if the critics plead (with voice of faction)
A solvent Bard no longer up a Tree,
And ample surplus at Death's last transaction,
Love murmurs "Yes, and the less SHAKSPEARE he!"

Another of Them.

"The conference concluded, satisfactory in many respects, but without accomplishing the objects aimed at."—*Aberdeen Journal*.

"Many of the crowd endeavoured to pull hairs out of Sunstar's tail as souvenirs. 'I told everybody it was a good thing,' Mr. Joel remarked."—*Evening News*.

Where is the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE?

LONDON EPISODES.

(With acknowledgments to the
Westminster Gazette.)

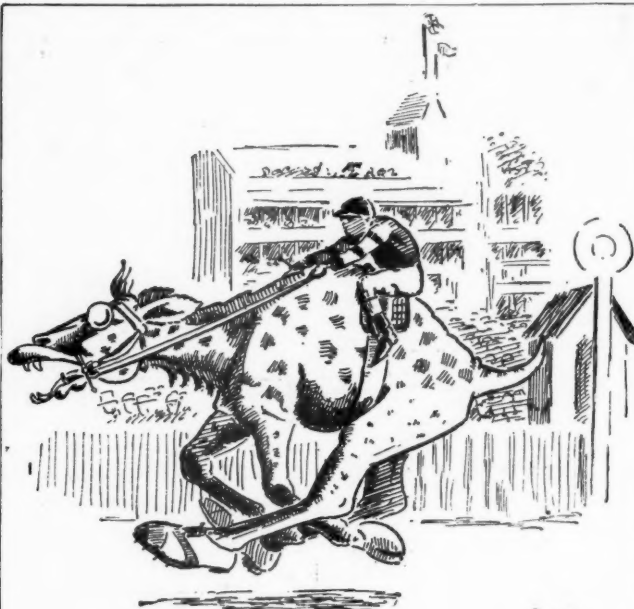
THE TUBE.

OUTWARDLY, it is a little like a Turkish Bath, this building of glazed brick, through the wide-open portals of which we and others are pressing so eagerly. But it is not a Turkish Bath; it is the entrance to a station of the Underground Railways. No. Wrong again! It is "Exit only." We must try next door.

How wonderful, yet how limited, is language. Why, for example, should there be only one word, "lift," for this little room, whether it is rising or falling? Why not call one Lift and the other Drop? This way to the Drop. What a strange thought! The little room is very crowded. At the door there stands a stern, incurious man, knee-deep in clippings. From time to time he addresses the gathering through a little sadly. "Pass in, please," he says. "No smoking; stand clear of the gates." No one who hears seems to take any notice. They continue to read or smoke or talk or pick one another's pockets just as though he had not spoken. It is all rather depressing.

How long this pale passage is. Right and left of it branch off other passages, all equally long; and through them the crowd pours at a hurried and anxious pace, as though propelled forward unwillingly by some unseen but irresistible force. For the first time in your life you begin to realize what drainage must feel like, and perhaps the idea saddens you; but there is no time to elaborate it now. We must get on. Somewhere, far away, a train is audibly upon the very point of starting, and the crowd quickens still more. This is the train with which the lift is supposed to correspond. Nobody has ever yet caught it. It is a phantom train. But no amount of experience will ever convince the crowd of this; and you are forced forward with the rest, till the wind, stale but persistent, like a sea-breeze that has gone flat, seems to redouble its efforts to impede your progress. But at last . . . the line,

the platform, a slender illuminated curve, slowly filling with the disappointed. Some of them will perhaps buy papers at these stalls which seem (and indeed are) placed here for no other purpose. Some will not. Fortunately you have time to look about you, because all the trains appear to be either non-stop, or else going the other way. There must be a reason for this somewhere; yet it eludes you. Finally, in the fulness of time your own train appears . . . fulness of train also; but no matter, we can stand, aiding our equilibrium with this thong of leather that hangs so conveniently above our heads.



"OAKS SURPRISE.

UNKNOWN ANIMAL WINS IN A CANTER."—Daily Mail.

If you do not happen to be tired or stout or subject to cramp in the arm, there is something fascinating, almost in a way god-like, in thus standing remote and aloof between two lines of seated mortals. The smoke of their cigarettes comes up to you like incense, the feathers of their *matinée*-hats tickle your nostrils; yes, you are indeed a god; with perhaps a touch of the sea-captain, as your body sways easily to the lilt of the car. Thus might NELSON have stood, scorning the trodden toes of weaklings. . . .

For a long time you have been watching a girl, at a little distance from you and half-hidden by the intervening forms. Something in the rapt, motionless poise of her head attracts your attention. She is reading,

but what you cannot as yet see. All at once the crowd parts, and you detect the pale green shade of the paper that she holds in her gloved hands. Ah! Thus all unexpectedly there has come to you, in this commonplace railway carriage, one of the great moments of life. She is reading It! You turn away and, for a while after, dare not look towards her again. The stations come and go unheeded, persons get in and out, jostling you, gazing at you, perhaps, wonderingly, for by this time there are plenty of vacant seats, yet still you hang from your strap lost in conjecture. What is she thinking of it all, of that passionate realism of yours that can

make of the most trivial everyday matter a thing of profit, filling two columns of an evening paper? Will you ever know?

Yes. This is the end. This is Golder's Green. The girl looks about her with dazed, incredulous eyes; she appears to be angry about something; as you linger, you hear her explaining that she had meant to get out at Goodge Street. She has been fast asleep. Well, well . . .

The Maternity Benefit Again.

"Locum Tenens wanted for 4 Sundays beginning August 13. Country; near river. No children. Offered: house, vegetables, coal, (no children) and ½ guinea.—Apply, &c."

Church Times.

It must be clearly understood, mind, that there are no children (t. & o.).

"The rescued party, who quickly recovered the effects of their immersions, were supplied with day clothing, and shortly afterwards proceeded to their homes."—Irish Times.

During the hot spell, night-wear has been much in vogue for boating-parties.

The Worst Joke of the Week.

"Having been in London lately, I have observed that in the midst of the preparations for rejoicing there are many arrangements for putting the people in 'tiers.'"

Cullinan's colt was the means of giving Munsse his first winning ride in this country. Munsse is an Englishman, but hails from South Africa.

His name is almost invariably spelt incorrectly on every number board."—Scotsman.

Wild race-horses would not make us attempt it.



POULTRY FARMING IN ARCADIA.

SOMEBODY SAID THAT A LITTLE BRANDY WAS OCCASIONALLY A GOOD THING FOR THE FOWLS.

MR. PUNCH'S SPONGE-BAG COOKERY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. BOWSER (Belgrave Square) writes to say that she cooked a rib of beef successfully, but that although the meat was delicious it stuck to the bag and refused to be parted from it. She wishes to know if, when cooking gooseberry fool, the fool should be put in foolscap bags before being emptied into the sponge-bag, and asks where the bags can be obtained. Point 1. The sponge-bag should have been iced before the meat was put in, but the adhesion of the rubber need not cause any misgiving. Eaten in small quantities rubber is quite palatable and, as Mr. Wegg said, "very mellowing to the organ." 2. The best material is foulard or *crêpe de Chine*. 3. Bags are generally to be had from your tailor, but in this case they can be procured from any good chemist, homœopathic or pharmaceutical.

Mrs. Mellings Chipp (Grosvenor Square) wishes to know whether sponge-cakes can be made in a sponge-bag. Certainly; but the sponge must

be taken out first. Draw the strings tight after the ingredients have been inserted, secure with a safety-pin, then put bag on grid, put grid in the oven, lower the gas, close the door, and turn on the pianola for forty minutes.

Mrs. Hettie Julk (Grosvenor Place). You say that the pancake tasted of rubber. This can be easily remedied by sprinkling it with a few drops of lavender water and ammoniated quinine. But the bag must not be used a second time after lobster has been cooked in it.

Sir Home Gordon. There are, of course, exceptions. For the best results ducks' eggs should be cooked in a cricket bag.

Mrs. Silley Pupe (Berkeley Square) has cooked a very tough fowl with excellent results, the bird becoming quite rubber-necked in the process.

Mr. John Bunn (Portman Square, Southend). The pattern on the outside of the sponge-bag is quite immaterial, but the shepherd's plaid is perhaps best for cooking a shepherd's pie.

Mr. E. Forster (Howard's End, W. Kensington). The fact that you used an oil stove insufficiently heated would account for the lack of colour. Try one of Bennett's Clayhanger stoves.

Mr. John Redmond. Gladstone-bag cooking is a separate branch of the culinary art. It has led to some surprising dishes.

Mr. Henn Peck (Mentone Mansions, Brixton) has essayed a rechauffé of mutton with great success.

Mrs. Cornelia Strongi'th'arm (Divinity Road, Oxford). Bags will besent. Your second query shall be passed on to our legal editor. Your husband may refuse to eat the fricassee, but certainly ought to abstain from such words as "rotten." Yes, the back, or indeed the front, of a hair-brush is most effective.

Mrs. Harley Didhams (Park Lane). To render cormorant and similar birds palatable to an invalid of 87 you must grease the bag thoroughly, bash the bird with a Nasmyth mallet, and cook for several weeks. You will then find it extraordinarily tender and quite different from what it would have been if it had been cooked, say, in a boot- or brush-bag.

Everything Decently and in Order.

"Then a roll of thunder—clamorous and long continued—broke upon the air. It growled, threatened, burst into a deafening roar. The lightning followed."—*Daily Graphic*.

COCKTAIL COLLOQUIES;

OR,

ENGLISH AS SHE IS GOING TO BE SPOKE AT THE
CORONATION.

[Referring to the thousands of Americans who are preparing to be in London for the Coronation an imaginative correspondent of the Hearst News Service observes that "The argot of Broadway and Market Street will be heard in the land, from the drawing-rooms of Mayfair to the *particulis* of the Mile End Road." No doubt; and its effect upon a receptive London is here adumbrated.]

III.—'AWKINS AND THEN SOME.

SCENE—On the route of the Coronation procession.

Policeman (to Coster, pushing barrow). Beat it, youse.

Coster. Aw, fergit it! Think yer the 'ole circus, dontyer? Got a crust, aintyer, throwin' off the big talk to a guy as owned 'is own tamale waggon when you was 'untin' tiddlers in the Serpentine?

Policeman. Nix on the chatter, bub. And flap them feet of yours if you ain't lookin' for a night in the tank.

Coster. Ain't I 'urryin', yer big stiff? Think you've got a lead-pipe cinch, don't yer, blockin' the sidewalk with yer feet and wavin' yer mitt to the swells in the rubber-neck waggons?

Policeman. Don't you go gettin' gay with me, feller, cos I won't stand for it. Skiddoo now, pronto, and no more back talk or I'll break it off in yer.

Coster. Like 'ell you will. Dod gast it, if you wasn't a cop i'd land on yer, yer big bowl of tripe.

Sympathetic Bystander. Aw, watcher beefin' about, Shorty! Quitcherkickin' and let the officer alone. Cawn't yer see them narrer twelves is 'urtin' 'is pore feet?

Coster. Huh! 'E ain't no officer. 'E's a Suffragette in disguise. It's 'is corsets what makes 'is nose so red.

Chorus of Bystanders. 'E's stoppin' the procession. Git the hook! Paste 'im, officer! Twenty-three, kiddo! You to the tall uncut! Give 'm the goad, Shorty! O you bench legs! etc., etc.

Policeman. 'Ere, you come along with me. I'll show you smart Alecs that I'm the big noise in this neck of the woods. Yuss, and then some. (*Seizes Coster.*)

Coster. Cut it out, you big zob! (*Confidentially*) It 'ud be worth a couple of cold scads to somebody, too, if my barrer got stalled on this corner.

Policeman. Nothin' stirring. (*More mildly*) Hit the pike, now. Cawn't 'ave that barrer breakin' down in the middle of the street.

Coster. Give the 'igh sign and I'll make it a five spot. On the level, sport, that's all the traffic 'll bear.

Policeman (aside to Coster). Slip it then, bo, slip it. (*Coster slips it.*) (*Aloud*) D'y'ear wot I say? Beat it.

Coster. Aw, what's the use! (*Starts off with barrow, jerking off the right wheel, which has been carefully adjusted to this end.*) There now! Watcher know abaht that! A noo barrer too. A fair throw down, I calls it.

Sympathetic Bystander. Tough luck, Bill. 'E put a hoodoo on yer, that's what 'e done.

Coster. Ain't it the limit? Might 'a' known 'e was a jinx when I piped 'is wall eye.

Policeman. 'Ere stop chewin' the rag and get that barrer off 'n the track. Cawn't you 'ear the procession comin'? (*The barrow is hauled up on to the pavement behind the crowd.*)

Sympathetic Bystander. Some of them mutts don't know enough to git in outer the rain.

Policeman. Oh, I dinnaw.

Coster (from the background). Pea-nuts! Popcorn! Chewin' gum! Ice cold root beer and koka ko-o-o-o-la!

OLIVER.

(So named because he kept asking for more.)

In many a Springtime, haunting woodland ways,
Hillsides and hedgerows, with the old school-boy zest,
One sight would bring me ever fresh amaze—
A cuckoo bantling in a small bird's nest;
Like the odd changeling of some elfin art,
Bulging from brim to brim, I watched him there,
Bloated usurper, play his ruthless part,
The rightful heirs barged—he alone knew where.

I heard the tyrant orders shrill and loud
He gave the small befostering he and she,
And marvelled much to see them slaving, proud
Insanely of their infant prodigy;
And tried to guess what all-compelling law
So bade them toil the day long to appease
That never-sated, ever-clamouring maw,
Nor take, from morn to night, a moment's ease.

But knew not how much more than met the eye
Explained this genius for obtaining food,
Until, one day, the gardener's boy came by
With, in his cap, one of the tyrant brood;
There, from a desecrated nest, half grown,
But fitting tight, a form of brindled down
Gaped forth. Tom grinned, and made the thing my own,
Touching me to the tune of half-a-crown.

I took him home and, from his earliest meal—
Was it by that red maw, the monstrous-sized,
And some strange glamour of its vast appeal?—
He had the whole house deeply hypnotized.
Helpless before it, we were straightway taught
How weirdly strong suggestion's force may be.
Talk of the "tyranny of tears"—'twas nought
Beside that open mouth's autocracy!

Priestlike we fed that gizzard's sacred flame;
The page-boy's pockets bulged with woolly-bears;
Cook "didn't hold with it," yet daily came
Laden with tit-bits, toiling up the stairs,
And, 'neath a witchery that never waned,
All seem compelled to help him dine and dine;
Even languid Gwendolen was sore constrained,
Letting her novel wait, to serve the shrine.

And, though the tyrant all-ungrateful took
Our offerings, we bowed to his commands,
Yet knowing well he would not give a cuck
For anyone who came with empty hands.
So this Gargantuan infant's days were spent
On endless dishes like a gourmet's dream,
Until, praise be, with every good intent,
Gwendolen choked him with a chocolate-cream.

Tact.

The narrative of one of the passengers on the damaged Cunarder, as given to a reporter of *The Birmingham Daily Mail*, contains this passage:—

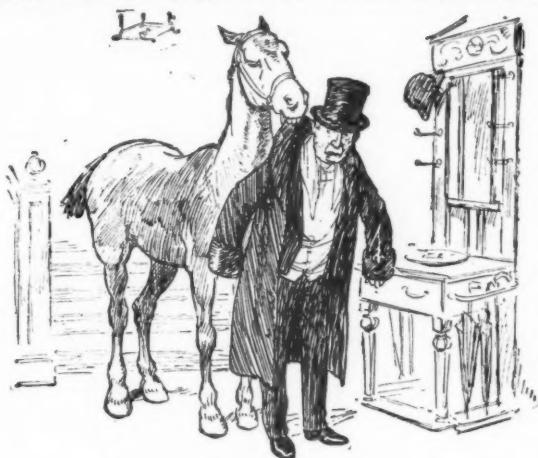
"The baggage-master deserved special praise. He had only been asleep a couple of hours when called up, but he arranged the baggage so cleverly that not a piece was lost save such as belonged to the steerage passengers."

A truly first-class touch. To a steerage passenger, who has little enough to begin with, the loss of baggage is, of course, nothing.

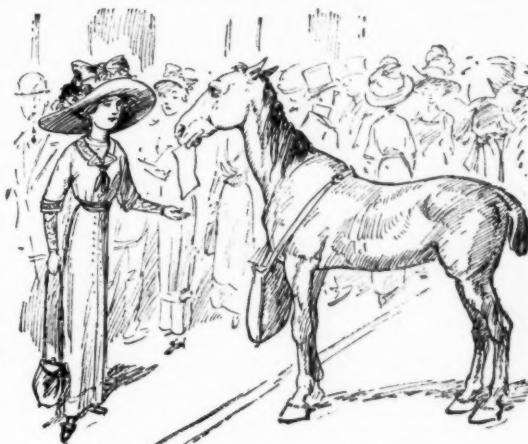
Our Bloodthirsty Editors once more.

"Mr. Hubert Latham, the unluckiest of airmen, had another wonderful escape from death at Brooklands yesterday."—*Daily Mirror*.

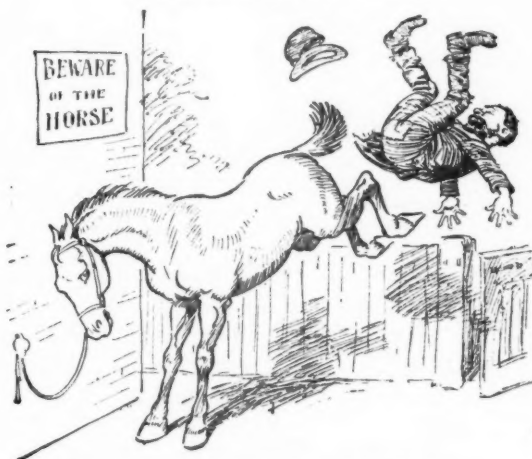
WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE HORSE WHEN HE CEASES TO BE A BEAST OF BURDEN?



HE MIGHT BE USEFUL AS A VALET.



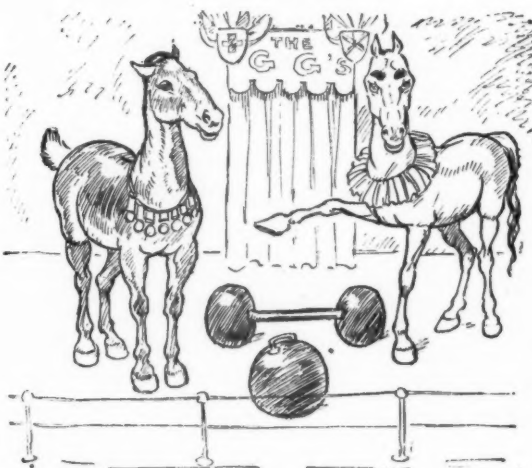
COULD HE DISTRIBUTE HAND-BILLS?



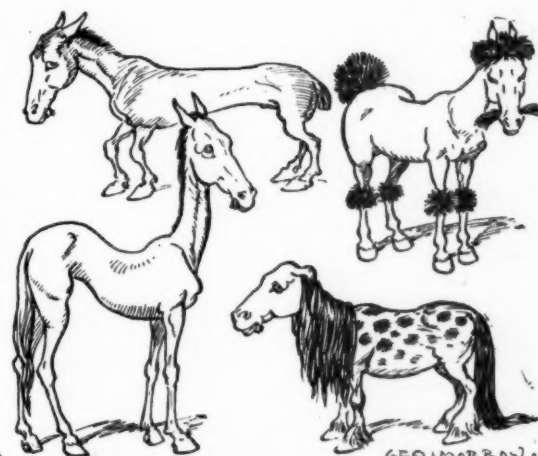
PERHAPS HE MIGHT REPLACE THE WATCH-DOG.



HE COULD ALWAYS BE OF USE AT PAGEANTS.



THE MUSIC-HALL MIGHT GIVE HIM AN OPENING.



AND SOME FANCY BREEDS MIGHT BE DEVELOPED FOR PETS.

GEORGE MORROW.



Sweet Simplicity (to gallant Major, R.A., who has been explaining the mysteries of a Mountain Battery, how the guns are carried on mules, etc., etc.). "AND DO YOU RIDE A MULE?"

THE NEW MUSICAL CRITICISM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It seems to me that the musical critics make an enormous mistake in dwelling on tedious details relating to the technique of compositions or their performance. What people really like to know are personal facts about the artists and impresarios and agents and lessees. A few emancipated critics are trying tentatively to introduce notices of this sort, but what we want is something like this:—

"At the Royal Albert Hall (Proprietors, the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851) a concert (arranged by Concert Director NATHANIEL SPEYER) took place yesterday (by permission of the Clerk of the Weather, the Board of

Trade, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners). Madame PATTI (the Baroness CEDERSTRÖM) and Madame MELBA (by the permission of the Royal Opera Syndicate, Covent Garden) sang Folk-songs arranged by CECIL SHARP and R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (by permission of the Folk-song Society and the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE). Sir CHARLES SANTLEY, D.Litt., D.S.O., F.R.G.S., and Mr. WATKIN MILLS (of the Oratorio Concerts, London, the Provinces, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa) sang "The Lord is a Man of War" (by permission of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR and the Handel Society), to the accompaniment of Sir J. F. BRIDGE (by permission of the Dean and Canons of Westminster Abbey). Part songs

by Sir C. V. STANFORD (Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, D.C.L., Mus.Doc., P.P., F.F.F.), set to words by the late Lord TENNYSON (by permission of his Literary Executors) were sung (by permission of Messrs. STAINER and BELL), the words being printed in *extenso* in the programme (by permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN and Co.). It remains to be added that the new tip-up seats were upholstered by Messrs. Billow and Glaring, and in the closing performance of the National Anthem (sung by permission of the HOME SECRETARY) the grand organ was introduced into the accompaniment (ornamental pipe-work by Messrs. Figgis and Figgis, Highgate, N.; great organ CCC to C by Messrs. Grylls and Bindells; swell organ, with automatic explosion attachment, by Messrs. Tootell, electricians, Lower Tooting; choir organ with echo attachment by Messrs. Broster and Fincastle; cylindrical centripetal pedal-board by Messrs. Klingsor and Fafner)."

I am, dear Mr. Punch (by permission of Messrs. Goosey and Gander),

TABLEY BIFFIN.

PATSY.

PUPPY dog, rough as a bramble,
Eyed like a saint,
Beggard to slobber and gambol,
Corky and quaint,
Chasing your tail like a fussy turbillion,
Plaguig a playmate with fuss of a million

Gnats,
But keen as a kestrel
And fierce as a stoat is,
A-thrill to ancestral
Furies at notice
Of rats,
Rats, little hound of Beelzebub, rats!

And as you sleep off a surfeit,
Mischief and tea,
Prone on the summer-warm turf, it
Surely must be
(Rapturous whimper and tremulant twitching),
Somewhere or other there's hunting bewitching;

That's
More blessed than biscuit;
I'll lay, through your slumbers,
They squeak and they frisk it
In shadowy numbers,
R-r-rats,
Rats, little hound of Beelzebub, rats!

"Whether he be clad in the toga of Ancient Rome, or in the spats of modern Piccadilly, Mr. Lewis Waller is always superb."

Bournemouth Visitors' Directory.

Of course, it has been warm, but still—

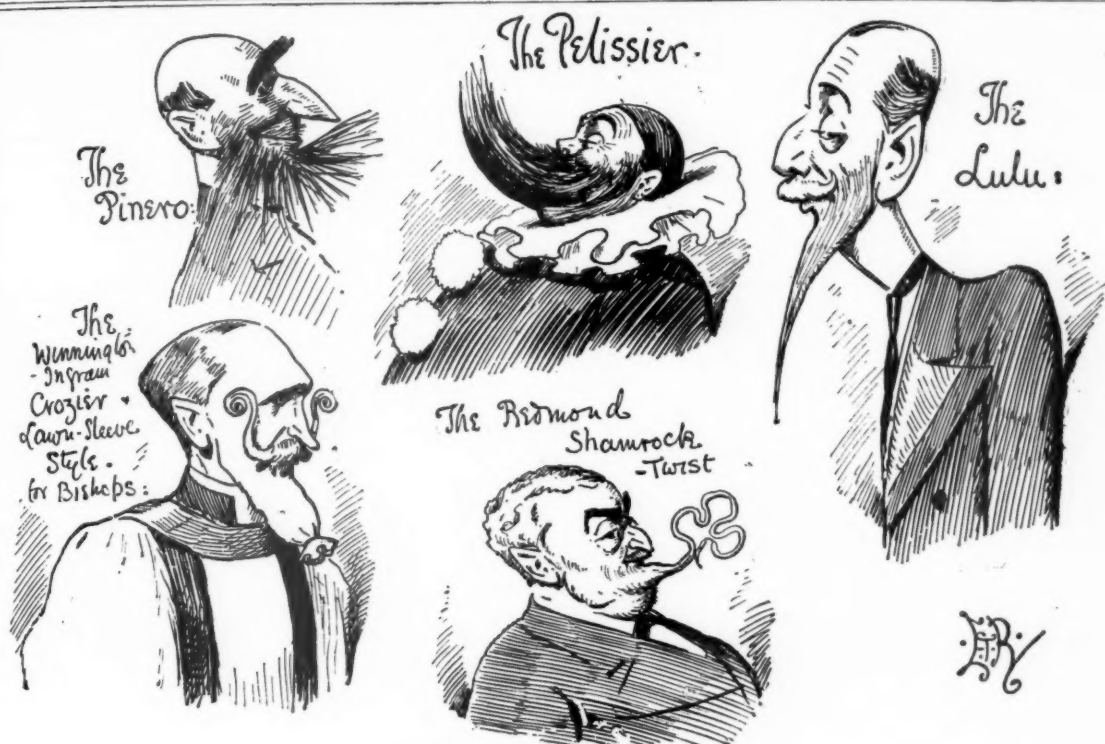


THE DOCTOR.

(With Apologies to Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.)

PATIENT (*General Practitioner*). "THIS TREATMENT WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME."

DOCTOR BILL. "I DARE SAY YOU KNOW BEST. STILL THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE."



CORONATION BEARDS—(NO. 2).

[To be grown out of compliment to KING GEORGE.]

CALENDAR REFORM.

MR. PEARCE'S Bill to reform the Calendar will, we hope, prove as effective as Mr. WILLETT'S Daylight Saving Bill in providing food for agreeable discussion and conjecture. Not that we are disposed to admit the necessity for reforming the Calendar. It does perhaps look a little absurd "on paper," as they say—even a little far-fetched—but in practice it has always seemed to us to work fairly well, so long as one clings to its great guiding principle—that thirty days hath September. It is probable that the late JULIUS CÆSAR devoted not a little thought to his ingenious arrangement. Certainly, apart from slight modifications, it has had a long and uninterrupted run, and if it is at last to be suspended, if the hereditary principle is to be abandoned, so to speak, we are inclined to ask: "Who is Mr. PEARCE that he should elect to supplant the Conqueror of Gaul? Why Mr. PEARCE? We also have our plan of Calendar Reform."

His (Mr. PEARCE'S) plan, it will be remembered, is to eliminate a day—we like that idea; it is full of possibilities—which shall not belong to any

week or month, but shall be called simply New Year's Day. Thereafter he divides the year into 52 perfect weeks, every month having 30 days, except the last month of each quarter, which shall have 31. Our first objection to this proposal is taken on artistic grounds.

Thirty-one days hath September,
March, June and December,

cannot be made even to scan, and will hardly be accepted with equanimity by those of us who have been brought up on the authorised version, and have become attached to it through long association. But let that pass.

Of course we see Mr. PEARCE'S difficulty; that has not escaped us. We ourselves have been trying to figure it out, and we also got up against a very awkward fact—namely, that 365 is divisible only by five and 73. Clearly you can't do much with that without getting yourself involved in recurring decimals. But we find Mr. PEARCE'S solution—of dropping only one day—rather timorous and half-hearted. What we want is to lay the foundations of a thoroughgoing and comprehensive scheme, which shall at least stand the wear and tear of nineteen centuries, as its predecessor

has done. And here let us say that the details of the plan are open to amendment in committee. We invite discussion. We are always prepared to receive suggestions from any part of the House.

We begin boldly, then, by eliminating five days, and at once we have a workable figure to start on. Nothing could be better than 360. This we divide into 12 months of 30 days each. So far, so good. The critic has probably observed, however, that we cannot divide it into weeks of seven days. But we have thought of that. We are going to drop a week-day and make it six. By this device we have five weeks in every month. Rather happy, we think. The seven-day week, if you come to examine it, has been a very clumsy instrument. You cannot divide it in half. That in itself is an enormous drawback. Life is full of things that fall due to be done twice a week, and as the matter stands they cannot be done at equal intervals. To take only one instance:—there are many of us who make a practice of changing our white waistcoats twice a week, and are guiltily conscious that those which begin their career on Thursday morning must drag out a protracted existence

till Sunday night. One day has got to go, and our proposal is that a plebiscite be taken as to which it is to be. It is an admirable case for the introduction of the Referendum. For our own part we should be inclined to sacrifice Thursday—a day we have never cared for, somehow. But doubtless the wide-spread and bitter feeling against Monday as the day of return to work will prove strong enough to result in its annihilation.

There still remains the question of the five extra days. No, we have not forgotten them. Here we have several suggestions to offer. Perhaps they could be slipped in with advantage, in late and backward seasons, between the 11th and 12th of August—to give the birds a chance. Or they might be handed over to the M.C.C. for the last test match, or sprinkled through the year as Bank Holidays. No doubt they would prove to be a very powerful instrument in the hands of the Government of the day, if used for Parliamentary purposes. But we think this would be a risky experiment. If the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER got hold of them at the close of the financial year they might lead to a prodigious cooking of accounts.

On the whole we are inclined to save up these five days till we have a whole month in hand—to be called a Leap Month. This could be allotted for any important national purpose. It would be invaluable in a year like the present to carry out a complete and protracted celebration of the Coronation, for the whole populace could go on holiday without any actual loss of time.

We are leaving over the consideration of Leap Year till a future occasion.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

(A suggested new use of the Correspondence columns of "The Times.")

MY DEAR ASPODESTERA.—It is not the usual thing, in our set at any rate, for engaged couples to correspond through the medium of the public press. Why, I do not know; but there the fact is for you to make the most of it. I must add, however, that this paper will only cost you threepence, and if you grudge that to get a letter from your Bill your love is not the thing you profess it to be, and you don't deserve that ring. Besides, we are going to stick strictly to business this time.

The truth is that I have just heard from my dear old friend, the Assessor of Income Tax, of whom I have lost sight for nearly a year. His four-page letter has set me thinking, and I have just discovered that my income has absolutely gone off—tumbled to pieces. The £500 a year which I mentioned to your father in one of those expansive moments which you and I have just been experiencing has been found to be not a penny more (or certainly not more than one penny more) than £159 19s. 11d. a year. They tell me that a total exemption from income-tax

they enquire in a neighbourly manner after my income. In a peculiarly oppressive piece of legislation, that necessity of telling the truth seems to me to be the harshest and most cruel on its victims, the M.P.'s. But even so I dare say their old habits will get the better of them, and they will describe their salaries, loosely, as Earned Income. Your confirmed Tory may have the decency to put an exclamation mark in brackets after the "Earned," but he will do so less from motives of honesty than in the hope of influencing the political convictions of his assessor.

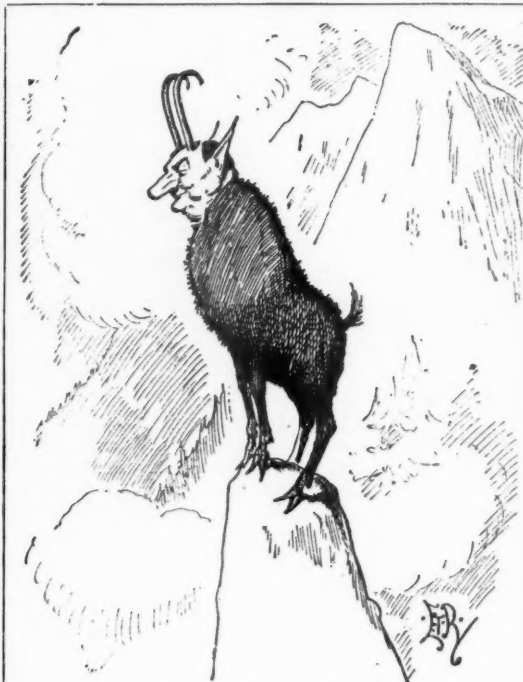
That, however, doesn't help my income much at the moment.

Aspodestera, is your face your whole fortune? A hint in the dear old man's letter makes me wonder, for these income-tax people *do* know such a lot. "The income of a married woman," he writes, naming no names but mentioning it too casually to be entirely without suspicion, "living with her husband, is deemed to be her husband's income." Let me say now that it is the dearest wish of my life that when you are a married woman you should live with your husband, never leaving me except when these Income Tax Forms have to be filled in. Then I think it would be a kindly act for you to go and stay with your parents, you and they fixing it between you as to whose that income is to be deemed to be for the purpose of paying tax on it.

And now I must leave you to write to my dear Assessor. He writes more at a time, if less often, than you do, but I must say that of the two I prefer the tone of your postscripts. His reads to the

effect that, if I am not very careful how I reply to his buff-coloured notes, I may render myself liable, on summary conviction, to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months with hard labour. That I am practically certain to do, and, should an officious parson have married us off before I am discovered, my idea is that the weekly allowance for housekeeping should be suspended for a period (not exceeding six months) and the accumulated sum be devoted to providing me with a much-needed and well-deserved holiday at the end of it. For I have the dark suspicion, gathered I know not whence, that when the kind old fellow says "hard" he means it.

Yours, by the courtesy of the Editor of *The Times*,
BILL.



"A POLITICAL CHAMOIS."

Lord ROSEBERRY's vision of Lord HALDANE.

may be claimed on incomes not exceeding £160, but I do not think that that can have anything to do with it. Well, well! We must face our troubles with a brave front. Either you must go out and be a governess, or I must go out and be a Member of Parliament. If I happen to hear of a family with a lot of small children in it whose parents desire them to learn golf and poker patience, I will let you know. If you happen to hear of a constituency in need of a new Member who will be ready to adopt any policy or opinion, and to change either at a moment's notice, you let me know.

Should I contrive to get that constituency, the State will, I suppose, know all about it, and I shall have to be accurate about the £400, when



Chatly Lodger (to Landlord). "YOU SEEM TO HAVE SEEN A GOOD DEAL. WHAT ARE YOU?"

Landlord. "WELL, SIR, I WERE A LION TAMER, AND I'D BE THERE NOW IF I 'ADN'T A-MARRIED. BUT YOU SEE, MY WIFE WERE A KNIFE-THROWER IN THE SAME SHOW, AND SHE GOT TO PRACTISING HER TURN ON ME. WELL, THINKS I, LIFE AIN'T TOO LONG TO RUN NO RISKS, SO I TOOK ON A SAFE JOB AND BECOME A STEEPLEJACK."

THE STOLEN REED.

(A PASTORAL EXECRATION.)

I DO not know what lips have found her,
The fragrant, fair and ripe;
I only know some awful bounder
Has been and boned my pipe;
In vain beside the river's brink
I search for her, in vain I think
Thoughts that would turn a trooper pink
If they were seen in type.

Polished with half a year of labour,
Like ball-room floors she shone;
There was no pipe, I wis (nor tabor),
So fair to gaze upon;
I left her by this reedy marge,
And now some owner of a barge
Or Dartmoor Strephon still at large
Has come—and she has gone.

How sweet was her melodious carol!
How sacred to the Muse
The incense of her odorous barrel!
Oh, Syrinx of the ooze,
Describe to me, the while I drape
My pouch with cypresses and crape,

The monster that achieved this rape—
What baccy did he use?

How came he? like the scholar Gipsy
With furtive steps and mute
And hands fulfilled of flowers? or tipsy
With Corybantic boot?
Or hot-foot like the goat-god Pan
From whom erewhile you trembling ran?
What was he like, the beast or man
That bagged my briar root?

I care not; but I wish him anguish
Too terrible for words;
In some vile hovel may he languish,
Abhorred by brutes and birds;
The sorriest creature on this globe,
May he be seen with tattered robe,
Like the Semitic prophet Job
(Without the help of shreds).

May murder bring him to the gallows,
And when at Hades' jaw
He begs the boon that custom hallows,
The last sad grace of law,
Then grant, ye gods, that he may pray
Once more upon my pipe to play,

And find (all hat-pins far away)
She simply will not draw!

EVOR.

Symmetry.

After running out ALLETSON at Nottingham IREMONGER seized a man in the crowd, who had been "booing," and carried him off to the police station. He naturally thought that the best amends after running one man out was to run another man in.

"Will the Person come forward that I told it to that I should say that I had the First Chance of Marrying Edward Smith.—(Signed) Mary —, Daglingworth."

Wills & Gloucestershire Standard.

Now, then!

A Dorsetshire florist advertises as follows in *The Commonwealth*:

"GARDEN LOVERS
GIVE MY PANTS A TRIAL."

Thank you, but we can pant for ourselves this hot weather.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

From the moment when, across the footlights, a whiff of *Rance's* cigar was blown to me in the first row of the stalls, I knew that we were in for a melodrama as realistic as anything ever can be on the operatic stage. It brought to my quivering nostrils the full local aroma of a mining camp in the Golden West (period 1850). I was prepared for a chorus of pioneers with rough exteriors and primitive notions of summary justice; but also with warm hearts (when you got at them), and with natures so sensitive that the coarsest of them would break out into manly grief and wipe his eyes with the back of his hand on receiving news of the death of his grandmother far, far away in the Leaden East. And I was never once disappointed in these admirable fellows, who did everything according to the book.

But I confess to a certain chagrin at not being allowed to set eyes on *Nina*. *Nina* was the attraction at the rival saloon. *Minnie* ("the Girl of the Golden West"), who ran the "Polka" saloon, and was a pattern to all barmaids, sketches her character lightly as that of "a designing hussy who spends her time ogling all the men."

I think it a grave oversight that she was not introduced to us in person, if only to serve as a foil to the virtues of *Minnie*, and to create that palpable atmosphere of jealousy without which no melodrama can be a really perfect thing.

But to return to *Rance*, the "Sheriff." In every scene, including the noblest I have yet enjoyed at Covent Garden—a forest of gigantic Californian pines—he wore, without finching, an evening waistcoat with a soft shirt front and black tie, and a rusty opera hat. I don't complain of these things in their proper place. Indeed, I have often admired them when worn by eccentric occupants of the stalls at Covent Garden. But in "the forest primeval" they seemed to betray, if I may dare say it, a lack of harmony with their environment. Personally, I was never in a Californian mining camp during the middle years of the last century, and cannot say whether this costume was *de rigueur* with the sheriffs of that era. Of course, I have heard of a sheriff's "posse," and it may well be that this was the fatigue pattern for an officer in command of such a body at that period. If so, he

was justified of his uniform, for he seemed to be on posse-duty most of the time; but I would have been content to forego historical accuracy for something a little less destructive of the picture.

Mlle. DESTINN was once more adorable. Apart from her delicious voice, with the moving appeal of its middle notes, every detail of her action—the last thing that most *prime donne* worry about—was perfect in its sympathetic refinement and restrained dramatic force. Signor Bassi, whose memory was at times a little faulty, played also with a commendable reserve. Nor must I pass over the fascinating figure of the Redskin, *Billy Jackrabbit*, who

effects. All the same, when I compare his *Fanciulla* with *Carmen*, one popular theme of melodrama with another, I ask myself whether he might not have allowed himself to put our senses under a rather stronger and more captivating spell. For, after all, Bizet gets his atmosphere, and very seldom keeps the drama halting, and yet all the time is weaving about us an irresistible charm. There is very little of this in Signor PUCCINI's new work; our interest is always engaged but no sustained demand is put upon our emotions; and such memories as remain with us are concerned rather with the novelty of the scenes than with his setting of them. Even these memories are marred by the ugly note on which the lovers persist in iterating their final *addio*.

My neighbour, by the way, seemed obsessed by the idea that they were going forth to start upon a new life out in the Golden West. A pretty thought, in which one recognises an echo of many melodramas. But, as I took pains to explain to her, they were already as far West as they could go.

And this brings me to the title—*La Fanciulla del West*—the worst piece of hybridism I have ever met. And why is nothing said of the metallic quality of this El Dorado? I prefer the sportsmanlike courage of the Italian gentleman who translated BRET HARTE's *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and called it "*La Fortuna del Campo Clamoroso*." He did at least get it all in, and in one language. O. S.



A FULL HOUSE AT COVENT GARDEN.

The "full house" is not visible in the picture, because *Minnie* (Mlle. DESTINN) has got it inside her stocking (three aces and a pair). With this she beats the three kings of *Jack Rance* (M. GILLY).

contributed little to the movement of things, apart from his habit of stealing drinks when no one was looking, but was an extraordinary restful figure in the great forest scene, where, through all the tumultuous excursions of roughriders busily engaged in rounding up *Dick Johnson*, he maintained a very perfect detachment, sitting in the foreground over a game of solitaire. It was only when they began to string the greaser up to a tree that he got put off his game and moved reluctantly away, with his pack of cards, to fresh woods.

One cannot too highly commend Signor PUCCINI's obvious desire to establish the right atmosphere, to keep the dialogue flowing briskly, and to avoid delaying the movement of the drama for the sake of purely musical

A Smart Deduction.

"During cleaning operations at the Ship Hotel, Weybridge, Surrey, a grandfather clock was opened for the first time for many years, and found to contain the entire skeleton of a cat. It is thought that the animal must have been shut in the clock."—*Evening Standard*.

"*Wallasey Physician*—Sir Richard Quain (1st baronet), the famous Irish physician, was born in 1876, and died in 1898. In 1882, he edited the *Dictionary of Medicine*. Always pleased to oblige."

Wallasey & Wirral Chronicle.

The notorious good nature of editors is beautifully exemplified in the case of this six-year-old prodigy.

The Limit.

"Beyond this, the Government will not concede one square inch."—*Daily Chronicle*.

On the contrary, they intend more resolutely than ever to put one cubic foot before another and march on.



French Caddie (anxious to express agreement with English visitor's view of the situation). "OUI, M'SIEUR—TRÈS DAM."

WHAT NO MAN KNOWS.

I DID not intend to read anything at all when I entered the club that day; I wanted to write a letter. But it was lying open on the chair, and so I picked it up.

I am inclined to believe now that it was put there as a trap.

It was a weekly paper and five days old at that, so I passed hastily and forgivingly over the racing column, in which "The Newmarket Nut" had given two non-runners and three losers as his selections for the previous day's races.

Then I came to a column headed "Man and his Dress," written by one who styled himself "West-end Lounger"—a *nom-de-guerre* which attracted me at once by the careless grace with which it admitted human frailties in one of exalted social station.

Most of this column was taken up with Answers to Correspondents, and it was Answer No. 3 which led to all my trouble.

It ran thus: "ENQUIRER.—Certainly not; no man with the slightest pretensions to being decently dressed would ever dream of having more than two buttons on the cuff of a lounge suit."

One felt that "Enquirer" must be having a bad time of it—but so dignified and crushing was the rebuke to his artless query that at first my

sympathy for him was tinged with contempt.

I pictured him as a pushing man, with no taste and little tact; doubtless an honest man according to his lights, but—well, anyway he had been put in his place now.

Then, without warning, one of those pangs of self-doubt that come to the best of us at times, stabbed through me.

I dropped the paper and looked at my own cuffs—a thing I don't remember doing before, except when I am playing golf.

I counted them carefully; then I read that reply to "Enquirer" again; then I counted them two or three times, covering each button with the paper when I had finished counting it, so as to make quite sure.

When I had checked my calculations, I found that I had, without any question, three buttons on each cuff; and the suit I was wearing was one of the most distinctly lounge suits I have seen for a long time.

I put my hands and as much of my sleeves as possible into my coat pockets, and slunk into the hall. A few men greeted me as I passed, but I hurried on; their eyes seemed to be looking for those extra buttons, and I wondered how long they had really known about it. I thought it would have been so much kinder, in the long run, if someone had spoken out about it before.

I emerged into the street with the intention of going straight to my tailor and getting debuttoned. (That is a trade term I invented on the way.)

I reflected, as I walked, that I must be more strict with my tailor in future and not be put off with airy assurances that "They" are wearing certain things.

As a matter of fact I don't remember being consulted at all as to the number of buttons on my cuffs.

A very neatly-dressed man in a lounge suit passed me in Pall Mall, and I turned and followed him bending outwards (*i.e.*, towards the road) to see if I could count his buttons. I had just caught the flash of one of them when a policeman began to watch me narrowly. So I abandoned the pursuit and went on my way, whistling wanly.

Then I met Jones, and gripped his hand. "Jones," I gasped, "how many buttons have you got on your coat cuffs?"

He fixed his eyes on me and repeated my question in a thoughtful way once or twice.

"I give it up," he said at last. "Is it a riddle?"

"It is no riddle," I said sadly. "It is a very serious matter. Quick—how many?"

"I'm hanged if I know—it may be anything from one to half-a-dozen—or there may not be any at all. I have

never been able to see them from where I am."

He screwed his right arm round as he spoke, and I counted them carefully—Jones checking me as I numbered them off.

"Four!" I shouted. "Why, you're worse than I am!" and I grasped his hand again.

It was selfish, no doubt, to show my pleasure in his degradation so openly, but it is so comforting to know that one is not all alone in these times of trial.

I explained his disgrace to him as we strolled to the club; but he did not seem to be much affected.

Jones always looks neat, but he knows nothing about clothes. He is the sort of man who tells his tailor, when he orders a new suit, that he wants something to "wrap round him."

We had lunch together, and he helped me to regain my self-esteem by pointing out several men who had three or four buttons on their cuffs.

Later on we became quite unpopular by putting the question direct to every man in the smoking-room; and none of them could answer without counting.

One military member became quite annoyed when it was pointed out to him that he had three buttons on one cuff and two on the other.

We did not ask any more after that. [Should this meet his eye, perhaps "Enquirer" will kindly send me his address, and I will write him a nice letter of sympathy and comfort.]

WHO'S FOR COSTA RICA?

OR, THE ART OF RECOMMENDATION.

THE latest method of inducing strangers to visit or settle in a country (as exemplified in a *Times* article) is so naive that we are tempted to explain it a little fully. It is to be found in the last South American Supplement; and if these supplements are not for the exploitation of South America, what are they for?

Let us see how *The Times'* correspondent helps us. He begins: "Costa Rica claims to be the one Latin-American Republic which denies itself the pleasurable excitement of frequent revolutions. Perhaps the numerous earthquakes give sufficient variety to life, especially as they usually come late at night or early in the morning, when a hurried exit from the house is most disturbing; but there are years of stillness in the earth, and then this little country must be an earthly paradise."

That is tempting. One never knows one's luck, and, of course, it may be

that a year of stillness is imminent. But before settling in this capricious land there are certain difficulties. "It is easily reached," but "at present the health regulations require fresh vaccination marks to be shown on arriving, and after 19 days' voyage from England last November passengers were obliged to report themselves at a doctor's office daily for 10 days, in case of cholera symptoms." Consider, however, that the promised land is not only reached, but entered. Then hey for the capital! But here again the sweet is so dashed with sour that one must be a very hardy explorer to pursue the quarry. "Seven or eight hours are needed for the 102 miles of railway journey up to San José, the capital of the Republic, but it is an unique and beautiful trip. There may be stoppages for slides or breakdowns, and the passengers may have the amusement of helping to put back a derailed car, or be detained for weeks when heavy rains have washed away the line. But," adds *The Times'* own *Mark Tapley*, "when all goes well the lover of nature has a feast."

Cartago is on the way. This is, of course, *au fond* a deliriously enticing spot, but just now "is trying to recover from the terrible earthquake of last spring, when scarcely a house was left standing. As it was also destroyed by an earthquake in 1841 there was some discussion whether it should be again rebuilt on the same spot at the foot of the active volcano of Irazú, but the inhabitants decided to do so. Both there and in San José they are endeavouring to profit by the experience of other earthquake countries in building, and no longer put roofs of heavy tiles; but a drawback to the sheets of corrugated metal now used is that they wear into holes quickly, letting the rain through." The correspondent's reflection that "a superior quality of metal roofing, warranted to last more than two or three years, should sell readily there," makes one wonder whether, perhaps, it would not be better for the emigrant to let the roofing get there first.

We reach San José at last—if we are lucky—and quickly find that it has "a prison and a lunatic asylum of the best modern description." It is also very healthy, there being "little sickness, except that due to impure water." But what is that, after all? Merely a little typhoid, a little diphtheria, now and then, just to prevent life from being too monotonously joyous. The situation of the city is delightful, being sheltered from the north by the volcanos of Irazú, Barba and Poas, the last of which "has an extraordinary geyser in its

crater which explodes sometimes to a great height," no doubt to the immense satisfaction of the neighbourhood.

The industry is banana growing, and "vacant land can be obtained by anyone who puts in a claim, apparently without payment"—that "apparently" sounds rather like a catch—but roads are bad and construction difficult. That is to say, even though you may get your fruit it may go wrong before it can reach the customer. The Italian emigrants who tried have found it unsatisfactory and returned home. The lower hills look—"look" is good—suitable for tea growing; but tea-growing has not succeeded. The natives also are not capable of much work, especially near the capital, where the women are addicted to goitres.

The last sentence states that "the Government wishes to attract foreigners." Surely that end must now be attained.

TO CREATE A MODERN HAT.

THE ONLY WAY.

TAKE any shape of straw that pretends to be the foundation of a hat.

Give the thing to the baby or any other inquisitively destructive animal to play with for ten minutes on a well-washed, dry floor.

Choose a large collection of incongruous odds and ends, very big and all ugly.

Lay them on the middle of the table.

Bandage your eyes and draw ends and odds alternately with either hand, but perfectly at random.

With the eyes still bandaged, sew or gum all the odds on one side of the thing and the ends on the other.

Remove the bandage from your eyes, and throw the confection vertically upwards with a spin on it, and catch it on your head as it descends.

Pin it there instantly. This decides which is the front and also on what region of the head it shall be worn.

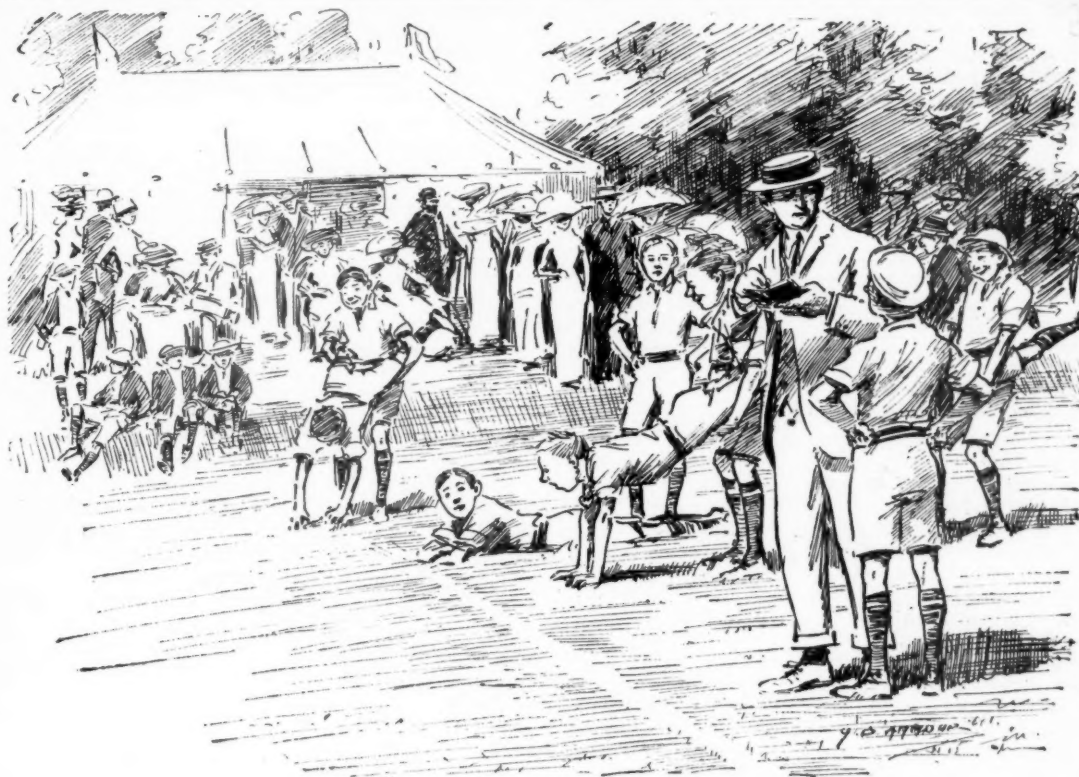
Avoid communication with persons of taste and judgment during the critical stages of construction.

If at the end your friend (not known to be jealous) says, "That's something like a hat," you may know you have failed.

There should be no resemblance.

"There is much about the Coronation in *Nash's Magazine* for June. Mr. Alfred Austin contributes a fourteen-line sonnet on the subject in his well-known style."—*Daily Telegraph*.

This is very short measure for a Coronation sonnet. All the decent poets are giving eighteen lines at least, and some twenty.



Boy (to Schoolmaster starting races). "PLEASE, SIR, I CAN'T GO; MY WHEELBARROW'S ILL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. EARLE won a high place in the regard of the reading public by her first book, *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*, which, I am not surprised to see, is flourishing in its 29th edition. The claim will be strengthened by her new work, *Memoirs and Memories* (SMITH, ELDER). It has the charm of the *Pot-Pourri* style, of which Mrs. EARLE is past-mistress. There is no particular order in the book nor any sequence in its story. Coming upon a number of old family letters and papers locked up nearly seventy years ago, in the cupboard of her father's library, she sorts them out in leisurely fashion and sends them to the printer. Her father's hoard was supplemented by her mother's, and of these, linked up with some of her own memories, she makes a charmingly disorderly book. It purports to be written for, and is dedicated to, her grandchildren, a circumstance that permits of the introduction of much intimate family correspondence. From the letters, dating as far back as the second decade of the 19th century, we get interesting glimpses of the past. Writing under date 1819, an uncle of Mrs. EARLE's husband reports: "Mr. Buckland, in a letter received from him this morning, says he lately went in a steam vessel 90 miles in little, if anything, more than 6½ hours." Prodigious! Mrs. EARLE's quick eye for good "copy" is shown in varied instances. One is supplied by quotation of the account of her parents' wedding, which appeared in *The Morning Post*: "The bridegroom," it is recorded, "was supported on either side by the Marquis of Londonderry

and Lord John Russell. It gave us great pleasure to remark this oblivion to political differences in the great leaders of opposite parties whilst engaged in the more pleasing duties of private life." In the best passages of his frequent burlesques of *The Morning Post* man of the Thirties, THACKERAY never exceeded that delightful touch. From childhood Mrs. EARLE has, over a period of 60 years, been brought into close contact with many of the most interesting people in literature, art and politics. She chats about them in the simple artless fashion that conceals the highest literary art.

In the days of *Moll o' the Toll-Bar* (HUTCHINSON) there were no County Councils, no half-penny press and no Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Their sermons finished, cock-fighting parsons backed their own birds against all comers in bloody combat in their own churchyards. Women who were vagrants were stripped to the waist and flogged at the public whipping-post till they swooned. Lovers were torn from their lasses, as they walked the lanes, by men wearing the King's uniform, and carried off, bound hand and foot, to fight and, what is more astounding, to win their country's battles on the high seas, side by side with the scum of the nation. Starving men crept out on the hill-sides to search for food for their starving wives and children, and were hanged (sometimes, like the father of Mr. MASEFIELD's *Nan*, when they were innocent) for stealing sheep. It was in this Merrie England of a little more than a hundred years ago that *Lady Moll*, as the Ullerdale villagers called her, loved and was loved by Sir Harry Brackenthwaite. Miss THEODORA WILSON-WILSON has written several other books

in her time, so that it is rather daring of me to say that *Moll o' the Toll-Bar* seems to me rather amateurish in style, and—I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb—a promising subject for the plot of a Lyceum melodrama. But I like it all the same, because I like her *Lady Moll*, who was ahead of her time, as well as above her apparent station in life. I like, too, to think that even in those amazing days there were plenty of sweet *Molls* in England, as there are still. Perhaps that was partly the reason why we won our Trafalgars, in spite of the press-gangs and the cock-fights and the bangings and the whippings of vagrant (and voteless) women.

The *House of Bondage* (HEINEMANN) is not only an exceptionally readable novel, but it is also an able and ingenious argument of Mr. C. G. COMPTON on behalf of *Lady Winborough*, sometime *Laura Henderson*. The short fact is that she, having been induced to take her honeymoon before her marriage, and having been left in some poverty with no husband and one son, contracted another alliance with an Oriental-minded but charming Greek of the City, marriage still being deferred. You are asked to fall in line with the many high-principled and clever men and women who, some at once and some after laborious conviction, forgive, exonerate, and finally applaud her conduct. So delicately and yet brilliantly does her advocate state her case, and such is her character shown to be, that the defence must so far have succeeded. But it goes further; it urges that she is typical of a class, small but extant, and that the class must at the least have toleration. There I am not convinced. *Laura*, in the bravery of a high aim, went to the last resource; the class more often takes the first opportunity recklessly. I doubt if justice has been done, as it has been attempted, to the view which, not entirely in ignorant bias or conventional intolerance, sticks out for marriage before honeymoon. The verdict, however, is left with the jury of readers. My recommendation to them is to give the matter their most careful attention, and by no means to neglect the mass of irrelevant but wholly delightful matter with which it is surrounded.

The announcement, made in the press a few days ago, that an "unknown" work of WAGNER has been unearthed at Dresden, in the form of an instrumental accompaniment to the chorus of male voices written by the master for a State command in 1843, comes as an interesting supplement to his own account of the occasion, which I have just been reading in *My Life*, by *Richard Wagner* (CONSTABLE). Nothing, of course, is said here as to the instrumental accompaniment, which was perhaps discarded as unsatisfactory, WAGNER's comments being merely that "my simpler song"—as compared with MENDELSSOHN's anthem

for the same function—"sounded very well from a distance." Afterwards he records receiving, as a reward, a gold snuff-box from the gala committee, with "the hunting scene engraved on the top so badly done that in several places the metal was cut through." The quotation is a good example of the frank and somewhat pungent style in which the whole memoirs are written. Their greatest interest lies in their revelation of a personality rather arresting than attractive; not so much an unconscious revelation, as one conveyed deliberately, with that frank absorption in self which is among the penalties, or the rewards, of the artistic temperament. Anyhow, it is all exceedingly good reading; and one cannot but regret that the story should end abruptly, with the royal summons to Munich, at the beginning of what should have been its most fantastic chapter.

If I have any criticism to make upon the two handsome volumes in which MESSRS. CONSTABLE have issued the memoirs, it is a regret that the person responsible for this "authorised translation" should not have been named upon the title-page. The skill with which the flavour of the original German has been preserved in his rendering—e.g., such phrases as "dazzling respectability," applied by WAGNER to the position of Court conductor—deserves grateful recognition by the many to whom this book will be a delight.

If you read *The Price of Empire* (BLACKWOOD) as I did, out of doors on a very hot day, you will find your hands slightly embued with scarlet, which, combined with the ominous hints contained in the earlier chapters of the book, will give you the gloomiest anticipations of a terrible and tragic dénouement. Utilising the topical theme of unrest in India, Mrs. HOBART-HAMPDEN has written a rather thrilling story of a conspiracy to murder the English women and children in the remote station of Pachor. The plot is complicated by the fact that the Assistant District Commissioner is himself a Bengali, vowed to the cause of emancipation and possessed of a beautiful sister who attempts to entangle the young civilian, *Allan Tremaine*. I cannot say that I find the development of the emotional drama overwhelmingly probable, and it was not assisted by a rather conventional style of narration. There are too many sentences like "The thin veneer of civilisation restrained her" (it is time, I think, that civilisation found itself a new simile and became a varnish, perhaps, or even a distemper). But the tale moves well, and I gave a little gasp of relief to find that, in spite of a badly split infinitive somewhere about the hundredth page, the Empire retained its integrity to the end.

"It is said that the King's gift will take the form of an electric motor-carriage, but the secret is being well kept." The writer seems confident that his paper (whose name we kindly suppress) does not enter Royal circles.



Musti. "YOU DOING ANYTHING AT THE CORONATION, OLD MAN?"
Uniform. "YES, I'M GOING TO LINE A STREET."

CHARIVARIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been invested as a Knight of the Garter. One of the best investments the Nation has ever made.

Everyone is hurrying up to see the Coronation, and the cry is, Still they come. A puma, a crocodile, and two chimpanzees were born at Bostock's Jungle at the White City last week.

During the great heat, we hear, the promoters of the Coventry Coronation Procession were inundated with offers from ladies who were willing to fill the rôle of Lady GODIVA without any fee whatever.

We are told that in the work of designing the Coronation Cake presented to the King the services of a Royal Academician were employed. This is quite credible, for we believe that the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park was designed by a Royal Academician.

Sir JAMES BARR, the Liverpool physician, addressing the congress of the Canadian Medical Association, said that the dawn of a new era in the medical world was breaking forth, and, under the system of prevention of disease, there should be little future need of surgical interference. We hear that a Surgeons' Defence Society is to be formed at once to prevent this.

More realism! The new *Samson* at the Opera, the other night, brought the house down.

"Mothers visiting the Crystal Palace," it was announced last week, "may, at an inclusive charge of fourpence for the whole day, leave their children at the Model Day Nursery." We have since heard that an old lady of seventy, with strong views on a woman's right to "live her own life," took advantage of this offer, depositing her two sons, aged fifty and fifty-one respectively, in the

Nursery while she made the tour of the Festival of Empire.

An attempt is to be made to change the name of the Gaiety Theatre to the Jayety Theatre.

At the Coronation Exhibition there is a stall where, according to an announcement, one may purchase "Old Egyptian Antiquities." Lovers of Modern Antiquities will have to go elsewhere.

A two-hundred-guinea hat, made to the order of a customer, was on view

"Honour for Mr. JESSE COLLINGS." This makes the other gentleman out to be a very superior person.

The wine growers of the Aube district are now incensed against the Government for labelling their wine "champagne of the second zone." We certainly prefer ours to be of the third, or frigid, zone.

Some of the inhabitants are even going so far, in their rage, as to invite the GERMAN EMPEROR to annex them. It is rumoured that His Majesty may accept the offer with a view to exchanging the district later on for Morocco.

The City Press is authorised to state that, despite suggestions to the contrary, the City is giving very earnest consideration to the question of centralising the criminal work of the Metropolis at the Old Bailey. It is thought that this announcement will satisfy our Metropolitan criminals, who were fearing that their interests were being neglected, and were even talking of going on strike.

The London General Omnibus Company has decided to instruct its drivers to moderate their speed with a view to reducing the

number of accidents. It is presumed that one of their customers must have been run over by one of their vehicles.

"I am only surprised," said an omnibus driver, interviewed on the subject, "that there are not more accidents." As a matter of fact some persons are of the opinion that there are.

"FRENCHMAN or GERMAN.—A permanent VACANCY occurs with good export firm for young foreigner, to act as VOLONTAIRE. 20s. after a few weeks."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Too simple! Not even a Frenchman or German, willing as they may be to work for nothing in England, is going to jump at a "permanent vacancy."



IN ORDER TO AVOID "SOCIAL BIAS," JUDGES IN FUTURE WILL BE SELECTED FROM ALL CLASSES.

at a milliner's last week. In the same way one sometimes sees frames of considerably greater value than the pictures which they surround.

During the re-building of a post-office in the Borough the workmen discovered fifteen letters, posted in 1886, 1888 and 1889, behind an old sorting-table. An admirer of CHARLES LAMB suggests that all our post-offices shall be re-built with a view to discovering other missing letters.

"The Birmingham City Council, yesterday, decided to confer the honorary freedom of the city upon Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P., and Alderman WILLIAM KENRICK." This announcement is entitled by *The Express*

TO WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[On the occasion of the Historic Costume Ball given in his honour, June 20th.]

MASTER, I would the scene were graced by you
When, richly dizen'd by the costume-drapers,
For your peculiar benefit we do
Our set quadrilles and honorific capers;
To miss in person this so flattering boom,
To have no part in our memorial molly,
Should make your hallowed bones assume
A restive air within the tomb
At Stratford-cum-Corelli.

Swift falls to some the meed of high renown;
At eve their fame is *nil*; they've not begun it;
Next morning they're the talk of half the Town—
A column in *The Daily Mail* has done it.
But, ere the country came to understand
That *your* performance furnished ample reason
For pomps of so superb a brand,
It took them just three centuries and
A Coronation Season.

But now the Smart Contingent "takes you up;"
For you, the very last of London's crazes,
Society consents to dance and sup—
The noblest monument it ever raises;
Not theirs to question—that were too abstruse—
Whether your actual merit more or less is,
But, like a charity, your use
Is to afford a fit excuse
For wearing fancy dresses.

Thus in their dinner-parties forth they go,
Plumed and brocaded, wigged and precious-stony—
Rosalind, Portia, Puck and Prospero,
Strikingly reproducing your *personæ*;
All times and scenes—from Hamlet's Elsinore
To Juliet's "fair Verona" (quattro-cento),
Making for you, from out their store
Of rather vague historic lore,
A truly *chic* memento.

Master, if such affairs intrigue your ghost
Moving at large among the world's immortals,
You'll guess what motive bids this gallant host
Swarm to the masquerade through ALBERT's portals.
Is it your show or theirs? Of such a doubt
Your human wit will make a healthy clearance:
You'll judge that all who join the rout
Are solely exercised about
Their personal appearance.

And yet—God speed them at their "SHAKSPEARE Ball,"
Treading (on others' toes) the daedal dances,
Though some have never read your plays at all,
And some imagine you are BACON (FRANCIS).
They serve an end; their ticket-money buys
Solid material for the shrine we owe you;
And soon a temple's walls shall rise
Where, even under English skies,
People may get to know you.

O. S.

ALL THE PREPARATIONS.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Special French Correspondent.)

I HAVE recounted you, my dear Colleg, how it is passed
itself that I have loued a chamber at Putney, faubourg
very agreeable situate on the bords of the Thames. For
to find it I have dued to sue blood and water, but now
I live like a cock in paste. It is a modest house, a quin-

caillery, and the proprietor names himself Bolus, droll
of name, but one must not regard to it of too near, for
my chamber has the air to be pulled to four pins. Even
at Paris, town of the propre chambers, one would not
find nothing of more propre. Mr. the quinecaillier Bolus
is an honest boy. He speak not a word of French. "I
learn not the lingo at school," he say, "and now it
is too late; the old dogs learn not tricks any more."
I say to him "There is my affair," I say. "I desire to
exerce myself to speak English." He say, "Right, all
right; we shall not fall out, I daresay," and me to answer
him, "Parbleu, no," I say to him, "the bed is big enough
for that I do not fall out of it." He places himself to
laugh. "Aha," he say, "you are a joker; I like jokers."
My little pleasantry, I make myself strong to say it, has
had a mad success, for he call Madame Bolus and repeat
it to her, and then he call his daughter Miss Bolus, and
she too has to pass by there, but she say, "Papa! how
you do run on," and at the end I tend him my hand
and say, "Tap there, my old," and he taps, and there
we are then friends. When I think at the detestable
McAndrews it is well the case to felicitate myself of
having had the courage to demenage from there. I believe
I have well pulled my pin out of the game.

Chez Madame Bolus, there is not even difficulty about
the repasts. For my breakfast she between-opens the
door of my chamber and pushes me in on the carpet a
cup of coffee to the milk and some tartines of butter.
That suffices me; it is the habitude of us other Frenches.
And the coffee is of an excellence, but of an excellence
to make forget his salute! Never even in Paris I have
not gouted of better. It appear that Mister Bolus is
celebrate for his coffee in all the quarter. In the past
he has had as locatary a professor of the French tongue
who fell malad and was tendermently soigned by Madame
Bolus who deployed for him all the virtues of a guard-
malad. For reconnaissance, when he guerits, he give
Madame Bolus a dictionary French-English, veritable
trouvaille for me, though I have not employed him much
yet, and he insigne Mister Bolus the art of making the
coffee *à la Française*. "Truly," says Madame Bolus in
recounting me this history, "we have not obliged an
ingrate." Yes, they are brave peoples, these Bolus.

For the Crownment I have now a good billet at three
pounds, and I shall be at same to make you see that
grandiose spectacle with some French eyes.

Believe me, your all devout JULES MILLEFOIS.

[POST SCRIPTUM.—The time ecoules itself without that
we apperceive ourselves of it and there we are at one week
of the great eventment. I please myself to promenade me
in the streets of London. What a changement of decoration!
Everywhere workmen who chancel under the weight
of long planches or gigantesque poutres. The face of the
houses is covered of them. Everywhere the perpetual
tic-tac of hammers, and everywhere the Policeman, robust
and solid guardian of those who aventure themselves in the
streets on a day of fête. I address myself to a Policeman
who stations in Pall Mall. I say to him, "There will be
much of world the day of the Crownment, is it not?" For
all response he laugh, and then he say to me, "Yes, the
whole world will be there, and a tidy lot more too."
I write down his word and then I make him a pleasantry.
I say to him, "But it is not tidy your amass of planches
and poutres; it is everything what there is of most
untidy." And he to answer me, "Vive l'ontonty cordially!"
—it is like that he pronounce the French. I serre him the
hand and continue my promenade. I feel that to us two
we can combat the world entire.]

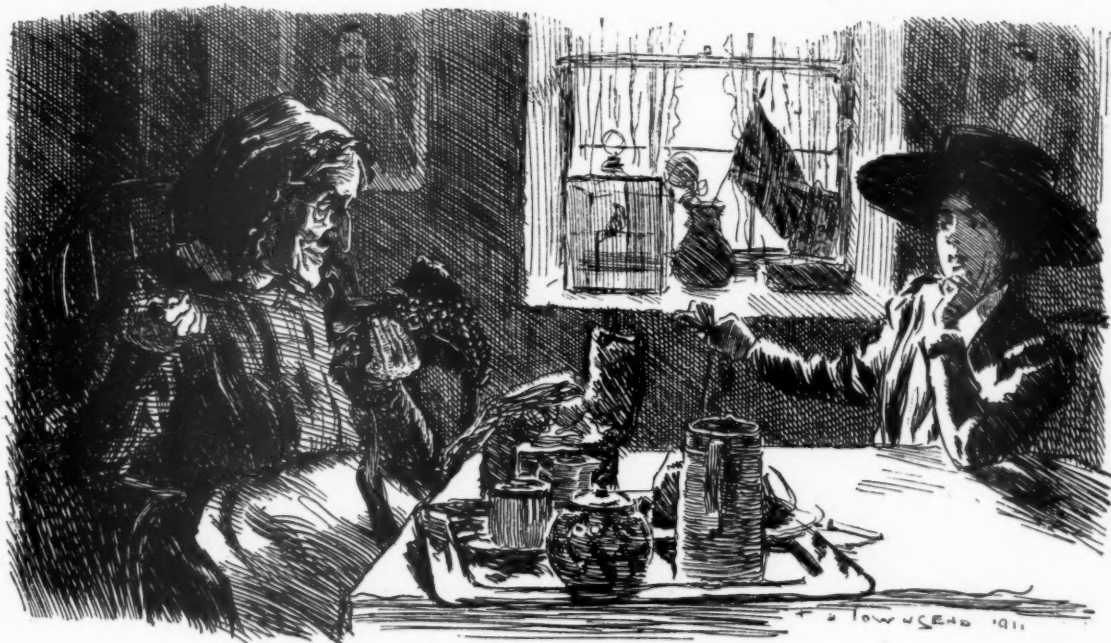


THE SUBURBAN LOYALISTS.

(Time—2 a.m.)

WIFE OF CORONATION ENTHUSIAST. "HAVE YOU GOT EVERYTHING! THE SANDWICHES AND THE TEA-FLASK AND THE CAMERA AND THE FIELD-GLASSES, AND THE MAP OF THE ROUTE, AND YOUR MACKINTOSH AND UMBRELLA, AND MY GOLOSHES, AND THE ANTI-SLUMBER TABLOIDS AND THE LATCHKEY!"

CORONATION ENTHUSIAST. "YES, MY LOVE; AND MY TOBACCO AND WHISKY, AND A SPARE COLLAR, AND A HAT-PIN PROTECTOR, AND A COPY OF THE POLICE-REGULATIONS."



Old Lady (trimming her bonnet for the festal occasion). "YES, MUM, I MISSED QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION 'CAUSE IT WAS MOTHER'S WASHING-DAY, AND KING EDWARD'S 'CAUSE IT WERE MINE, BUT I'LL PUT OFF ME WASHING TILL CHRISTMAS RATHER THAN MISS TH'S 'UN."

THE GREAT ADDLED REVIEW.

(With profound acknowledgments to the Proprietor and Editor of "The Great Adult Review.")

WHY ADDLED? BECAUSE

—Our standard is not that of the mealy-mouthed modernist, but of the noble savage who prefers his meat high.

Our Editor only recognises the morality of Truth and feels it his duty to proclaim "the fascination of corruption."

Addle is etymologically connected with the German *adel*—i.e. nobility.

Fresh eggs are useless as missiles wherewith to pelt self-righteousness.

Our aim is to free the downtrodden reading public from the enervating yolk of insipidity.

We are not purveyors of nursery pabulum but of strong meat for stout stomachs.

We stand for courage, originality, progress, and unlimited bilge-water.

The London Scottish are entertaining the Colonial troops on June 21 at a smoking concert to be held at headquarters, Buckingham Gate.

There will be two rehearsals at Westminster Abbey next week.—*Evening Times*.

If we had not seen it in print we should never have believed it.

ARMS AND THE ASS.

[Heraldic terms are not guaranteed.]

No ermined robes adorn me. Nay,
My clothes are drab, with tie to
match;

Although a bard, I can't display
Even a modest purple patch;

Yet pride is strong in my plebeian
breast,

And my ambition is to have a Crest.

But what? I spend long hours in
thought,

Finding the problem very hard.

Sometimes it seems to me I ought,

Being, as I have said, a bard,

To have a Rampant Pen, or, better still,
A Laurel Wreath impaled upon a Quill.

And when I ply my daily task

(Perched on a stool, with careworn
face)

I cease my toil at times to ask

If this device would meet the case
(Excuse mistakes; I've never learnt
the rules)—

A Ledger flanked by Inkpots sable,
gules.

Or, since such men are skilled and
wise,

It won't be past the Herald's
powers

To plan a Crest to symbolise

The passion of my leisure hours.

This, roughly, is the sort of thing I
mean—

A Golfer sanguine putting on a Green.

In softer moments, when to Nell

My fancy wanders, I design

A thing which, if emblazoned well,
Would look, I'm sure, extremely
fine;

I know exactly how it should be done—

A Damsel proper habited A 1.

Yet, since my verses don't succeed,

And since I loathe the office stool,

And since my golf is vile indeed,

And Nell, of late, distinctly cool,

Why, dash it all, I may as well be

frank,

And have a Bubble (burst) upon a
Blank.

The New Suttee.

In reply to a request that he might
have his hat returned to him, Master
HARRY JAYAWARDANA has received the
following answer in the columns of
The Ceylon Independent:—

"Dear Sir,—Mudalizer Harry Jayawardana
has evidently forgotten that he handed me
his hat at the cremation of the late High
Priest. I am sorry I failed to inform him
before, that, carried away by the sentiment of
the moment, I flung it to the burning pyre,
hoping for future merit. May the merit be his,
as he was the owner of the hat!"

THE MUG MARKET.

(Quotations throughout are on the basis of "Middling" Mugs. That is to say they apply to the ordinary straight-forward Coronation Mug, with portraits of the King and Queen and the date, and either the Royal Arms or the Union Jack. Mugs with both the Royal Arms and the Union Jack or lavishly decorated with gold command a premium of some 20 to 30 per cent.)

March 31st, 1911.—During the past month the market has been somewhat narrow and restricted, though a few parcels for future delivery have changed hands. In face of the enormous stocks accumulating buyers have shown little anxiety to enter the market, and trading on the Spot has been purely nominal.

April 30th, 1911.—The market during April remained dull and listless with prices favouring buyers until the decision of one of the Midland County Councils, on the 22nd, to place their order—for 30,000—in Germany. On this intelligence a serious slump took place and, by the afternoon of the 23rd, Middling Mugs were quoted as low as $3\frac{1}{4}d$. Profit-taking on the part of some of the larger Bears however had a steadying effect, and the recovery was still further assisted by the news from the Midlands which reached the Floor about noon on the following day. An indignation meeting of rate-payers, it will be remembered, had brought such pressure to bear that the Council had rescinded their former decision and placed the order in Great Britain. A buoyant and active market continued for several days. May mugs at one time were even quoted at a slight premium over June, and the end of the month found prices in the neighbourhood of $5\frac{1}{4}d$. Stocks are however still accumulating.

May 30th, 1911.—The market in the past month has been subject to the most violent fluctuations, and the jobbers have reaped a veritable harvest. The great fire in the Potteries on the 13th resulted in a sudden and frenzied advance and, under the influence of buying orders, which poured in from all parts of the country, prices rose by leaps and bounds. Even when the news was received that nothing had been destroyed by the fire except some

hundreds of thousands of earthenware tea-pots the bulge continued, and the wildest rumours were current of depleted stocks. An illustrated circular which was sent out by one of the leading firms, showing the Coronation child in tears, and adorned with the legend "There's no Mug left for me," added fuel to the flames, and the climax was reached when the Parish Councils, which had so far held aloof, began to come in with sheaves of

QUOTATIONS FOR MIDDLING MUGS.

Noon: May 30th.

May Delivery . . . $4\frac{1}{4}d$.

June Delivery . . . $4d$. to $4\frac{1}{4}d$.

July Delivery . . . $\frac{1}{2}d$. to $\frac{3}{4}d$.
(Nominal.)

June 15th, 1911.—The market has been in a deplorable state for the past fortnight, and the slump has continued daily. With all the larger corporations already supplied the demand has fallen away, and the trading in Mugs has been entirely of the hand-to-mouth variety. Many of the Parish Councils are still holding off—especially those in Scotland—with a view to lower prices. It is hoped that their orders, along with those of private buyers, may save the situation at the last moment.

June 21st, 1911.—*The Mug Market closed.*—The Mug Market closed its operations last night amidst unparalleled scenes of depression when the Parish Council of Crashie Howe, in Dumfriesshire, filled an order for 311 at the unprecedented price of $1\frac{1}{4}d$.

It is understood that the whole of the remaining stocks have been acquired at scrap rates by a Yorkshire firm which has invented an ingenious process for removing the picture and design.



Mrs. Bucket. "PREIS YOU WOULDN'T MIND TELLIN' ME WHERE 'UD BE ABANT THE BEST PLACE TO SEE THE CORINATION?"

Policeman. "WELL, I SHOULD SAY SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE ABBEY WOULDN'T BE AEF A BAD PLACE."

minor orders. At last prices broke suddenly, on the 29th, when *The Daily Mail* published a full report from its Own Correspondent, who had made an extended tour through the factories, warehouses and emporia of Great Britain, and estimated the number of Mugs still in stock at seven and a half million. This news was sufficient to defeat the rumour which had been industriously circulated that the Bull Clique had been quietly acquiring May options with a view to cornering the supply. The market slumped and closed quiet but feverish at much reduced rates.

"Madame Patti . . . sang with all her old pathos and charm 'Home, Sweet Home.' Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, in moving a vote of thanks to the artists, echoed the sentiments of everyone present when he said that he would have liked 'the sweet tones of that dear remarkable lady' to be the last heard in the hall that afternoon." *Newcastle Daily Journal*.

Our contemporary is needlessly quick to second Sir HERBERT's modest reference to his own voice.

"Although twice knocked down, Mr. Haley, a local referee, gave the bantam-weight championship to Tommy Regan, Boston, against William Allen, England. The decision was received with hisses."—*Reuter*.

Question: Who knocked him down? Our money is on ALLEN.

The Tomato Harvest.

"Tomatoes have profited by the weather, and it is said that this year's harvest will be the last for many years."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

This may be the local gossip among the tomatoes, but they will find next year that they have deceived themselves.



BROTHERLY LOVE.

Small Man (to burly acquaintance, who for no apparent reason has given a man a blow like a kick from a horse). "AVE YOU GOT SOMETHING AGIN THAT BLOKE?"

Burly Acquaintance (surprised). "IM! WOT, AGIN OLE BILL! NOT LIKELY."

S. M. "WOT YOU 'IT 'IM FOR, THEN?"

B. A. (more surprised). "I GIVE 'IM A PAT 'COS I LIKES 'IM, O' COURSE. 'E'S A PAL O' MINE."

S. M. (alarmed). "LUMME! D'YOU THINK YOU'RE LIKELY TO GIT FOND O' ME?"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY
ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT THE TELEPHONE.

(After a too ubiquitous model.)

He. That you, sweetheart?

She. Yes, darling; what is it?

He. Oh! I want you to do something for me this morning when you go out shopping.

She. Hopping? I'm not going hopping. Why should I? Besides it's only June—they're not ripe yet.

He (shouting). Not hopping—shopping.

She. Oh! shopping? Why didn't you say so?

He. I did.

She. Well, what is it you want?

He. I want a bottle of Kurit.

She. You want to throttle a curate.

He (shouting). No, a bottle of Kurit.

She. I can't hear. A bottle of what?

He. Kurit, K-U-R-I-T. The famous and much advertised, but by no means beyond its deserts, preparation for the scalp.

She. Oh! you want something to make your hair grow?

He. No, no, no, I don't want something to make my hair grow. I want one thing to make my hair grow.

She. All right, I'll get you one thing. You didn't think I was going to get a dozen, did you?

He. But you must get the one thing I want.

She (rather irritably). Well, what is this wonderful one thing?

He. Kurit, sweetheart. There are many preparations for the hair on the market, as no doubt you have observed, but there is no preparation at once so sanitary and efficacious as Kurit, which, prepared from a number of safe but powerful medicaments, not only

stimulates the roots to promote growth but imparts to the resultant hair a glossy appearance. That is why I don't want anything but Kurit.

She. All right, darling, I'll get you a bottle of Kurit. Good-bye.

He. Stop a minute, don't ring off. *She.* What is it?

He. There are two sizes of Kurit—one at eighteenpence and one at half-a-crown. Buy the half-crown bottle, for it is much more economical.

She. All right. Good-bye, darling. [They ring off.]

More Commercial Candour.

1. From an outfitter's catalogue at Cape Town:—

"Make certain of getting the best of everything by sending to—s."

"We advise you to buy the best, for even then it is not too good."

TEN AND EIGHT.

THE only event of importance last week was my victory over Henry by ten and eight. If you don't want to hear about that, then I shall have to tell you a few facts concerning the coming ceremony of the Coronation. You'd rather have the other? I thought so.

The difference between Henry and me is that he is what I should call a good golfer, and I am what everybody else calls a bad golfer. In consequence of this he insults me with offers of bisques.

"I'll have ten this time," I said, as we walked to the tee.

"Better have twelve. I beat you with eleven yesterday."

"Thank you," I said haughtily. "I will have ten." It is true that he beat me last time, but then owing to bad management on my part I had nine bisques left at the moment of defeat simply eating their heads off.

Henry teed up and drove a "Pink Spot" out of sight. Henry swears by the "Pink Spot" if there is anything of a wind. I use either a "Quo Vadis," which is splendid for going out of bounds, or an "Ostrich," which has a wonderful way of burying itself in the sand. I followed him to the green at my leisure.

"Five," said Henry.

"Seven," said I; "and if I take three bisques it's my hole."

"You must only take one at a time," protested Henry.

"Why? There's nothing in Wisden or Baedeker about it. Besides, I will only take one at a time if it makes it easier for you. I take one, and that brings me down to six, and then another one and that brings me down to five, and then another one and that brings me down to four. There! And as you did the hole in five, I win."

"Well, of course, if you like to waste them all at the start—"

"I'm not wasting them, I'm creating a moral effect. Behold, I have won the first hole; let us be photographed together."

Henry went to the next tee slightly ruffled and topped his ball into the road. I had kept mine well this side of it and won in four to five.

"I shan't take any bisques here," I said. "Two up."

At the third tee my "Quo Vadis" darted off suddenly to the left and tried to climb the hill. I headed it off and gave it a nasty dent from behind when it wasn't looking, and with my next shot started it rolling down the mountains with ever-increasing velocity. Not until it was within a foot of the pin

did it condescend to stop. Henry, who had reached the green with his drive and had taken one putt too many, halved the hole in four. I took a bisque and was three up.

The fourth hole was prettily played by both of us, and with two bisques I had it absolutely stiff. Unnerved by this Henry went all out at the fifth and tried to carry the stream in two. Unfortunately (I mean unfortunately for him) the stream was six inches too broad in the particular place at which he tried to carry it. My own view is that he should either have chosen another place or else have got a narrower stream from somewhere. As it was I won in an uneventful six, and took with a bisque the short hole which followed.

"Six up," I pointed out to Henry, "and three bisques left. They're jolly little things, bisques, but you want to use them quickly. *Bisque dat qui cito dat*. Doesn't the sea look ripping to-day?"

"Go on," growled Henry.

"I once did a two at this hole," I said as I teed my ball. "If I did a two now and took a bisque, you'd have to do it in nothing in order to win. A solemn thought."

At this hole you have to drive over a chasm in the cliffs. My ball made a bee line for the beach, bounced on a rock, and disappeared into a cave. Henry's "Pink Spot," which really seemed to have a chance of winning a hole at last, found the wind too much for it and followed me below.

"I'm in this cave," I said when we had found Henry's ball; and with a lighted match in one hand and a niblick in the other I went in and tried to persuade the "Ostrich" to come out. My eighth argument was too much for it, and we re-appeared in the daylight together.

"How many?" I asked Henry.

"Six," he said, as he hit the top of the cliff once more, and shot back on to the beach.

I left him and chivied my ball round to where the cliffs are lowest; then I got it gradually on to a little mound of sand (very delicate work this), took a terrific swing and fairly heaved it on to the grass. Two more strokes put me on to the green in twenty. I lit a pipe and waited for Henry to finish his game of rackets.

"I've played twenty-five," he shouted.

"Then you'll want some of my bisques," I said. "I can lend you three till Monday."

Henry had one more rally and then picked his ball up. I had won seven holes and I had three bisques with which to win the match. I was a

little doubtful if I could do this, but Henry settled the question by misjudging yet again the breadth of the stream. What is experience if it teaches us nothing? Henry must really try to enlarge his mind about rivers.

"Dormy nine," I said at the tenth tee, "and no bisques left."

"Thank Heaven for that," sighed Henry.

"But I have only to halve one hole out of nine," I pointed out. "Technically I am on what is known as velvet."

"Oh, shut up and drive."

I am a bad golfer, but even bad golfers do holes in bogey now and then. In the ordinary way I was pretty certain to halve one of the nine holes with Henry, and so win the match. Both the eleventh and the seventeenth, for instance, are favourites of mine. Had I halved one of those, he would have admitted cheerfully that I had played good golf and beaten him fairly. But as things happened—

What happened, put quite briefly, was this. Bogey for the tenth is four. I hooked my drive off the tee and down a little gully to the left, put a good iron shot into a bunker on the right, and then ran down a hundred-yard putt with a niblick for a three. One of those difficult down-hill putts.

"Luck!" said Henry, as soon as he could speak.

"I thought I'd missed it," I said.

"Your match," said Henry; "I can't play against luck like that."

It was true that he had given me ten bisques, but, on the other hand, I could have given him a dozen at the seventh and still have beaten him.

However, I was too magnanimous to point that out. All I said was, "Ten and eight."

And then I added thoughtfully, "I don't think I've ever won by more than that." A. A. M.

"By-the-way, we have of recent days neglected to inform our readers of the fact that Dr. W. G. Price still continues, each Thursday evening, at the hour of 8 p.m., to compel from the famous grand organ attached to the northern end of our vast Town Hall volumes of richest polyphony and no end of exquisite melody, accompanied by either hand, in rhythmical, traditional Italian method. The latter pleases the hoi polloi; the former Bacchians; the cognoscenti few. In simpler phraseology, the learned doctor, a worthy successor to the famed Lemaire, opener of soul organ a few brief years ago, delights and demands encores from audiences that should be four times as large at least once a week, and do not forget that that once is Thursday."

Adelaide Register.

Unless *The Daily Telegraph* can think of something really good in Coronation week, it looks as though Australia will retain the ashes.



Lady (to bachelor host). "SO DELIGHTFUL OF YOU TO THINK OF DINING US AT A SMALL SOHO RESTAURANT—SO BOHEMIAN, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Waiter (in loud whisper). "THE LADY'S HAD TWO BUTTERS ALREADY, SIR; IS SHE TO HAVE ANY MORE?"

A LONDON LYRE.

(Little topographies compiled for the benefit of our trans-Atlantic visitors.)

THE TEMPLE.

Far away, in dear old Sutter
County, where the learn'd in law
Swings the well-timed surrebutter
To his fellow-pleader's jaw,

There your Pa (before the Railways
Found him lucrative employ)
Frowned in anger on the frail ways
Of the local strong-arm boy,

Or in accents of abandon
Wrung the jurymen to tears
When they found his client's brand on
Someone else's private steers.

Now his travelled footstep tarries
Through the courts and ancient ways
Trod by legal luminaries
Practising in olden days.

Here in cloister, close and alley
Toiled the great ones of the race,
With whose works your Pa will dally
When preparing for a case.

BLACKSTONE, BENJAMIN, LORD STOWELL,
VESEY JUNIOR, BROD. and BING.,

Mighty names that lawyers know well—
This is where they had their fling.

Here they raised a legal system
In all ages unsurpassed—
Laws that, howso'er you twist 'em,
Lay you by the heels at last.

Here they dined, a grave proceeding,
Drank their toast in heavy port,
Gossiped on the Art of Pleading
And the latest thing in Tort.

Here amid the dust of ages
Their successors toil to-day,
Ten per cent. of whom (one gauges)
Are in touch with actual pay;

While the briefless, howso clever,
Waits in patience for the pelf;
Etiquette says he must never
Go and hunt a job himself.

Not so Pa; he was a hustler,
Had an office near the jail,
Where he kept the live-stock rustler
Separated from his kale.

And when trains were wrecked or
traction
Cars collided he would make
Haste toward the scene of action
In the ambulance's wake.

He was up to all the dodges,
Led the march at County balls,
Joined a dozen different lodges,
Christened babies, carried palls.

Now he's numbered with the giants,
Rigs the smart combine and busts
Judgments calling for compliance
From the predatory Trusts.

Here, a law-confounded race's
Evil genius, he learns
How they tried the earliest cases
For the earliest cash returns;

Notes how dignity is blended
With a lively thirst for fees,
And, his purview much extended,
Heads towards the "Cheshire Cheese."
ALGOL.

"A few days ago we published a letter from Mr. O. Pollard complaining about late trains on the South Indian Railway. We now learn that the late running is due owing to heavy engineering work on the line, and that the authorities are preparing a new time-table which, it is hoped, will in some way mitigate the inconvenience."—*Madras Mail*.

The same trick has been tried here, but the trains are still late. Some day the trains will be adjusted to the time-table as a change.



SELF-DEFENCE IN THE STREETS.

A FOOT-PASSENGER, WHO HAS HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SPRAIN HIS ANKLE, KEEPING OFF A DETERMINED RUSH OF FIRST-AIDERS TILL THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

[A private and more effective recipe than those constantly suggested by the halfpenny Press.]

WHEN I weary of infinite lays
(Like a hen) as the weather grows
hotter,
When Pegasus languidly heighs,
And the Muse is a rotter,
And I envy the ducks in the park and
the seals at the Zoo and the otter;
When the dust eddies up from the
path
Which the wheel of the motor car
threshes,
And no place allures but the bath,
And no drink refreshes,
And drives are all topped from the tee
and all services faint in the meshes;
Shall I list to the voice of the Press?
Shall I purchase their hints for a
copper
On how I should cut down my dress
(Which would hardly be proper),

And only eat turnips and wear a huge
cabbage leaf under my topper?

Ah no! for the power of the mind
Is lord of the frailties of matter,
And food is so pleasant, I find,
And I don't think my hatter
Would let me fit greens in his tile, and
I can't leave off clothes like a
satyr.

My thoughts I relentlessly switch
To souls who are fated to follow
Some calling contrasted with which,
When he worships Apollo,
The weaver of honey-sweet songs is as
cool as a cow in a wallow.

I think of the people who toil
For gold in the grasp of the City,
Of stokers and engine-room oil,
Of bakers all gritty
With germ of the standardized flour, and
of chaps on some futile Committee.

I think of the hind hoeing roots,
Of pedlars their articles hawking,

Of gullants in very tight boots
(Blessed dream!) who are walking
On shadowless plains with their loves
and expected to do all the talking.

I think of the men on the *Mail*,
I think of my butcher and grocer,
And when all these solaces fail
Am I comfortless? No, Sir!
I think, and revive at the thought, of
one place where it's fifty times
closer. EVOE.

"Gideon reeled and blinked. Richmond was
on him like lightning. Twice in swift suc-
cession came the dull, rather thickening thud of flesh
hammered."—"Daily Record" feuilleton.

"Thick or clear thud?" said RICHMOND.
"Clear," said GIDEON. "Twice."

"It has been splendid, Mr. Darragh," she
said. "Such a surprise, especially to we be-
nighted villagers." Just a tinge of bitterness
was in these last words."—"Daily Chronicle."

The grammar, too, is of a rather acrid
quality.



THE HERITAGE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, June 13th.—Back after Whitsun Recess—at least, some of us. The children of light, including PRINCE ARTHUR, still linger in holiday byways. Colleagues on Front Bench dutifully follow their example; prevalent elsewhere, above and below Gangway on both sides. PREMIER in his seat, bronzed by fresh air of Imperial Conference-room. Also CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, really amused at the way folk talk about magnitude and intricacies of Insurance Bill. SPEAKER still completing his cure. DEPUTY-SPEAKER in chair, arrayed in sweet simplicity of dinner-dress.

As usual, a more than half-empty House is the Minister's opportunity. Getting into Committee after brief spell of Questions, it takes Ordnance Vote in hand. Usually a stiff job. Closely touches wages question, and workmen have votes. Now the time and opportunity of testifying to local Member's personal interest in the wage-sheet. Not wholly neglected to-day. MARK LOCKWOOD, amongst whose constituents are wage-earners in Government factories at Waltham Abbey and Enfield, insists on minimum pay of thirty shillings a week. A mere trifle, not comparable with the £400 a year some honourable Members mean to vote for themselves.

"Why," exclaimed the Colonel, instincts of Chairman of Kitchen Committee asserting themselves, "thirty shillings for a week's work is less than one-half some of us pay for a bottle of wine at dinner."

This sounds pretty high. Don't find in wine list in dining-room any priced at £36 a dozen. Must be a private *curée* of Chairman of Committees. Members move uneasily in their seats. If it gets abroad that with their shilling dinner they sip a £3 bottle of wine it will make things awkward in their constituencies. Can't talk any more of necessity of reducing range of subscriptions to local charities, or of knocking off from their establishment an odd groom or gardener's boy, all on account of LLOYD GEORGE's extortion.

MARK quickly saw he had made mistake. Dropping his costly bottle of wine as if it were corked, dwelt on peril hourly environing workers in the danger-houses of the factories.

This brought up ACLAND with ingenious speech. Sir EDWARD WATKIN, whilst yet with us, used to say that the safest place in the world was a seat in the middle of a railway train travelling at the rate of forty miles an



AN EXPERT WITNESS OF THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Mr. McKenna (to Admiral Count Togo).—"Delight to see you back in England, Admiral, and very proud to show you a Fleet which even you will be able to commend."

hour. FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO WAR OFFICE, varying illustration to suit time and circumstances, insisted that if a man really wants immunity from accident he should do a day's work in the danger-buildings of a gun factory. Cited figures to show that, according to the percentage of accidents per man at Woolwich, one could not expect to enjoy more than one disaster in the course of five hundred years.

As few of us attain that age, this seemed complete answer to MARK LOCKWOOD's case. But the Colonel was out for the evening. Determined to enjoy its full privileges he took a division, his amendment for reduction of Supply being negatived by 139 votes against 61. So surprised was House to find there were two hundred Members within hail that

it forthwith adjourned, it being ten minutes to six and a fine evening.

Business done.—Ordnance Vote carried through Committee passed the Report stage without controversy.

Wednesday.—Announcement that Government intend to carry Plural Voting Bill before prorogation has, after the manner of CORIOLANUS, fluttered your Volscians in Corioli. Known of course that subject would be dealt with during life of present Parliament. But nothing hitherto said about precise date. Assumed that the business would figure in programme of next session.

Certainly was not mentioned in KING'S Speech last February, nor has it even been distantly alluded to in statements from Treasury Bench. A

week or two ago MASTER ELIBANK (nice boy for his years), in conference with Party agents from the provinces, alluded to it amongst other topics, and repeated general assurance that it was a project dear to heart of PRIME MINISTER and his colleagues. Did not even hint that it would be added to already overwhelming work of current session.

"And," as BANBURY says with tears in his honest eyes, "to come just now when things were going on so nicely!"

Truce sounded over Insurance Bill. Leaders of Opposition, wise in time, not going to repeat blunder of their attitude on Old Age Pensions, leaving full credit of vote catching measure to the enemy. PRINCE ARTHUR, grasping hand stretched across table by dexterous CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, has agreed to work in common, with sole purpose of making best possible Act out of the Bill.

This pledge, given it leaks out that an unscrupulous Government all along meant to utilize time thus saved for passing of measure peculiarly hurtful to Conservative interest at parliamentary elections.

"Not if we know it," says FREDERICK BANBURY, dashing away the furtive tear and firmly fronting the insidious enemy.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

AT THE HOVAL.

[AYWARD AND 'OBBS ARE IN.]

First Spectator. Good Old TOM. Doesn't 'urry 'imself, does 'e.

Second Spectator. Not 'arf. Why should 'e? But they can't get 'im out. Not bowling, they can't.

Third Spectator. Bit rough on old JACK, though, 'is not running faster.

Second Spectator. Oh, JACK 's all right. JACK 's only a young un yet. 'E 'll be walking between the wickets when 'e 's as old as 'AYWARD. 'AYWARD 's earned the right to do it, that 's what I mean.

Fourth Spectator. Of course 'e 'as, good old TOM!

Second Spectator. My, that was a good shot. 'OBBS can 'it, can't 'e? Don't look so strong either.

First Spectator. It 's not strength as makes 'ard 'itting; it 's knack; coming on the ball at the right moment. Look 'ow easy old TOM does it.

Third Spectator. Yes; but TOM 's strong too.

First Spectator. Of course 'e is. So 's 'OBBS. But it 's knack all the same. Timing the ball, that 's what it is. You wait till old RAZOR comes in, and I 'll prove it. No one could call 'im strong, not RAZOR, but I once saw 'im make 4 fours off one over. It 's all knack and timing.

Second Spectator. No, old RAZOR doesn't look strong; but can't 'e bowl! Some of the other counties wouldn't like to 'ave 'im, I don't think.



"Heady" Exhibitor at R.A. "AND—AH—DO YOU LIKE OUR LITTLE SHOW AS WELL AS THE SALON IN PARIS, MADemoisELLE!"

Visitor. "OH, MUCH, MUCH BETTAIRE."

Exhibitor. "REALLY! I'M DELIGHTED. AND WHY, PARTICULARLY?"

Visitor. "THERE IS SO MUCH LESS PIC-CHAIRES!"

Third Spectator. I reckon, after 'IRST, RAZOR 's the most dangerous bowler in England.

Fourth Spectator. Oh, 'IRST! 'E 's a marvel, isn't 'e. Older than TOM, I believe.

First Spectator. I don't think so.

Fourth Spectator. Well, perhaps not; but not fur off. I wonder why 'AYWARD gave up bowling?

Second Spectator. Well 'it, 'OBBS! Did you see that? All with 'is wrist. There 's only one other man who could 'it it like that, and that 's 'UTCHINGS.

First Spectator. Go it, 'OBBS! Well 'it again. That was a c'inker.

Third Spectator. Run up, TOM. Easy three there.

First Spectator. No use shouting, you can't 'ustle 'AYWARD. If you want to see some quick work 'etween the wickets wait till 'ITCH and DUCAT are in.

Third Spectator. Oh, yes, JACK 'ITCH—'e can run. There, old TOM 's got 'is 50—give 'im a good cheer. Good old TOM!

Chorus. Good old 'AYWARD!

Chorus again. Good old 'AYWARD.

First Spectator. Whew! There 's old TOM run out. I knew 'e would be sooner or later. Well, 'e 's played a jolly good innings.

Second Spectator. Yes. No bowling could 'ave got 'im out. Oo 's next?

Third Spectator. Why, 'AYES, of course. Good old ERNIE.

Fourth Spectator. I 'ops ERNIE makes runs to-day. 'E 's had bad luck so far.

First Spectator. Prettiest bat in Eng'and, ERNIE is, when 'e 's set. I 'eard a bloke say once that 'AYES plays more like an amateur than a pro., and blowed if 'e isn't right. You watch 'ow easy 'e is.

Second Spectator. Steady there, ERNIE! You see 'ow nearly that one got 'im? 'E 's always in such a hurry to score.

First Spectator. Well, I'm open to bet a level tanner ERNIE makes fifty to-day. 'E looks like it. See how easy 'e is.

Fourth Spectator. What they want is a fast bowler like JACK 'ITCH, and then they 'd get ERNIE caught in the slips.

First Spectator. Not 'im; 'e 's too careful. ERNIE won't get caught in the slips. DUCAT might, or BIRD; but not ERNIE.

[And so on for hours.]

From the advertisement of the Hôtel des Postes, Houffalize:—

"Pleasantly situated on the Ourthe's brims, Houffalize tasked his situation exceptionally hygienic to the charm of the walks picturesque and the good administration of the Post's Hotel. . . . Baths to the board, Baths of river. Peach."

The last line, it might be explained, is a translation of "Bains à l'Hôtel, Bains de rivière, Pêche."

"Scouts—At 85, Fullarton Street, Irvine, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Scouts, of Natal, Marzburg, Africa, twins."—*The Irvine Herald.* Boys, we hope.



Young Blood. "ER—WHAT SOCKS SHALL I WEAR TO-DAY, BEAMISH?"

Valet. "I SHOULD VENTURE TO SUGGEST THE ARCTIC BLUES, SIR. IT'S SO NECESSARY, IF I MAY SAY SO, TO KEEP THE EXTREMITIES COOL, SIR."

AN APPEAL.

THE day draws nigh—that royal day, for which
London assumes her bravest, poor and rich
Hoping that all may pass without a hitch.

Now are the mid-street islands cleared away,
Whereto, from roaring 'bus or sounding dray,
The frightened traverser would leap, and pray.

Now the front windows on the route (or rowte)
Are duly blocked to persons looking out
By bare erections which before them sprout,

Whereon the carpenter suspends his din
To view, each day with livelier chagrin,
Luxurious luncheons going on within.

Now, too, in ever-growing hordes appear
Strange faces and strange garb from far and near,
Strange tongues fall strangely on the startled ear.

On every space the mounting seats rise high;
Tall masts of Venice lure the upward eye,
And cause collisions twixt the passers-by.

So London, heartened by a record Spring,
Arranges to acclaim her crowned King,
And to enjoy herself like anything.

And on the day—that "day, which is not long"—
O Sun, when London's multi-coloured throng
Turns out regardless, going very strong,

I trust that thou wilt manfully decline
All monkey-tricks, and condescend to shine,
And, generally, make the weather fine.

Be it not thine, as often it has been,
With ill-timed levity to mar the scene;
Let all be decent, ordered, and serene.

With thy warm gaze, O blithe and jolly ball,
Illume this loyal land; let no rain fall,
For that, indeed, would be the deuce and all.

So shalt thou well requite the public's trust.
And yet—if anywhere—if rain it must,
Be it in London, where 'twould lay the dust.

For there are some who, leaving house or flat,
Propose to fly the gladsome scene; and that,
I may say, is the point I'm driving at.

Because, whate'er the London weather be,
If it should rain where I am, by the sea,
It would be simply tragical for me.

DUM-DUM.

LYRA INEPTIARUM.

(Dedicated to the compiler of the
"Great Thoughts" of Ella
Wheeler Wilcox.)

ALTRUISM.

Up through the soil, serenely singing
Excelsior! with all its might,
Each Brussel-sprout its mate is bringing
(One little sprout were a lonely sight!).

ASPIRATION.

Our souls come from far, far away,
From planet to planet they flit,
But I'd like while I stay in this casket
of clay
Some luminous thoughts to emit.

CULPABLE OMISSIONS.

I.

Green peas, sent up without potatoes,
Are like a babe with only eight toes;
And lamb, reft of the magic of mint-
sauce,
Recalls a Christmas *minus* Santa
Claus.

II.

Hamlet, without the Royal Prince,
Makes the fastidious critic wince.
An omelette, made without an egg,
Is like a tent without a peg.

HEARTS.

Each human being has a heart
And is not meant to dwell apart;
But him as friend I chiefly prize
Whose heart is of the largest size.

HOME TRUTHS.

Over and over and over
These truths will I say and sing,
That a wandering life befits a rover,
That a bell when pulled should ring;
That it's better to dine
At eight than at nine,
That a pong is a part of a ping,
That the morning precedes the after-
noon,
That the sun gives forth more heat
than the moon,
That a throne is the seat of a king.

LIFE'S IRONY.

By chance and not by patient toil
Men build up their Bonanzas,
But I spend butts of midnight oil
Upon my simple stanzas.

LOVE AND HATE.

Would you make a little Eden
Of the pew you occupy,
Then resolve to view your neighbour
With no malice in your eye.
If your enemy's down-hearted,
Pat him kindly on the *tête*,
And with coals of sudden kindness
You will pulverise his hate.

MAGNANIMITY.

The man who, when his deadliest foe
Is lying prostrate in the gutter,

Will bravely go
And offer him his last, his only pat
of butter—
He is the primeest specimen, I ween,
And makes the very Cherubim seem
mean!

NEW AND OLD.

New thoughts are like new boots, they
gall and hurt you;
Old thoughts brace up the soul and
right the wrong;
It is the modern poet's greatest virtue
To clothe the soul-shaking platitudes in
song.

OPTIMISM THE BEST POLICY.

The man who makes a molehill of a
mountain
Has earned a bath in the Pierian
fountain.
The man who makes a mountain of a
mole-hill,
At golf will always play the crucial
hole ill.

OUTSIDE v. INSIDE.

Do not measure by externals,
Handsome is that handsome does;
Nuts are tested by their kernels,
Bees are better than their buzz.

SIMPLICITY.

However full this crowded world,
There's always room for a simple
bard.
It had need of me, or I would not be,
I am here to make things less hard,
And to extricate poor souls from
drowning
In the abysses of ROBERT BROWNING.

SMILE'S SELF-HELP.

Smile a little, smile a little
As you go along;
Even though your kine be kittle
And your bones are growing brittle,
Smiling makes them strong.

Not alone when things are booming,
But when grief's incessant glooming
Ties you up in kinks,
Smile—'tis better than consuming
Alcoholic drinks.

SODA-WATER.

With my exhilarating bubbles
I wash away a world of troubles.
I set the soiden toper free
From all the horrors of D.T.;
And all are better for knowing me.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Just as a shoe must have two
Kinds of leathers,
Its unders and its uppers;
So life has ups and downs
Of varied weathers—
Its MILTONS and its TUPPERS.

FROM A MÆDÆVAL "MORNING POST."

A KNIGHT, now leaving for the
East, desires to let his noble Castel-
lated Residence for Crusade or longer.
Will accept nominal rent from careful
tenant. The premises include Superb
Moat and Portcullis, thus ensuring
privacy. Magnificent dining-hall with
ample supply of straw. Inventory
includes Enchanted Forest, Feud with
local Gentry, and usual appurten-
ances of ideal Country Home. Ex-
perienced Buffoon left if desired.

SMART ACTIVE PAGE, well up in
Rope Ladder work and Correspondence
(clandestine), seeks engagement.
Country preferred.

CAPABLE SQUIRE AND HANDY MAN-
AT-ARMS is at liberty. Two years'
Good Reference; thoroughly under-
stands cleaning Armour, and can lead
Arquebus or help with Molten Lead.
Can make himself useful in Malmsey
cellar if required.

TROUBADOUR desires Change. Un-
rivalled Repertoire, including latest
Ballades and Chansons. Can improvise
if required. Juvenile parties and
Jousts attended at shortest notice.

COMPETENT CUT-THROAT now dis-
engaged (through no fault of his
own) seeks genteel Employment.
Accustomed to Knife-work and Poisons.
Debts collected and troublesome Callers
carefully attended to. Willing and
obliging.

GENTLEWOMAN in reduced circum-
stances seeks employment. Salary not
so much an object as comfortable
home and congenial surroundings.
Can undertake emergency packing for
Elopements, and renovate Arras. Able
to write (long hand). Willing to act
as chaperon at Tourneys and Hawk-
ing Parties.

What to Do with Our Nephews.

"Miss —, Eton College, would be pleased
to recommend her First-rate Cook; two years
eight months. Also her nephew as Kitchen
or Scullery Man."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

Two extracts from *The Cumberland Evening News* :—

"Good Gentleman: 'I wish beer was at the
bottom of the sea.' Navy: 'Well, mister,
can't say I does, but my brother wouldn't mind.'
Good Gentleman: 'Ah! Is the noble fellow
a staunch teetotaler?' Navy: 'No, he's a
diver.'"—page 2.

"How many times has the tale been told
this election of the stern teetotal lecturer who
shouted out, 'I wish all the alcohol were at the
bottom of the sea.' 'So do I, guv'nor!' cried
a man at the back. 'Ah, my friend, then you,
too, are with us. You are a temperance man!'
'No, I aren't; I'm a diver.'"—page 3.

Twice, anyhow.



Critic. "NOURISH HIM WID THE WHIP, PATSY, THE WAY YE'D LET US SEE WHAT SORT OF A BASTE YE'VE GOT."

Patsy. "HOULD YOUR WHISHT, MAN! SURE, AMN'T I THRYING TO KEEP HIM INSIDE OF THE SPEED LIMUT PASSING THE POLIS!"

THE SIDING.

I LIE awake at night and bitterly ask myself what I had to complain of in the dear old days that are gone. Could I but live them over again, enjoy but one of those peaceful nights of long ago, I should be content.

"There," I should now say, smiling blissfully as the shrill whistle awoke me, "goes the 3.40." I should wish myself adieu, as I buried my head in the pillow again. "Till 4.40!" I should say, sighing happily.

But as it is—

They have lately constructed a siding under my window.

I asked Sisyphus the meaning of it. I always ask Sisyphus. He has, poor fellow, made a hobby of Explaining, and when I tell you that each morning I leave him rolling milk churns from the wall to the edge of the platform, and each evening I find him rolling milk churns from the edge of the platform to the wall, you will see why I have not the heart to understand without his help.

"Can you explain to me, Sisyphus," I said when I saw the direction in which the partly-constructed line was pointing, "why the Company has decided, without consulting my wishes,

to run a branch line through my kitchen?"

"It's orlright," he assured me, "it's a siding."

It sounded innocent enough, and for the time being I didn't give it another thought.

A week or two later Sisyphus proudly called my attention to its completion.

I waxed enthusiastic and waned sentimental. I compared it in my innocence to a backwater. I regarded it as a convalescent home where tired engines would recuperate, or as a haven of rest where veterans with one foot in the scrap-heap would spend their last days reviewing their strenuous lives and boasting to each other of the speed they made or the points they jumped in their wild youth.

I was in error! By two o'clock that very night I was disillusioned. I don't know on whom I can throw the blame of it all. I only know that some impersonal, unassailable "they" began at 1 A.M. to train young locomotives under my very window. Hour after hour I lay awake and listened. The moment I closed my eyes some particularly inexperienced engine, confused probably by the harsh shouts of the coach, would be guilty of a crude and

amateurish mistake which invariably caused its row of trucks to nudge each other and guffaw with amusement.

The shriek of the 3.40, which had previously been my chief dread, I scarcely noticed. The rumble of the 4.40 seemed only a soothing message from an old friend whom, I blamed myself, I had never properly appreciated. It seemed to me that I had wronged the 5.40, who, I now realised, had only in all kindness tried to persuade me to enjoy the beauties of the dawn. And the rattle of the 6.40 was less like a noise than any rattle I have ever heard.

At 7 o'clock I got up and looked out of the window.

On that new siding upon which I had been optimistic enough to suppose I should witness nothing but the admirable repose of age, an engine was playing "Touch" with a truck that was old enough to have known better, and Sisyphus—yes, Sisyphus, was playing "Hide and Seek" with the truck.

* * * * *

"Morning," said Sisyphus as I came on to the platform.

"I know," I answered peevishly. "That's why I got up."

THE INEVITABLE WARDE.

THE position is this: Warde loves George, but George cannot stand the sight of Warde. Unfortunately the relations between their respective fathers (in Yorkshire) is such that George (in London) cannot say so. For three years he put up with the droppings-in of Warde and endured the long-drawn agony of his automobile conversations (there is nothing that George detests so much as the inwards of a machine) till at last he came and sought my protection. We thereupon determined to share a flat, and it says much for my ingenuity and the offensiveness of my demeanour that Warde has only got at George three times during the year and then has never stayed more than half an hour. Once he got in during my absence, and George, perspiring, gave himself up for lost, but William, our friend and confidant (who has the makings of a real brute in him), intervened, and Warde, departing in haste, is reported to have said that, much as he admires and loves George, he could wish that he had made friends more worthy of himself.

So far, so good. George, immune from the worry of sparking plugs that will not spark and forty-horse-powers that are really fifty, grew fat and contented. Paternal relations in the country remained in accord, and William and I bore all the blame in London with light hearts and even some pride. Then George, getting careless, caught appendicitis, was borne off to a nursing home, suffered a little, soon began to convalesce and invited all his real friends to come and watch him doing it. Of these things Warde got wind, and accosted William for further details. Scarcely had William come to me and warned me of the danger ahead, when I was rung up on our telephone.

"Can you tell me," said a voice that might have been anybody's, "the address of the home where George is being ill?"

"Yes," I said, incautiously. "To whom am I speaking?"

"Warde," came the answer, and I thought rapidly, but not too clearly, how to get rid of my—"Yes."

"Erm—Yes. Yes—Erm. You know, poor old George is very ill."

"I do, and I also know that he is seeing people. He will be disappointed if I don't go. Can you give me the address?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, I always go there in a cab."

"What do you say to the cabman?" persisted the voice.

"Quite so. What do I say to the cabman? What, indeed? Something like this. 'Cabman, the person who accompanies me will pay the piper and must call the tune. Drive wherever he tells you.'"

"Well, where do you send the letters?" This on a querulous note.

"George never has any letters," I said, briefly.

"Nonsense. I wrote to him myself yesterday."

"Ah! That letter—the only one George has ever had. I—we took it round in a cab, and George got so excited over it that a relapse is feared. What he wants, in my opinion," I added, confidentially, "is absolute quiet."

"My father tells me—" began the voice, and, in the light of all that the voice's father had told it, it seemed useless to pursue that line. So the cross-examination continued, helped by the fact that William had already been in the box and made some damaging admissions.

"Percy Street?" said I. "Well, I never rightly knew, but now you mention that name I confess that it had just that look. Number 7, 17, 77 or was it 3A? You know I can see it all in my mind's eye, but I can't just describe it."

"Oddly enough, that is exactly what your friend William said. Is it on the right or the left?" Warde is immovable.

"I don't know what you will think of me," said I, "but I never can remember which is right and which is left. To find out, I have to look at my finger nails to see which are the better cut. Now of course my right hand is my better hand, but it doesn't cut its own nails, so, when I have looked, I get so confused between the better hand and the better cut hand that I have to get some scissors out and try for myself then and there. Unfortunately, when I go to see George, I never have a pair of scissors in my pocket."

"Can't anybody tell me where the place is?" said the voice, positively angry.

"Of course. Let me see. Have you tried his doctor?"

"No. Where does he live?"

"Ah! That I can tell you," said I. "Next door to George."

* * * * *

Not to be beaten, the persistent fellow wrote to George, and George answered:—"My very dear Warde,—Your kindness is most touching and appreciated." (There were two pages of that.) "I am most disappointed to

have to confess that even I don't know the address of this house. I arrived here in a weak and unobservant state of mind and, though I determined even then to send for you as soon as possible, I forgot to look at the number. Of course I might ask, but it seems so rude to my hostess to appear not to know the number of the house I am staying in. She is, I fear, peculiarly sensitive." This was followed by four repetitions of the original statement and a most affectionate conclusion.

Good for George! Unhappily, being unmanned by his illness or carried away by his enthusiasm, he wrote on notepaper fully stamped with the number and all. From that Warde inferred that George's need was greater even than he had been told, and the worst happened at once. It seems likely to go on happening, unless the doctor can be induced to say that appendicitis has suddenly been discovered to be infectious. Failing that, George must suffer till he is loose again, and the last straw, he tells me, is that Warde refers to the human anatomy, and particularly George's own, to illustrate and explain what he means about carburettors.

PATIENCE ON A WEIR.

WHEN the summer sun is lusty,
And the roads are dry and dusty,
And the crimson may's turned rusty

On the stems,
From a weir a maiden fishes,
As can anyone who wishes,
Since beneath the boards there swishes
Father Thames!

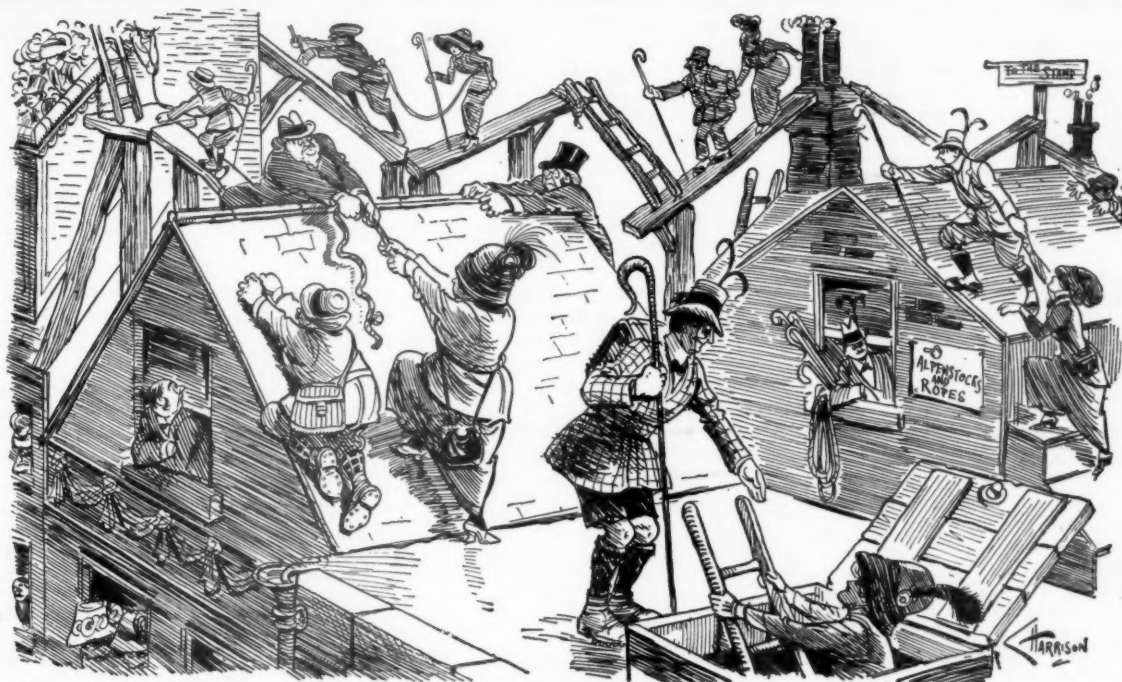
You may watch the cane wand winnow
As it drops her dace or minnow
(Which their deft and expert spin owe
To a wrist

Tough as steel, but trim and tiny,
And as round as that of Phryne),
Where the stream spreads silver-shiny,
Sunbeam-kissed!

With a heart that does not vary
See, she waits, a water-fairy
Come ashore in cool and airy
Linen drill,
While a kingfisher, down dashing
Where the schools of fry are splashing,
Spots a rival, and goes flashing
With his kill!

Still at eve when swifts are plying
And the wasteful sunset's dying
You may see her light lure flying
Up and out;

Oh, may I be near to net him
(If the gods grant that she get him),
Should some Triton (Thamis, let him!)
Send a trout!



CORONATION ROOF SEATS.

ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF A SWISS MOUNTAIN CLIMB. PRICE INCLUDES GUIDES, ROPES, ALPENSTOCKS AND AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE gods were very good to *Gaspard Cadillac*, the Provençal, once stoker on the Rhone, but now married and living (in prodigious luxury, I should imagine) at Grande Anse. When he killed his companion *Yves* on the island where they were shipwrecked together, I remembered what a deal of annoyance the Ancient Mariner had to undergo about a mere waterfowl, and feared the worst for *Gaspard*, especially when he fell into the clutches of that disreputable trader, *Sagesse*, who rescued him from his first experience as a Crusoe. But the hero of *The Ship of Coral* (HUTCHINSON) had a knack of falling upon his feet, and, though he was left upon the same island (marooned this time) a few weeks after, there was a handy American vessel in the offing to take him back to St. Pierre, his pockets stuffed full of the hard-earned life-savings of a defunct buccaneer, and with the prospect of hearing the loud bassoon played at his own wedding feast. Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE has written a novel of the right sort, full of strange happenings on the high seas, with excitement maintained to the very end, and a pretty love-chapter thrown in. If I have a fault to find with it, it is that the author's riotously luxuriant scene-painting (excellent though it is) is apt to divert attention from the movement of his drama, for one cannot imagine that *Monsieur Cadillac* revelled in the magnificence of tropical effects with the same cultured appreciation as Mr. STACPOOLE. But *The Ship of Coral* is most certainly a book to be read, and, if you feel that *Gaspard* drew an almost unfair overdraught on the bank of good fortune, who, after all, is better fitted to do so than a French sailor, and a Provençal at that?

I have long regarded the stories of Mr. JACK LONDON as a welcome relief from the dullness of most contemporary fiction, and his latest, *Burning Daylight* (HEINEMANN) did nothing to disappoint me in this respect. It has two very excellent points, both of which should make for popularity. First, it treats of one of those super-beings whose triumphs and exploits we all, deep down in our hero-worshipping hearts, love to contemplate; secondly, the period of the tale is one of which the memory is still fresh enough to give the reader a personal interest in it. This is the time of the Klondyke gold discoveries, and the first—and to my thinking decidedly the best—half of *Burning Daylight's* story concerns his hardships and adventures in the frozen Yukon country. No one who recalls the author's previous work will need to be told with what wonderful skill the atmosphere of this grim and unfriendly land is conveyed. There is one chapter, especially, which tells how, for a bet, *Daylight* raced two thousand miles over an unbroken trail of ice and snow in sixty days, that seems to me absolutely the best piece of descriptive writing of its kind that ever I read. Later, when, with a fortune of eleven millions, *Daylight* comes East to try his luck among the comparatively civilized populations of San Francisco and New York, the tale becomes more ordinary, and by so much less absorbing. But the effect upon the hero of this new life is excellently told. I shall not spoil the end for you with hints of its nature; whether you find it wholly convincing or not (I didn't) the book remains one that is quite worth anybody's while to read for himself. Yes, Sirs! Every time!

If Miss CYNTHIA STOCKLEY was determined to take for protagonist a perfect being of her own sex, whose ability was as great as her virtue and her beauty infinitely more amazing than either, she should never have allowed this

paragon to tell her story in the first person. Ladies will detest *Deirdre Saurin* intensely and with reason, and even a man, moderately conscious of his own demerits, is bound to dislike from the first a woman who tells him a dozen times in the first twenty pages that she is charming in every way; nor will he get to love her better when, with cumulative egotism, she sets out in detail her triumphant progress through all the minor feminine virtues to a climax of ineffable self-sacrifice and positive saintliness. And yet, granted the one touch of humour in the authoress or the heroine which would have prevented this mistake or have averted its disastrous effect, *The Claw* (HURST and BLACKETT) would have been more than readable, with its impressive background of Africa and its faithful presentation of English people out of England but with all their English limitations. The men are heroic, the women properly feminine, and the rivalry for the love of *Anthony Kinsella* is cleverly done. One could have followed with pleasure the passionate history of the heroine herself, if only her blatant self-satisfaction had been suppressed or to some extent kept in hand.

IN *Crooked Answers* there are, let me tell you, no cross questions. The people who write and answer the series of letters which make up the book are all good-tempered and pleasant, except *Lady Lydia Pendle*, who, I feel sure, had a very tight waist as well as a wasplike sting at the tail-end of her sentences. She writes from Queen's Gate, chiefly to *Lady Sarah Overton* (a good sort), who is chaperoning her daughter *Aline* at the *Hôtel Victoria*, Menaggio. Then there is *Professor Lance*, who writes from Campden Hill Square to his daughter *Patricia*—*pater docto filia doctior*, except when she was too clever—at the *Kulm Hotel* at *St. Moritz*; and *Mr. Peter Hope*, the champion *Cresta* tobogganer, who writes at first from the *Continental* in *Rome*, and then (the sly dog) from the *Kulm*; and lastly *Neville Waring* of the *200th Foot*, who writes from *Menaggio* because that is where *Aline* happens to be. The joint authors, *PHYLLIS BOTTOME* and *H. DE LISLE BROCK*, round some difficult corners and do some delicate steering before they safely land the young couples at the *Church Leap*—*St. George's*, *Hanover Square*, *bien entendu*, not the scarcely less dangerous one at the beginning of the *Cresta*. But the letters never seem to me to be real. They have not the art which marked a more famous imaginary correspondence, which was also, if I remember rightly, published by *Mr. JOHN MURRAY*. Still they give the lovers and the reader a fairly good and amusing run for their money.

To *Ivor* (MURRAY) I give full marks for its fine collection of villainous scoundrels. Wreckers, smugglers, knavish lawyers, venal rascals, an ignoble lord and a black man called *Sambo*, have all sat to *Mr. GEORGE HANSBY RUSSELL*

for their portraits. Then we also have a very proper hero "with the strength of a young lion" and "the sinews of a Samson," who moved enormous boulders so that he could save the life of the enchanting heroine. Had *Ivor* lived in this prosaic age he would have got his 'blue' at *Cambridge* for throwing the hammer and putting the weight; indeed I can almost imagine that he would have caused anxiety to the scholars of *Mr. RHODES* at the *Inter-Varsity Sports*. But in the century in which he lived feats of strength were reserved to harass noxious noblemen and to relieve distressed and beautiful damsels. Such feats *Ivor* performed with unflagging energy, and though, considering his intimate knowledge of French, I found him excessively modest in his use of that language, I am not prepared in any other respect to accuse him of diffidence.

MR. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT says pretty definitely in *The Land of Promises* (WEENER LAURIE) that you must go to Africa to learn what happens there, and then you must search *Capel Court* for clues to those happenings—

"that is, of course, if you are interested in discovering the truth." Personally I am interested, but I haven't had time lately for the journey, so I have taken—not rashly, I think—*Mr. HYATT's* book as evidence. I can recommend it to those who are not quite intrigued enough to go independently on trek in pursuit of the truth, but are keen on a readable story with vividly drawn characters. Such superficial readers as haven't much use for that can amuse themselves by trying at random to open the volume at a page which



THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN.

I.—AN OPULENT ARTIST DISCOVERING AN OBSCURE AND NEGLECTED ART CRITIC.

doesn't contain the word "whilst."

TO A DÉBUTANTE.

You trip, O Youth incarnate, down the stairs,
Dear Miss Nineteen, whose dance-fresh grace defies
Blossom of orchards, April's very skies;
So might a nymph have slid to shepherd airs
In groves of cypress where the ringdove pairs,
Lightfoot, elusive, panting, woodland-wise,
With just a half-shy challenge in the eyes,
To fan pursuit or wake the love that dares.

Still I, your mid-aged friend, do most acclaim
Not the curved lip, the sun-steeped eyes of you,
Nor two slim feet, the bard-sung "little mice,"
But that dear gift, the clean, untarnished flame
That sends you, 'twixt the midnight chimes and two,
With cheery gusto into supper thrice!

Extract from a letter asking for the character of a Swiss governess:—

"Was she eating with you upon the table? Is she straightforward and of nice disposition, or do she get easily impatient like sometimes the *Bernese*?"

CHARIVARIA.

It is difficult to be original nowadays, but success has crowned the efforts of the inhabitants of Brancaster, Norfolk—who decided to purchase a wheeled bier as a permanent memorial of the Coronation. **

The Bank of England looked so smart in its illumination dress that many persons mistook it for the Young Lady of Threadneedle Street. **

"Observer," writing in *The Observer*, informs us that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and STEPHEN were crowned respectively on Christmas Day and Boxing Day: and a very old gentleman tells us that he distinctly remembers being told as a boy that on both these occasions there was considerable discontent among the populace at being done out of an extra holiday. **

Reading that the Coronation Fleet would weigh 1,000,696 tons, a nervous old lady hoped that the sea had been tested to make sure it would bear such a weight. **

The other day we suggested that enterprising Sunday papers might give away muffins and crumpets as supplements. While our idea has not yet been adopted it is interesting to note that *The Daily Chronicle* is advertising Ten Coronation Drawings "in a roll" for 5s. **

There is nothing like doing things handsomely, and we certainly spared no pains or expense to give our guests a good time during the Coronation period—as witness the following headlines in an evening newspaper:—

"FIRE IN THE CITY.

A Big Conflagration.

FOREIGN VISITORS INTERESTED."

At the same time there is such a thing as overdoing hospitality, and certain foreign criminals who came over specially for the Coronation complain that they received too much attention.

It is good to know that British enterprise is not yet dead. Only the other day an American astronomer announced that every star was inhabited. Already, in the columns of a contemporary, we see the advertisement of a Star Furnishing Company. **

The Government, it is said, is determined to popularise Consols, and watches their fall with considerable satisfaction, hoping that one day the

the corner of Gray's Inn Road and Holborn. **

"The hearing of the petition against Mr. MASTERMAN," we read, "was marked by a series of jokes on the part of counsel and by weariness on the part of the judges." This is reversing the usual order of things. **

A firm of colour manufacturers is advertising that a certain important picture exhibited at the Royal Academy is "painted entirely" with their colours. The idea may spread. Look out shortly for the following announcements:—"Mr. Absalom's enormous picture of Antony and Cleopatra has been purchased for a public gallery. Why? Because it was painted on one of our canvases," and, "Why are Mr. Liffey's pictures always hung at Burlington House? Because he always uses our frames." **

A passenger has been awarded damages for an electric shock he received on the District Railway: but it does not follow that travellers by a certain other line who are electrified whenever their train arrives punctually would be equally successful. **

When a Birmingham-to-Yarmouth express was examined at Bourne, Lincolnshire, a black-bird's nest, with four young birds, was found underneath one of the carriages. It is supposed that the youngsters were sickly, and had been ordered country air, but could not raise the money to travel in the ordinary way.

We quote a forecast of the great luncheon of the 19th inst.:—

"Invitations for a luncheon banquet, to be held at Westminster Hall to welcome the members of the Imperial Dominions Parliaments, have been sent out in Lord Rosebery's name. This gentleman will, of course, as is customary at all such political functions, lunch alone."—*Smethwick Telephone*.

The splendid isolation of Lord ROSEBERY becomes more manifest every day.



IN BATTERSEA PARK.

REMARKABLE CASE OF INHERITED INSTINCT DISPLAYED BY MASTER JONES, SON OF THE WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER.

price will be so small as to place them within the reach of all. **

The L.C.C. has expressed the opinion that there are too many George Streets in London, and wishes the number to be reduced. The proposal does not come over-graciously in Coronation Year, but we are assured that no disloyalty is intended. **

So few persons have a good word for motor-omnibuses that it is only fair to draw attention to the fact that this type of vehicle demolished one of our London monuments, the other day, at

ROMEO TO JULIET.

(With a personal explanation.)

THAT moment when I saw your starry eyes
Shining at SHAKSPEARE'S Costume Ball,
Blue as the blue of our Italian skies,
You had this *Romeo's* heart in thrall.
I said, "Of all the maids in *Juliet's* image
(I had already counted thirty-three
Fighting for breath in that historic scrimmage)
You are the one for me.

Not all were *Juliets* born, but some were made,
And most were frankly past their teens;
But you were IT—pure youth that asked no aid
Of artificial ways and means;
In you I found a hermitage (or haven);
No other features, coloured on the card,
Not even MARLBOROUGH as the Swan of Avon,
Diverted my regard.

While *Lady Capulet* (your chaperon)
Slept in her thirty-guinea bower,
We took a balcony like *Juliet's* own,
And talked like SHAKSPEARE by the hour:—
"If I be perjured, put a dagger through me!"
"This is so sudden!" "Yet I speak you true,
By yon electric moon I swear (beshrew me!)."
"O Mr. Montague!"

We counterfeited farewells:—" 'Tis the lark!
I hear his music soar above
ALBERT'S sublime Memorial in the Park."
"Nay, 'tis the nightingale, my love."
And thus in palmy coves and cypress coverts
We held communion till the morning's prime;
I doubt if all that lot of "SHAKSPEARE'S lovers"
Had half so good a time!

* * * * *

[Private. Dear Beatrice, I want to say
In case your soft, but female, eye
Should read the above, it was but meant in play:
'Tis just a journalistic lie.
You surely should, from what you know of me, know
I left that orgy with my head unturned;
There was no *Juliet* at the SHAKSPEARE beano,
As far as I'm concerned.

Nor was I *Romeo*, though I have my doubts,
In point of mediæval date,
What—to a century or thereabouts—
I was supposed to illustrate;
But, when admirers asked with flattering unction,
"What means your costume, so superbly spick?"
Then, your dear name suggesting this conjunction,
I answered, "*Benedick!*"]

O. S.

THE CROWNMENT.

(By Mr. Punch's own Special French Correspondent.)

VERY DEAR AND HONOURED CONBROTHER,—Me there then
arrived at last to the great day aim of so many hopes
and prayers. What of times I have said me, "Jules
Millefois, my old, that night you must not sleep on the
two ears. The thing is grave. It goes there of the honour
of the French nation. Courage, my friend! With a little

of courage you will arrive to lift yourself of good hour and
the rest will be easy." Mr. Bolus, his wife and his girl all
promise to help. They do not go themselves, but they are
excited on my count. The *bonne-à-tout-faire* is equally
excited. She swear she will wake me at 5 hours of the
morning. Mr. Bolus, too, he swear he will wake me at that
hour. He say, "Sleep in peace; I will wake you." I say
him, "*Foi de quincaillier, n'est-ce pas?*" He say, "What's
that?" and I to reply him, with a smile fine and narquois,
"Faith of an ironmonger." He regard me a little across
and he say, "What's the matter with my face anyhow?"
I say, "I have not made allusion to your face, my friend,"
and I try to explicate to him the difference between face
and faith, but it appear I do not pronounce well the words,
and he becomes of more in more angry. But at the end
Miss Bolus arrive when I was on the point of lashing a
live word, and she say, "Don't be silly, Papa," and she
expique my words to him. Then he begin to twist himself of
laughing, and I laugh and Miss Bolus laugh, and there is the
thing raccommoded. I go to bed not without emotion, but
with much of confidence.

At five hours of the morning precise, rassemblement of all
the family Bolus at the door of my room. They bat on the
door; the *bonne-à-tout-faire* bats also. I awake myself in
sursaut. How, it is already the hour? Thereover no
doubt. All the clocks of Putney are awake and signal the
hour with all their force. I jump in base of my bed.
"Thank you, my friends," I say, "I will dress myself," and
with that I begin to make my little end of toilet. At five
hours and a half I have drunk the excellent coffee of Bolus.
I make my goodbyes, and me there departed with a little
flacon of *eau-de-vie* and a paquet of sandwiches, the gift of
Miss Bolus.

I march on foot. At first in Putney no crowd, but in
approaching of London itself the streets begin to fill them-
selves with a crowd always increasing. Always more and
more automobiles and omnibuses and thousands on foot
like me. Here and there I hear the sound of *clairons*. It
is the regiments who put themselves on route. I see one
and that makes me much emotion, for I also I have been
soldier. They are grand gaillards solidly built, to the
bonnets of fur, grenadiers of the guard. I cannot emפש
myself of crying with high voice, "*Vive l'armée anglaise!*"
The Colonel to horse smiles and salutes me; a gross
sergeant gives me a clin of eye, and a passant taps me on
the shoulder and say, "*Vive l'ontonty cordial!*" I hear
not but that everywhere.

At seven hours I am in my seat in Pall Mall. I arrive
there not without difficulty, but everywhere the policemen
give themselves much pain to aid me. Wonderful, the
policemen. No superfluous words, but everything quick
and efficace; and for the women and the children they are
like boats of sauvetage in the flood always increasing of
the crowd. And the crowd itself which stations on the pave-
ment pending hours, they are of a good humour to support
everything; and constamment they amuse themselves with
sallies and there they are who puff of laughter. I have
not seen one sole angry visage the whole day.

Quant to the KING and the QUEEN I born myself to say
that I have seen them, and I dare to say it they are well
worthy of the great nation of which they carry the crown.
Others will tell you how they were acclaimed everywhere
where they have passed in their golded carriage. For me
the vast crowd and the frenetic huzzas, there was that
which has overall impressioned me.

Au revoir, then, dear colleg. Tomorrow I make my
mails and return to Paris. I have still the heart all
gonfled with the noble spectacle at which I have assisted.

All to you,

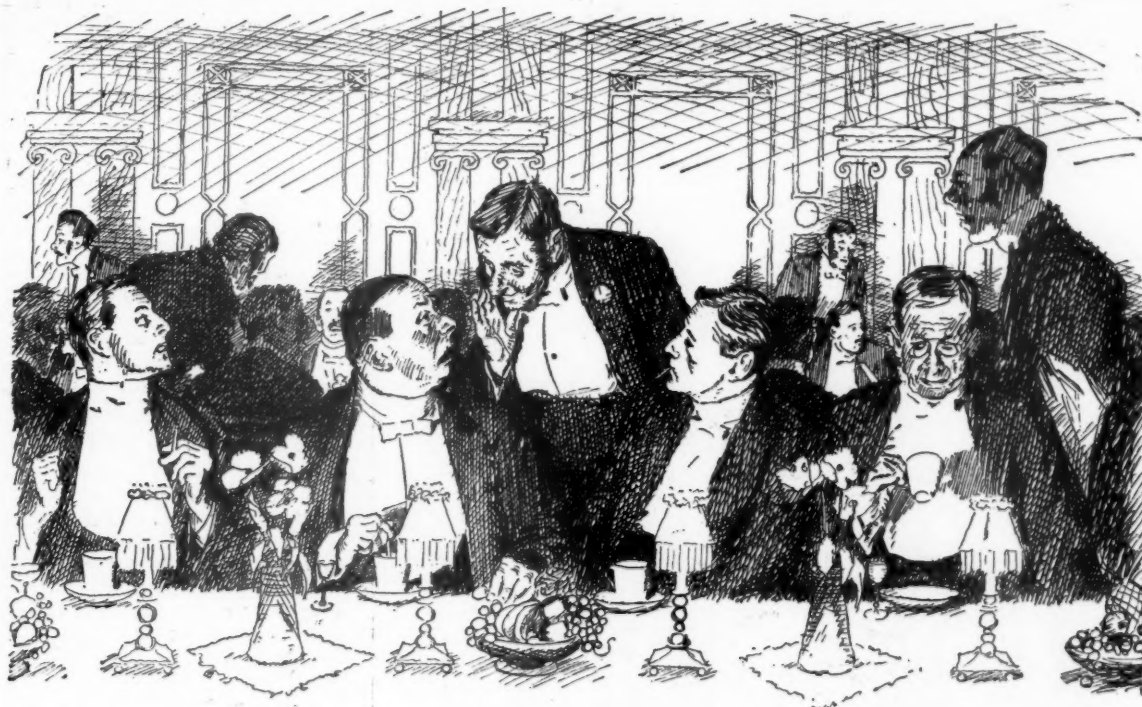
JULES MILLEFOIS.



AFTER THE REVELS.

MR. ASQUITH. "GO EASY, ARTHUR, FOR A LITTLE; I'M A BIT OUT OF CONDITION."

MR. BALFOUR. "SAME HERE."



Chas. Peary

Foreign Waiter (who has forgotten the right formula for the usual hint, "I am leaving you now, Sir," to startled guest). "YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME NO MORE, SIR."

VICE UNREWARDED.

(A *Plaint of Modern Melodrama.*)

I KNOW not how it was, but who can gauge
The fickle people's fondness for a pet?
You seemed to me, O man of blood and rage,
To do your duty nobly when you set
The hero trussed before a midnight train;
Was it your fault that he turned up again
And found his old ancestral halls "to let"?

I thought you pitched the business fairly strong,
When poisoning the aged parson's drink;
And when the heroine sang her little song
(In blue) beside the river's daisied brink
You wooed her far from gently (there you erred;
Speaking with all due deference, I preferred
Your former mistress in the low-necked pink).

Still, I admired you for the gallant way
You got your hold upon the girl's papa;
I liked your evening dress at broad noonday,
Surmounted by a stylish Panama;
I liked it when, frustrated and o'erthrown,
You ground your teeth like mills of standard stone;
And several times I heard you say, "Ha-ha!"

But something, to the House's keener eye,
Of downright dastardly you seemed to miss;
Was it your boots, perchance, or else your tie?
None can explain it; all I know is this,

That, when at last, the poignant drama done,
You craved your guerdon of the gods, you won
Hardly the meed of one melodious hiss.

You must buck up, old boy, and mend that flaw—
You who in other years were wont to grease
Your face with perfect confidence and draw,
Soon as (Act V.) the pitiless police
Had clapped on you the "darbies" and had stopped
The county wedding till the grooms were swopped,
Encomiums like the noise of angry geese.

Pile on the agony, enhance that scowl;
Forge me another cheque; destroy by flame
More marriage lines; commit more murder foul;
Else out of pity for a part so tame,
A rogue so innocent, some awful night
The Olympians, from their orange-scented height,
Shall clap you—to your everlasting shame.

EVOK.

"The Governor-General in Council is pleased to direct that wines and spirits and English of being obtained in India shall be purchased hospitals in India shall be purchased in India, instead of being obtained in India shall be purchased in India, instead hospitals by indent on the Director-General of Stores."—*The Englishman*.

As *The Daily Mail* suggested years ago.

"Hiawatha, Tennyson's poem, was illustrated in a series of beautiful pictures."—*Ireland's Saturday Night*.

In LONGFELLOW's words, "Someone has blundered."



Caledonian. "BIDE YOU THERE, WUMMAN, AN' I'LL JUIST SEE WHAT'LL BE THE CHAIRGE WI'OOT THE BA-AND."

AFTERMATH.

WANTED known that the Churches of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes have now been handed back, more or less intact, to the Church of England.

A MEMBER of the Nobility, returning to the backwoods, has no further use for silver-gilt coronet (ball-bearings, make lovely épergne); also set of scarlet robes, edged miniver. Would exchange for air-gun or anything useful. What offers?

REST-CURE.—Those with nerves shattered through the strain of Coronation week can find a happy home of rest at Sahara View Hotel, Timbuctoo.

Plain cooking. Absolute quiet guaranteed. For inclusive terms apply to the Manager.

TO AMERICANS RETURNING TO THE STATES.—The Blue Moon Company beg to announce that they will offer by Auction next Monday the only remaining first-class berth on the S.S. "BULLIONIC," sailing from Liverpool on July 15th. A few stoke-hole berths left at 120 guineas each.

If the lady who on June 23rd, opposite Bedford Street, Strand, left little baby girl for few minutes with young gentleman, brown suit and straw hat, will call at 137, Orphanage Lane, S.W., she can remove the infant; otherwise it will be sold to defray expenses.

TO BE CLEARED IMMEDIATELY.—200,000 Coronation handkerchiefs on real tissue paper, with speaking likenesses of Their Majesties, handsomely printed in colours from specially painted portraits by Mr. Aldgate East, R.A.; ornamental borders. 2d. per 1,000.

SAVIL HOTEL, EMBANKMENT.—Plenty of first-class rooms can now be had at moderate prices; close to best theatres. Freak supper-rooms on hire.

ALL those anxious to let windows overlooking the Strand for the Lord Mayor's Show on November 9th, should apply to Welsher and Welsher, who were successful in letting every seat entrusted to their Agency for the Coronation—many of them twice over.

THE LITTLE GHOST.

BROAD, high yew hedges flank the flowers, and border

An old, smooth lawn where, fashioned grimly stiff,

Two knights—in close-clipped box—keep ancient order,

O'er shaven dragon, hound and hippogriff;

And there,

When the June air

At dusk is cool and fair,

And the great roses strengthen on their stalks,

Down the long path, beset

With heaven-scented, haunting mignonette,

The gardeners say,

A little grey

Ghost-lady walks!

I haven't seen her, haven't heard her legend,

Pale little shade, only the rumour tells That 'tis her wont to wander to the hedge-end,

And vanish near the Canterbury Bells;

And so

I do not know

What sends her to and fro—

Murder, may be, or broken heart, or gold.

I like to fancy most

That she is just some little lady's ghost

Who loved her flowers

And quiet hours

In Junes of old!

"The King and Queen are in London for the Coronation."—*Daily Mail*.

Good. We expected it of them.

Better and Better.

"Failing fruit to quench the thirst, nothing is better than lemon and glycerine lozenges, or black currant lozenges; and better than either, lime and glycerine lozenges."—*Daily Mail*.

A FORLORN HOPE.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—I write to you this letter,

And earnestly petition you to read,
Mark, learn, etc.; in fact, you'd better,
Or, roused to fury, I shall have your blood.

Having got this, by way of preface, said,
I'll go ahead.

Two times a twelvemonth (i.e. twice per annum)

You publish all the names of your elect,

Names which inflate the breasts of those who scan 'em

With sentiments of most profound respect;

You print, in short, a list of wits and sages

Who fill your pages.

Need I unfold in words my grand ambition?

I want to see my name enshrined there too;

Before I go to (probably) perdition

I want to join those highly-honoured few;

But then, you know, old man, you always go

And spoil the show.

You'd break a poet's heart to fragments if he

Were weak in that respect. Of course I grant

You never are contemptuous or snuffy,
But just wrong-headed, hard as adamant,

Dense, obstinate, with never-nous enough
To take my stuff.

I own that your refusals, Charivari,
Are couched in language courteous and kind,

Especially the brief epistolary
Remarks which sometimes soothe one's ruffled mind.

Still, these collected yearly by the score

Become a bore.

This is your last chance in the present Vol., so

Print this, I beg of you, and get it done.

I'll thank you heartily, and promise also

Your circulation shall increase by one

(You won't, I know; I feel it in my bones).

Yours, J. J. Jones.

"Then grasp that heavy scepter in thy hand,
And set upon thy brows that heavy orb,"
Century Magazine.

An extract from Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' loyal ode to Cinquevalli the Fifth.



Passing Horse-bus Conductor (maliciously, to Driver of Motor-bus who has just smashed a Cart).
"ERE YER ARE, TUPPENCE ALL THE WAY TO BOW STREET."

THE CYNIC AT THE ALTAR.

PRICE is really quite an ordinary, primitive sort of person at heart, but he has a reputation amongst us for unconventional ideas and a decadent point of view. He referred to his engagement as "this regrettable entanglement," and, when he asked me to be his Best Man, he took care to write that "a lady having proposed marriage to him and having shown no signs of relenting, he supposed it was up to him to put in an appearance at the church, and to go through the solemn farce of giving his formal consent to her autocratic designs." I agreed willingly, for we all felt that Price, when he was married, would have to give up saying that sort of thing, and therefore one of us ought to be near by to take a note of his last utterance.

The great day came, and the bride in her white Je-ne-sais-quoi looked charming, the bridegroom pale but prepared, and the parson much as usual. With the help of a little stage-management from a discreet curate we succeeded, at the appointed time, in being at the chancel steps; the bride's father, the bride, Price and myself, in the customary formation.

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" asked the parson of Price, and I thought for a second that he was going to seize his opportunity and make his great remark then. But no; he merely, as he would have himself described it, politely acquiesced.

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" asked the parson of the bride. "I will," said she.

"Ah!" whispered Price in my ear, "I was afraid she would."

O.H.M.S.

THIS is not in the least amusing. If anybody laughs about it, it will be in the worst taste. I appeal to my readers for their sympathy in this unhappy business.

Very likely I shall be asked to retire from the Bar—a profession which I have followed, albeit without conspicuous success, at least with dignity, these many years.

My little daughter, Felicity, while she admits herself that she was the prime mover and principal performer in our mistaken enterprise, refuses point-blank to face the music with me.

"I cannot go to gaol with you, Papa," she says.

"You will look very pretty in the dock," I reply, to tempt her.

"I have nothing to wear," she says, "and, besides, there is that children's dance on next week. I will come to your cell each day, Papa, and bring you strawberries and things."

The above conversation has just terminated as I take up my quill to write and thus relieve the bitterness of my mind.

I think, perhaps, the ultimate responsibility rests with her uncle, who took her to see the launch of a *Dreadnought*, or some such craft, whereat a lady of title performed the christening ceremony—a foolish proceeding which appears to have made an impression on my little girl's mind. It seems that a bottle of champagne is broken upon the bows on such occasions—a most reprehensible waste of my favourite beverage.

It was one morning last week that I was seated in my study, which contains some fine examples of the *art nouveau* style of furniture, when my daughter burst suddenly through the door, with the flush of the June morning on her pretty fair cheeks.

"Where are your manners, Felicity?" I asked.

"Write a letter, Papa," she cried, "quick, quick—write a letter."

"Certainly not, my child," said I; "I have no wish to write a letter. I wrote one last year and never got an answer."

"But you're writing one now," she said; "send that."

"This, my child, is a poem for *Punch*."

"Well, that will do," she said. "I must go and get the flowers." And she departed without further explanation.

Marvelling greatly, I folded it into an envelope. It has not hitherto been my custom to send flowers with my contributions. Perhaps that is the reason they are never accepted. It struck me that my little girl had very original ideas.

I had scarcely addressed the envelope when Felicity returned with a mass of roses stolen from the drawing-room, a large bottle of blue-black ink, and a Post-office Directory, handsomely bound in red.

Up to this point—except, perhaps, in trying to write a poem for *Punch*—I had behaved in an entirely rational manner. It was when, after accepting the above articles from my daughter's hands, I obeyed her request to follow her down the carriage drive, that I was too easily led and found myself eventually within jeopardy of legal process.

My mind was filled with doubts at the time as to the wisdom of the performance, but explain it how you will the fact remains that I fell in with Felicity's wishes and followed her through the lodge gates into the highway.

There a strange and unexpected sight met my eyes. Where but yesterday had been a barren side-walk, there had arisen in the night an object familiar enough in itself, but strange in its sudden apparition. A brand-new pillar-box stood before me. It shone in the sunlight.

"Isn't he a dear?" said Felicity. "Look at his mouth. I think he has the darlindest expression."

"Yes," I said, "it is really a very fine specimen. Was it this you brought me out to see?"

Thereupon she explained the situation. It appeared that I was the Mayor of the town, and that she was Lady Felicity Postle-Lauder, who had graciously consented to christen the pillar-box and post the first letter.

It struck me at the time that it was a foolish proceeding, but not wishing to disappoint my daughter I consented, and together we decorated it with the roses. A small bunch Felicity retained and tied round the bottle of ink.

When all the arrangements were completed, she spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Mayor will now read the address."

"I regret," I began, "that I have come completely unprepared with any—"

"Out of the Directory," she prompted, "it's full of them."

I opened the book and began to read in a loud clear voice.

"That is enough," said Felicity presently; "now give me the letter."

My daughter assumed a majestic attitude before the flower-decked pillar-box, with the letter in one hand and the bottle of ink in the other. After a dramatic pause, she pushed the letter into its mouth and brought the bottle down with a crash upon its head.

About two pints of blue-black ink streamed over its face.

"I name thee 'Philip,'" she said.

I felt that a few further words were expected from me and so I proceeded as follows:

"Philip," I said, "take up thy humble burden. A time will come, Philip, when thou wilt be a great and famous letter-box. I look into the future, Philip, and see—"

"And see the postman coming," broke in Felicity, who was looking up the road.

Whereat the performance came to an abrupt conclusion, and we dispersed rapidly into the garden.

"A beautiful ceremony," said Felicity, sitting upon the arm of my study chair that evening, with her arms round my neck and her dimpled cheek held up for a good-night kiss.

"Yes," I said. "The only thing that went wrong was—"

"What?"

"I forgot to stamp the letter. I'm afraid it will be prejudicial to the success of my poem."

* * * * *

The next morning an important-looking missive arrived upon the breakfast table.

"What is it?" asked Felicity, stopping with her porridge spoon in the air.

"I think, probably," I said, "I have been asked to join the staff of *Punch*."

"No. Impossible, Papa."

Then I opened it, and immediately all my appetite was taken away. It was an alarming letter from somebody "On His Majesty's Service," and ran in this wise—No, I will not give its contents. The subject is rather painful and *sub judice*.

THE RUBBER BATH.

I OFTEN think that we might use it more if it were watertight. It is a twenty-seven inch bath, and it cost me thirteen-and-six. You can get them up to thirty-six inches, but the large ones are not to be recommended; they are very difficult to control, and sometimes get quite out of hand. It shuts up very neatly and goes into a bag, and it is important to remember that it should not be folded up wet. When you open it out on the floor it looks more or less like any other bath, only wobbly. It appears to have no sort of fixed outline, if you understand me. But as soon as you pour in the water it stiffens up all right. The real trouble begins when you try to empty it. You don't learn how to do that without a pretty careful education. The wrong way to do it is for two

people to get hold of it at once. My wife and I used to try that way, but we simply couldn't work harmoniously together. Quite against our will the thing degenerated into a contest. I used to get into my oilskins, and my wife slipped on her mackintosh, and then we faced each other, one at each side, and took hold. We soon found that it wasn't a question of strength or balance or knack; it all depended upon who could get the first grip. If you were half a second late you got a tremendous cascade about the ankles. For when it is in really good form it can throw the water six or eight feet across the room.

Of course there is a way in which it can be lifted, if you get a throttle hold on it in four places at once. Then it becomes a mere bag, and a jolly unwieldy one at that. Perhaps the soundest method—though it takes longer—is just to bale it out and dry off with blotting-paper.

I often think, as I said, that we might use it more if it were watertight. That is really its weak spot. I might have known at the beginning, but I was persuaded by the Scotchman.

I bought it from a Scotchman in a little shop in Holborn. I made him give me a full demonstration of the working of it. He put it on the floor and filled it, showing the admirable effect of the stiffening-up process. He then went on to explain how it was emptied. He was in such a tearing hurry to get to this part of his exposition that he only allowed the water to remain in it for about ten seconds. I can see now that that was where he scored. Even as it was there remained a beautiful circular patch of moisture on the oil-cloth where the bath had been. He tried to kick a rug over it, but I was too quick for him.

"It's not watertight," I said bluntly. —I am blunt sometimes.

"Oo ay," said he. "She's pairfitly watertight."

I pointed to the mark on the floor without a word.

"Hoots," said he soothingly, "that's naething. It's merely the naitural moisture. It's no damp."

"It escaped from the bath," said I sternly.

"Escapit?" said he.

"Leaked," said I.

"Not at all," he reassured me. "It's a species o' mist. Congealed, one might say."

"But how does that happen?" I asked, determined to get to the bottom of it.

"It's the temperature o' the floor. It's a warm day, ye see. Pit yer hand on that."



Blood (in suburban shop, buying cotton gloves for the costume of Mrs. Jarley). "NOT FOR WEAR IN THE PARK, YOU KNOW—WHAT?"

Assistant. "No, Sir; FOR EVENING WEAR, I PRESUME."

I put my hand on the counter where the sun struck, and had to admit that it was warm.

"Weel," he said triumphantly, "that's the way o' it. Humedidity! Ye might go so far as to say it was evaporation—in a sense."

"But I don't see why the floor should be wet," I maintained.

The Scotchman sat down and began patiently to explain. His defiant attitude had subsided, and there was a sweet reasonableness about his manner, as of one who is instructing a little child.

"Did ye ever see a kind o' mist or fog formed on the inside o' a window in a railway compartment? Weel, ye might juist as weel say that was leakage frae the ootside as this. It's an acceptit fact." He went on to point out that as a non-conductor rubber was "impairvius to suction,"

and I gave it up, paid my money and retired, the bath under my arm.

We have given up using it. It wasn't so much the room itself that suffered, as the plaster of the ceiling below. I dare say we should not have used it much in any case. But they have gone up in price. I notice that the Scotchman is selling them at seventeen-and-nine now. I wonder if he would take mine back?

Coronation Latin.

"VIVET REX ET REGINA," said a stand in Waterloo Place. It is a prophecy which all loyal hearts would wish fulfilled. *Proset*, as one might say.

The Wastrels.

"Afterwards the happy couple left for the moon-moon, which has been spent at Brighton." —*Croydon Advertiser*.



THE WAY OF A MAID.

Old Loyalist (who has allowed the "staff" to go to the procession to see the King and Queen). "WELL, I HOPE YOU SAW THEM WELL, MARY!"

"YES, THANK YOU, MUM, THEY LOOKED LOVELY. THE ONE FROM OUR STREET 'AD ON A NEW TUNIC AND 'IS MEDAL ALL SHINED UP."

"COMMEM."

FAIR ladies, why don't you direct us
What hour you are coming from Town
In the toilets that ravage the masculine *pectus*,
The bonnets that knock a man down?
Silky and summery flounces and flummery,
Gossamer muslins and lawns,
With the spring in your air and a rose in your hair
And a step that is light as a fawn's?

Our Fellows, both clergy and laity,
Leaving their sheltering oaks,
In a rapture of light irresponsible gaiety
Burst into flannels and jokes;
The Dean is canoeing, the Bursar is wooing,
The Junior Proctor you'll find
In a sumptuous punt with a damsel in front
And a Bull-dog to push from behind.

Ah, moist are our meadows, but moister
My lip at the thought of it all!
Soft ripple of dresses that flow in the cloister,
Girl laughter that rings on the wall!
But avaunt, trepidation! it's time for the station;
I'm glad that my trousers are pressed;
For I think you'll arrive by the 4.45,
And I want to be looking my best.

SID BELGRABIT.

[SID BELGRABIT, according to *The Times*, is the native member of the French Legation in Morocco.]

From the earliest days when S. B. was a kid
His name to the merest acquaintance was SID,
But, as he detests this familiar habit,
Myself, I address him as SIDNEY BELGRABIT.

At school he absorbed anything that was Greek,
His Latin, however, was painfully weak;
He'd a way of pronouncing *amābit*, "*amābit*"—
And his master would frequently censure BELGRABIT.

Our SIDNEY's no book-worm. He lives out-of-doors,
He hits local bowling for sixes and fours,
And when he's exhausted by running he'll cab it
Between the two creases, will SIDNEY BELGRABIT.

At Fez he is often seen fishing the stream
For bream (though it happens there ain't any bream),
But once, it's recorded, a very small dab bit
His bait off the line, which encouraged BELGRABIT.

In a final review of the things he has done,
I must not omit his success with the gun.
Shooting over the Moors, he can pick off his rabbit
With quiet precision. *Vive* SIDNEY BELGRABIT!



"A TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND."

BRITANNIA. "I'M SURE MY COSTUMIERS WANT ME TO LOOK MY BEST. BUT I HAVE A SORT OF FEELING THAT THIS THING MAY RATHER HAMPER MY SEA-LEGS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 19.
—Taking our Parliament in sort of homœopathic doses. Resumed last Tuesday after brief Whitsun holiday. To-morrow break up again for Coronation Recess; coming back next Monday bringing the Lords with us. Then or soon after will come the tug-o'-war.

This intervening week has been one of exceeding dreariness, varied only by LLOYD GEORGE'S onslaught on critics of his financial policy who attribute to it not only recrudescence of overgrown blue-bottle flies in butchers' shops but the collapse of Birkbeck Bank. Next week business will really begin. Decks have been cleared for action and shotted guns will be fired. The Lords, who have almost forgotten they passed LANSDOWNE'S Reform Bill, which abolished time-honoured system of hereditary legislators, will go into Committee on that really substantial measure, the Parliament Bill.

What Will They Do With It? is a question even Lord LYTTON, having hereditary connection with the problem, is unable to answer. There remains nothing for us but to wait and see. What is certain is that, after strictly limited period of waiting, we shall see far-reaching change in Constitution.

Business done.—SAMUEL on Telephone Transfer.

Tuesday.—Some talk of raising on Motion for Adjournment question of intention of Kitchen Committee in respect of future administration of their important department. Rumour has it that it is intended to introduce system of cooking in paper bags. Fact that experiments will first be tried on preparation of the shilling dinner much resented below Gangway.

Report probably takes its origin from undeniable fact that CHAIRMAN OF KITCHEN COMMITTEE was present at a luncheon specially cooked *en papillot* by M. SOYER, the rediscoverer of a submerged art. Too often is found a crumpled rose-leaf in the Sybarite's bed. Questioned on his opinion of the feast, MARK LOCKWOOD, whilst admitting its general excellence, murmurs at the memory of the lamb cutlet garnished with green peas.

"The lamb," he remarked, with the native shrewdness that stamps his dealing with loftier Parliamentary affairs, "was, I believe, a cut from the loin of a goat. As for the peas, they were so under-done they were more suitable for the filling of the shoes of a pilgrim on his way to Canterbury than for stuffing the mouth of an experienced Chairman of a Kitchen Committee."



AFTER THE NAVAL REVIEW.

However well Statesmen may contrive to resume their normal civilian composure we feel sure that, if properly approached, they would confess to a joyous, irresistible, light-hearted, nautical abandon which it seems almost a pity to suppress.

This was, however, an accidental failure in matter of detail. Experiment on the whole was such a success that our CHAIRMAN OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE, ever devoted to the interests of his *clientèle*, has been personally conducting experiments with view to testing the suitability and desirability of adoption of the paper bag in the House of Commons' kitchen. At a little luncheon he gave in his room yesterday, a steak cooked by his own hands was much appreciated. COUSIN HUGH, a gourmet of exceptionally penetrating taste, discerned in it what he described as "a subtle House of Commons flavour."

MARK explained that, having used up the last of his paper bags, he had cooked the steak in a copy of the Orders of the Day.

Business done.—Adjourned till after Coronation.

The Yellow Press.

"This anointing is known to have been the practice from Saxon days; the Saxon Chronicle says that Eglert, King of the Mexicans, was by the use of the holy oil 'hallowed to king.'"

Eastern Daily Press.

We are afraid that *The Saxon Chronicle* was a little beforehand with the news of the discovery of America.

"FALSE FRONT COLLAPSES.
FIVE MEN INJURED."

McBourne Herald.

More victims of fashion.

Early Closing.

"It is proposed to close the Ashton Central Post Office at 9 a.m. instead of 10 p.m., as at present. The Ashton Town Council last night passed a resolution of protest."—*Manchester Guardian.*

No wonder.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENTS.**THE RIVER.**

It was a lucky chance, as the old lady remarked, that set the Thames flowing through London; for otherwise those speculators who purchased the County Council steamers at a hundredth or even a thousandth part of their cost, only a year or so after they were built, would have had no such bargains; nor would the sea-gulls that in the winter time crowd about Blackfriars Bridge obtain anything like such good nourishment as now.

The Thames may be divided for purposes of study into two sections—the river below, say, Hammersmith Bridge, and the river above it. Below, it belongs to commerce; above, to pleasure. Below, it may be called docks; above, locks. It is the lower part to which Mr. JOHN BURNS was referring when he epigrammatically described the Thames as "liquid history." For that is what it is—liquid history. One has but to look at or even fall into it to know that it is liquid; while, as for history, are not the Tower and the Houses of Parliament on one bank, and Battersea Park and The Leander Club on the other?

BRIDGES.

If it were not for the bridges that span this noble stream it is conjectured that Middlesex and Surrey would either never meet or would have to cross in boats. But as it is they mix freely with each other, thanks to this great boon.

The bridges of London are numerous, and another one will shortly be added as soon as the architects and experts have finished wrangling over its position and the exact amount of St. Paul's Cathedral which those who cross it from south to north are to see in their progress.

Of those already in existence the Tower Bridge is at once the lowest and the loftiest. There is no bridge between that and the open and often exceedingly unquiet sea. Just below the Tower Bridge is the Pool of London, where old Father Thames has his clothes made; and then come the docks. London Bridge is famous for having once had houses on it. Westminster Bridge for the poet WORDS-

WORTH's sonnet, written at a rather suspicious hour in the early morning. It is notable also for a statue of BOADICEA, at one end of it, qualifying for St. Thomas' Hospital, at the other end, by standing wholly without support in a chariot drawn by prancing horses.

TEA ON THE TERRACE.

This institution, which so pleasingly illustrates the growing amenity of political life and the temperance of our times, was started by Mr. KETTLE, M.P., and Mr. HORNIMAN, late M.P. for Chelsea. Or it would be more correct to say that they revived it, since there is evidence that gunpowder tea was first introduced at the Houses of Parliament by the late GUILLO FAUX.



"WOT DID THE LIDY SAY TO YER W'EN YER TOOK IT IN!"
 "NOTHINK."
 "WAS THAT ALL SHE SAID!"
 "YUS, EVERYTHINK."

Ceylon, Assam, India and China tea are all provided; and we understand that a very remarkable report has been made on the relation between the amount of tannin in the tea consumed and the political views of the consumer. It is worthy of note that the reporters of the Radical papers generally charge their fountain pens with cocoa nibs.

CHELSEA AND BATTERSEA.

These two riverside townships one on either side of the Thames were discovered, as picturesque spots, either by the late J. McNEILL WHISTLER or Mr. WALTER GREAVES. No one knows for certain; but very strong opinions are held. The idea that WHISTLER could have discerned any beauty for himself or, unaided, have hit upon the idea of the nocturne is so grotesque that naturally the GREAVES party has many

adherents. On the other hand, a few friends of the Butterfly, remembering certain gleams of originality in his talk and behaviour, cannot but hope that he did not learn quite everything he knew from his youthful associate. Anyhow, between them they gave the river at Chelsea a huge advertisement.

THE BOAT-RACE.

Once a year the Thames from Putney to Mortlake is given up to the inter-University boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge. As the athletes who have taken part in these contests in the past have all achieved distinction either as Judges, Bishops or Stockbrokers, the popularity of the institution may be readily imagined. The

fact that the race is always rowed on the Thames has, of course, placed the Cantabs at a decided disadvantage. The first mention of sliding seats is to be found in the poet SPENSER, who speaks of the "silver sliding Thames," though some critics see in the word "sliding" a reference to the great frost in 1515, when the Thames was frozen over and oxen were roasted whole on its surface. The practice of roasting oxen partially was given up at an earlier date, in deference to humanitarian protests.

BOULTER'S LOCK.

The original Boulter who gave his name to this famous Sunday re-

sort was the great opponent of the system of chewing each mouthful of food thirty or more times. In his dislike of this practice he went to the opposite extreme: hence his name.

SPORT.

Within the memory of many living Londoners excellent sport was enjoyed on the banks of the great metropolitan waterway. Badgers nested in Pimlico as late as the year 1866, and snipe were shot in Battersea fields by Mr. JOHN BURNS at a much later date. Buzzards were also a common sight, but the last migrated to Oxford Street a few years ago. The river itself was formerly stocked with a profusion of nutritious fish, but no salmon have been caught in the London district since the splendid specimen captured a few years ago by Mr. GLUCKSTEIN.



"BUT DON'T YOU FIND IT A BIT DULL HERE?"

"DULL IS IT! DIVIL A BIT, SORR; SURE A RAISONABLE MAN CAN FIND ALL THE HEIGHTH OF DIVARSHUN JUST SITTING HERE WATCHIN' THE THRAINS GO BY."

"AND HOW MANY TRAINS ARE THERE A DAY?"

"JUST THE WAN, SORR."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I RECOMMEND to your particular notice a collection of stories under the title of *Members of the Family* (MACMILLAN). Even if they were not from the pen that wrote *The Virginian*, I would none the less heartily commend them. Mr. OWEN WISTER does not and, I think, could not claim to be a deep psychologist or a subtle analyst of human motives; like many other Americans, he is in that business frankly sentimental and not often correct. But his imagination and the creatures of it are a positive delight: his sense of atmosphere is perfect; his style is so effortless and unlaboured as to lead you to believe that writing books is a matter of the greatest ease: and his "In the Back" is as good as the best of RUDYARD KIPLING or BRET HARTE or whatever writer of English you regard as the master of the art of the Short Story. He tells us of the untamed West, the Cowboy, the Tenderfoot, the Indian, and in particular of *Scipio*, the undaunted, undefeated and incomparable *Scipio Le Moyne*. Herein is my only quarrel with the clever illustrations of Mr. H. T. DUNN. The *Scipio* of his picture is an excellent individual, but not my idea of that humorous vagabond. I doubt if he (or any other of Mr. WISTER's people) is capable of being illustrated. They do not belong to this cold and unpractical world. They are a delicious race apart, not born to be criticised but created to be laughed with and loved. The author in his preface

asks if we will forgive him a preamble of gossip, of retrospection. For my part, I will forgive him anything provided he never allows me to forget him.

Dr. FARQUHARSON, having retired from Parliament with the well-earned guerdon of a Privy Councillorship, a distinction that satisfied the desire alike of Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE, has written some memories of his life *In and Out of Parliament* (WILLIAMS and NORGATE). The story opens with chapters descriptive of life in Edinburgh, with the Guards, with whom he served as Medical Officer, at Rugby under TEMPLE, and of social life in his native county, Aberdeenshire, which he represented at Westminster for twenty-six years. These last comprise a momentous epoch compared with which our present prosaic Parliament, albeit engaged upon what is described as revolutionary procedure, is as water unto wine. The Member for West Aberdeenshire did not take prominent or persistent part in debate. But he was in constant attendance, and when he interposed was listened to with that attention the House reserves for special favourites. If a fault may be hinted at in a book full of charm it is that it is a little monotonously good-natured. To the genial Doctor everyone is the best of good fellows, living in the very best of worlds. It must be said that the sentiment was reciprocated, every section and party delighting in the Doctor. The book contains several portraits, some reproduced from these pages. The most

striking is a photograph labelled "The Doctor Speaking at Finzean." The orator is presented in the Highland garb always worn among his own people. Bare-headed, with hand outstretched, he addresses the throng. The peculiarity of the situation is that it is represented by a single figure partly obscured behind an empty chair. The general effect is almost uncanny—the animated orator and a vanished audience, apparently swept out of the garden by the torrent of eloquence falling from the lips of the Hon. Member.

For my part, whenever nowadays I see the name of Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM on a title-page, I already begin to chuckle, knowing that I shall certainly have to do so before I have read half a chapter, though with quite a possibility that at the end I shall look back and reflect that there was not much to laugh at in the thing after all. This is exactly what has happened in the present instance—only a little more so. You remember, of course, the quaint persons who lived at Ballymoy—Major Kent, and the managing curate J. J. Meldon, and the rest of them? Naturally you do. Well, in their latest story, *Major Kent* heard that an unknown niece was to spend six weeks with him, and after J. J. has prepared the inhabitants of Ballymoy for a fashionable beauty there arrives a grubby but attractive little tomboy of ten, who chases the major's colts, pirates his yacht, and generally

makes things so lively that before a week is out her mother has to be wired for from Vienna to remove her. That, I give you my word, is the entire plot of *The Major's Niece* (SMITH, ELDER). Had it been written by anyone else, I would not have done him or her the injustice of telling it all to you in this bare fashion; but, knowing Mr. BIRMINGHAM's peculiar gift, you can imagine, and will certainly want to enjoy for yourself, the riot of fun that he creates out of such slender material. Still, I have not hidden my feeling that there might have been a little more in the intrigue with advantage to the tale (I was disappointed, for example, when the visit of the Lord-Lieutenant passed off so quietly, quite against what up to the last moment had been my pleased anticipation); but the fact that, even so, it was never boring serves to increase my admiration for its author.

If Mr. ALEXANDER PATERSON during his self-chosen tenement life among his friends *Across the Bridges*

(ARNOLD) ever felt weighted by their frequent tragedies, shadowed by their long, gray days, and more than a little battered by their strident pleasures and the poignant odours of their refreshments, there is no trace of it in this finely sympathetic record of adventure on the Surrey side. There is, indeed, a sane and all but jolly optimism, begotten not of complacent ignorance but of knowledge hard-won and at first-hand. Of such come the chivalrous hopes that alone breed action. Not much scope, of course, for direct humour in a theme of which the text is—"the blight which kills half a garden's roses surely spoils the rest"; but, as in the life this chronicle describes, so here there is laughter to set against the tears, and there are the kindling virtues of courage, pity and love; not a touch of self-conscious sentimentalism, but shrewd strokes of criticism and some tentative, wise suggestions. A work most emphatically for the book-lists of the Agenda Club.



BEYOND THE PALE.

Jones. "I SAY, I HEARD AN AWFULLY FUNNY THING THE OTHER DAY." (Proceeds to recite mild and mildewed chestnut at great length.)

Jim. "AH! THAT REMINDS ME OF A MAN I ONCE MET IN NYASALAND."

Jones (without interest). "WHAT ABOUT HIM?"

Jim. "OH, NOTHING; ONLY HE'D NEVER HEARD THAT STORY OF YOURS BEFORE."

like one; he has more impudence nor an attorney an' less manners nor a chimney sweep." It is characteristic of the book that even the heroine owes her fortune—and her isolation—to whisky. On the other hand, we have for hero an Irishman of good family who has taken to journalism in California and returns home to straighten out the affairs of his sister-in-law and nephew. Everybody takes it for granted that he is a millionaire, and when the heroine discovers the truth she writes him down most unjustly as a fortune-hunter. The author's style is at times old-fashioned—modern young men do not call ladies on horseback "fair equestriennes"—and his treatment recalls the manner of LEVER, though it lacks the high animal spirits of LEVER's early novels. The dreadful squireen, *Mat O'Hara*, dominates three-fourths of the book, and his violent end only increases his prominence. Ireland, as depicted by Mr. JESSOR, is, we fear, "a grand country to live out of." But, though his novel cannot be pronounced exhilarating, it is pleasantly written and deserves better paper and binding.

The Ireland of *Where the Shamrock Grows* (MURRAY AND EVENDEN) is the Ireland of to-day. The "rue ould shcock" have emigrated or disappeared or deteriorated, and their place has been taken by prosperous tradesmen, attorneys and squireens. As for the squireen, Mr. GEORGE H. JESSOR gives us a very graphic description of him through the mouth of *Larry*, an old retainer of the *Caleb Balderson* type:—"A squireen's not a gentleman—not but what he dresses like one; an' he's not a farmer—not but what he talks



Mr. Punch is discovered at his ease, conversing lightly in hexameters with his friend Summer.

Scene.—Out of it. Time.—Afterwards.

MR. PUNCH.

So it is over at last—the thousand and one preparations;
Seats, and the booking of seats, and the renting of ruinous windows;
Seating for two in the Mall, with sherry and biscuits included,
Changed on the same afternoon to four in the Strand for the Friday.

SUMMER.

Here in the country is rest, long rest for the worn and the weary—
Rest for the weary who watched from a full-sized window in Whitehall;
Rest for the weary who started from Mitcham at three in the morning,
Stood in the gutter for hours, and returned to their Mitcham at midnight.

MR. PUNCH.

So it is over at last—the tumult, the cheers and the shouting,
Fired is the ultimate rocket and banged the last of the crackers,
Down to its smouldering depths is burnt the biggest of bonfires,
Broke is the lustiest voice with singing the National Anthem.

SUMMER.

Here in the country is rest—and an absence of ha'penny papers
Painting the "Crowds on the Route" and the "Scene in Westminster Abbey";
Nothing, in fact, to recall the Tremendous Event which is over—
Saving the children's mugs and the Pump unveiled by the Vicar.

MR. PUNCH.

Well, it is over—and now, suppose we distribute the prizes.
Who has contributed most in support of this wonderful season?

SUMMER.

Why not THEIR MAJESTIES?

MR. PUNCH,

True. But that may be taken for granted.
Modesty also prevents my suggesting an eminent person
Famed for his wisdom and wit as shown ev'ry week on a Wednesday.
Leaving them out I should say that—in spite of the complaints of the farmers—
Most of our happiness, Summer, my dear, has been due to the weather.

SUMMER.

What I have done I have done, not looking for thanks from the farmers;
Wholly at times like these my thoughts are fixed upon London.
Lo, my breezes have played on the fair green valleys of Maida;
Deep in the heart of St. John's dense thickets my radiance entered;
Up to my dark blue vault the peaks of Notting have pointed,
Near where the rippling waters of Bays have smiled in my sunlight.

MR. PUNCH.

Yes, and what thanks do you get? What comments appear in the papers?
"Hints upon how to keep cool in the present unbearable heat-wave."
So let me offer you mine: my thanks for the sun you have sent us;
Also this trifle, a light little thing of my own composition—
Partly by way of reward and partly as bribe for the future.

SUMMER.

Surely you don't mean to say it's your ———

MR. PUNCH.

Madam, I see that you've guessed it.
Take, if you please, with my love my

One Hundred and Fortieth Volume.





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